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Introduction
(Novembre, 2003 - Auroville)

Dans les années tourmentées de l'adolescence, j'avais plusieurs fois voyagé en Afrique du Nord.

Comme de l'océan, que je pouvais contempler inlassablement de mes falaises bretonnes, j'éprouvais le besoin de la lumière, du soleil, de l'étendue libre du désert, et j'aimais la densité précise et fluide à la fois des regards et des corps nourris et définis par ce silence et cette lumière.

Deux au moins de ces voyages se firent en compagnie d'O., la jeune femme qui m'initiait à toute une culture et une manière de vivre. Juive Arabe, sa famille avait émigré de Casablanca à la banlieue de Paris. Farouche et guerrière, s'échappant du carcan elle avait plongé les yeux ouverts et sans recours dans le milieu complexe des marginaux, où elle avait appris à survivre, développant ses propres codes et sa propre marque identitaire. Sa beauté singulière pouvait devenir effrayante selon ses humeurs changeantes, mais il émanait d'elle toujours une sorte de lucidité solidaire et l'énergie de ceux qui savent trouver les ressources de vie en eux-mêmes et rebondir de chaque impasse.

Mais il y avait ce besoin qui me faisait tâtonner sans relâche, jamais satisfait, incapable pourtant de se formuler ; une tension qui ne trouvait que des fragments de réponse, des bribes de sens, des indices, insuffisants.

Je regardais les cartes, vers l'Orient, j'interrogeais mes propres forces, cherchais le courage. Je crois que le terme le mieux descriptif de cet état de tension que j'éprouvais constamment, est le sentiment, et plus que le sentiment, la perception, le sens même d'être incomplet, de l'incomplétude, d'un manque dimensionnel.

Je pus enfin réunir assez d'argent pour partir seul sur la route – c'était le printemps de 1968, mais je n'étais pas conscient d'appartenir à un « mouvement », j'avais quitté l'école à l'âge de 14 ans et n'avais gardé aucun contact avec le milieu étudiant.

Dans mon seul sac de voyage, j'avais choisi d'emporter comme un symbole et une sorte d'offrande, un exemplaire de « la Critique de la Raison Dialectique » de J.P.Sartre, dont j'avais moi-même tissé la couverture ; c'était un gros et lourd volume et il ne restait de place que pour quelques vêtements de rechange.

Du côté de Téhéran, ma bourse me fut dérobée ; je n'avais plus que ce que j'avais gardé dans mes poches.

C'est le jour de mes 18 ans, le 9 Avril, que j'arrivais à Mashaad ; toute la ville semblait s'être massée le long de la voie principale pour encourager un long cortège d'hommes vêtus de noir qui marchaient en se flagellant vers la mosquée.

Plus tard, au Pakistan, sans que je demande rien, un homme riche m'emmena dans sa grande voiture américaine jusqu'à Islamabad et me donna 50 roupies. Ce fut un dernier geste d'hospitalité avant le choc brutal de l'Inde.

Une vastitude puissante, innombrable, que je ressentis comme un gouffre.

J'étais déjà malade mais ne le savais pas encore. J'étais traité par la foule comme un chien errant, pire qu'un paria. C'était une incapacité comme une paroi impitoyable.

Une hépatite. Le bout de la route.

Un bon petit blanc perdu dans le grand monde.

Je me rendis à l'Ambassade, d'où l'on télégraphia à C. de m'envoyer un billet d'avion et l'un des membres de la mission m'offrit personnellement de quoi vivre jusqu'au départ.

C'était la mi-Mai quand je revins à Paris. Cette effervescence, le sens qui lui était donné, l'aspect revendicateur, les slogans faciles, les discours inutiles – cela ne m'attirait pas. Je fus, comme un animal blessé, penser mes plaies dans le silence de la Bretagne.

Puis, d'Israël, je reçus d'O un appel au secours ; égarée entre la drogue et la loi, elle ne savait plus comment revenir d'Haïfa. Je la retrouvai à Jérusalem, sur l'avenue qui ceignait les remparts et nous vécûmes dans la ville arabe et, plus tard, sur la plage d'Eilat, comme tant d'autres, face à l'Égypte.

Il me manquait un ressort pour passer.

Ce ne fut qu'au début de l'année 1969 qu'une flambée de joie solaire se mit à crépiter sans bruit dans certains regards et certains gestes ; je n'étais plus seul – il y avait un Sens.

Et cela, sans mots, pouvait se partager.

Cette sorte de présence/absence au-dessus devenait comme un gonflement dans la poitrine, une sorte d'aise et de tranquille allégresse.

On pressentait un chemin, et une communauté de chemin.

Les moments, les rencontres, étaient pris dans un même rayon, animés d'un même courant.

Mais persistait comme l'appel d'un centre, d'une source, pareil au magnétisme qui oriente l'aiguille de la boussole.

Il fallait que je reparte, vers l'Est.

L'Inde d'abord ; dépasser cet échec. Puis, peut-être, le Japon, les monastères ?

Je voulais rapporter une clé manquante, le contact d'un axe de travail, pour qu'on puisse s'organiser, que nos actes en soient éclairés.

Pour gagner l'argent nécessaire à ce nouveau voyage, il me fut confié un travail de recherche documentaliste, sur le thème de l'athéisme et des diverses approches du divin dans la culture occidentale – que j'accomplis comme une tâche ironiquement propitiatoire.

Mais l'argent ainsi acquis, je pus le donner à A.F, qui s'était logée dans ma vie un peu comme une épouse, quand l'heure du départ approcha. Car, par mon ami C.V, je venais de rencontrer S.B : la cascade d'une lourde chevelure rousse, un grand corps incertain, un visage sans pareil, aux plans immobiles, désespérée mais offerte, pleine d'une attente bouleversante. Héritière d'une grande fortune, elle errait de lieu en lieu avec pour double discipline de distribuer l'argent à des groupes révolutionnaires et de ne porter que les vêtements qui lui étaient offerts.

Elle ne trouvait guère mes élans crédibles, mais elle me « voulait du bien ». Et elle m'accompagnerait un bout de chemin, juste parce qu'on était bien ensemble.

Je ne voulais pas refaire la même route ; j'avais choisi de repartir par le Liban, la Syrie, l'Irak, de revenir à l'Inde depuis ces terres ancestrales. Mais où, dans l'Inde, irais-je ? Je n'en savais rien.

Quelques semaines avant le départ, un garçon que je venais de rencontrer, L.de D, un peu déséquilibré dans son ouverture et son besoin de sens, m'introduisit à son amie, une très jeune fille, grâce silencieuse, dont le langage était geste et sourire, à la fois presque trop disponible et presque inaccessible ; cela fut tout de suite important – presque sans mots.

Quand elle connut mon intention de me rendre bientôt en Inde, elle m'informa qu'elle y allait souvent, car sa « grand-mère » y dirigeait un « ashram », et que nous pourrions donc ; si je le souhaitais, nous y retrouver début Décembre. Avec l'adresse elle m'apporta un jour un petit livre, l'« Anthologie de l'Amour », que je ne fis, je crois, que feuilleter.

C'était Septembre quand nous nous sommes rencontrés. Je partis début Octobre. S.B me retrouva à l'aéroport. Nous n'avions chacun qu'un sac à l'épaule. D'une Beyrouth encore intacte, nous traversâmes les forêts de cèdres pour atteindre la Syrie. Nous vécûmes quelques jours d'une intensité partagée dans la ville ancienne de Damas. Alors S.B ressentit que ce chemin sur lequel confusément je m'avançais n'était plus, n'était pas le sien. Vêtue de la tunique chatoyante que je venais de lui offrir, elle me laissa.

J'étais seul à nouveau, tourné vers l'Inde, retournant à l'Inde. J'étais comme un nœud à offrir. Echoué un moment sur les sables rutilants de Kuwait City, je tentais de me rassembler pour le saut qui m'attendait. Puis ce fut la moiteur de Bombay, la matrice, la créatrice d'une infinité de formes et de véhicules pour le Soi. Dans le sommeil d'une nuit, j'eus cette expérience : « Entre, mon enfant ! ».

Je suivis les repères de la route, rendis comme un dernier hommage à un mode de vie qui avait peut-être ses vertus mais me semblait comme une paralysie, en passant par les plages de Goa. Puis, les montagnes du Deccan. Une qualité de rondeur dans le silence. L'empreinte de vies, d'une époque où l'équilibre, la proportion entre la capacité des consciences et leur nombre, était plus propice à l'harmonie. De l'autre côté dans la plaine du Tamil Nadu, un sâdhu dont le regard attentif m'avait tenu compagnie, sans rien me dire fit arrêter l'autobus à l'entrée de l'ashram de Ramana Maharshi et, en un geste d'une douce fermeté, m'ordonna de descendre. Ce furent là quelques jours et nuits de paisible décanage, où je pus apprécier la grande présence de cet être incomparable, dont la trajectoire comme une rivière de métal en fusion ouvrait à cette réalité comme une émotion de l'âme, son mouvement de flamme donnée qui transcende l'espace et le temps.

Je parvins à Pondichéry le matin du 2 Décembre. On m'indiqua le bâtiment principal de l'Ashram et, de là, la résidence de Françoise (que Mère re-nomma plus tard Purna Prema), un bel espace aménagé en haut d'une vaste demeure coloniale, ouvrant sur une grande terrasse à demi couverte ; un gentil homme, le serviteur Tamil, me fit asseoir dans la fraîcheur ombrée, où je fumai l'une de mes dernières Gitanes. C'est ainsi que Françoise me trouva, ignorant des règles ; mais au moins j'avais, depuis Kuwait, le cheveu ras. Fière, somptueuse, quelque chose d'Égyptien dans le visage et le port, pommettes hautes, de grands yeux verts, les cheveux noirs ramassés en un chignon roulé ; altière mais légère, joueuse aussi ; une longue robe blanche comme un fourreau laissant ses bras nus.

J'appris que Fabienne n'était pas encore arrivée.

Je logeai ce soir-là dans l'une des « Guest houses » de l'Ashram, dûment instruit du code de conduite en vigueur. Pas d'alcool, pas de tabac, pas de sexe.

Quand Fabienne arriva, un ou deux jours plus tard, nous dûmes emménager dans une autre Guest house qui n'appartenait pas directement à l'Ashram

Ces premiers jours je me rebellais à la vue de tous ces messages partout, ces photographies comme des icônes, tout cet immaculé.

Mais j'étais en même temps habité par une pression, une sorte de lent, d'irrésistible dévoilement, la découverte d'un Fait que je n'avais pu qu'appréhender obscurément – perceptions sourdes, reflets, échos, notions « inadmissibles » - et c'était comme un ensemble de conditionnements qui se mettait à fondre, à tomber par lambeaux, comme si la vision exacte était par à-coups restituée, libérée des poids et des épaisseurs qui l'avaient occultée.

Et un après-midi, assis sur le muret de la digue devant la mer, je sus, sans qu'aucun doute ne puisse demeurer, irrévocablement, je sus que c'était Elle, que c'était Sa Force, et qu'à Cela j'appartenais.

La conscience m'était rendue, cette dimension qui avait tant manqué, sans quoi l'on était comme amputé.

Un autre jour de cette première semaine, Fabienne me retrouva dans la rue, son sourire et sa marche de danseuse vers moi : dans sa main, une rose rouge, envoyée par Mère.

Je pourrais La voir le 9 Décembre.

Ce matin-là, il pleuvait des trombes.

Nous attendîmes sur les marches de Son escalier intérieur, assis près de Champaklal qui préparait tranquillement des petits sachets de papier coloré.

Puis je vis Françoise soudainement rassembler ses affaires, tout poser sur un plateau, dans un geste fluide et concentré, et se lever toute droite en un souffle. Et, derrière elle, nous entrâmes dans la chambre de Mère.

Je suivis Fabienne et m'agenouillai devant Elle.

Il y avait autour de ce silence souverain le vacarme de la pluie, il y avait Françoise et Fabienne, il y avait toute cette accumulation de tension en moi.

Mère me parla de la façon la plus ordinaire, la plus rassurante :

« C'est la première fois qu'on vient en Inde ? »

(Non, Mère... je balbutiai quelque chose.. !)

« On vient en Inde pour trouver le soleil, et voilà... (geste indiquant le déluge) »

Puis, alors que je m'ouvrais à l'abri de ces mots et pouvais enfin un peu recevoir Son regard, Elle ajouta, me vouvoyant :

« Alors, si vous voulez rester ici... »

Nous sortîmes, parce qu'il fallait bien sortir, d'autres attendaient.

Mais tout avait changé.

Ou bien c'était ce changement que j'avais éprouvé qui était désormais confirmé, rendu concret.

Mais les formations que l'on a faites, les plans que l'on a formés, ne se dissolvent pas si aisément ; même si leurs motifs s'éteignent, leur force de propulsion demeure encore.

Je n'avais pas prévu de tout trouver là. J'étais sur ma lancée qui ne savait pas que ce serait là.

Le mouvement du voyage était trop inscrit. Fabienne et moi souhaitâmes aller nous promener dans le Sud, et demandâmes Sa permission.

Elle nous reçut encore ; Fabienne, Son arrière petite-fille, avait besoin encore de cette expression d'affection simplement humaine ; après tout, c'était là sa famille physique, Françoise était sa tante, et j'étais l'ami qu'elle avait choisi et présenté...

Mère nous donna Ses bénédictions en disant :

« Bien. Alors, j'espère que vous verrez beaucoup de choses intéressantes... »

Nous partîmes tous deux en un pèlerinage rapide aux grands temples du Sud, en passant par les réserves sauvages du Kerala, où Fabienne m'attendit deux jours dans une maison forestière : vêtu de noir, écharpe et « longi », un groupe de pèlerins pareillement vêtus se méprirent sur mes intentions et insistèrent pour que je me joigne sans tarder à leur marche jusqu'au petit sanctuaire d'Ayappa au fond de la forêt.

Longeant l'océan, reposés par l'atmosphère plus contemplative, presque japonaise, du temple tout de bois de Trivandrum, nous rejoignîmes l'extrême pointe de l'Inde, au Cap Comorin, la foule dense et joyeuse dans les vagues des océans au soleil couchant, avant de nous arrêter un peu à Rameshwaram, sa presque île silencieuse, animée comme un inspiré par les colonnades de son temple.

Le Japon, oui, c'est là, ou plutôt jusque là, que j'avais prévu d'aller.

Comme un aveuglement qui subsistait, qui tenait encore les rênes.

De retour à Pondichéry, je crus ainsi qu'il était temps pour moi de repartir, de continuer, muni maintenant de la dimension manquante, comme pour poursuivre ma récolte, le glanage dont je rapporterais les fruits à ceux que j'avais laissés...

J'écrivis à Mère mon intention, Lui demandant Ses bénédictions.

Le 8 Janvier 1970, Elle m'écrivit en retour, dans une enveloppe marbrée de rose, marquée « à Didier » de Sa main, que Françoise me remit :

« Chacun porte le Divin en lui-même ; un Divin qui voit et sait tout quoi qu'Il soit invisible ; un Divin qui est prêt à devenir le guide infallible si on apprend à L'écouter.

Bénédictions. Mère. »

Je fis mon sac.

On me souhaita bon voyage ; avec beaucoup de gentillesse, d'amitié, et peut-être quelque chose d'un peu moqueur dans les regards, un amusement très discret, chaleureux aussi.

Je pris le bus pour Madras, où j'espérais trouver un bateau en partance.

Sur la route deux choses se produisirent.

La première : l'expérience qu'il n'y a rien d'autre que le Divin, ou, positivement, de la présence concrète du Divin, du Seigneur, en toute chose, en chaque atome - indubitable, indiscutable, radicale.

La deuxième : la réalisation - un peu honteuse mais soulagée - de mon imbécillité, de cette ridicule vanité qui m'avait fait persévérer sur « mon » chemin de gnome, ce crétinisme obstiné insistant sur ses propres termes obtus alors même que la porte s'était ouverte sur tant de vérité et que le vrai travail m'avait tendu la main.

Je pris le prochain bus de retour.

Honte, embarras. Mais surtout la joie, la joie de l'enfant qui revient enfin.
 Et le sourire réconciliant de ceux qui venaient de me souhaiter bonne route.
 Mais alors il fallut s'organiser, et trouver où se donner, comment fonctionner, regarder tout cela autrement, à long terme, commencer de saisir les termes de l'aventure, ses niveaux ou degrés d'engagement – la vie de l'Ashram, ou celle d'Auroville, et cette mouvance d'êtres et de tendances qui gravitaient vers Elle.
 Je décidai d'abord de louer une maison indépendante, qui vite servit de repaire et de refuge aux uns et aux autres, pionniers de ce grand plateau aride et rouge qu'Elle avait nommé Auroville.
 Et Fabienne et moi eûmes la permission d'occuper une hutte à « Forecomers », et d'y aider à la construction d'un premier barrage dans les ravines.

Il y avait un brassage constant, de tous les instants, de contacts, de rencontres, de mouvements, d'expériences dans la veille comme dans le sommeil, une tension multipliée d'obstacles, de résistances et de réceptivités, un défrichage comme un chantier interne, des moments si pénibles et des moments si pleins, des angoisses presque insupportables et de grandes ondes de confiance et de bien.
 Il me fallait aussi communiquer, à C., à ceux qui avaient été mes compagnons jusque là, la nature de mon engagement ; et considérer aussi d'autres facteurs, tels que le service militaire (qu'une inscription tardive à des cours par correspondance m'avait permis de remettre à plus tard).
 Et je lisais, lisais, tant que je pouvais, les mots de Mère, les écrits de Satprem (Fabienne et moi avions emporté « l'Aventure de la Conscience » dans notre voyage, nous le lisant l'un à l'autre dans nos chambres d'hôtel le soir venu), et je commençais à entrer dans l'œuvre de Sri Aurobindo, avec « La Synthèse des Yoga », développant en même temps ma compréhension de la langue anglaise.

Et j'avais tant de questions à poser à Mère, lourdes, maladroites, encombrées.
 La perfection physique, l'exactitude de la transmission physique, de la relation du corps à la conscience, à la vérité intérieure, était une préoccupation dominante.
 Ainsi je Lui écrivis : (« Mère, est-ce égoïste, est-ce inutile, que de vouloir le corps, l'image, clairs, vivants, lisses, exacts, que de vouloir ouvrir le physique et l'image afin qu'ils transcrivent dans leur propre harmonie posée, formelle, la lumière encore immanente ? J'ai l'impression que je ne pourrai aller réellement plus loin, plus haut, plus complètement, que lorsque cette frontière, qui est le véhicule ici, sera assez perfectionnée pour attendre dans une danse calme que tout l'être se réalise. Il y a, à mes yeux, dans l'apparence individuelle, comme un langage pur, presque théorique et, pour qu'il devienne tangible, il faudrait dissoudre une à une toutes les imperfections qui s'y greffent et s'en nourrissent en l'altérant, appelées par quelques correspondances internes qui la trahissent. Investir de l'attention, de l'énergie dans cet effort, est-ce gaspiller, est-ce errer ? »...)
 Ici, dans la marge, Mère écrivit :
 « Non, c'est très nécessaire. »
 (... « Comment faire ? Mère, de quoi le corps, de quoi le visage sont-ils l'image ? Quelle est cette force négative qui s'y attache et y retient parfois prisonnière une part de l'être sans laquelle on ne peut voyager plus avant ? L'égo, le vital, mais qu'est-ce précisément ? Mère totale, voudriez-vous me dire aussi comment, parfois, je puis me sentir si proche de vous, comment vos paroles, votre manière peuvent me sembler familières, du moins ce que j'ai pu percevoir de vos écrits ou de votre action ?... Est-ce seulement une projection de l'égo ? »...)
 Mère souligna ce passage et marqua une croix dans la marge.

(... « Merci infiniment, Mère, j'ai tant de bonheur d'être arrivé là, j'en ai tant encore devant le travail futur. Didier. »)

En bas de ma lettre, à côté d'une nouvelle croix, Mère écrivit ceci :

« C'est l'éveil psychique qui a cet effet sur la conscience, et c'est par cet éveil que le corps peut être éclairé et transformé. Avec mes bénédictions. Mère. »

Graduellement, imperceptiblement, par petites touches quotidiennes d'une expérience à l'autre, quelque chose au-dedans pouvait se détendre, apprenait à s'offrir, et cet amour qu'Elle donnait comme des flots de puissance amie surgissant du dedans et circulant partout et pressant doucement d'en haut si bien que nous étions comme dans un cocon de lumière dont la réalité concrète dissipait les frontières entre l'extérieur et l'intérieur, la matière et l'état spirituel, petit à petit, telle une couvée timide, hésitante, le sentiment croissait d'une intimité, d'une proximité vivante avec Elle, et d'une liberté de don de soi.

Je pus découvrir ainsi la vérité de la gratitude.

Cette possibilité qu'Elle me donnait de m'adresser directement à Elle, ce soin dont Elle m'entourait comme l'un de Ses enfants, cette acceptation de ce que j'étais vers ce qu'Elle voudrait faire de moi : tout cela devenait le canal d'une compréhension qui mûrissait et grandissait dans la sécurité de Son amour, porté par l'énergie de Son travail de chaque seconde, une Action qui était comme une marée de conscience.

En Février, le jour de Sa fête, Mère donna Son Darshan du balcon de Sa chambre, et je pus éprouver là, dans la foule silencieuse assemblée, le pur déploiement de cette Grâce immobile, intemporelle, l'instant de la Rencontre. Tout était là ; sans mots. Le sens même du Travail.

Mais, dans les actes et les mouvements du quotidien, la Pression qui était posée sur chacun s'exerçait sans la moindre pitié ; comme un grand phare de conscience, intransigeante, instantanée, elle éclairait précisément et directement la nature et l'origine de chacun de ces actes et ces mouvements, qu'ils soient visibles ou subtils. C'était un tamisage sans merci.

Tous ceux qui comme moi vinrent à Elle durant cette période sont ainsi passés par ce crible, à la fois chargé d'un amour qui sait et comprend tout, et d'une exigence comme d'un glaive de feu.

Car nous étions tous et chacun reçus là, chaleureusement parfois et parfois froidement, comme dans un corral invisible, un espace d'attente et de tri, dont il y avait trois sorties : la vie de l'Ashram, avec sa discipline particulière et sa concentration rigoureuse sur la sadhana individuelle ; la vie embryonnaire d'Auroville, avec toutes ses demandes et ses promesses ; retourner « dans le monde » en apprenant à écouter Cela au-dedans de soi.

Et ce processus d'orientation ne répondait à aucun de nos critères connus, mais à une loi et à des nécessités intérieures en chaque individu dont on était soi-même, le plus souvent, encore inconscient.

Cette action traitait directement avec l'âme et la possibilité évolutive de chacun et leurs besoins correspondants, étrangère à toute considération extérieure.

Pratiquement, il était impossible à Mère de répondre physiquement à chaque question, à chaque nécessité du nombre chaque jour croissant de ceux qui se tournaient vers Elle et devenaient conscients de Sa présence.

Le privilège de recevoir un peu de Son attention physique, du temps de Son corps, quelques mots, la pression de Ses mains, l'absoluité de Son regard, était comme un trésor sans prix qu'il fallait apprendre à chérir et respecter à l'abri de toute vanité.

Une fois, alors que je craignais un retour de jaunisse, Mère m'envoya le message de prendre une poudre ayurvédique confectionnée à l'Ashram, le « Sudarshan Churna », dont l'amertume se chargea pour moi de toute la sécurité qui me venait d'Elle, avec le sens grandissant d'une relation profondément établie, au sein d'une dimension libre de la vie comme de la mort du corps.

Avec C., ma mère physique, s'était au cours de mes années développée une relation dont j'avais pu dans la vie des autres vérifier l'exception, faite d'une confiance inconditionnelle et pourtant lucide et réaliste et d'un sens vivant de l'harmonie, du respect, d'une communication qui ne triche pas et ne rejette rien.

Je tentai, par lettre, de l'introduire à cette expérience pour laquelle il n'y avait dans notre passé commun aucune correspondance et aucune référence, autres que certains de mes propres tâtonnements, des « impressions » que j'avais eu parfois l'occasion de lui faire partager. (Il faut préciser ici que C., ma mère, et F., mon père, étaient chacun résolument athéistes, par souci de liberté et essentiellement comme une forme d'intégrité et de respect de l'autre.)

Elle accepta de venir.

Nous étions en Mars. J'écrivis à Mère : (« Mère totale, à propos de la visite prochaine de ma mère – et peut-être d'une femme amie – en Inde et à l'Ashram ; il m'a semblé préférable d'aller chercher ma mère à Bombay, en tant qu'intermédiaire entre elle et Toi, entre elle et ce que Tu éclaireras de son être. Elle et moi avons, je crois, un rapport très positif, déjà assez libre, et dont l'équilibre repose sur un bonheur intérieur commun et une sorte d'amitié profonde et indestructible. Mère, veux-Tu me montrer quelle doit être mon attitude ?... »)

Ici, dans la marge, Mère écrivit :

« simplicité et sincérité »

(« ... J'ai un peu d'appréhension. Mère, chaque jour Tu me permets d'avancer dans un bonheur dynamique – je désire tant Te servir - ... et tout ce que je puis Te dire sans l'écrire, dans une confiance toujours croissante, je comprend mieux ce qu'il y a à changer dans cette nature que j'ai reçue. Je souhaite devenir un moyen fidèle et conscient, dans un être transformé. Merci à chaque instant. Pardon à chaque instant. Didier. »)

En bas de ma lettre, Mère écrivit :

« Mes bénédictions sont avec toi. Mère. »

Il semblait que Mère doucement orientait Fabienne vers le rythme plus rassemblé, plus protégé des désordres et des excès, de l'existence quotidienne dans l'Ashram.

Je partis seul à Bombay.

Je décidai qu'il faudrait pour amortir le choc d'un passage si abrupt à une humanité si autre, le grand luxe, et je réservai une suite à l'hôtel Taj. Cela nous donna le temps de retrouver un souffle partagé, cette amitié tendre, attentive et complice.

A Pondichéry Mère arrangea une chambre pour C. chez Redge.

Ce confort et cette harmonie lui permirent de traverser une première période bien rude, où il lui sembla que j'allais disparaître dans une sorte d'entreprise à la fois incompréhensible et inacceptable ; elle y voyait une sorte d'injustice foncière, mais en même temps se savait tenue de respecter mes choix, quels qu'ils soient, et de tenter de m'y accompagner tout en restant elle-même, si toutefois je le lui permettais.

Puis, sans bien s'en rendre compte, elle commença de se libérer de tout un poids de préconceptions et d'idées reçues, d'une morale à rebours qui juge sans comprendre, et à prêter attention à un aspect de l'amour de Mère, essentiellement

direct et pratique ; elle se sentit plus légère et en mesure de regarder cet horizon si autre avec moins d'appréhension.

Ce serait bientôt ma fête ; j'aurais 20 ans le 9 Avril.

C. serait là, et ce jour-là, Mère la verrait aussi.

C'était le moment-charnière de cette vie.

J'avais remarqué qu'un certain nombre de gens avaient reçu de Sri Aurobindo et de Mère un nom nouveau, leur nom spirituel, marquant leur nouvelle naissance psychique et spirituelle. Mais toutes les demandes n'étaient pas satisfaites et certains devaient attendre longtemps. Françoise elle-même, qui était toujours mon intermédiaire auprès de Mère, Lui avait déjà plusieurs fois demandé un nouveau nom, sans réponse – « plus tard », avait dit Mère.

J'avais conscience aussi qu'il fallait essayer de ne pas déranger Mère avec nos demandes égoïstes et nos questions sans fin auxquelles nous ferions mieux d'apprendre à discerner directement les réponses.

Mais il y avait ce besoin dedans d'une confirmation de ce passage, de cette expérience intérieure, de ce retournement de conscience – non pas une confirmation du fait de l'expérience : cela était souverain, irréfutable, la seule certitude. Mais une confirmation de la direction que devait prendre ma vie, et presque de sa fonction.

Françoise m'encouragea à demander mon nom.

Et je préparai pour Mère les deux questions qui étaient les plus importantes, les plus déterminantes.

Je sus presque tout de suite que Mère avait accepté et choisi mon nom. Et que je devais bien comprendre, me dit-on, combien il était remarquable que Mère m'ait pris pour disciple. Et on m'offrit l'explication spirituelle du nom que Mère avait choisi : « Celui qui donne le Jour ». L'un des plus anciens disciples, Udar, ajouta que, du point de vue du travail à faire, cela signifiait : « Celui qui change l'obscurité en lumière ».

Car ce nom est le nom du soleil au moment où il se lève dans le ciel visible, le soleil qui surgit à l'aurore.

Ce jour-là, le 9 Avril, nous fûmes 4 aux pieds de Mère.

Françoise et Fabienne se tenaient à Sa droite, C. devant Elle, tandis que je me tenais un peu à Sa gauche, et Mère s'occupa d'abord de mettre C. à l'aise, lui offrant des fleurs et des bénédictions, s'enquérant doucement de son séjour.

Puis Mère remit à Fabienne et à moi chacun un médaillon d'or portant en relief Son Symbole d'un côté et celui de Sri Aurobindo de l'autre et pouvant contenir un sachet de bénédictions.

Alors Elle me tendit une grande enveloppe, l'enveloppe de ma fête, sur laquelle Elle avait écrit avec un gros fusain noir :

« Divakar ».

Et Elle me dit :

« Voilà. Une nouvelle naissance. Pour ta fête. Les réponses à tes questions sont dedans. »

Ainsi, en présence de ma mère physique, Mère me re-nomma.

Le temps pressait, beaucoup d'autres attendaient de La voir, nous devions partir. Me redressant, encore à genoux, je voulus Lui demander, devant C. : (« Mère, pourrai-je rester ici ? »)

Mère tourna Son regard dans le mien, et ne répondit rien. Nous sortîmes de Sa chambre.

Voici ce que l'enveloppe contenait :

Une double carte sur laquelle Mère avait écrit :

« 9.4.70 Bonne Fête à Divakar avec mes bénédictions. Mère. »

Puis se trouvaient les deux cartes que je Lui avais envoyées, photographies d'Elle au dos desquelles j'avais écrit mes deux questions.

Au dos de la première, en grandes majuscules (on m'avait prévenu que Mère traversait des épreuves physiques et qu'Elle ne voyait plus clairement), j'avais écrit : (« Mère, veux-Tu de moi pur la transformation ? »)

Mère écrivit, juste sous la question :

« Oui.

Mais de ton côté tu dois avoir l'endurance
bénédictions

Mère. »

Au dos de la seconde photographie, j'avais écrit : (« Mère, seras-Tu toujours dans mon cœur ? »)

Et juste sous la question, Mère répondit :

« Oui. Mais tu en seras conscient en proportion de ta sincérité
bénédictions

Mère. »

C. repartit en France.

Le temps de butiner venait à sa fin. Et mon visa aussi allait bientôt expirer.

Les choses devenaient un peu plus sérieuses, les conditions de l'engagement un peu plus tranchantes.

Il y avait entre Françoise et moi une certaine attraction et de l'amitié ; et je lui étais très reconnaissant des soins qu'elle avait pris, et de l'accès qu'elle m'avait permis de trouver, par elle, à Mère. Mais peut-être attendait-elle plus de moi, ou bien s'est-elle méprise sur mon attitude, voyant de l'arrogance là où il n'y avait que la tension de ma lutte envers mes propres contradictions.

Par elle, j'écrivis bientôt à Mère : (« Douce Mère, dans l'état actuel, je ne puis rien dire de ma sincérité, mais, es-Tu d'accord pour que je demande, par Kiran, une prolongation d'un an de mon visa, malgré le fait que j'aurai probablement à retourner en France pour essayer d'obtenir la réforme du service militaire, soit en Août, soit en Octobre ? Veux Tu donner Ton accord écrit, ou en faire part à Françoise. Mère, je veux T'obéir pour toutes choses. Je sens un besoin, une volonté impératifs de rester ici, tout à Toi, et d'apprendre par Toi à Te rejoindre au fond de mon cœur, pour T'aider et Te servir. Gratitude. Divakar. »)

Au bas de la lettre, Mère écrivit :

« C'est bien

bénédictions

Mère. »

Muni de cet accord écrit de la main de Mère, je me rendis au bureau d'Auroville pour que Kiran fasse les démarches nécessaires.

Une semaine plus tard, je revins la voir. Tout embarrassée, la mine triste et me signifiant son impuissance, elle m'apprit qu'un contrordre avait été donné ; elle ne pouvait me dire ni comment ni pourquoi, mais la permission de rester m'était refusée.

Le malaise m'envahit.

J'allai tout de suite trouver Françoise, qui me reçut avec une froideur déterminée, se montrant offensée de mon insistance, et refusant de me fournir la moindre explication. Sa porte se fermait et, par là même, c'est l'accès à Mère qui me devenait interdit.

Quelques jours s'écoulèrent dans une sorte de stupéfaction, une brûlure qui m'étreignait.

Il m'était récemment arrivé à plusieurs reprises que quelqu'un que je connaissais à peine tente de m'avertir ; ce fut une fois une jeune femme, mère de l'un des premiers enfants nés à Auroville, qui m'interpella pour me mettre en garde, me disant qu'on cherchait à me jouer un mauvais tour.

Au cours des années précédentes, on m'avait souvent défini alternativement comme un ange ou un diable, et j'avais tendance à en prendre, sans en comprendre clairement les termes, la responsabilité ; avec elle venait un sentiment de culpabilité que tantôt je rejetais, qui tantôt m'étouffait.

J'étais conscient que ma présence ne laissait guère indifférent, il y avait là trop d'intensité, mais je ne me connaissais aucune mauvaise volonté.

Je me sentais surtout trop aveugle, trop ignorant, trop divisé entre mes désirs et mon aspiration, le désespoir et le besoin de servir.

Et là, je n'avais pas la moindre compréhension de ce qui se passait, de la cause ou des causes de cette obstruction, de ce rejet.

S'il m'était possible de deviner le rôle de jalousies ou de dépits personnels, je ne pouvais pas saisir en quoi cela pourrait influencer sur la décision de Mère.

Je me sentais comme un condamné que l'on aurait jugé à son insu.

Un soir, alors que je me tenais debout à mon poste habituel près du Samadhi de Sri Aurobindo, Paola s'approcha de moi et demanda à me parler. Je savais seulement d'elle qu'elle était la mère d'Aurofilio, un tout petit enfant, le premier d'Auroville je crois, dont j'aimais toujours rencontrer le radieux sourire et la reconnaissance immédiate du regard. Elle me dit qu'elle travaillait comme secrétaire pour Nata, qui était lui-même un intermédiaire auprès de Mère, principalement pour les Italiens ; et que Nata l'avait chargée de me dire qu'il m'avait observé et qu'il était touché par ma sincérité et triste de ce qui venait de m'arriver, et qu'il s'offrait ainsi que sa compagne Maggi, elle-même l'une des secrétaires de Mère, à remettre à Mère mes lettres et mes questions si je le souhaitais.

C'est ainsi que je rencontrai Nata et Maggi, chez eux.

Ils ne purent, ou ne voulurent, rien m'expliquer non plus. Mais leur bonne volonté était tangible, et c'était pour moi le sauvetage.

Je ne voulais pas déranger Mère. Nous savions tous combien, parfois, Elle peinait, là-haut, dans Sa chambre, même si nous ne pouvions mesurer l'ampleur et la portée de Son travail, et ne soupçonnions pas l'horreur de ce qu'Elle devait parfois seule affronter.

Maggi et moi convînmes que, si Mère en avait le temps à la prochaine entrevue qu'elle aurait avec Elle, Maggi Lui demanderait simplement de dire ce que je devais faire.

A cette période, Mère demeurait le plus souvent en transe – du moins c'est ainsi que les uns et les autres choisissaient de définir l'état de concentration dans lequel Mère était de plus en plus plongée.

Je précisai à Maggi que je ne demandais qu'un mot, oui, ou non, et de faire savoir à Mère que, quelle que soit Sa réponse, je la prendrais comme Sa Grâce – il me semble que c'est à la suggestion de Maggi que j'ajoutai cette dernière donnée de ma requête, mais je me souviens y avoir adhéré de toute ma volonté, car je ne voyais pas d'autre attitude digne et décente et offerte.

J'attendis longtemps dans la petite cour en retrait du Samadhi.

Enfin Maggi revint de la chambre de Mère.

Elle me raconta ceci : qu'elle avait posé ma question à Mère ; que Mère s'était très longtemps concentrée ; puis que Mère avait demandé à Maggi :

« Il a bien dit que ce serait une Grâce ? »

Maggi confirma qu'en effet, c'est bien ce que j'avais dit.

Mère Se concentra encore un long moment, puis Elle prit un petit bout de papier, sur lequel Elle écrivit :

« Non »

Maggi me tendit ce petit papier et je sortis dans la rue, débordant d'un chagrin qui me fit sangloter longtemps, seul et nulle part sur ce trottoir, jusqu'à ce qu'un ami, F.Ga., m'y trouve.

Cette journée s'achevait et c'était comme s'il n'y avait plus de sol où poser le prochain pas.

Alors je m'en suis allé jusqu'à la digue, devant l'océan, où je savais pouvoir retrouver Satprem. Je le rejoignis là et m'assis près de lui, déchargeant un peu ma peine.

Il me dit : (« C'est quand tout va mal que le yoga va le plus vite... crois-moi, j'en ai l'expérience !!! On se reverra... ! »)

Ces mots de lui me permirent de tenir : « On se reverra »...

Les choses s'arrangèrent pour mon départ. J'obtins une extension limitée de mon visa. Un jeune menuisier Français, G., avait décidé de repartir en France avec sa petite voiture, une « 2 Chevaux », laissant à Auroville tout son équipement, et cherchait un compagnon de voyage.

Mais comment pourrais-je repartir sans La revoir ?

Je priai Nata de demander à Mère si je pouvais La voir avant de m'en aller.

Mère lui donna la date du 10 Mai.

Dans la maison que je louais dans le quartier musulman, M'zali (que Mère nomma « Krishna » plus tard) venait souvent dormir ; notre amitié était très puissante, presque éprouvante par son intensité et la force qui nous unissait nous propulsait parfois dans des domaines inattendus.

C'est ainsi qu'une nuit j'eus l'expérience de descendre avec lui, à grande vitesse ; dans une région du subconscient profond, et nous étions tous deux comme entourés d'une lumière intime et chaleureuse, mais le choc de la descente brisa comme une limite. Quand je revins à l'état de veille, j'eus la sensation que quelque chose s'était produite avec le sachet de bénédictions que je portais scellé dans mon médaillon.

Je l'ouvris et trouvai le sachet calciné.

C'est le lendemain que je devais voir Mère.

Je pris avec moi une coupe d'argile que, sur le chemin, je remplis de pétales jaune d'or de « Service », y déposant une fleur corail vermillon d' « Amour Divin » et quelques fleurs, roulées comme des coquillages d'un bleu profond et lumineux, de « la Conscience de Radha ».

Je rejoignis Nata à l'Ashram et montai avec lui l'escalier de Mère.

Nous n'attendîmes pas longtemps.

Je suivis Nata dans Sa chambre, mais il s'écarta sur le seuil et me laissa entrer seul, gardant la porte.

Mère était assise dans Son grand fauteuil, le dos à la porte, si bien qu'Elle ne pouvait me voir marcher vers Elle.

Pourtant, avant même de me voir, alors que je m'avançais jusqu'à Elle, d'une voix grave et forte et ferme, Elle commença de me dire :

« Tu verras, tu sentiras, tu comprendras, dans quelques temps, que c'est la meilleure chose à faire... »

Et, alors que je m'agenouillai devant Elle, Elle ajouta ce mot :

« L'avenir... »...

qu'Elle laissa suspendu dans le silence.

Elle était vêtue d'une simple robe brune, d'un brun un peu brûlé comme la terre, Ses bras découverts.

Ses yeux plongèrent au fond de « moi », ma main dans les Siennes, blanches et fraîches et chargées de cette Onde, et ce moment s'inscrivait entièrement et pour toujours ; je posai brièvement ma tête sur Ses genoux et Ses mains et Son sourire soudain me bénirent encore.

Puis je me souvins de ce que je voulais Lui demander, je touchai mon médaillon pour Lui signaler ce qui était arrivé ; sans un mot Elle me tendit un paquet de bénédictions.

Puis je Lui remis un exemplaire du petit livre de Sri Aurobindo « La Mère », que je voulais emporter avec moi.

Elle prit un stylo sur la tablette à côté d'Elle, ouvrit le livre et écrivit sur la première page :

« Bénédiction. Mère. »

Alors... bien que Nata gardât la porte de Mère avec une détermination qui exprimait à la fois son amitié pour moi et son adoration d'Elle, je ne me sentais pas le « droit » de rester plus longtemps, de « profiter » de ce privilège – et, à ce moment, il n'y avait plus de mots, plus de pensées ; il y avait ce silence seulement, dans lequel Elle venait de laisser le mot « avenir »...

Comment s'en aller ?

Il fallut bien pourtant physiquement m'éloigner, sortir physiquement de cette chambre, physiquement cesser de La regarder.

Vint le jour du départ.

G. avait gardé sa voiture devant le bureau d'Auroville, juste à côté et en face de l'Ashram. Plusieurs messages d'amitié étaient posés sur le pare-brise.

Nous roulâmes à travers l'Inde, sans hâte, jusqu'à Bombay puis, traversant le Rajasthan, jusqu'à Delhi. Le plus souvent possible au volant, la conduite m'aida à recouvrer un rythme un peu libéré du désespoir, un peu plus de courage. Et je respirais l'Inde, m'en imprégnais de tous les pores, absorbais, me nourrissais de ses dimensions, comme si je voulais me charger à bloc avant de lâcher prise.

A Delhi, nous nous séparâmes. « Voyager » en-dehors de l'Inde n'avait pour moi plus de sens. Je retournais sur mes pas, mais les bras emplis du plus beau présent du monde – comment pourrais-je communiquer un peu de Cela qui m'avait été donné sans le trahir ?

J'éprouvai là une appréhension physique : quitter l'Inde, c'était comme tomber.

Alors je voulus une étape, une transition lumineuse : je télégraphiai à mon ami et compagnon C.V de venir me rejoindre à Copenhague, dans la clarté limpide du Nord, lui et moi seuls et loin de tout ce que nous connaissions.

Nous vécûmes là sur un bateau amarré au quai, quelques jours d'un intermède que nous avons pu dérober à l'inexorable nivellement.

Puis nous redescendîmes.

C'était concrètement, là où le corps et l'être intérieur s'étaient trouvés et unis, comme une culbute dimensionnelle. Dans l'air même, il manquait l'essentiel.

Mais il fallait vivre, comme tout le monde, et apprendre à partager autant qu'il serait possible.

Je retrouvai les « miens ». Ce que je ramenaï en moi-même, cela aurait-il pour chacun d'eux un sens ?

Je dus bientôt régler cette question de service militaire.

Nanti d'un certificat rédigé par un ami médecin et psychothérapeute, je me laissai volontairement couler dans un état de vulnérabilité psychologique extrême et me présentai ainsi à la commission médicale. Je fus de suite exempté. Ce n'était pas mentir ; de leur point de vue, ma seule bisexualité leur aurait posé problème et je leur épargnai, en fait, bien du tracass.

Il sembla que la démarche la plus évidente serait une vie commune, apprenant à s'organiser et développer notre conscience avec Elle et Sri Aurobindo comme base et comme guide.

Chaque fois que je servais de relais pour mettre quelqu'un en contact avec Mère et Son travail, je me sentais rassuré, utile. Quel que soit le résultat apparent de toute rencontre individuelle, quiconque entrait dans l'orbe de ce grand labueur terrestre, entrait aussi dans la protection exacte de ces grandes ailes de vérité dont l'onde transformatrice était prête à agir dans tous les cœurs.

Deux amis, qui m'avaient rendu visite à Pondichéry, avaient acheté un petit château délabré du côté de Vézelay dans la forêt, avec ses champs vallonnés et son ruisseau et sa grange.

On y emménagea petit à petit, colmatant les toitures, comblant les brèches, arrimant nos tentes de nomades devant les grands âtres de pierre, faisant nos nids dans les combles, essayant de rassembler utilement nos capacités diverses.

Certains ne faisaient que passer tandis que d'autres choisissaient de rester, mais tout semblait répondre à une logique souriante et joueuse qui articulait la coïncidence jusque dans le détail et l'instant, comme si cette vaste Présence bienveillante et rigoureuse en même temps s'offrait comme un nouveau milieu – une autre atmosphère se faufilant, s'imbriquant dans l'atmosphère terrestre.

Mon ami C.V décida lui aussi de faire le voyage jusqu'à Mère, et j'en informai Nata. De mon côté j'éprouvai vite le besoin d'une réassurance, de la perspective plus ou moins éloignée, mais sûre, de mon retour, pour mieux me concentrer sur les changements nécessaires. Je communiquai ce souci à Nata, en Août.

Il ne put me répondre que le 19 Septembre.

(Il est à noter ici que Nata n'était pas Sanskritiste ; Mère avait, de Sa belle écriture régulière, tracé mon nom « Divakar » ; tandis que ma propre écriture était un mélange de caractères « classiques » et de caractères « scriptes » et je me rendis compte plus tard qu'il était possible de lire ma signature comme « Divakat » avec un « t » final, plutôt que « Divakar » avec un « r ». Pourtant je n'ai pas remarqué, pendant longtemps, que Nata avait fait cette confusion.)

Nata m'écrivit ainsi : (« Mon cher Divakat. Oui, Mère n'a pas été très bien pendant le mois d'Août. Elle a reçu seulement les disciples les plus intimes. Maintenant Elle est assez mieux, au point tel que j'ai pu lui lire votre lettre du 9 écoulé. Mère a dit que pour le moment il n'est pas question de revenir à l'Ashram. C'est trop tôt. Elle vous avisera. Elle m'a donné pour vous le sachet de bénédictions ci-joint. Je suis content de l'arrivée de votre ami Christian. Il faut qu'il sache que maintenant c'est très difficile d'être reçu par Mère. Avez-vous reçu ma lettre du 30 Août ? Bien, mon ami, je vous souhaite la paix profonde. Nata. »)

Une sorte de communauté se formait, dans les ruines de ce petit château, et la douceur de l'automne nous permit de nous préparer à l'hiver. Etablir nos rythmes journaliers, nos tâches, un rassemblement minimal de ressources, chacun contribuant selon ses possibilités. Ramasser le bois mort, cuire le pain, récupérer des tissus et des vêtements chauds pour tous, nous approvisionner et nous équiper pour quelques activités artisanales, telles furent les priorités au cours de ces premiers mois.

Il n'y avait pas de discours particulier, pas de programme, pas de théorie, chacun portait et partageait ses questions, ses découvertes.

Plutôt qu'une communauté définie par ses buts, ses projets, ses principes, ou un enseignement quelconque qu'il se serait agi de mettre en pratique, c'était une sorte de fluidité qui s'exerçait là, s'élargissait ou se concentrait au gré des rencontres, des mouvements et des passages.

La seule référence tangible était la présence et le travail de Mère et Sri Aurobindo, et les fragments d'expérience que certains d'entre nous avaient déjà récoltés.

Une tension persistait en moi, car il me semblait comprendre combien il était impératif que je sache me dégager de tout attachement. Ma nature était telle que j'entrais profondément dans les êtres qu'il m'était donné de rencontrer, ce que je percevais comme une capacité vraie, mais l'égo et l'inconscience s'en mêlaient inévitablement et pouvaient en dévier la portée, en corrompre l'utilité. Le plus souvent, d'intenses attachements étaient ainsi formés, qui pesaient et secrétaient de la douleur, comme une misère qui devenait intolérable.

Je pressentais que, avant que cette capacité puisse vraiment servir, agir au service de la vérité, libre de tout mélange, un long travail de purification serait nécessaire – pas une purification morale, mais une purification du poids et de l'emprise de l'égo. Un début, au moins, de transformation psychologique.

J'étais souvent moi-même, et depuis l'enfance, la première « victime » de cette force d'attachement, quel que soit son « objet ».

Même envers Mère.

En Novembre, j'écrivis de nouveau à Nata, pour Elle.

Le 18 Novembre, il me répondit : (« Cher Divakat. J'ai lu à Mère votre lettre du 9 écoulé. Voici sa réponse : un cœur avec sa photo et ses bénédictions. Vous faites très bien à écrire avec fréquence : cela vous permettra de vous tenir dans la conscience physique de Mère pendant les instants que je lui lise votre lettre. Elle se souvient de vous très bien et chaque fois se concentre assez longtemps. Je me rends compte que le grand désir qui vous domine de revenir à l'Ashram crée en vous une sorte de complexe. Tâchez de n'y pas penser. Soyez sûr que le moment venu, Mère ne manquera pas de me dire : Nata, écris à Divakat qu'il vienne. L'attachement à n'importe quoi ne pourra pas vous faire du bien, mais seulement retarder votre avancement sur le sentier de la transformation. Je me souviens de

vous avec amitié et affection. Nata. ») (Nata, d'origine Italienne, n'avait qu'une maîtrise approximative de la grammaire française.. !)

Le petit cœur contenu dans l'enveloppe, découpé probablement dans un carton dur et recouvert de soie peinte, se composait en fait de deux cœurs articulés, s'ouvrant pour révéler la toute petite photographie de Mère, en face de laquelle Elle avait écrit, en tous petits caractères :

« bénédictions

Mère »

C'est Champaklal qui avait peint les deux motifs, l'un d'une rose rosée, épanouie, l'autre d'un lotus rose tout ouvert.

Parmi ceux qui avaient un jour débarqué dans notre havre, une jeune femme, M.S, était arrivée avec un tout petit enfant, Cyril ; le père, un garçon brillant mais plutôt déséquilibré, que j'avais un peu connu, lui avait indiqué notre adresse comme un refuge possible ; avec cet enfant, qui ne marchait pas encore, un lien se forma presque immédiatement et, avec ce lien, le sens accru d'une responsabilité. Mais je me voulais comme un relais seulement ; il me semblait que la seule chose de valeur que je pouvais offrir, passer aux autres, était la conscience de la présence de Mère, de Son action – et il y avait Auroville qui s'ouvrait au monde, à tous ceux qui souhaitaient tenter l'expérience.

Peu de temps après mon départ de Pondichéry mon ami M'zali avait lui aussi demandé un nom à Mère. Originaire du Sud du Maroc, son père était venu des peuplades nomades sub-sahariennes, et son physique remarquable était plutôt celui d'un peuhl. Mère l'avait vu plusieurs fois et accepta de lui donner son nom. Elle lui écrivit sur une petite carte :

« J'ai clairement vu et entendu : il devrait s'appeler Krishna. Bénédictions. Mère. »

Krishna, ainsi, m'avait envoyé cette nouvelle et m'écrivait que je lui manquais et qu'il souhaitait venir me rejoindre.

Quand il arriva, un projet s'était déjà formé en lui, comme une mission qu'il se donnait au service de Mère, avec toute sa passion : il voulait traverser le continent de l'Afrique dans sa plus grande largeur, d'Ouest en Est, afin qu'à travers lui, à travers sa naissance d'Africain – enfant de la Mère – cette grande masse vibrante d'expérience humaine soit offerte et portée à Ses pieds, pour l'avenir de la terre.

Quand nous étions ensemble, il nous semblait que tout était possible, nous éprouvions l'incandescence d'un amour qui semblait pouvoir tout embrasser, tout rencontrer.

Je l'emmenai bientôt dans le Sud Ouest, rendre visita à mes frères, puis nous retrouvâmes près de Bergerac plusieurs de nos amis, dans la maison de Rakhal, lui aussi nommé par Mère, qui avait habité avec nous à Pondichéry.

De là, Krishna et moi traversâmes seuls les Pyrénées jusqu'à Montserrat, au lieu de la Vierge Noire. Puis nous rejoignîmes A.R et mon compagnon C.V à Barcelone – la cathédrale inachevée...

Krishna s'en fut, seul, vers le Sénégal.

L'hiver nous attendait, dans notre mesure de pierre.

Mais il ne fallut pas deux mois à Krishna pour parcourir la distance du Sénégal à l'Éthiopie. Il lui sembla alors que l'expérience demeurait incomplète si je n'y participais pas, si notre amitié n'y était pas présente.

Il m'appela.

Je pris l'avion pour Adis Abéba. Nous avons rendez-vous dans le Sud, et je le vis s'avancer sur le quai de la petite gare, vêtu à la musulmane, une ample gandourah

blanche et or, un turban – et pourtant toujours je le retrouverais dans les foules, lui en qui je pouvais loger comme il pouvait loger en moi.

Nous partîmes sur les routes, à pied, notre sac à l'épaule.

Nous marchâmes jusqu'aux grands lacs d'Ouganda, et gravirent les collines du Rwanda, puis du Burundi. Notre couple ne pouvait guère passer inaperçu : parfois l'on dansait pour nous, mais parfois aussi nous suscitons l'intolérance, ainsi au Burundi où nous fûmes arrêtés et brièvement emprisonnés selon les ordres d'un pauvre et obscur officier Belge.

L'Afrique vibrante, profondément vitale, comme une subconscience sans frontières, une avec sa terre, ses plantes, ses créatures, bruisante et silencieuse demeure d'une sagesse secrète parce que la pensée ne peut la capturer, nous nous imprégnions de sa vastitude vivante en chaque instant de la veille comme du sommeil.

C'est au Congo que vint le moment de mettre un terme à cette randonnée.

Nous retournâmes vers l'océan, jusqu'à Mombassa. Krishna se sentait mieux préparé à se donner au travail d'Auroville.

Pour moi la porte était encore fermée.

Un soir pourtant, d'une ruelle de Mombassa, par une fenêtre entr'ouverte je vis les photographies de Mère et Sri Aurobindo – et j'en pleurai, comme je pleurais d'entendre, tout à coup, dans la ville, des chants de l'Inde.

Mais Krishna rentrerait seul. Je l'accompagnai au bateau.

Puis de nouveau sans argent, comme un mendiant, je revins à Nairobi.

Je reçus là l'aide nécessaire et un peu plus tard pris l'avion pour Rome.

De Rome je postai une lettre pour Mère.

De retour à Paris, Sa réponse me parvint. Nata m'écrivit : (« Cher Divakat. Merci de votre lettre de Nairobi envoyée de Rome. J'ai lu à Mère votre lettre et voici sa réponse. Vous devez savoir que pour Mère ce n'est pas facile écrire quelque chose : pour cela et pour les mots qu'elle vous envoie, vous devez vous considérer comme un privilégié. Je fais cette lettre recommandée et je vous embrasse avec affection. Nata. »)

Dans l'enveloppe se trouvait une feuille de papier sur laquelle Mère avait simplement écrit :

« Divakat. Sois sincère et fidèle. Bénédiction. Mère. »

Ainsi, Mère Elle-même avait écrit mon nom avec une « erreur », un « t » à la place du « r ». Parce que Nata le lui avait dicté ainsi ?

J'avais souvent l'expérience, depuis longtemps, d'être comme assiégé par une sorte d'adversité diffuse, malveillante, qui voulait positivement « me » détruire, ou s'attaquer à mon corps. Si je me laissais convaincre d'incapacité à répondre à la lumière, je devenais d'autant plus vulnérable. Dès que le doute s'installait dans ma conscience, cette adversité devenait active et pouvait s'exprimer à travers des proches comme au travers de mes propres mouvements (j'avais une fois déjà, jeune adolescent, tenté de me « suicider » en me tailladant les artères du poignet, et on m'avait sauvé de justesse).

C'est ainsi que je fus très ébranlé quand Cyril, le petit garçon dont je m'occupais de plus en plus, qui avait parfois beaucoup de force rebelle, m'appela un jour « Divakat », en soulignant le « t » avec une étrange intensité, comme une méchanceté.

Je n'étais pas du tout certain de la validité de cette tentative de vie communautaire, moins encore du rôle que je pouvais y jouer.

Je demandai à Nata de m'envoyer une photo récente de Mère, ce qu'il fit. Mais elle ne me parvint pas.

J'allais régulièrement, lorsque je passais à Paris, rendre visite à Janine, la petite-fille de Mère et la mère de Fabienne, chez qui je pouvais lire le dernier Bulletin de l'Ashram avec ses « Notes sur le Chemin ». C'était mon ballon d'oxygène.

En Août, 1971, Nata m'écrivit : (« J'ai bien reçu avec grand retard votre lettre du 4 Juillet. Je regrette la perte de la photo de Mère. Je répète l'envoi. Abandonnez-vous au Divin : faites le don de vous-même, sans rien cacher, sans rien retenir dans les profondeurs de votre vital, mental et physique que tout ira bien. Il ne faut pas passer son temps à se demander si on est ou si on n'est pas sur le bon chemin. Ce sont des influences mentales qu'il faut éloigner. Si vous arrivez à vous ouvrir avec toute sincérité, des profondeurs de votre être arrivera la réponse exacte avec l'indication de ce que vous devez faire. Vous pouvez rester dans la communauté où vous êtes maintenant sans vous préoccuper si elle va grandir ou non. Restez là en toute humilité, faites votre travail de karmayogin et laissez les portes ouvertes à la divine Volonté. L'entraînement physique que l'on fait à l'Ashram peut être fait n'importe où. Ecrivez-moi. Je vous embrasse. Nata. »)

Cette adversité qui tentait souvent de m'accabler était une force déterminée, comme je le compris plus tard, qui savait employer les moyens les plus inattendus comme les plus détournés. Ainsi j'appris plus tard, par exemple, que l'une de mes proches s'était, pour suivre mes pas, rendue à Pondichéry où elle s'était conduite de manière plus que provocante. J'appris aussi que cet ami par qui j'avais rencontré Fabienne avant de venir à Pondichéry, L. de D, s'était lui aussi depuis rendu à l'Ashram, où il avait retrouvé Fabienne, et qu'un incident s'était produit : Fabienne avait été retrouvée droguée sur la plage. Or cet ami avait comme moi les yeux bleus, et son intimité avec Fabienne étant égale à la mienne ; un certain nombre de gens de l'Ashram qui ne me connaissaient pas personnellement nous avaient tous deux confondus. C'est lui enfin qui – André, le fils de Mère, me le racontera plus tard – avait, par jalousie peut-être, écrit à Mère que j'étais un « Asura » - lettre que Mère avait commentée, selon André, en disant avec humour : « Il est toqué ! ».

Je ne savais rien encore de ces incidences. Mais j'éprouvais presque constamment une sorte de menace, de pression diffuse qui brouillait, trompait, alourdissait, obscurcissait, malgré toute la Grâce qu'il m'était tout de même possible de vivre et de sentir.

Je souhaitais beaucoup que tous ceux avec qui une reconnaissance s'était établie, un contact de partage ou d'amitié, reçoivent la protection de Mère et s'ouvrent à Son travail.

En particulier, je souhaitais alors que Cyril, l'enfant, soit dès que possible entouré de l'atmosphère de Mère, que ce soit à l'Ashram ou à Auroville.

J'envoyai d'abord une lettre de M.S, la mère de l'enfant, à Nata, et Nata me répondit en Septembre. (« Cher Divakat. Aujourd'hui j'ai parlé à Mère au sujet de M.S et je regrette de te dire que Mère a refusé. Elle ne veut pas que M.S vienne à Pondichéry. Je te retourne ses photos et je retiens ses lettres pour mon classeur. Bien à toi. Nata. »)

(Il est à noter ici qu'il nous a fallu plus d'un an, à Nata et à moi, pour nous tutoyer.)

Les choses se durcirent.

Je redoutais trop de ne plus pouvoir revenir, d'être « condamné », je perdais trop confiance. J'écrivis encore à Nata. (Je ne gardais aucune de mes lettres, ne faisais aucune copie.)

Mi Octobre, Nata me répondit : (« Cher Divakat. J'ai lu à Mère votre lettre du 8 crt. Elle ne veut pas que vous veniez à l'Ashram. Elle n'aime pas que vous veniez en Inde. Comment vous faire comprendre cela ? De venir ici vous trouverez toutes les portes fermées. L'Ashram ne vous recevra pas et moi-même, en vue de l'attitude de Mère, je ne pourrais rien faire en votre faveur. Excusez-moi d'avoir été si brusque mais je pense que ce soit la seule façon de vous faire comprendre. Bien à vous. Nata. »)

Ce fut la confusion, le désarroi, un autre bouleversement.

Je dus, pour seulement survivre, m'en remettre à cette flamme de certitude consciente de Cela, qui se tenait malgré tout, sans vaciller, au centre de ma conscience, et y trouver le courage et un peu de paix.

Je ne sais plus ce que j'envoyai pour Mère à Nata, quelque chose que nous avions faite de nos mains.

Mi Novembre, Nata me répondit, et pour la première fois il écrivit mon nom correctement, avec un « r ». (« Cher Divakar. J'ai remis à Mère votre cadeau. Elle est restée très contente et m'a prié de te remettre les bénédictions annexes pour toi et pour tes amis M.S et Cyril. Je t'embrasse avec amitié. Nata. »)

Quelque chose se détendait.

Une autre amie, E.B, s'apprêtait à partir pour Pondichéry.

En Inde, c'était la guerre encore, dont la cessation donna naissance au Bangladesh. Cela avait beaucoup préoccupé Mère.

J'écrivis à Satprem – que se passait-il ? Comment comprendre ces contradictions qui obstruaient le chemin ?

En Décembre, Satprem me répondit : (« Divakar. Tu la reverras quand tu seras convaincu que tes propres forces ne peuvent rien et que tu auras besoin d'Elle comme de la seule chose nécessaire... Satprem. »)

Je commençais de comprendre que seule Mère pouvait saisir objectivement la vérité de chaque être et y répondre directement.

Elle seule. Et Sri Aurobindo.

Chacun, autrement, ne comprenait l'autre, ne comprenait le monde, qu'à travers le filtre réduit et limitant de sa propre expérience.

Je n'aimais pas le rôle que j'étais amené à jouer parmi les autres, je ne croyais pas que nous pourrions parvenir à un équilibre collectif suffisamment clair. Je choisis de partir.

J'allai me réfugier peu après en Bretagne, dans la maison de mon enfance, où je pourrais à nouveau contempler la mer depuis les falaises.

Je savais que c'était égoïste, que je devais cesser de demander pour « moi ». Pourtant, j'écrivis encore.

Début Février, 1972, Nata me répondit : (« Cher Divakar. J'ai reçu et lu à Mère ta lettre du 17 Janvier. Toujours la même réponse : « Je ne veux pas qu'il vienne à l'Ashram. » Je regrette de n'avoir rien de mieux à te dire. Ecris-moi et reçois les sentiments d'affection de Nata. »)

J'insistai. Je ne demandai plus qu'à La revoir.

Le 7 Février, Nata m'écrivit : (« Cher Divakar. J'ai lu à Mère aujourd'hui ta lettre où tu demandais de venir la voir et repartir quand elle voudrait. La réponse a été encore « No. Je ne veux pas qu'il vienne. » Je regrette d'être toujours le porteur de mauvaise nouvelle... mais je dois bien transmettre ce qu'on me dit ? Je t'embrasse. Nata. »)

Avec le séjour d'E.B à Pondichéry, une autre vague de confusion s'abattit. E.B était très attachée à moi et déterminée à réaliser un couple avec moi. Mais elle rencontra aussi beaucoup d'affection et de compréhension à l'Ashram, et Mère la reçut et l'aida. Nata fut aussi son premier intermédiaire auprès de Mère. A travers elle, comme par d'autres voyageurs, je continuais de recevoir des informations troublantes et contradictoires, et je restais incapable d'élucider l'énigme de ce qui s'était passé pour moi à Pondichéry, comme du rôle que Françoise (à qui Mère avait depuis donné le nom de Purna Prema) y avait joué, et continuait d'y jouer.

Il me semblait aussi que Nata ne me disait pas ce qu'il savait, pas entièrement. Je lui écrivis pour lui demander de m'aider à comprendre. J'avais d'autre part cédé à l'attrait d'une vieille formation, celle d'« avoir » un enfant...

Nata m'écrivit d'abord : (« Mon cher Divakar. Tes relations avec Mère sont placées sur le terrain de l'incompréhension. Ce n'est pas que Mère ne veut pas de toi comme disciple, mais elle sait que ta place n'est pas ici, mais ailleurs. Pour faire quoi ? Ton être intérieur doit te suggérer. Elle t'aime, je sais qu'elle t'aime, mais ce qu'elle a choisi pour toi ne correspond pas à ce que tu veux. C'est tout. Accepte donc avec discipline sa volonté et cesse d'insister de venir à l'Ashram. Le moment venu, elle te fera savoir, n'en doute pas. Au sujet de l'enfant que tu veux avoir avec E., Mère n'a pas répondu. Ecris-moi chaque fois que tu en sens le besoin ou l'envie et reçois les meilleurs sentiments d'amitié de Nata. »)

Les lettres de Nata exprimaient les mêmes contradictions qui me tourmentaient, dont l'intensité me labourait sans répit. Je devais me « soumettre » et accepter, et en même temps il m'était permis de croire et d'espérer.

Quelques jours plus tard, fin Février, Nata m'écrivit à nouveau : (« Cher Divakar. J'ai reçu ta lettre sans date. J'ignore ce qu'E. puisse penser et t'avoir dit. Je peux t'assurer qu'il n'y a rien de personnel contre toi de la part de Purna ni de la part de Fabienne. Comment peux tu imaginer que Mère se laisse influencer par telle ou telle autre personne ? Si Elle ne veut pas que tu viennes à l'Ashram a ses raisons occultes et sûrement pour ton bien. L'obéir sans discuter c'est une façon de faire son « surrender ». Je ne peux pas te dire pourquoi E. préfère être près de toi au lieu d'être ici à l'Ashram. Peut-être est-elle poussée par le désir d'avoir une famille à soi. Toi-même dans ta lettre précédente m'avais dit que vous vouliez un enfant. Bien à toi. Nata. »)

Nata était vraiment devenu mon ami ; il servait sa fonction auprès de Mère avec beaucoup de cœur. Je le harcelais de mes lettres mais sa patience demeurait généreuse.

Début Mars, 1972, il me répondit encore : (« Cher Divakar. Je réponds à ta lettre du 14 écoulé. Tu reviendras sûrement un jour. Je ne peux penser différemment. Tu es un enfant de Mère et ta vie, un jour ou l'autre, sera ici. Quand Elle voudra. Au sujet d'E. je ne peux rien dire. Cela dépend du lien qui t'unit à elle. Je veux dire, du type de lien qui t'unit à elle. Tâche de ne pas perdre contact avec nous et reçois les meilleurs sentiments d'amitié de Nata. »)

Je me sentais responsable, et mal à l'aise, de la décision d'E.B de revenir pour être près de moi. Alors que tout lui avait été rendu possible pour un chemin aux pieds de Mère. Il y avait là comme une injustice à l'envers : ce qui m'avait été refusé lui était offert et c'est elle qui le refusait pour s'attacher à moi. C'était absurde.

E.B revint donc. Chargée de choses précieuses, infiniment : des pétales touchés par Mère, des photographies de Mère signées par Elle, les dernières « Notes sur le Chemin », et une grande bouffée de l'atmosphère physique qui me manquait tant. Mon frère J.Y était parti à son tour à Pondichéry.

Un autre de mes amis s'était logé tout près dans ma vie, et je souhaitais pour lui aussi qu'il trouve Mère directement.

J'écrivis à Nata qui me répondit : (« Cher Divakar. Mère a répondu que ton ami O.P peut venir à l'Ashram seulement comme visiteur. Pour le moment l'acceptation des disciples est arrêtée. Bien à toi. Nata. »)

Ce n'avait pas été facile de quitter la petite « communauté », et quelques-uns avaient voulu venir avec moi. Mais non seulement le poids des attachements déviait de la réceptivité si nécessaire, mais aussi c'était une situation qui m'exposait, me rendait vulnérable aux attaques les plus matérielles. J'avais eu deux accidents durant cette période : le premier fut comme un avertissement, je conduisais et, alors que nous traversions une petite bourgade pour rentrer au « château », d'une rue latérale soudain surgit un autre véhicule qui enfonça ma portière. Le deuxième « accident » fut plus sérieux, par l'action qu'il révélait comme par le résultat : j'étais en train de colmater l'un des toits de notre demeure, et A.F se tenait près de moi avec toute cette attention excessive qu'elle aimait à tourner vers moi, et j'étais gêné, sans trouver le mouvement juste ; et soudain je perdis prise et commençai de glisser le long du toit, et me sentis pris dans une paralysie subtile qui m'empêcha physiquement de réagir et je restai comme hébété tout le temps de la chute jusqu'au choc de la douleur, cette suffocation imbécile ; il fallut me transporter à l'hôpital le plus proche, j'avais une fracture d'une vertèbre et d'un disque, et je dus rester quelques semaines immobile.

Quelques temps après mon départ du « château », alors que j'étais déjà en Bretagne, il y eut un incendie ; les lieux avaient été plus ou moins désertés pendant l'hiver et je ne sus jamais comment ce feu avait pris ; mais les propriétaires se sentirent lésés et, peut-être par un effet de rancune, cherchèrent à m'attribuer la responsabilité des dommages.

J'écrivis de nouveau à Nata, qui me répondit, mi Avril : (« Cher Divakar. Je t'ai télégraphié au sujet de l'incendie du château où tu habitais. Si tu peux prouver que tu étais en Bretagne, tu n'as rien à craindre. Même s'il y a une certaine responsabilité de ta part, il n'est jamais utile de s'enfuir. Au sujet de l'enfant que tu voulais avoir avec E., Mère n'a pas répondu. Je pense que la dissolution du groupe duquel tu m'as parlé, c'est une vraie Grâce ! T'a évité de prendre une fausse attitude qui pourrait très bien t'amener des chutes très difficiles à surmonter. Tu demandes d'avoir conscience de tous les êtres. As-tu conscience de toi-même ? Je ne crois pas. Plus que la foi et de l'aspiration, c'est le « surrender » qui aide à repousser l'impulsion sexuelle. Il ne faut pas se décourager, ce que ne peut être fait aujourd'hui, on pourra le faire demain. De la Foi d'abord, de la Foi, s'écriait Sri Aurobindo !! Je t'embrasse. Nata. »)

Nous avons, en Bretagne, la vie d'une famille élargie, dont Cyril, le seul enfant, était un peu le petit roi. Chacun vaquait à diverses tâches, je tissais, travaillais le cuir, j'aimais à faire des vêtements ou des sacs pour l'un ou l'autre de mes amis...

Mais cela ne satisfaisait pas le besoin de servir, de participer à une œuvre à laquelle Mère aurait donné le sens, et qu'Elle utiliserait pour Son travail de transformation. J'écrivis et, mi Juin, Nata me répondit : (« Cher Divakar. Aujourd'hui j'ai lu à Mère ta lettre du 6 crt. Elle a écouté attentivement, s'est concentrée et m'a donné le sachet de bénédictions ci-joint. Elle n'a pas dit un mot. Non, je ne suis pas fâché. Je suis ton ami, un ami qui regrette de ne pouvoir faire quelques choses de plus. Je t'embrasse. Nata. »)

Un jour je retournai à Paris et me rendis à l'Association pour Auroville, espérant pouvoir y travailler un peu, y être utile ; j'y fis de nouveaux amis, qui servaient là Auroville, chacun comme il pouvait. Pour gagner un peu d'argent, nous faisons ici et là des travaux de peinture. Je commençai de passer une partie des journées dans les bureaux de l'Association, où je me mis à taper toutes les « Notes sur le Chemin » publiées dans le Bulletin de l'Ashram en un seul document.

Quelques semaines s'écoulèrent ainsi. Là encore, ma présence évoquait des réponses divergentes ; certains m'accueillaient et me donnaient leur amitié et leur confiance, tandis que d'autres ressentaient un danger. La « directrice », au cours d'un bref séjour à Pondichéry, fit son enquête à mon sujet et revint munie d'ordres négatifs, qu'on ne me montra pas.

De son côté, Nata m'écrivit : (« Cher Divakar. Sur demande du chef de l'Association pour Auroville en France, j'ai demandé à Mère l'autorisation à que tu travailles dans cette organisation. La réponse a été négative. Je regrette de donner une si mauvaise nouvelle, mais pense toujours que la volonté de Mère voit plus loin de nos petits désirs et points de vue. Bien à toi. Nata. »)

Je me retirai donc.

Ce fut comme une béance.

Mais l'amitié que j'avais connue là ne me déserta pas, et resta vivante.

Où me tourner ? Comment marcher ?

Quelque chose collait à mon existence comme un mauvais destin.

C'était aussi, je le sentais, le creuset d'une forge, il me fallait contribuer du courage et, comme Elle me l'avait écrit, de l'endurance.

Mais je n'étais pas capable de repousser l'horreur de ce rejet, ni le vertige d'un désespoir qui revenait à l'assaut.

J'écrivis. A la mi Septembre, Nata me répondit, sa plus longue lettre : (« Cher Divakar. Je te prie de m'excuser si je réponds avec tant de retard à ta lettre du 3 crt. J'ai quelques choses à te dire et je te prie de m'écouter avec beaucoup d'attention et de patience. Pour le moment je ne peux pas insister avec tes lettres auprès de Mère. Tu as assez écrit et la réponse a été toujours la même. Un homme comme toi, qui a connu Mère, qui a reçu d'Elle un nom spirituel, qui a été capable de se maintenir fidèlement malgré toutes les difficultés, il ne doit pas, il n'a pas le droit de se décourager si pour un certain temps ou pour toujours il ne pourra être en communication extérieure avec Mère. Recevoir le sachet de bénédictions, s'agenouiller devant Elle, est sans doute très beau, mais à quoi ça sert si on est fermé à son influence, ou on ne s'ouvre pas à sa conscience ? Si tu as Mère dans le cœur c'est plus important que n'importe quoi, et c'est quelque chose que personne ne peut pas toucher. Tu me diras, pourquoi ne veut pas me voir, pourquoi Elle ne

veut pas répondre à mes lettres ? Il n'existent pas des raisons que le mental comprenne, qui soient accessibles à sa compréhension ; on sait bien que dans la vie spirituelle le gourou interdit certaines choses à un disciple et autorise la même chose à d'autres. Pourquoi ? C'est de l'injustice ? On peut répondre que cela appartient à la vision que le Maître a des nécessités de ses disciples, et que on doit accepter ce qui vient du gourou avec la foi que c'est toujours pour le mieux. Mère t'a fait la grâce de ne pas répondre à tes lettres, il faut maintenant que tu acceptes avec gratitude sa volonté, sans te sentir vexé, humilié et surtout sans penser qu'elle t'a abandonné. Interroge ton être intérieur, avec sincérité, dans la caverne de ton cœur et tu sauras ce que tu dois faire. S'il y a dans cette lettre quelque chose qui ne soit pas claire, écris-moi que je ferai de mon mieux pour t'expliquer, mais tâche de ne plus insister avec tes lettres à elle. Mon cher ami accepte le témoignage de mon amitié et affection. Nata. »)

Je savais que Nata avait raison, que je devais trouver la confiance dans ma propre relation intérieure directe avec Mère, à Sa Présence.

Et je ressentais comme une nécessité devenue impérative de me retirer de l'énergie des liens, de me rassembler dans le silence d'une activité concentrée, de m'entourer d'une atmosphère sûre.

Adolescent, j'écrivais beaucoup, de la poésie, et j'avais rédigé deux petits livres – que j'ai plus tard détruits – qui étaient comme des récits intériorisés sur les rythmes du poème. Il y avait là une capacité que je pouvais peut-être offrir.

Je me retirai dans une petite chambre à Paris, avec mon exemplaire de « Savitri » et je me mis à la tâche de traduire en essayant de ne trahir ni le sens ni les rythmes et la beauté de l'œuvre de Sri Aurobindo.

Cela me permit d'entrer de plain-pied dans les réalités de l'expérience.

E.B allait enfin repartir à l'Ashram. Je lui demandai de bien vouloir emmener Cyril avec elle, et de veiller à ce que tout se passe bien pour lui.

J'écrivis à Nata et lui envoyai la traduction d'un premier « Canto ».

Fin Novembre, Nata me répondit : (« Cher Divakar. Je te prie de m'excuser du grand retard à te répondre. Beaucoup des choses ont changé à l'Ashram. Mère ne s'occupe presque plus de la marche de l'organisation qui a été confiée presque entièrement à André, son fils, le père de Purna. Sont rares les personnes qui la voient encore. Grâce à Dieu je suis entre elles. Tu peux dire à E. qu'elle peut venir à l'Ashram quand elle veut. Pour ceux qui ne sont pas à la charge, il n'existent pas de limitations. Elle peut aussi amener l'enfant de M. Au sujet de la traduction de « Savitri » je crois que ton travail est beau, mais il faut demander l'autorisation à André, chef du Comité des Publications. A propos de E. il faut lui dire que je ne peux pas lui garantir d'obtenir la garantie de l'Ashram pour le visa d'un an. Elle peut rester les six mois concédés par les autorités indiennes, bien sûr. Je regrette mon ami de ne pas pouvoir te donner des meilleures nouvelles. Je t'embrasse. Nata. »)

André revint à Paris. Il refusa de me voir à propos de « Savitri ».

Janine, sa fille et la sœur de Purna, me gardait pourtant sa porte toujours ouverte. Comme elle s'en allait à son tour à Pondichéry, je lui remis une lettre pour Nata.

Mi Décembre, Nata m'écrivit : (« Cher Divakar. Janine m'a remis ta lettre. Je savais qu'André n'allait pas te recevoir. Les choses ont beaucoup changées ici à l'Ashram. Petit à petit que Mère abandonne la direction physique de l'Ashram, le terrain qu'elle laisse libre vient tout de suite occupé par des gens qui n'ont pas sa grandeur. Peut-être que cela te fera comprendre beaucoup des choses que pour le

moment te résultent incompréhensibles. Aussitôt que je verrai Satprem je lui parlerai de ta traduction de « Savitri ». Ne l'abandonne pas. Il n'a aucune importance qu'elle soit publiée ou non. Tu en tireras un grand avantage avec ce travail. Ecris-moi et reçois mes meilleurs sentiments. Nata. »)

Mon frère J.Y revint de Pondichéry, où il avait passé presque un an. Chargé de trésors. Je le retrouvai dans le Sud pour quelques jours, en compagnie de notre plus jeune frère, tous trois environnés de choses et de signes de Mère.

L'année s'achevait, et peut-être toute une étape dans la relation avec Mère.

J'écrivis à Nata. Fin Décembre il me répondit : (« Cher Divakar. Merci de ta lettre avec ta bonne année. Cela m'a beaucoup touché. Je peux te dire que tu es un vrai sadhak, peut-être mieux de beaucoup de ceux que nous sommes ici à l'Ashram. Tu as la Grâce de Mère sur toi et tu sais en profiter. Tu as compris ton rôle, tu connais la voie à suivre. Je t'embrasse avec beaucoup d'amitié et d'amour. Nata. »)

Je me plongeai de plus en plus dans « Savitri ». Parfois, selon la difficulté intérieure, je devais m'y astreindre comme à une discipline rigoureuse ; et parfois c'était mon refuge et ma nourriture.

Je continuai d'envoyer chaque Chant à Mère, par Nata.

Mi Janvier de l'année nouvelle, 1973, il m'écrivit : (« Mon cher Divakar. Voici un sachet de bénédictions que Mère t'envoie au sujet de ta traduction de « Savitri » que tu lui avais envoyé. Mon opinion, très personnel, est que tu dois continuer le travail de traduction de « Savitri ». Tu le fais très bien, plein de rythme et de beauté. Il y a la vibration ! Tu travailles pour le Divin, par pour d'autres personnes ou êtres. Tu as bien dit. Que la confusion durera longtemps que notre nature d'ignorance ne sera pas vraiment transformée. Sous un certain aspect tu es un privilégié, car tu es en train de démontrer une intégrité digne d'un vrai yogi. Je t'embrasse. Nata. »)

Peu de temps après, Nata m'écrivit de nouveau pour me demander d'essayer d'aider une jeune Italienne en difficulté à Paris.

Simultanément à la concentration consciente que « Savitri » me permettait de pratiquer, j'étais saisi par des vagues d'expérience qui étaient plutôt rudes. Comme un précipité.

Et il y avait ce changement de position que je sentais s'opérer en Mère.

Sa Fête arrivait. Je voulus Lui envoyer quelque chose.

Fin Février, Nata me répondit : (« Cher Divakar. J'ai bien reçu les cadeaux pour Mère qui ont été remis dans ces mains. Comme je t'avais dit dans d'autres lettres, les choses ici ont beaucoup changées. Mère est presque toujours absorbée en transe et pour cela pas très facile communiquer avec elle. Aussi ont été créés des bureaux qui s'occupent en détail de ce qui était auparavant sur les épaules de peu de personnes. Pour cela je te prie de ne plus envoyer par mon entreprise des cadeaux à Mère, non plus m'envoyer les traductions de « Savitri ». Pour ton ami A. tu peux écrire à Mr. Shyamsunder – Auroville Office si ton ami veut aller à Auroville, ou à Madhav Pandit s'il veut rester à l'Ashram. Je te conseille, si tu as des difficultés pour te faire recevoir par André, de parler avec Janine, la sœur de Françoise. Seulement en te réconciliant avec cette famille tu pourras avoir des chances de retourner à Pondichéry. Je t'embrasse. Nata. »)

Ainsi, près de deux ans après, Nata confirmait le malaise que je n'avais cessé de ressentir, malgré même ses propres démentis.

Mais quelque chose en « moi » commençait de se libérer un peu, d'émerger de ces gangues lourdes et dramatiques qui entravent longtemps le progrès de la

conscience. J'apprenais la nécessité de se référer directement à la Présence au-dedans de soi, sans aucune interférence ni influence.

Krishna m'écrivit que je lui manquais, qu'il était temps pour moi de rentrer....

Pourtant je trouvais difficile de continuer le travail de « Savitri » si je ne pouvais même plus en envoyer les Chants à Mère comme une offrande concrète.

J'écrivis à Satprem, me souvenant aussi de ses mots « on se reverra ! ». Mais sa réponse, que je reçus début Avril, ne fit que me renvoyer à ... moi-même ! (« Divakar. Seule Mère peut te dire si tu es prêt à revenir ou non. Ton travail sur « Savitri » est une excellente façon de rester dans l'atmosphère, à condition que tu le fasses pour toi, sans aucune idée de publication ni de résultat, sauf le résultat intérieur... »)

J'avais espéré un peu de cette compréhension par identité, qui lui aurait permis de saisir ma vraie question, de m'accepter en lui comme je l'accueillais en moi.

Alors, c'était comme si je me trouvais privé de béquilles. Il me fallait donc apprendre à discerner « tout seul », me casser la figure sans doute, me relever, développer la confiance qui naît de la conscience vraie.

J'appris à tout offrir, même mon « besoin » de revenir près d'Elle.

A me délester.

Et, en même temps, à croire à ce qu'il m'était donné de percevoir, dans certaines conditions que je commençais à reconnaître.

Je passai le premier mois de l'été dans le Sud avec mon père, sa compagne, et mes frères.

De retour dans la ville, je terminai cette première traduction de « Savitri ».

Alors ?

Serait-ce Auroville ?

D'Auroville, c'est le Matrimandir qui me touchait, ce que j'avais pu en pressentir.

Mais Auroville, c'était le travail physique, et je n'avais guère d'entraînement ; je doutais plutôt de ma capacité à soutenir le rythme d'une activité physique intensive.

Pour garder l'équilibre dans le progrès, j'avais depuis un an commencé de fréquenter un gymnase ; mais j'y rencontrai surtout les lâchetés, les peurs, les contractions qui étaient logées dans le corps.

Ainsi je décidai de me joindre à un chantier de travailleurs volontaires en Provence. Il s'agissait de débroussailler puis de remblayer une grande pente qui abutait à la rue principale d'un village haut perché.

Cela prit quelques semaines de labeur ; il y avait deux dortoirs comme dans les collèges, et les moments de « récréation » se passaient pour moi à jouer au ping-pong.

Puis je m'en fus marcher dans les collines et les garrigues, des jours durant, cueillant les fruits mûrs aux arbres abandonnés par des fermiers en colère.

En moi, lentement et comme par étapes, en dépit de tous les moments d'obscurité, de confusion et de doute, se confirmait la décision de rentrer à Pondichéry – et adienne que pourra.

Je ne me faisais pas d'illusions. Mais une joie doucement croissait au-dedans. Cette joie me donnait du courage.

Je ne redoutais plus le regard ou le jugement des autres, quels qu'ils soient. Je n'éprouvais plus le besoin de prouver quoi que ce soit, selon ces critères de dualité qui ont miné jusqu'à la substance même de nos corps.

Je me sentais prêt à rentrer.

D'un regard extérieur, je me heurtais à la crainte, l'appréhension et le doute ; mais dès que je me tournais au-dedans, il n'y avait plus qu'un élan à la fois tranquille et impérieux.

Fin Octobre, j'allais prendre mon billet quand mon père, F.J, reçut l'offre soudaine de conduire, pour la télévision française, un entretien avec ses fils au sujet d'Auroville et de sa fondation. J'étais réticent, car tout d'un coup il me sembla que chaque jour comptait. Mais l'occasion d'offrir ensemble, dans l'amitié et le dialogue, nos engagements respectifs, était belle et juste.

Tout s'arrangea en quelques jours, et F.J, mon père, J.Y mon frère et moi tentâmes de ne pas dire trop de bêtises sur Auroville et sur Mère devant les caméras attentives et respectueuses d'un studio de télévision à Paris.

Le 9 Novembre, 1973, j'écrivais dans mon journal quotidien : « ...ne jamais oublier qu'il faut être simple, noble, intrépide et vaste et plein d'amour, pour porter toute notre obscurité dans la lumière... ».

Le 10 Novembre au soir, C. ma mère et amie, J.Y mon frère et T une tendre compagne, me laissèrent à la borne de sécurité de l'aéroport ; je quittai Paris et la France et l'Europe et l'Occident – et n'y reviendrais que 27 ans plus tard.

Je choisis de rester deux jours à Delhi – comme pour laisser une peau et retrouver la respiration de l'Inde.

Le 13 je pris l'avion pour Madras ; j'avais acheté une de ces bandes dessinées qui retracent les histoires du Mahabharata et du Ramayana ; celle-ci disait le conte de Sita qui prie la Mère de l'engouffrer dans les entrailles de la terre si elle a menti – et un sanglot sortit de tout mon être, comme le sceau brûlant de la vérité qui seule donnait un sens à cette vie.

Le soir du 13 j'arrivai près de l'Ashram. Je n'avais qu'un sac à l'épaule, un sac de cuir que j'avais moi-même coupé et cousu, contenant mon exemplaire de « Savitri », mon enveloppe avec les choses de Mère, quelques vêtements de rechange. Nata n'était pas chez lui. Je laissai mon sac sur le trottoir devant sa porte et m'en fus à l'Ashram. A peine entré, au bord de la cour intérieure du Samadhi, c'est le sourire de Fabienne que je rencontrai, immédiat, paisible, dans la mouvance tranquille de tous ces êtres qui formaient ma famille de toujours.

On entendait la voix de Mère par les fenêtres ouvertes de Sa chambre au-dessus des branches de l'arbre de « Service » ; parfois comme un gémissement.

Quand je retournai à la maison de Nata, Maggi et lui étaient rentrés ; leur affection, leurs bras tendus. Nata me dit qu'en voyant le sac, serti de galets de l'océan, il avait de suite deviné que j'étais rentré. Il était tard. Il m'envoya dormir dans une maison près de la mer qui servait de relais et de reposoir pour certains de ceux qui travaillaient à Auroville. Un autocar s'apprêtait juste à partir, pour conduire au Matrimandir un groupe de volontaires pour un bétonnage continu de plusieurs jours qui avait commencé le jour même.

Je restai dormir là, sur le toit, veillé par un paon.

Ce n'est que le lendemain matin que je me rendis à mon tour au Matrimandir.

Presque 4 ans plus tôt, à nos premières rencontres à Pondichéry, 4 d'entre nous nous étions tellement reconnus qu'il nous avait paru évident que nous avions ainsi été guidés dans l'accomplissement d'une promesse ancienne : M'zali, que Mère nomma Krishna, F.Ga, G.M et moi.

Quand j'arrivai au Centre ce matin-là et m'approchai du bord du cratère dont ne dépassaient que 4 tours de bois, c'est simultanément dans la vérité physique absolue du Matrimandir et dans les yeux de G.M que je plongeai et fus accueilli.

Il n'y avait plus de question : « que ferais-je ? ». C'était là.

A la fin de cette première journée je rentrai à Pondichéry.

Nata m'annonça que Purna, qui tenait toujours cette sorte de restaurant à étoiles, avait coupé ses vivres. Il était puni de m'avoir bien reçu.

Et Maggi se tourna vers moi, toute grave et intense, et me livra cette formule : « Je n'ai jamais vu de telle opposition ; si tu es capable de rester, je te le dis, je me mettrai à tes pieds !! »... Ce qui nous fit rire tous les trois.

Mais voilà, une part de ma situation s'était donc précisée sans tarder.

Je pris une chambre à l'une des Guest Houses de l'Ashram.

Chaque soir, j'allais m'asseoir près du Samadhi, sous les fenêtres de la chambre de Mère. C'était l'heure du repas que l'on obligeait Mère à absorber, et chacun pouvait l'entendre protester, et gémir, à l'intérieur d'un silence incompréhensible tant il était chargé de conscience.

Je passais chaque journée à aider au Matrimandir.

Le bétonnage des quatre piliers et de la première dalle qui les joignait ensemble au bas de cette sphère à venir, se termina le soir du 17.

Quand les vibrateurs s'éteignirent, il faisait nuit. A la lumière des grands projecteurs, éclaboussés de béton, nous regardâmes l'heure : 19.25.

Je retournai à l'Ashram.

Bien avant l'aube, il n'était pas encore 4 heures du matin, P., un jeune Ashramite qui s'occupait de la Guest House, vint frapper à la porte de ma chambre :

« Divakar, come at once to the Ashram, Mother has left Her body... ! » (Divakar, viens tout de suite à l'Ashram, Mère a quitté Son corps.. !)

Ces mots étaient inacceptables. Ils ne pouvaient pas être.

Et pourtant, ils venaient d'être prononcés.

Je me rendis à l'Ashram, me joignis à la ligne silencieuse des Ashramites.

« Ils » avaient, dans la nuit, porté Mère hors de Sa chambre. L'avaient descendue, déposée sur un petit lit recouvert d'une fourrure synthétique blanche, sous une alcôve revêtue d'une feuille de métal argenté, rendue encore plus chaude par les projecteurs électriques. « Ils » avaient installé des ventilateurs et placé des soucoupes de camphre, et l'air était parfumé de l'eau de Cologne qu'Elle aimait utiliser.

Et depuis ce moment jusqu'au 20 la foule défila inlassable, sans répit, jour et nuit, dans la chaleur immobile, sans un mot.

Aucune de Ses instructions n'avait été observée.

Mais Elle absorba tout le drame, et fit l'impossible, jusqu'à insuffler une sorte de joie tranquille ; certains des petits enfants d'Auroville disaient, presque en chantant, « Mère est dans nos corps !!! »...

Mais quels mots pouvait-on même penser ?

Nos sentiments mêmes étaient une insulte, tant ils étaient déplacés, hors de propos.

Rien en nous n'était à Sa mesure.

Nolini pourtant fit distribuer une déclaration. Qui disait peut-être quelque chose et peut-être ne disait rien. Comment pourrions-nous le savoir tant que nous ne serions pas unis à Elle, conscients d'Elle, dans le corps ?

Trois mois plus tôt, Mère était sortie sur Son balcon, le soir du 15 Août, pour la Fête de Sri Aurobindo. Tenue par Pranab, Elle avait marché jusqu'à la rambarde, qu'Elle avait saisie de Sa main si forte. Il pleuvait. Elle avait « regardé » quelques moments.

D.D avait pris quelques photos d'Elle, là, et m'en avaient donné des copies.

Maintenant, Son corps était devant tous, plus assis qu'allongé, le dos soutenu par des coussins de satin blanc, la nuque penchée en avant, le visage émacié ; et c'était une expression tout entière de détermination, d'une concentration si farouche, si totale, et si parfaitement immuable.

Il y avait à la fois le sens d'une formidable Erreur, et celui d'un mystère qu'Elle nous demandait d'abriter au plus profond du cœur, à l'abri de toute ignorance.

A deux reprises encore je passai et m'arrêtai devant Elle.

Le 18, à la tombée du jour, je marchai jusqu'à la mer et trouvais Satprem, assis sur le muret du Tennis Ground, seul, et le rejoignis un moment ; je le revoyais, comme il me l'avait promis – mais comment ?

Il se tourna vers moi, posa un doigt sur ses lèvres ; ses yeux étaient des gouffres d'une lumière qui Lui appartenait, ils étaient comme de l'océan condensé dans un appel et une offrande et un cri de fidélité à Elle.

Quelques moments plus tard, j'allai tourner le coin de la rue de l'Ashram, dans la lumière apaisée du soir, quand surgit C.V – mon compagnon de toutes ces années. Sans rien me dire, il avait décidé tout à coup de faire le voyage et il venait d'arriver : et c'était la première fois qu'il La voyait physiquement. Allongée devant la foule. Une impossibilité.

J'emmenageai dans une chambre plus modeste d'une loge tenue par un disciple, G., un homme aussi gentil que discret.

Je fis bientôt, par acquis de conscience, ma demande formelle auprès du « Comité » d'Auroville, composé alors de Navajata, Roger A., Prem Mallik – et je fus refusé.

J'étais entré en relation, distante mais respectueuse, avec la promesse silencieuse d'une sorte d'amitié, avec Shyamsunder, qui à cette époque s'attachait plus particulièrement au Matrimandir. Je le tenais informé de mes choix et il me voyait lui-même, directement, évoluer.

Un jour j'étais avec G.M et quelques autres sur l'une des plateformes de l'échafaudage dominant le plateau aride, et nous avions entre les mains une petite carte d'Auroville qui venait d'être imprimée. Sur cette carte, je vis le nom d'un lieu : « Sincérité ». Et je sentis comme une petite fusée de joie sûre dans le cœur ; je dis à G.M « c'est là que je veux vivre.. ! Où est-ce ? ».

G.M me montra, à peut-être trois cent mètres vers le Nord, les silhouettes de trois ou quatre arbres d'un vert sombre. C'est là que J.M un Américain qui avait depuis quitté Auroville, avait construit une hutte – il avait demandé à Mère Son autorisation et L'avait priée de nommer le lieu ; Mère avait accepté, et écrit :

« Sincérité ».

G.M m'expliqua que cette hutte était en mauvais état mais que, si nous la réparions ensemble, elle pourrait bien abriter plusieurs d'entre nous.

C'était « oui » tout de suite.

C'était LA, sans le moindre doute.

Je serais plutôt allé vivre dans l'un des villages qu'en aucun des lieux d'Auroville que j'avais pu visiter.

Nous nous occupâmes ensemble de refaire la toiture de cette grande hutte à étage, et je l'aménageai de telle manière que plusieurs pourraient y vivre sans se déranger, chacun disposant d'un espace indépendant.

A l'ombre de ces cinq arbres – un manguier, trois jacquiers et un neem – trois autres petites huttes avaient été érigées par des travailleurs du Matrimandir. T.G, l'un d'entre eux, avait commencé de planter un peu, mais il n'y avait ni puits ni électricité et l'eau y venait par une conduite posée depuis le Matrimandir.

J'informai Shyamsunder de mes décisions : simplement, servir le Matrimandir et vivre à « Sincérité ». Je ne demandais rien.

J'étais maintenant dans une situation « irrégulière », sans garantie légale et sans visa. Mais le choix s'était formé clairement. Quelles que soient les conséquences, j'apprendrais à me donner, sans attendre rien des autres.

Silencieusement, Shyamsunder me donna son soutien et parla à André.

Tous les deux obtinrent pour moi la garantie d'Auroville et mon visa fut finalement régularisé.

Dans Auroville, les énergies entraînent en conflits.

La croissance d'Auroville serait aussi une arène.

Chacun désormais était laissé à sa propre capacité de discernement, de courage, d'engagement, de don de soi, d'endurance, d'honnêteté...

(Août, 2004)

En 2000, j'ai retrouvé ma fille, ou plutôt ma fille a eu le courage de me retrouver.

En Mai, 2002, j'ai vécu une expérience physique brutale, restée jusqu'à ce jour sans explication « médicale ».

Le 14 Octobre, 2003, mon équipe au Matrimandir a été officiellement démise de ses fonctions, la victoire d'une coalition d'intérêts regroupée autour de Roger A, l'« Architecte » et Kireet Joshi, le « Chairman », qui s'acharnait depuis quelques années à nous faire lâcher prise, particulièrement Arjun et moi, car nous osions remettre en question la position de l'« Architecte » à l'égard de la réalisation matérielle des Jardins de Mère et, par association, bon nombre de positions et de directions officielles d'Auroville, et refusions de nous soumettre.

Du jour au lendemain, après beaucoup d'années d'un engagement quotidien ininterrompu au Matrimandir, je me retrouvai donc soudain privé de ce sens de service, ce sens organique de participer au fonctionnement progressif, évolutif, d'un corps collectif.

Cet ensemble de faits, entre autres, explique peut-être ce besoin que j'ai alors éprouvé de « mettre de l'ordre », de rassembler tous ces fragments en une sorte de témoignage.

Il m'arrive souvent de lire des romans, des « nouvelles » contemporains, qui retracent autant d'itinéraires individuels ; la littérature anglaise et américaine est

riche de ces trésors, de ces offrandes, ces contributions uniques – expressions de l’infinie variété des faisceaux de la conscience individualisée dans son évolution et sa marche vers la manifestation d’une présence au monde toujours plus vraie et plus entière.

Que cela nous apprenne tous, et vite, à ne plus juger, à ne plus comparer, à ne plus condamner, mais à apprécier et discerner l’origine, la qualité et la vérité de chaque mouvement et de chaque être, sans prétention – dans la conscience que rien, rien n’existe, ne peut exister « en-dehors » du Divin. Par conséquent... !!!

J’ai donc entrepris de sélectionner des extraits, des passages, de notes et de journaux rédigés au cours des années, dans les deux langues, français et anglais. Selon les périodes, l’accent est soit sur le cheminement et l’expérience « personnels », soit sur les données et les processus collectifs.

Tout cela Lui appartient, déposé à Ses pieds, absolument.

PART ONE

Extraits de Journal

-1969-

***Note écrite le 15-10-80, en préambule :**

Le Surhomme, sans l'homme, ne s'incarnera pas.

L'homme, sans le surhomme, ne s'accomplira pas.

Le Seigneur a Lui Même posé les conditions de Son propre progrès.

C'est Lui-même qui recherche à tâtons la clé secrète de Sa propre intensité de douceur.

Derrière l'impulsion sexuelle il y a une vérité, le miel d'une extase vivante et calme, pour laquelle le monde n'est pas prêt, mais sans laquelle le Surhomme ne serait jamais que le corps diaphane d'une Lumière qui n'aurait pas recouvré son pouvoir.

C'est la responsabilité de chacun de ne pas abandonner le fil informulable d'un certain secret équilibre dans la transition d'une espèce à une autre, d'un état d'être fragmenté à une conscience une et entière.

Sur le chemin, des sages et des gurus ont laissé s'ériger des principes, par souci peut-être de ne pas laisser se refermer la forêt sur leurs pas. Mais un principe qui n'est pas re-découvert dans sa propre substance est la mort certaine du chemin même.

Autour de Mère aussi, ce phénomène s'est produit.

Mais Mère n'a pas disparu au bout du chemin.

Elle est devenue le chemin.

Les pages qui suivent forment un témoignage, entrecoupé de notes à rebours. Les hésitations à partager ce témoignage sont compréhensibles, elles sont faites de scrupules et de questions ordinaires... : quelle est la valeur pour autrui d'une expérience individuelle ? A quoi bon tenter de communiquer la distance parcourue quand on n'est pas soi-même encore parvenu à ce point où la substance et la conscience nouvelles se sont suffisamment établies pour que leur présence soit devenue indiscutable et indissociable de cet « agrégat » particulier.. ? A quoi bon, enfin, ajouter au gaspillage et au bavardage général ?

Cependant, si c'est au terme d'un premier cycle que ce besoin de communiquer, de témoigner, se produit, pourquoi en discuter la validité ? Ne sommes-nous pas tous sur le chemin ?

O Mère,
 Tu nous apprends à coups de Force
 Et de douceur
 La simplicité
 D'être conscient.

***Octobre 1969, Damas :**

S.B n'est plus à côté de moi. Peut-être pour longtemps. Mes lèvres ont du mal à sourire et ma pensée est orientée vers la sienne, mon sexe vers le sien.

La ville se termine toujours au flanc de la montagne. Pourtant un vacarme, un bruit trouble de personnes, les sons du travail et la fumée des machines, clament une agglomération humaine. Les différences entre les quartiers aussi, les possibilités de commerce autour de la personne, le désordre qui survient tout à coup lorsque surgissent des rangs de soldats, marquent l'empreinte d'une société mouvante mais connue, impliquant des repères et des règles admis par la plupart.

Le muezzin égrène ses termes piègeurs et court les terrasses, lente tétanie, d'un minaret à l'autre. Tout, alors, disparaît.

.....
 Le désert alentour se fait sentir et l'immense, une, Arabie - labyrinthe dimensionnel. Aimant du vide dont l'entrée est la surface moirée, phénoménale, d'une terre effritée au long des millénaires.

Je retrouve maintenant facilement mon chemin, et ne m'égare que lorsque je le désire. Il y a parfois des places si belles. L'impression d'être là, en ce lieu, à cette heure, mais n'existant pas tout à fait. On m'a offert le thé peut-être huit fois. Un homme m'a appelé par mon nom, près du grand souk ; il l'avait entendu à la poste ; il doit me procurer une boîte ancienne - un oiseau ? - pour y mettre le « khôl » (ici, « kahali »). J'ai acheté aussi un « cheikh » (turban) en bonne soie plissée.

Hier, après plusieurs heures de marche autour des ambassades, en compagnie de deux nouveaux amis, de très beaux jeunes Arabes, l'un Syrien, l'autre Jordanien, je me suis endormi, dissolvant une dernière fatigue due à la mescaline. J'avais envie de bouger dans le ventre de S.B. Dans la soirée je suis allé manger sur la terrasse que nous avons découverte ensemble. En repartant, j'ai baisé la main de l'une des prostituées - un enfant animal ou une femme assez laide ; elle a semblé déconcertée et un peu heureuse. J'ai attendu longtemps pour que le sommeil revienne.

La fabrique de mes rêves est dans un nouveau fonctionnement. Les relations avec mon image prennent un aspect transitoire, un peu irréel ; je suis attentif à cette transformation. J'ai parlé à S.B. de ce long chemin douloureux jalonné de fulgurances et montant dans l'amour, pour vivre complètement, librement, et commencer à travailler, en complétude avec l'autre...

Je suis content de me retrouver seul, mais un peu désorienté, comme après un rétablissement brutal.

Aller, réfléchir, suivre les mouvements, écouter, regarder mes marches de la lumière, entendre sans camouflages, reconnaître qu'il y a dans mon corps un être qui reçoit, qui transcrit, et que c'est moi-même – et le guérir ?

J'ai entrepris cet autre voyage pour m'apprêter.

Ici, il n'y a pas de « beatniks ». Je n'ai vu que quatre ou cinq touristes. Le plus difficile dans cette ville et qu'il n'y a pas de place, de café où l'on puisse rencontrer des gens de toutes sortes. Mais plus chère aussi est l'amitié que l'on acquiert – quelquefois spontanément, quelquefois après bien des examens, des regards, des offres et des demandes à peine découvertes faites avec une sorte de malice, certes, mais sans l'inhibition fourbe que l'on trouve en Occident.

Mais je n'aimerais guère rester ici plus longtemps, bien que la ville soit assez belle et comme ouverte sur le ciel, telle une gerbe animale au fond de l'océan. Il y a, comme partout en Arabie, une sorte de luxe quotidien à la portée de tous qui fait se demander par quel défaut nous avons créé tant d'objets de confort pour mener une vie aussi déséquilibrée, aussi étriquée...

Ce que je ne parviens pas à comprendre, c'est s'il existe vraiment une guerre actuelle... Des nouvelles arrivent de soldats morts dans des batailles entre nations arabes, les gens parlent beaucoup d'Israël ou de la manière d'accéder aux pays voisins, par le désert, afin de les attaquer, il y a de nombreux déplacements de militaires, des manifestations brèves et peu violentes de la part des étudiants, mais personne ne semble savoir exactement quelle est la guerre menée dans cette partie du monde. Il n'y a pas non plus cette agressivité envers les étrangers dont on m'avait parlé... peut-être en Irak ?

Ecrire... Je ne l'avais pas fait depuis des mois. Ecrire, comme je le ferais à une personne vivante, mais pas tout à fait... Ne plus osciller entre la folie, l'angoisse, la connaissance limite, ne plus maltraiter la mémoire, ne plus hurler sur le fil tendu de désespoir vers le surhumain, mais simplement connaître et quérir la possibilité d'aimer quiconque...

Je ne sais rien... Si, je sais ce qu'il faut combattre, je sais que la vanité est mauvaise.

Ce que j'ai vu, je ne puis pas le dire... je souhaite le vivre, et apprendre de l'autre, mais surtout le vivre et l'apprendre avec l'autre.

Je pressens une existence jamais accomplie, une possibilité de bonheur et de salut communs. Je ne vois pas seulement la nécessité d'aboutir au « salut » individuel afin de se fondre dans l'harmonie du fait de l'univers, je vois autre chose, une sorte de lutte lente et consciente, faite à plusieurs, pour conquérir la liberté du côté de l'existence déclarée, formalisée...

L'homme a toujours eu peur dès qu'un embryon social s'est déclaré. Je crois que pour l'idée homme, pour l'homme virtuel contenu dans le sperme de l'homme vécu, il n'y a pas de culpabilité. Mais nous avons encore le pouvoir de l'étouffer, peut-être à jamais. C'est pourquoi nous devons l'accompagner en le devenant afin qu'il prenne place en nous et dépasse notre souvenir.

Je n'ai pas peur de la mort, bien qu'encore je la désire... L'enfant doit trouver sa démarche seul, sans altérer celle du père, enfant de lui-même. Le vieillissement est solitude, conscience du besoin de la nature de recouvrer infailliblement les êtres qui d'elle se sont dressés et ont parlé.

Mais si nous faisons confiance à notre pensée en comprenant peu à peu les places qu'en elle nous avons divinisées, si nous étudions par la vie les facultés multiples qui sont au fond de chacun, comme en attente, et celles qui en découlent au long

des temps, si nous ne chargions plus le langage de nos craintes, de nos désirs de malades, si nous nous entendions, alors nous parviendrions à nous dégager ensemble de la roue impossible – chaîne, douleur de l’humanité.

Tout est à découvrir en s’aimant. Ceux qui inventent et affirment n’apportent que le trouble et la négation de l’idée qu’en eux ils ont portée. C’est pourquoi tant de belles philosophies sont restées si proches de la mort, du néant de soi et de la méfiance. C’est pourquoi les structures se sont renforcées jusqu’à devenir presque impénétrables à moins de souffrance, contrairement au sens même de ce qui vit...

Nous sommes à une frontière. Il est possible – logiquement – que nous disparaissions en modifiant quelque peu la disposition des corps de l’univers.

Mais, si nous la passons, nous apprendrons à vivre heureux.

S.B. me manque intensément.

J’ai pris un billet pour Bagdad. Encore deux jours ici.

Ce matin, quand je suis sorti, j’ai assisté à un immense défilé qui regroupait presque toute la ville. Des soldats aux visages très jeunes tenaient de larges banderoles, les jeunes filles de l’Ecole Militaire, en tenue kaki, pantalons, tuniques serrées à la taille et fichu, scandaient les phrases, accompagnées par les écolières du couvent franciscain. C’était une manifestation pour les résistants palestiniens, à l’occasion d’un heurt entre les troupes libanaises et syriennes. Désormais la route entre les deux pays est coupée. Il y eut ensuite un « meeting » assez violent sur les hauteurs de la ville. En revenant du quartier des ambassades, j’ai vu la foule se disperser ; les uns riaient, d’autres semblaient graves et il émanait d’eux une sorte d’agressivité que, sans doute, ils ne comprenaient qu’à demi. Je crois que la majorité des jeunes hommes a été réquisitionnée.

Demain, j’irai sans doute passer la journée à la campagne ; ce sera vendredi. Les paysannes que l’on voit ici sont fort belles, vêtues de robes cintrées, de couleur mauve, violette, bleue, à plastron brodé, et coiffées de turbans noirs desquels retombent des cloches de soie.

La fièvre qui me tenait s’en va lentement, laissant des migraines brusques et fatigantes. Je marche tant que les muscles des jambes me font mal. Je ne sais trop où j’en suis... Des itinéraires fascinants s’égrènent dans mon crâne, des rêves pénibles me rejettent hors du sommeil. Je ne veux rien oublier.

Hier mes deux amis m’ont offert, l’un une petite broche portant l’initiale de mon nom, l’autre un portefeuille en plastique. Jamil m’a posé des questions sur mon voyage ; il a quelque difficulté à envisager les raisons qui me poussent à désirer vivre ainsi, en Inde ou ailleurs... Pourquoi, en effet, alors que dans « mon » pays, je peux travailler, me marier, apprendre, concevoir, prendre une maison et me nourrir des choses que j’aime, ai-je besoin d’aller me rendre malade dans des pays où la vie quotidienne exige tant de privations, de renoncements ? A cela, il n’y a rien à répondre. Sinon que, peut-être, ce n’est pas si grave. Je suppose que chaque être doit trouver un champ de sécurité suffisant pour être apte à la marche, où qu’elle le conduise, en reconnaissant dans chaque chose, dans chaque évènement, une familiarité, une similitude... La peur survient vite, mais la peur anticipée est plus envahissante encore.

Voir aujourd’hui et ne penser aux lendemains que comme à des pierres vivantes bordant un chemin infini sans lequel chaque jour serait une impasse...

Mon psychisme est prêt à croître, je le sens immobile après tant d’ébranlements, se reposant derrière des fatigues passagères.

A Jewish Buddhist is coming into my head through a new Christ and he is a complete man... Growing people dancing around dusty memories... a sunny sex is

entering your moony hand, bloody old race... griffonner des absurdités, poser des intentions de savoir, alors que seul le temps fait l'homme se mouvoir, percuté par la vitesse... j'aimerais pouvoir me situer dans mon empreinte de lumière afin de voyager tout au long des univers...

Je crois quelquefois que si nous allions jusqu'à l'extrême possibilité prise dans l'idée de Dieu, nous nous regarderions et la vraie vie serait communiquée à tous...

L'homme qui a atteint l'autre rive du schème bouddhiste est paradoxalement le seul à pouvoir considérer l'autre en vérité mais aussi le seul à ne plus participer à la vie en aucune manière ; s'il a passé au-delà, il ne peut concerner chacun qu'en tant qu'exemple du salut réalisé. Le fait d'exister reste une illusion et Maya subsiste en toute chose...

Or, je ne crois pas que l'existence humaine n'ait pas à se réaliser communément – en communion avec l'autre – et à dépasser la mort.

J'ai envie de S.B., de son corps, et d'elle-même.

Ca ne va pas très bien... je ne suis pas content d'être seul, et pourtant je n'aimerais pas beaucoup ne plus l'être... j'ai envie de retourner au Maroc, d'y acheter une maison et de faire l'amour... Ce soir, c'est la pleine lune – « amar ».

J'ai passé une curieuse journée. Au réveil, des versets du Coran étaient presque hurlés de par la ville, s'abattant depuis les minarets. J'ai pris un autobus pour aller à quelques kilomètres dans un village de la montagne. J'ai voulu marcher, mais plusieurs enfants se sont mis à me suivre en criant, le soleil embrasait leurs voix et le désir de silence et de quiétude me tenait... Plus tard, à l'entrée du chemin, une voiture s'est arrêtée, mais j'ai continué. Elle est revenue près de moi, et son conducteur m'a invité à monter. C'est un commerçant Syrien qui, comprenant que je ne voulais de mal à personne, m'a proposé de m'amener dans la montagne, du côté opposé. Après quelques minutes de conduite, nous avons marché un peu, puis nous sommes étendus sur la pierre, la plaine cernée de massifs devant nous. Il a semblé heureux de notre rencontre. Nous avons parlé un peu. Il est père de famille, il travaille beaucoup ; il aime la liberté. Puis nous sommes revenus à Damas, il m'a offert quelques gâteaux. Se plaisant avec moi, il m'a emmené de l'autre côté de la ville.

« Conduis ? bien ? »

« Oui, bien ».

« Papiers, tu as ? »

« Oui ».

J'ai pris le volant et nous avons roulé longtemps dans le désert, vers l'Irak. Au retour, il conduisait de nouveau ; il s'est arrêté près d'une chaîne de montagnes et m'a demandé si je voulais marcher, j'ai dit « oui ». Nous avons gravi les éboulis d'une colline dominant les autres, il était essoufflé mais content. Désormais, m'a-t-il dit, il ira chaque vendredi marcher longtemps et regarder la nature. Nous nous sommes assis pour attendre le coucher du soleil. Des oiseaux se parlaient autour de nous.

« Les hommes, quand liberté, comme oiseaux, pas fatigue, pas difficile... ».

Nous avons partagé sa grande écharpe, car il faisait moins chaud.

« Votre tête, belle. Pourquoi cheveux pas d'or, avec yeux bleus comme mer ? »

« Je ne sais pas »

« Ah ! Malish... »

Il m'a raccompagné, nous nous sommes dit au revoir, il était pensif.

Je crois que je verrai mieux les choses quand je serai en Irak. Aujourd'hui, depuis les hauteurs, le vent portait le parfum de la mer, et j'ai eu si fort l'envie de la contempler.

Si je ne savais Fabienne devoir m'attendre à Pondichéry, je ne sais si je continuerais dans cette voie. L'Éthiopie me tente aussi. Je crois que ce qui manque aux Arabes du Moyen Orient est le sentiment de la pleine Afrique, de la terre mère bruisante et sauvage, miraculeuse et béante. La sensation du sable sur la peau, des mouvements des corps par les dunes, souvenir mêlé de prescience. Je n'avais pas plus aimé les Turcs de l'intérieur, ni les Iraniens. Les Afghans sont différents, ils forment une race noble, hautaine, conservant une extrême indépendance qui leur confère une sorte d'aristocratie. Ils sont d'une contrée que seuls ils connaissent.

Ma tête, dans la solitude, est obnubilée par des détails de déplacements, de transport, d'argent. J'ai du mal à concevoir cette liberté encore relative. Il est vrai, au loin se tient immobile un point noir, une obligation relevant de l'irréel, du social, du monstre... régler mes affaires militaires... Mais est-ce objectivement, en termes de vraie vie, un obstacle à ma course, à mon évolution ? Ne puis-je pas l'envisager comme un incident parmi d'autres prévisibles et qui n'engage qu'un moment de moi-même ? « Inch Allah ! ». On verra.

Ma mère... demain peut-être une lettre d'elle... je la sens si attentive, si aimante, et moi aussi je l'aime tant. Parfois je suis inquiet, je crains que R ne l'épuise ou qu'il lui arrive quelque chose. Ce n'est pas étranger au désir que j'ai de sa disparition, envisagée comme une « raison » suffisante pour couler, « mourir » afin, peut-être, de la rejoindre ?

***15-10-1980, Auroville :**

Mère, Tu dis que les souffrances, qu'elles soient morales, psychologiques – affectives ou émotives – sont toutes dues à un mauvais fonctionnement du mental... qu'on peut les classer dans le domaine du mensonge... Rétablir le vrai fonctionnement et la possibilité même de la souffrance disparaît...

Mais voilà, cela prend déjà un tiers peut-être d'une vie « naturelle », avec Ton Aide, et on est déjà sur le versant de l'usure quand le vrai travail peut commencer...

Pourtant, par la Grâce, les choses ne sont pas si rigides... il est une multitude d'expériences qui, si elles se situent en deçà du seuil des formules, posent cependant, inéluctablement, les bases d'une vie nouvelle, ici, et sont pour la conscience des signes évidents de la transformation qui s'accomplit.

***Octobre, 1969, Basra :**

L'Irak... que d'histoires... ! Une première nuit passée dans le vieux quartier de Bagdad à me défendre contre les agressions sexuelles d'un Indien arabisé qui m'avait emmené dans une sorte de cave où il dormait – j'étais arrivé tard dans la nuit, avais déjà dû subir plusieurs contrôles d'identité, sa proposition me rendait service - ; il parlait un Anglais mêlé d'Hindi, ainsi je sais que « tik, tik », signifie

« bien, bon »... Ici, mon passage provoque des réactions soit d'agressivité, soit sexuelles. Parfois un sourire, un regard reposants.

Mais le peuple semble assez hostile aux étrangers, un fanatisme durcit les traits. Les femmes sont extrêmement belles, étrangement longues, aux visages de grecques anciennes noircis par le soleil, aux yeux souvent très rapprochés, très noirs, une expression de personnages fabuleux. Elles portent de longs voiles noirs et, souvent, un anneau d'or serti d'une pierre précieuse à une narine.

Bagdad est assez attrayante. Depuis elle jusqu'à Basra s'étend un immense champ d'herbe rase ponctué çà et là de palmeraies très denses. Par endroits le fleuve décrit une boucle et s'élargit, c'est alors un vaste étang dont la surface très pure est cernée de roseaux. C'est une vision radieuse, infinie, comme au large de toute césure de l'existence. L'on voudrait d'enraciner parmi les branches et vivre cette lumière.

Un peu avant notre arrivée, le soleil s'est couché sur la droite, noyé dans la fusion de ses couleurs. La nuit tombe très vite ici. Je voulais dormir près de la mer.

J'ai changé mes chaussures contre des sandales, j'ai vendu ma veste. Puis j'ai marché le long de l'estuaire en suivant les palmiers, sur quelques kilomètres. Cela m'a valu cinq heures d'attente, d'un bureau de police à la caserne et de la caserne à un autre bureau, entouré de militaires comme une personne dangereuse. Je m'étais aventuré dans une zone interdite...

Ce soir, en rentrant, j'ai été suivi par un homme qui a plus qu'insisté pour que je marche avec lui... « Just give me your hand, I love your eyes, let me do, just your hand, I don't touch you, I am a good man... ». Je me suis moqué de lui gentiment, il n'était pas mauvais. C'était un mouvement d'aide, comme à l'égard d'un mutilé. Je pensais à mon homosexualité qui semble disparaître peu à peu. Lorsque je suis près de S.B., je n'ai pas envie des hommes, je sais alors que leur corps est semblable au mien et les jeunes garçons ne m'attirent plus qu'en tant que catalyseurs de la tension sexuelle immanente à tout groupe d'êtres. Loin d'elle, je pense à son corps, à sa parole, à la géométrie fantastique de sa figure, mon sexe lui est destiné, sans regret, sans consommation... Cet homme, ce soir, lorsqu'il a joui seul dans le vide, avait une expression de souffrance. Il posait la tête sur mon épaule en me remerciant, je n'ai pu que lui frapper doucement le visage en riant. L'économie du sperme est une chose bien pénible pour un homme seul.

Je sens la fatigue sous les yeux, j'ai envie d'obscurité, de penser les choses jusqu'à les dormir. J'ai hâte de retrouver l'Inde et de savoir si j'y tiendrai.

***Fin Octobre, Kuwait :**

Je ne sais comment je parviendrai en Inde. Pour obtenir un visa, j'ai dû me couper les cheveux. Je me sens mieux.

Les habitants du pays sont comme des enfants. Ils sont sortis du sable pour monter dans des voitures somptueuses, cliquetantes de gadgets. Parfois un de ces hommes très riches, sortant de sa fabuleuse automobile, la tête couverte de la coiffe blanche plaquée par le cerceau noir, me regarde et me salue, comme de puissance à puissance.

Hier, j'ai rencontré un jeune Arabe des Etats du Golfe. Nous sommes devenus amis. Dans l'après-midi un vent violent s'était levé de l'intérieur, fondant les rues et les terrasses dans un flot de poussière, puis l'orage a enflé jusqu'à la nuit, pour éclater pendant plusieurs heures. Des maisons et un hôpital ont été détruits.

Aujourd'hui le ciel est pur. Je suis retourné avec Sead sur la plage qui se trouve près du petit port où sont ancrés les voiliers du Golfe.

Je peux maintenant me tenir assis contre un mur, le soleil ajourant les surfaces, et penser simplement.

Je sens C.V, vivant aussi ; sa pensée ne s'éloigne pas de la mienne, et je tâcherai de ne pas lui devenir étranger.

Les cheveux ras, je me sens dégagé d'une équivoque importée, chargée de malaise. Je peux alors assumer l'équivoque qui m'est propre et laisser mon corps danser de lui-même.

Je voudrais tellement être sûr que S.B. viendra encore vers moi, et bientôt.

Pour C.V, je n'ai pas peur, je ne crains pas qu'il se détourne. Je crois que nous nous sommes approchés l'un de l'autre avec beaucoup d'amour et d'honnêteté, que nous nous sommes tenus debout l'un contre l'autre sans douleur et que, désormais ; nous sommes frères.

Lorsque Sead, ou un autre, me disent leurs projets, et les efforts qu'ils ont déjà faits, seuls, pour apprendre un métier, je me sens un bon à rien, un veinard, une putain de dilettante... Il me semble que nous avons tant d'effort à faire pour nous garder en vie, chacun de nous et notre espèce, et conserver notre forme actuelle en l'orientant vers une forme meilleure et moins égoïste que, constamment, nous sommes attirés vers la poussière, vers la terre retournée, vers le nul qui succède au mal de l'esprit.

***1-11-1969, Kuwait :**

Le temps de mon voyage, ici, est retenu en un nœud immobile. Coule au-dedans un sang qui se transforme.

Parfois je perds confiance. J'ai alors l'impression que je ne fais ce voyage que pour employer un temps qui me faisait peur. Mais si je regarde vers l'Occident, je réalise qu'il y a bien en moi une trajectoire intime, et qu'elle me mène là où je vais. S'il y a facilité, c'est-à-dire paresse, vanité, s'il y a piétinement, alors je me trompe. Se développe en moi une joie, une vaillance. L'esprit de difficulté doit être confondu. Je ne crois pas beaucoup à la notion de combativité, de performance face à l'obstacle. Il n'y a pas d'obstacles, mais des symboles, mais des éclatements à résoudre, mais des blessures à guérir. Il n'y a pas à lutter contre un nœud, mais à comprendre ce qu'est un nœud. Un être qui vient au monde se désordonne au contact de l'extérieur et des autres. Le travail consiste d'abord à rétablir l'équilibre, et c'est un dialogue constant de point à points, d'instant à instants.

Les mots m'échappent et je reste crétin, les doigts en l'air et un peu gourds, cherchant autour ce mot qui, tout de suite, annonçait sa présence, pour s'enfuir en laissant un vide étrange, une possibilité de sens attendant une possibilité de nom, et s'ouvre soudain un horizon déployé tel un soleil blanc dont chacun des rayons est un sens encore inconnu, un sens étranger menant à un nom étranger... Faut-il suivre le rayon à sa source et disparaître vers un autre horizon jusqu'à devenir cet étranger, ou faut-il chercher au bout du rayon un point présumé, une vie non identifiée, un prisme impliquant une Loi, une structure et des groupes et des familles et des associations et une vitesse et une lumière et une densité et s'y engouffrer comme un météore pour échouer là ; mort et dissocié de ses contraires, et de ses compléments, attendant combien de temps d'être inclus, intégré, de par la force de ces choses étrangères...

Tout travail a besoin, comme d'une garantie, du regard de l'autre pour trouver la vie et le mouvement. L'autre est pour sa propre pensée et sa propre démarche la matrice indispensable sans laquelle cette pensée et cette démarche ne conduisent qu'à un surhumain intime et incommunicable – qu'il est bon d'avoir connu mais

dont il faut revenir si l'on cherche l'amour et ce que le mot « bonheur » recèle en son écho.

Je ne veux rien parier et ne suis sûr de rien... j'ai moins confiance quant au fait de parvenir moi-même à cet état de disponibilité.

Les envies se mêlent dans ma tête... Descendre marcher, la main de S.B. dans la mienne, caresser de ma tête nue sa gorge et sentir sa fabuleuse chevelure, entendre son rire, jouer de mes doigts sur ses doigts et savoir que dans la chambre, tout à l'heure, nous attendrons que le désir nous vienne ensemble et agirons la complétude de l'homme et de la femme... Je suis là. Et S.B. est ailleurs. Serons-nous là de nouveau ?

Everything is equal, my body is going through the zones and the light is reflecting lights. Enjoy yourself, get up to the goodness and sleep as a grain of dust, of dusty kingdom... A student, if you need some, take my consciousness, take it and I'll go without any thought to the skies... everything is equal; don't make me think of the differences... Just the metal, no sharpness, no form, no sense, no way, just a piece of metal somewhere, no more waiting for the life... But, if something happens among men, if some happiness was coming in man's worlds... well, take it easy and try to be ready...

***4-11-1969, Kuwait:**

Ici, j'ai épuisé toutes les ressources d'aventure... Seule m'attire hors du marécage et m'emmène l'aventure du ciel et sa présence maîtresse ; un niveau de nuages, même instables et en mouvance, et l'on croit pouvoir atteindre le soleil. A ces moments merveilleux, où tout l'art que l'homme social a voulu s'approprier se réalise, se chante et se déroule en plein évènement, l'acte, lorsqu'il se fait, se suffit. Il n'est point besoin de figer ce spectacle, car une partie de l'être qui l'a contemplé, dans le saisissement, s'y est reposée et, revenant plus tard d'un long voyage, offre par un regard de nouveau entier les présents et les possibles, avec le souvenir de cette beauté...

Par moments, j'ai peur ; je sens mon ineptie.

Quelquefois je voudrais raconter mon histoire avec O.B. Elle est riche de tous ces attrait mystérieux du destin, du lien, du mal... Mais, de nouveau, je la sens. Peut-être viendra-t-elle, cet hiver, en Inde ? J'ai rêvé d'elle, et de L.de D. aussi... est-il sorti de l'hôpital psychiatrique ? Fabienne sans doute m'en donnera des nouvelles.

Ce journal est un joint entre deux cycles.

Je me sens reculé des choses.

Mon roi, quelle est votre peine ?

J'ai engendré une fleur inerte...

Je lis Flaubert, c'est étrange d'avoir ces lectures, d'y ronronner comme un chat qui retrouve son panier, alors que les bruits environnants n'y sont aucunement reliés et les paroles que j'entends empruntent des musiques et des syllabes si autres...

Je ne sais quoi faire pour Sead, et cela me rend triste ; si l'hypothèse d'une arrestation est fondée, il est vraisemblable que les fonctionnaires de la police me refuseront tout éclaircissement ; et son cousin, même mourant et réclamant de lui une présence continue, n'aurait pu l'empêcher de m'envoyer un mot... je n'ose songer à quelque chose de plus définitif. Et naturellement je pense à mon « mauvais œil » et culpabilise en dedans... J'espère que Sead m'écrira en Inde.

La mer ce soir était si calme, si pérenne, que la surface, comme densifiée par les reflets du soleil couchant, semblait une plaque de métal animée ; les bateaux y

semblaient des maisons et de petits poissons d'argent en jaillissaient par espaces, telle l'aiguille d'une couturière.

J'oscille de la fatigue à la joie, de la lassitude au plaisir d'être seul et de marcher en quiétude. Ma main demande d'autres offices... modeler, donner des caresses, tenir une barre, cueillir des grappes ou fouiller une rizière... j'ai besoin d'exercice.

***7-11-1969, Kuwait :**

A l'aube, les muezzins ont retenti et, dans la pénombre de ma chambre, j'ai ressenti avec émotion la grande, la seule Arabie. La voix principale modulait longuement, versant les mots dans le flot du jour naissant et les sables du désert et les horizons de la mer semblaient répondre à ces lentes exhortations d'un peuple, d'un passé, d'une foi, réunis et conduits par la voix d'un homme fils qui, à la frontière du noir et du blanc, à la levée du rouge et des ors, montait vers « Allah qui est Un ». Les lieux s'épanouirent de l'assemblée des hommes qui, dans l'isolement de leur corps, au lever de cet autre jour, allaient dire le lien unique qui les joint à l'éternel. L'égalité des individus est alors totale.

Dans mes rêves se croisent ou se retrouvent les femmes qui ont gouverné mon enfance et mon adolescence. Cette nuit Mammy, infirme, tentait de transporter en les soulevant à chaque pas pour les reposer devant elle deux légères bassines d'eau dont elle avait besoin... et je comprenais, en la découvrant ainsi aller dans une cour, que je devais être constamment près d'elle car j'étais seul à pouvoir la secourir, dans les gestes mêmes du quotidien. Puis ma mère, et Ch., la seconde femme de mon père, et Lily ma marraine, dansaient pour moi, un rire complice les unissant, avec des attitudes de joie et d'amour contenu, comme une offre qu'elles me faisaient de leur jeunesse inaltérable de femmes mûres dont la beauté ne s'éteint pas mais se transforme.

Il y a, chez le jeune Indien que j'ai rencontré, une grande carte du monde et nous sommes restés longtemps à la couvrir de nos désirs, y pointant d'un doigt souverain les régions que nous avons déjà traversées et caressant, anxieux, celles que nous voulions parcourir

***8-11-1969, Kuwait :**

...Toujours pas de bateau en partance... j'ai décidé de prendre l'avion pour Bombay ce soir même...

Demain, l'Inde.

***9-11-1969, Bombay :**

...Un peu avant que la nuit se dissipe, l'avion s'est posé et la porte s'est ouverte sur une tiédeur pénétrante... je suis resté quelques temps à la sortie de l'aéroport, hagard, ébloui...

J'ai retrouvé l'extrême beauté des visages, la science gestuelle un peu douloureuse des femmes...

L'Inde.

Corbeilles de fleurs, couleurs portées, mouvantes sur les corps, jambes nues, chevelures, enfants blottis sur une couverture, vieillards à la démarche vive, rien ne s'arrête, chaque être est une force. J'ai dormi. J'ai marché longtemps avant de trouver un plat de riz sans épices. La sueur coule, j'ai maigri.

Je ne sais rien.

Tiendrai-je ?

***11-11-1969, Goa :**

...La nuit, des groupes de mouettes marquent des fuites blanches jusqu'aux cris de la forêt. Le jour, les corbeaux les rejoignent.

Le sel et le soleil ont délassé mon corps. J'ai une chambre en bois dans une maison en bois. Le sable s'étend au devant des arbres, la ville est silencieuse, des croix de pierre se tiennent entre les branches, la façade pâle de l'église accueille le voyageur par de vastes escaliers que les siècles ont brunis. J'irai alentour, dans les villages, la forêt, je verrai les temples. Les visages ont une calme douceur. Je me fais faire mon habit d'Inde et m'apprête pour les mois à venir.

Là, la mer arabe et les voiliers aux multiples flammes blanches ; là, les rivières, le bleu devient gris, l'eau charrie des mondées de sable, les arbres reçoivent la lumière.

J'ai croisé quelques « beatniks », les yeux baissés tels des vierges, trop sales et trop semblables.

Il y a deux nuits, j'ai eu un rêve étrange : une voix me disait « Entre, mon enfant ! », tandis que je sentais le sang monter dans ma tête, mon cœur s'arrêter et ma conscience quitter mon corps... je décollais... ; j'ai eu le réflexe de respirer très profondément et je suis revenu.

***Novembre 1969, Colva Beach:**

Quelques gouttes de pluie effleurent les palmes et un arc en ciel s'élanche en auréole, cernant la maison, puis se dédouble et son reflet présente l'envers de ses couleurs. Le soir, la boule de feu approche de l'horizon : à l'instant du contact, un voilier se profile sur la ligne dernière de la mer et traverse la fleur flamboyante ; il la quitte alors qu'elle s'enfonce au large du visible. Alors les couleurs montent à l'encontre de la nuit et la foule blanche de la mer se renouvelle, la vie bat sur le sable autour des mares d'or rougi.

Au milieu du jour, de longues files de femmes, leurs têtes supportant de larges panières, avancent sur la grève, croisant des files d'hommes vêtus de pagnes, leurs corps blanchissant la poudre de sable, qui soutiennent d'immenses filets. Sous les cocotiers, des hommes se groupent autour du cadavre d'un grand poisson ; ils le dépècent, et des tâches pourpres s'affirment dans la douceur de l'ombre. Vers l'intérieur, les rivières cessent leur cours pour s'étendre entre les roseaux, des nénuphars et des lotus en jaillissent, les buffles s'y tiennent immobiles.

Au bord de l'estuaire, une fleur de pierre : un temple.

Puiser l'eau dans les jarres, rentrer dans la maison, la fraîcheur du sol après la brûlure du sable. S'étendre la nuit venue sur une natte, la bougie reculant la clarté de la lune à la limite du mur. A Panaji j'ai rencontré un Danois, immense front pâle et des yeux qui sourient avec une sorte de douleur, avec sa jeune femme et leur bébé. Une nuit blanche sur la plage de Calangute, les bras le long du corps, l'intérieur s'émeut et quitte peu à peu la pesanteur, s'élève vers les étoiles, voyage parmi elles, agglomérats soudains ou lignes écartées, géométries stables des mirages dimensionnels ; l'océan accable la plage de son vacarme et la forêt donne à la nuit tous ses bruits ; pour trouver le silence, il faut accompagner la fusion des sons dans un rythme régulier qui devient celui du sang.

J'ai passé avec mes amis les premiers jours de leur vie nouvelle ; leur maison est pareille aux autres, au bord de l'ombre, face à la mer ; le vent en caresse les palmes séchées. Nous avons parlé et nous sommes écoutés. D'autres aussi sont venus, apportant le plat de riz, la bourse de haschich et le shilom. Ils sont là, nombreux, se réfugiant en la niant dans une sécurité stérile, piétinant dans leur similitude. Ils sont venus du Népal où ils se trouvaient plus encore, ils ont traversé

l'Inde jusqu'ici ; les uns sont là depuis des mois, ils ont perdu leur passeport et n'ont plus d'argent ; d'autres arrivent pour l'hiver et l'envoûtement commence ; les jours passent, la nature est si belle, c'est un lieu de transition sur le chemin qui mène au paradis ; sans bouger, il ne fait pas trop chaud, les poissons ne coûtent rien et le riz, si peu ; les noix de coco désaltèrent ; il y a le minimum et juste assez de force pour marcher sur la grève. Un sommeil appauvri altère leurs traits.

C'est drôle de voir, réunis par maisons, les occidentaux qui sont dans leur pays considérés comme des aventuriers, se retrouver entre eux, les Français avec les Français, les Américains avec les Américains ; et, par leur inaction, entretenir plusieurs familles d'Indiens... Le quotidien est si prenant ; il s'établit au fil des jours une connexion entre le rythme de la nature et celui d'une pensée qui devient passive et se satisfait de son éloignement que l'égo considère comme un recueil et une purification...

Certains, après quelques mois d'Inde, trouvent en eux-mêmes des qualités de prophète ou de visionnaire et exhibent un accoutrement de sagesse ; d'autres sont simples, ils sont venus, ils voulaient sentir, ils restent eux-mêmes et n'ont pas cette inhibition qui consiste à avoir honte de sa pensée. Et puis Joachim, et quelques autres, là, au hasard, seuls ou ensemble, vivent et marchent.

J'ai quitté Calangute, pris un autobus, un bateau, deux autres autobus, et suis arrivé ici, sur cette plage plus vaste et plus belle encore, plus féconde, et moins fréquentée. Des types, bizarres, des individualistes. J'ai marché un peu, suis entré dans une maison claire... un couple d'Anglais, ils m'ont accueilli ; je me suis baigné et, à mon retour, ils m'ont proposé d'habiter avec eux. Tendresse discrète. Maggy et Lee. Ils m'ont prêté un sac de couchage.

J'ai rencontré dans l'ancienne Goa, dans une institution catholique dont les bâtiments entourent une église blanche, habitée d'ors et de marbres, une femme religieuse, venue d'Espagne. Elle m'a donné de l'eau fraîche et m'a parlé simplement.

Voilà. L'Inde. Le regard parfois se cristallise. Le profil d'une femme dont l'oreille est piquée de pierreries. Les yeux d'une femme, leur vitalité. Les gestes des mains. Une épaule qui offre sa surface vivante, sa brune présence, le désir se coule contre elle, objet d'amour ? Le corps tout entier peut être gainé de l'étoffe noire d'un sari, ou pourpre, bleue, or, l'épaule en devient le symbole, et ce symbole suffit. Les vieillards sont parés de leur propre élégance. Les membres sèchent, la peau se tire, le cou s'allonge encore, la main est plus noueuse et les dents sont tombées, mais le visage, mais le corps peuvent se tenir à la lumière ; la vie fait son chemin, l'esprit ne se plaint pas dans les notions de déchéance, de déclin, de sénescence.

Pourquoi suis-je venu ? Je n'ai pas envie de « enjoy myself »... Je ne sais pas.

Je ne sais comment sortir de ce dédale. Le soir, j'ai des sueurs froides et mes mains sont brûlantes. Mon sommeil est agité de rêves désordonnés. Ce journal est un peu l'histoire du Petit Poucet...

Bientôt je serai à Pondichéry, auprès de Fabienne. J'ai entendu dire que l'Ashram était très grand, comme un village, et qu'il y avait une multitude de Français, ce qui ne m'inspire pas vraiment...

Il faut que je comprenne mieux l'agression, ce que la solitude en fait.

Ce journal est celui d'un état... Il faudrait avoir le temps d'en rédiger plusieurs à la fois. Tant de choses se passent que je ne puis dire.

Cette nuit, j'ai fait plusieurs rêves très complets ; dans l'un, R, le compagnon de ma mère, possédait le secret de ma guérison, qui semblait fort simple, et je comprenais qu'il n'avait jamais voulu me le communiquer, par haine ;

l'enchaînement me conduisait dans un hôpital où j'avais à faire face à toutes sortes d'obstacles, parfois humiliants. Un autre rêve avec mon père, que je retrouvais dans une fabrique de faïence et métaux, entouré de sa famille, et il passait dans nos gestes une nouvelle entente, c'était fort... Un troisième rêve où Mammy partageait avec moi de graves risques et nous avions à faire des escalades très périlleuses en haut d'immeubles en ruine, et A.F, « ma femme », tentait de nous aider à parvenir à sa chambre, sous les combles, dans laquelle elle était cloîtrée...

Hier soir, j'ai fumé le shilom avec quelques autres et, après m'être allongé dans l'obscurité de la petite pièce où je dors, j'ai senti une présence féminine qui venait me donner le bien, la paix. J'ai craint que ce soit un désir de sécurité fœtale, puis j'ai « entendu » A.F qui venait vers moi, avec sa douceur et ses délires, comme elle voudrait toujours venir dans la vie, et j'ai tenté de lui répondre le plus tendrement possible ; mais au moment où nous allions nous rejoindre, O.B. est apparue, et sa structure, sa force, m'ont étouffé d'angoisse ; je l'ai ressentie comme une puissance mauvaise... je me suis souvenu de notre vie commune et de notre rencontre – j'avais 16 ans à peine – et je sais combien A.F la craint et ressent en elle l'obstacle qui revient infailliblement nous séparer, alors que c'est enfin possible... ; je connais O.B. si bien, elle est ma passion et, auprès d'elle, aucune autre ne subsiste, et je l'aime mieux qu'aucun autre aussi, bien que je ne l'estime pas réellement ; je l'ai aimée avec patience, endurance, et je le pouvais...

Je crois qu'un vide s'étend, qui est en même temps un tamis au travers duquel ne passeront que les grains... et il n'y a jamais autant de grains que l'on croit !

J'ai joué avec les cartes, seul : la mort se tient sur mon chemin en tant que puissance... une fois parvenu au cœur, je dois me tourner à nouveau vers la mort et la comprendre en vivant les éléments d'une honte que j'appréhende... jusqu'à ce qu'elle s'achève, s'étant ouverte et déroulée à sa plus haute place... ; alors je peux acquérir la connaissance et le temps n'a plus d'importance car la « chance » et la mort ont disparu de mon évolution...

J'ai contemplé le symbole du soleil, écouté le message de la nature... j'ai vu l'or flamber et le feu pur se tenir en un fruit.

Il me semble avoir reconnu quelqu'un que j'avais longtemps recherché, sans trop y songer, mais je ne suis pas sûr... Pour le seul plaisir de laisser mon corps libéré recevoir les rayons du soleil et brunir contre le sable, je resterais ici plus longtemps ; mais je sens d'autres modes, d'autres forces ; je partirai dans quelques jours.

Hier au soir, j'ai eu une expérience pénible... les symboles peuplaient l'obscurité, je suis parvenu devant une petite église blanche, fermée par une porte de bois bardée de fer, devant laquelle on avait allumé six bougies, trois devant chaque battant ; je ne savais plus de quelle source j'étais né ; je me suis senti chrétien et mes genoux m'ont emporté vers la terre ; ma pensée s'est concentrée sur la porte de l'église, de gros insectes sombres ont traversé sa surface ; j'avais un besoin obsessionnel de situer la mort et ne pouvais m'assurer de rien, était-elle silencieusement existante, enclose dans les murs de l'édifice, ou bien se tenait-elle éparses alentour... Lorsque je suis revenu à moi, j'ai vu un chien couché près de moi, dans une attitude d'écoute ; je me suis levé et le chien est parti de son côté...

Ce matin, les occidentaux que je rencontre tous les jours sur cette plage me sont apparus autrement ; je m'apercevais de leurs tares et voyais chacun comme un malade ; celui-là, ancien splendide jeune Américain aux cheveux d'or, avait le corps couvert de boutons craquelant sous le hâle, le ventre enflé et les yeux injectés de sang et vides d'humanité ; celle-là, en sécurité dans l'opulence de sa chair, ses gros yeux bleus protégés par les verres de ses lunettes, ne cessait de parler ; une autre, bouffie de graisse, les dents cariées, pratiquait un sourire étrange et son regard

était veule, comme amputé de l'idée ou du sentiment qu'il aurait dû exprimer... C'est une atmosphère malsaine ; l'image d'un marais dans la chaleur presque immobile.

Demain je préparerai mon départ.

***Novembre, 1969, Colva Beach :**

Cette nuit j'ai rêvé de Joachim : nous étions les seuls, au jeu de la balle, à pouvoir la poser au bon endroit du cadran solaire – emplacement du zénith – qui se trouvait près de la jonction des deux cours.

J'ai regardé les pêcheurs halier leurs filets. J'ai longtemps rêvé au monde. J'ai pensé à ceux que j'aime.

***Novembre, 1969, Mar Gao :**

Je me suis levé très tôt, endolori, mes désirs se portant vers la vie et le personnage d'un rêve que je venais de faire... ; le thème qui en ressort : la tendresse, l'amour, l'amitié, forment la seule sécurité dont l'être a besoin.

Hier au soir, j'ai joué aux cartes avec mes amis Anglais ; j'ai senti une paix, une joie, à leurs côtés, nous avons parlé un peu, tranquillement. Maggy, sous une apparence de bouledogue, est très fine, et j'ai rarement rencontré une gentillesse aussi libre.

Je suis parti sans bruit, ce matin, dessinant sur le sol, avec des objets, des mots pour eux.

J'ai rencontré une femme Indienne, assez âgée, au corps maigre et noir ceint d'un sari jaune, le chignon de sa chevelure rehaussé d'un nœud de ficelle ; elle avait un regard extraordinairement chaleureux, mêlé de cette intransigeance que donne l'expérience. Cela m'a plongé dans la mélancolie.

Il y a des moments où tout va mal, tout se présente dans le mauvais sens.

A Pondichéry je verrai le soleil se lever sur la mer.

***Novembre, 1969, Bangalore :**

A la gare, un homme m'a donné une brochure brahmaniste, qui m'a fait longtemps réfléchir... J'ai dit en plaisantant, un jour, à S.B., qu'il faudrait tuer les révolutionnaires dès qu'ils ont atteint leur but car, une fois que la bataille a cessé, ils deviennent des exemples ; or lequel d'entre eux, individuellement, est libre ? Aucun. Leurs moyens de conviction ne sont effectifs que dans l'exaltation...

Mon souhait, mon « désir » : pouvoir un jour discerner la vérité et la transcrire fidèlement ; apprendre à aimer. La Clairvoyance. La Vue Claire.

Comment ? Je ne sais pas. Mais je sens que, comme on dit enfant, je « brûle »... !

Ce matin, j'ai marché pendant quatre heures à travers la ville.

Des êtres, toutes sortes d'êtres.

Dans le train, quand je me suis éveillé, j'ai vu, depuis la banquette réservée aux bagages où j'avais réussi à me faire de la place, une femme très belle, son visage si doux cerné de cheveux blancs, un tissu blanc recouvrant son sari bleu et or et retombant sur sa peau brune. Elle me regardait souvent, avec beaucoup d'attention. Je suis descendu de mon repaire et suis allé m'asseoir non loin d'elle, près de la vitre. Elle a voulu savoir ce que j'étais, à quelle religion j'appartenais. Dans l'après-midi elle est descendue du train ; comme elle passait le long du compartiment, nos regards se sont rencontrés une dernière fois. Elle a souri et, parce que je levais la main droite, paume vers elle, pour la saluer, elle a posé son

sac à terre et, l'air interrogateur, a fait de même. Nous nous sommes souri. Elle est partie.

Tout à l'heure j'ai vu un film Hindi racontant l'histoire d'un orphelin qui parvient indemne au large de tous les obstacles et douleurs de l'existence, grâce aux bonnes actions qu'il a commises ; le salut lui vient d'un milliardaire et le film s'achève sur la photographie de Gandhi... ; j'ai été stupéfait par l'extrême agressivité des représentations de types réels ; les acteurs sont prodigieux d'exactitude et leur expression est absolument convaincante. Que ce soit l'enfant malheureux ou le petit mendiant vulgaire, la belle gourmande et odieuse ou la jeune fille douce et méprisée, le mari saoul ou le père vulnérable, chaque personnage est d'une violence presque insupportable. Les réactions des spectateurs sont aussi déconcertantes, qui rient et applaudissent lorsqu'une bande de gosses ravage un quartier de la ville, pillant les aveugles, frappant les vieillards, bousculant les infirmes, renversant les paniers des femmes... Et on n'a le droit de sortir de la salle qu'une fois l'hymne au drapeau Indien terminé... !

***Novembre, 1969, Thiruvanamalai :**

Joie. Paisible.

Une rencontre, longue, complexe ; un homme, que j'ai trouvé dans le dernier autobus, avec lequel s'est produit un rapport d'énergie ; son beau visage de maître, son regard inoubliable, ironie, tendresse, force ; puis j'ai découvert qu'il était infirme et j'ai eu honte de m'être affirmé. Il a fait arrêter le bus un peu avant la ville, devant le portail de l'ashram, afin que j'y descende. Nous ne nous sommes rien dit. Je suis entré.

Une atmosphère d'étude, de recueillement. Un courant passe.

On m'a donné une chambre ouverte de quatre côtés sur le jour ; la porte la sépare d'une terrasse de même taille, couverte d'un auvent de palmes ; sur une étagère, des livres, des paroles simples. Le temple de l'ashram n'est pas un objet ; il vit ; les offrandes sont vraies.

Je sens Fabienne. Tous les êtres que j'aime sont en moi, je leur parle, ils me répondent. Je ne suis pas prisonnier.

***29-11-1969, Thiruvanamalai :**

Hier, avant la venue de la nuit, j'ai gravi le sentier de la Montagne, jusqu'au rocher ou Sri Ramana Maharshi passa vingt années d'hermitage. Chaque geste, en Inde, porte un nom, chaque parcours a sa correspondance. Ainsi, ce chemin était long et dur. Il m'a dit une chose : « Va vers chacun comme tu vas vers moi, regarde-moi, j'ai tous les visages. »

Je suis revenu, le corps et la pensée détendus. Je faisais son chemin.

La journée se passe dans le cœur, à l'ashram. Nul n'est là pour apprendre d'un autre, il n'y a pas de guru. Chacun, respectant la paix de la communauté, poursuit son travail ; la conscience ne peut se relâcher, car l'environnement témoigne incessamment du bien-fondé de la quête spirituelle. On ne ressent aucune fatigue ; les visages sont clairs et disent un bonheur proche de la sérénité. Le corps des brahmanes vibre d'une vraie jeunesse.

Je suis conscient de ma vanité, de mes désirs de pouvoir.

Ici, l'humilité est comme immanente. Pour chaque être que je croise, un salut. Chacun est humble devant la force de l'autre, car chacun est unique.

Aucun individu en Europe, exceptés ceux que l'on s'est empressé de qualifier de « saints », n'a pu et ne peut mener aussi loin que les Indiens une volonté d'expérience, laquelle, chaque fois, est originale...

La pluie tombe encore, les champs alentour sont inondés, les singes se réfugient sur les toits.

***30-11-1969, Thiruvanamalai**

Je réalise le danger et l'inanité de l'ego, et comme il peut se nourrir de tout.

Je me rappelle avoir dit à ma mère, il y a plusieurs mois, que je sentais en moi un Maître, qui était un être plus vaste, une source pérenne et immuable au-dessus, auquel je devais me soumettre, dont j'étais le disciple... ; je craignais, en formulant ceci, d'exalter cet ego... Mais je vois maintenant que, peut-être, je sentais juste.

Je suis frappé par l'extrême indépendance de chacun, dans l'ashram. Nul n'est astreint à des règles sociales.

Deux paons dont la gorge bleue a la vivacité du saphir, marchent dans les allées. Il fait frais et les feuilles retiennent encore des gouttes d'eau.

J'ai tant de choses à faire... Chaque nuit je fais un rêve homosexuel...

Je me demande ce que je vais trouver à Pondichéry, à l'Ashram de la Mère...

***1-12-1969, Thiruvanamalai :**

J'attends le bus pour Pondichéry... Des questions se bousculent dans ma tête...

L'évolution, l'ego, la science, l'utilisation du mental, l'espace-temps, l'illusion...

Le bus arrive.

***7-12-1969, Pondichéry :**

Hier, la Mère a donné à Fabienne une rose jaune, « la Paix », et pour moi une rose rouge, « la Passion humaine changée en Amour pour le Divin ».

Je n'ai rien écrit depuis une semaine, tant j'avais à lutter contre un flux d'impressions négatives. Enfin, je suis passé au-delà.

La Mère est venue en moi.

J'ai souhaité, j'ai voulu, j'ai demandé avec toute l'ardeur et la soif qui me tenaient, depuis mon épuisement, que la Mère me guérisse...

Je sors peu à peu, douloureux, du piège qui m'avait saisi.

L'être psychique...

La Mère ne reconnaît que deux voies : la recherche intérieure, obstinée, allant se purifiant vers la délivrance et l'union totale au dessein divin ; le laisser-aller, l'abandon complet, sans compromis, dans la confiance, à la Mère divine, comme le chat qui est porté par sa mère et n'oppose aucune résistance car il sait qu'elle a raison d'agir ainsi, même s'il ne peut en comprendre toujours les motifs et les buts...

J'ai soupçonné la supercherie, partout alentour et au centre.

Elle doit nous recevoir mardi et je crains de faire l'imbécile...

Tout est en Elle aujourd'hui, tout dépend d'Elle.

Ce qu'est l'Ashram... quelle importance ? Son aspect m'a déprimé jusqu'à maintenant, et pourtant, lorsque Fabienne est arrivée, nous n'avons cessé de sourire, aux murs blancs, pâles, lumineux de calme, à la mer, aux visages, et les contacts se sont établis sans heurts, directement et sainement.

La Mère est là. Partout où Elle me mènera je pourrai, si vraiment j'y aspire, La retrouver et La sentir.

Je doute encore, cependant... Il n'est pas mauvais de douter, disent les Yogins... Mais la Mère est un plus grand Yogin encore. Et Elle aime les hommes et les connaît comme chacun s'imagine un Dieu les connaissant. Mais il n'est pas question de Dieu, ici.

***9-12-1969, Pondichéry :**

Je ne pourrais écrire que des prières. J'ai le désir de reposer ma tête sur la grande plage.

Je lis les prières de la Mère, celles qu'Elle écrivit au début de ce siècle mouvant ; je les entends au fond de moi-même, elles me sont connues, mais je ne puis les vivre, je ne puis les recevoir sans éprouver une angoisse diffuse.

Lassitude extrême, troubles physiologiques étranges, sentiment d'être enchaîné, puis de couler comme en une matière intermédiaire. J'oublie ce que j'ai su, car tout me le rappelle avec douleur ; je ne suis pas prêt à le ressentir ailleurs.

Parfois un couloir se creuse dans ma tête, départageant la sphère douloureuse, mais je ne puis le prendre calmement, mon hystérie y engouffre ses cris qui sont ma vie. Tandis qu'à côté de moi Fabienne ressent le vide, désespère d'un contact avec l'autre, et son corps lisse de danseuse s'emplit de sanglots incompris.

Je ne sais d'où j'ai jailli, je ne sais dans quel rêve je fonctionne, mais je sais que je suis retenu par des liens qui me deviennent à chaque instant plus intolérables, mais je sais que la Vie coule et se vit, là, tout près, et que je ne puis l'atteindre... et je tourne et me débat dans ce moi exigü...

J'ai peur... Quelle naissance ?

Dans quelques moments la Mère sera là, proche, visible, Son corps de vieille dame devant le mien de jeune homme.

Qui suis-je ?

***10-12-1969, Auroville :**

L'être vital est parfois pris de terreur...

La Mère : Ses yeux sont l'onde suprême.

Cela est sans forme, sans couleur, sans chaleur, sans mesure, Cela est privé de sens.

Cela est le sens.

Je ne sens plus que l'animal qui s'éreinte, recouvert par une marée de rêves...

Voir cette Vie sublime qu'aucune parole ne peut dire émaner d'un corps vivant par le flot de l'Amour continu, inaltérable, réalisé... je n'ai pu qu'ouvrir grand mon cœur et, une rose rouge à peine ouverte serrée dans ma main, La quitter, retrouver une à une les difficultés du vécu et du vivre...

Voici, je veux la Mère pour seul guide, Sa Volonté sera mon effort...

J'ai besoin d'une première aide...

Je T'ai trouvée, Mère infinie, Tu es venue à moi et je n'aurai plus qu'un désir, c'est de Te retrouver pour toujours.

***20-12-1969, Cape Comorin :**

J'ai totalement confiance. La Mère est là.

J'entrevois un être futur. J'entrevois la paix.

J'ai trouvé le but de l'homme. Je sais ce que j'ai à faire et ma seule peur est de l'oublier, m'épuisant dans la poussière.

Elle est là. Et il nous faut grandir, il nous faut vivre à la mesure de l'univers, il nous faut Devenir.

Fabienne et moi avons fait le pèlerinage aux temples du Sud. Nous vivons ensemble des suites de transformations internes, souvent pénibles, mais toujours nous nous rétablissons dans la joie et le rire.

Ecrire... J'ai l'impression d'être un peintre obstiné devant une vague lumineuse qu'il ne pourra jamais reproduire, car il ne peut que la devenir ou se voiler les yeux pour ne plus la voir que dans un clair-obscur favorisant la représentation à laquelle, finalement, il tient le plus...

Et puis j'ai rencontré à l'Ashram, grâce à Fabienne – qui, décidément, est mon ange – le seul livre dont j'ai besoin sur la terre et dont je n'ose même poursuivre la lecture tant ce que j'ai déjà lu me paraît l'expression de quelque chose d'inaccessible, d'encore inaccessible...

***23-3-1978, Auroville :**

C'était dans la fumée et le bruit, à ce temps-là. A l'extrémité d'un mouvement de l'homme. Une extrémité qui n'avait pas, qui n'a toujours pas, fini de s'intensifier, comme la corde d'un arc universel... mais la flèche jaillira du cœur.

Car c'est le cœur qui appelle.

Seth dit qu'il y a eu d'autres civilisations, qui ont échoué... On échoue seulement lorsqu'on n'est pas entier, lorsqu'un exclusivisme domine et tous les éléments ne peuvent s'exprimer. Alors l'échec est la sauvegarde du progrès. Et on recommence. C'est bien ainsi.

Maintenant le temps est venu. Tout est là. Tout est présent, et tous les éléments sont représentés. Et le Force veut, la Force consciente.

Seth aussi est conscient, c'est pourquoi je le crois ; c'est plus que seulement croire, c'est écouter et reconnaître, retrouver. Pour Seth, il n'y a plus d'opposés, plus de contradictions ; il y a les éléments qui, peu à peu, inéluctablement, appellent leur place juste, leur mouvement juste, leur rythme juste ; et cet appel fait l'histoire, et toutes nos histoires. Et les illusions, une à une, se défont.

Dans cette fumée, ce bruit, il y avait une petite plage claire : deux êtres qui aimaient l'équilibre. C'est là que je suis né.

Pas si facilement... on hésite, quelquefois. Même après j'ai hésité, pendant longtemps ; je ne savais que faire de ces poids, de ces contradictions vivantes, de ces obscurités ; j'étais pris et ne savais plus que c'était un partage, un travail, que c'était le chemin.

J'étais bien pris, il faut le dire ! Mais les yeux étaient ouverts, même si le sourire semblait tué et la perversion victorieuse.

Non, l'ignorance ne connaît pas de victoire. L'ignorance n'est pas une, elle se nie à ses propres dépens. Elle est seulement l'arrière de notre progrès, elle est tout ce que nous n'avons pas compris, elle est l'indice de notre manque, et l'instrument de Ce devenir.

La victoire se trouve dans la permanence. Quand je me suis tourné de tous côtés, me suis heurté, blessé, abîmé à la limite du tolérable, quand j'ai vu et senti et perçu le silence se couvrir, s'enlaidir, s'assombrir de la séparation, de l'égotisme et des fausses créations... et quand je fonçai de plus en plus vite dans le noir, méSut la force autant qu'il était possible – mais peut-on jamais vraiment la trahir, c'est

elle qui tient les rênes... -, cette Permanence était là, qui filtrait doucement, gardait la base, répondait au cri de sa présence infaillible. Et quand j'ai dit « Oui, c'est ça, Oui, Oui » et suis parti chercher Son corps, le moyen de La toucher, d'entrer en relation avec Elle, c'est Elle qui était déjà là, qui déjà me donnait la clé, le moyen de L'atteindre, et c'est Elle qui m'attendait, comme toujours, pour toujours, une fleur à la main. Sans insistance. C'était tout.

Un choc, tout de même. Et des années d'une stupidité dangereuse, dans l'illusion d'une lutte, sur l'illusion d'une corde raide, étouffant de culpabilité, l'aspiration mal située, la puissance des contraires. Car la valeur de l'illusion est concrète. Matérielle.

Mais quelque part, l'ouverture de Sa douceur, et la densité d'une gratitude souveraine.

Elle aurait pu, d'une pression de Ses doigts, écarter ou dissoudre tout le « mal ». Elle ne l'a pas fait. Elle a tout laissé là, intact, ou intouché. Mais Elle m'a donné un corps à Son Aide, un visage à Sa Présence. Et, légèrement, s'appuyant sur ma compréhension intérieure et directe, Elle m'a poussé dans le vide, dans l'enfer...

Jusqu'à ce qu'il n'y ait plus de vide, ni d'enfer.

Pour voir clair il faut deux choses – le regard qui voit et la lumière qui éclaire.

Et c'est le premier Yoga, en quelque sorte. Un Yoga dont nul ne peut se dispenser, malgré qu'il semble parfois un gaspillage. Tant que le monde est infirme, on ne peut y échapper. Alors, on peine. On gaspille, oui. Sans pouvoir encore ne rien y changer. Une pure dépense de Grâce. C'est le coût de la situation.

Oh, on peut aider, bien sûr, à limiter les dégâts. Mais pour aider, il faut déjà être un peu plus clair, un peu moins recroquevillé...

-1971-

***24-4-1971, Kenya :**

Mâ.

Il faut que j'apprenne à Te parler, pour que Ton silence vienne.

Aujourd'hui j'ai tourné le dos à l'océan qui me sépare de Toi.

Le dernier bateau a quitté le port et Tu ne m'as pas rappelé.

J'ai appris que je devais bannir tout désir de retourner là où Tu rayannes, et que ce lieu béni entre tous sur la Terre devait être pour moi un objet d'adoration et de contemplation dans le détachement tranquille d'un enfant libre, d'un serviteur silencieux chaque jour plus conscient de Ta Présence...

Sois Kali, sois Durga, brise cet être mental si vain et satisfait, Mère, cette chose qui bouge et s'affirme sans cesse, cette médiocrité installée qui fait tant de souffrance, alors que les monceaux de Ton Amour, des cascades de lumière attendent là, au-dessus, physiquement posés à l'ouverture de la tête... ; que cet animal de ténèbres abdique et se tourne vers Toi pour être dissous, que ce mental se taise... !

O Mère, un peu qui descend, une goutte de cette vie divine, et c'est cette certitude totale, claire, pure, infinie, cette certitude ouverte, qui voit, libre, lumière sur la Terre, dans la Terre...

Ce rire vers lequel des millions d'années ont peiné.

Alors il faut écarter les côtes, ouvrir sa poitrine, offrir son ventre, apaiser ses jambes, appeler doucement, aspirer dans la paix du cœur pour s'unir, dans une sincérité qui se répand, à Cela qui touche et transforme, surveille, organise et conduit chaque parcelle, chaque détail, chaque forme de la vie...

Montre-moi, je suis enfermé dans la cave de mon corps et ne cherche plus à en sortir ; quelque part le choix a été fait de rester dans l'obscur, identifié à l'obscur, pour T'y appeler et m'y tourner vers Toi...

Mais, cela : Tu es là, toujours, Tu baignes mon cœur, l'emplis et le contiens, Tu es là, parfois si puissamment que je Te sens dans le corps entrer et pousser, travailler. Puissance inconcevable qui peux Te ramasser en un point de Toi Même pour lutter contre le passé ignorant et le transfigurer...

Toi qui charries la lumière par tous les mondes et travailles l'univers entier, Tu Te tiens et tout Ton Amour dans le cœur et la vie de chacun de Tes enfants...

Je voudrais pour chaque instant, pour chaque geste quotidien, m'unir à Ta Volonté ; je suis là, comme un aveugle et un infirme, me demandant à tout moment ce que je dois faire, pour chaque acte arrêté devant l'alternative : agir pour Toi ou agir pour l'égo. Et je ne sens rien et je vais errant et pourtant sûr que Tu me conduis, le nez et les pieds dans ce marasme, Toi toute Une de Vie me couvrant dans mon inconscience, m'apprenant à travers chaque circonstance Ta leçon.

Que ma gratitude s'exprime par mon devenir...

***26-4-1971, Nairobi :**

Mâ, je veux naître à Toi par tous mes sens, croître vers Toi, jaillir en Toi, que ces secondes qui coulent soient des marches franchies... et là, attaché à Toi par le cœur, mes bras d'animal gémissant tendus vers Toi, je reste incapable, ce vaurien qu'habite un enfant divin...

Si peu en moi veut, si peu se donne...

Tant de parts sont encore closes, qui persévèrent dans la poursuite de leurs objectifs morts. Que mon cœur et Ta Présence en lui se répandent comme un fluide magique en tout ce qui vit et se meut, imprègnent toute cette nature et impriment en elle la joie de l'offrande et la volonté parfaite...

Lorsque je regarde au-dessus, je sens comme plusieurs présences, plusieurs êtres que Tu contiens...

Je sens la Force impersonnelle que Tu as appelée sur la Terre, radieuse et infiniment puissante dans les détails, travailler sur tous les états de l'être, harmoniser toutes les circonstances de telle manière qu'elles contribuent à la réceptivité d'en bas, à l'ouverture de la matière. Une onde qui vibre dans le physique, une onde qui est simultanément regard et acte.

Et Toi, au centre du Travail.

***27-4-1971, Nairobi :**

Je comprends maintenant que le don de soi, c'est Toi, Mère, qui le pratiques parfaitement, et Toi seule ; car Tu Te donnes entièrement à chacun de Tes enfants, et Tu les attends au cœur même de leur être, avec la patience, la sûreté, la pureté inaltérables du divin. Nous ne te voyons, Te touchons, Te sentons, ne T'aimons qu'à la mesure de notre étroitesse...

***29-4-1971, Nairobi :**

Douce Mère : le désir d'être vu et reconnu, admiré par les autres, changé en offrande sincère et intégrale de tout son être au Divin...

Le vital est froid, indifférent, tout cela l'amuse et le distrait, et que le Divin soit de la partie met un piment à ses plaisirs... Je sais pourtant qu'au fond de son activité, il y a une sorte de présence consciente, qui collabore à Ton travail... « Si Tu ne veux pas de moi, Tu n'as qu'à me laisser tomber, de toutes manières je suis un zéro de conscience, alors il ne fallait pas me choisir... ». Et tout de suite après, l'envie de pleurer... Encore le singe, l'indomptable, l'inégalable copieur !

***30-4-1971, Rome :**

Krishna dit souvent que nous ne comprendrons tous ces déplacements que dix ans après peut-être... Ma Mère adorée, rien ne peut faire que je cesse d'avancer vers Toi, n'est-ce pas ? Ne me laisse pas... !

***1-5-1971, Paris :**

La divinité que Tu veux en nous est si étrangère au mental de l'homme, et pourtant si centrale à l'être...

Il est impossible de comprendre Ton action.

Il est impossible d'être compris lorsqu'on s'est donné à Toi...

Ils sont là. Dis-moi que faire.

***4-5-1971, Paris :**

Mère, tout le passé T'était dédié, tout l'avenir T'appartient et le présent est le lieu de Ta victoire...

Eux, chacun d'eux, ce sont Tes enfants... Permet que je les serve selon Ton Sens et Ta Volonté, sans heurt, sans hâte et sans retard... Inscris en moi l'attitude juste...

***5-5-1971, Paris :**

Que la danse soit silence, que l'ouverture soit silence...

Combien de refus, combien de trahisons, de glissements, de rejets à vivre et à dissoudre ?

Tu es notre Reine à jamais. Ton enfant soleil.

***7-5-1971, Paris :**

Il faut que la sincérité vraie emplisse tout mon être, la sincérité et, pour l'exprimer, le calme.

Je sens que c'est leur être intérieur qui les conduit à se livrer à moi, au regard qu'ils trouvent en moi, mais cela veut dire qu'ils dégagent à chaque fois un contingent d'inconscience ; et cela, je ne sais pas comment l'éviter, ou le recevoir...

Que cette vanité soit brûlée par la simple joie d'être un instrument pour Toi, quoi qu'il arrive.

En T'écrivant, ce sommeil m'appelle encore.

La voie fidèle à Toi est silencieuse... Je ne sais ce qui cherche à s'abattre sur moi...

Eveil... Eveil constant...

***8-5-1971, Paris :**

Mère, fais descendre la Force, profond et durablement, pour que le centre sexuel soit illuminé ; je sens qu'une fois cette transformation accomplie, toute une grande clarté de l'être s'ensuit, une grande netteté, et que tant de possibilités d'erreur seront annulées. Alors le corps, ce corps merveilleux, saura Te répondre et s'unir à Ton corps divin...

Il me semble qu'une sorte de déclic presque inconscient doit se produire pour tous les éléments de cette drôle de communauté et qu'alors une nouvelle ligne d'action à Ton service commencera de se tracer...

Mère, affirme-moi dans le juste.

L'Unité qui doit se manifester, Tu es seule à la connaître.

Je veux T'être plaisir.

La Force fait une douce pression, continue, au sommet de la tête mais, curieusement, je ne la sens pas pénétrer ; j'essaie de m'ouvrir plus, mais rien n'arrive. C'est aussi une impression merveilleuse. C'est là. Cela regarde, observe, et alors la question de la sincérité se change en un effort tranquille d'obéissance souple...

***10-5-1971, Paris :**

Tout va de travers... ce sommeil qui veut s'abattre sur tout l'être.

Je ne sais comment lutter. Cette lourdeur est une gêne constante. Et je Te sens si proche. C'est difficile.

Liberté consciente...

Tout est brouillé. Mais je sais ceci : je ne veux plus de souffrance ; souffrance est mensonge ; le progrès réel se produit et s'accomplit dans la joie, par la joie. Une joie qui s'élargit, se propage, coule en chaque artère et en un flot continu et invincible noie une à une les profondeurs de l'inconscience...

C'est par Ta joie que tout se fait et se fera.

Aide-moi à la connaître, à l'accepter, à la recevoir...

***11-5-1971, Paris :**

Aujourd'hui, je n'ai guère de place ; le plan sexuel se découvre, avec sa soif immense qu'il paraît impossible de dissoudre.

Je touche peut-être, depuis quelques heures, la contradiction réelle de ce destin, et je me sens faible devant Toi.

Je ne sais pas ce qui est décidé dans Ta vision. Toute évolution T'appartient, je ne veux pas mettre en avant la prétention de Te servir, mais je n'ai qu'un désir, c'est celui de Te satisfaire, Toi...

Je pose ma tête entre Tes mains et Te demande, Mère, de me prendre intégralement pour la construction divine.

***12-5-1971, Paris :**

Je reçois ces volées d'inconscience et d'angoisse et je suis encore si loin d'être vrai... et c'est Divakar que je veux être, Ton enfant vrai... c'est lui dont je sens la présence de lumière au fond de moi, lui que je suis depuis si longtemps... je le cherche, Ton enfant, et n'aime plus souffrir pour le trouver... je veux me consumer dans son feu qui est Tien et que de ce brasier jaillisse une matière nouvelle et pure et qu'il existe, comme Tu le veux, pour Te servir.

Que sa lumière issue de Toi naisse au monde et soit.

Prend-moi, fais-moi vrai pour que je Te voie.

***1978, Auroville :**

Chacun de nous, en naissant, prend sa part dans l'économie de l'univers. C'est la loi du travail, de l'évolution. Chacun hérite d'un lot de contradictions ; on peut dire, d'obscurités, non pas en termes théologiques ou moraux, mais en termes pratiques. Les mouvements, les états, les énergies qui font obstacle à la libre coulée de la Conscience et de la Joie.

Selon la capacité intérieure, l'amalgame est plus ou moins complexe, les contradictions plus ou moins nombreuses. Et le débat plus ou moins intense.

Parce que les substances sont lourdes, parce que les conditionnements de la vie humaine accaparent presque totalement la conscience physique et tendent à voiler de plus en plus hermétiquement, à mesure que le corps grandit, la réalité que l'on est vraiment, il semble que l'on s'enfonce dans une négation inévitable, que l'on

soit condamné à la fausse vie, à se soumettre à des nécessités dont pourtant, de tout son être, on questionne le fondement.

Et même si un jour on accepte, on se rend, on fait « comme tout le monde », quand vient l'heure de mourir encore, de quitter le corps, l'on regarde et l'on sait : « non, ce n'était pas ça ! ». Là non plus, l'ignorance n'est pas victorieuse ; elle a seulement dévoré un corps de plus, une vie de plus, mais elle n'a pas dominé l'âme, elle ne se l'est pas acquise.

Parce que les êtres qui nous entourent, qui s'occupent du corps lorsqu'il est petit et s'attachent à la vie de l'être qui l'anime et l'habite, sont rarement capables d'expliquer la situation réelle, ont rarement réalisé en eux-mêmes ce que diable nous faisons tous là, même s'ils ont de la bonne volonté et de l'aspiration et un grand besoin, alors cela prend du temps, on erre et on se cogne et on souffre.

Et pendant des années, il n'y a guère d'alternatives : la révolte ou le désespoir, l'obéissance ou la fuite, la foi ou le cynisme... Si le climat est favorable, déjà « orienté », alors des qualités plus profondes peuvent affleurer et donner une certaine valeur à la vie extérieure, ainsi le dévouement à un idéal, le service, ou la créativité. Mais cela demande déjà des circonstances encore exceptionnelles. Et puis, quelquefois, c'est comme si, malgré même la bonne volonté de l'entourage immédiat, il y avait une volonté lucide de plonger, une attraction du contraire, un besoin presque de détruire tout ce qui peut être détruit en soi-même, comme pour rejoindre par un raccourci un peu... sévère, l'appel essentiel, cette place quelque part, là, où l'on manque, où l'on sait que ce manque est la seule vérité, l'empreinte brûlante de la vérité...

Et puis il y a ceux qui, peut-être parce qu'ils l'ont déjà compris une fois, ou même beaucoup de fois, portent avec eux une tranquillité plus humble, comme habitée presque en dépit d'eux-mêmes et des choses par une confiance qui les aligne à un rythme plus clair et les guide, d'un hasard à l'autre, jusqu'au point de reconnaissance. Mais même pour ceux-là, les difficultés ne sont que reportées, elles ne sont pas supprimées.

***Décembre, 1971, B. :**

La sincérité est toute petite, flamme lointaine au sein de ces actes un peu confus, et pourtant, chaque seconde, s'exprime le manque de cette aspiration, en moi et dans les autres...

A présent j'éprouve une joie pleine et entière à méditer profondément ; il semble alors que la vie, même dans son état actuel, ait une merveilleuse raison d'être ; alors l'aspiration est régulière et la Force est présente comme un Ami parfait. Je T'appelle moins souvent. Depuis que j'ai repris le tabac, il m'est presque impossible de rester au plus haut. J'essaie surtout de présenter à la lumière une certaine qualité obsessionnelle qui me rendait la soumission trop pénible pour être joyeuse et tranquille comme Tu le veux.

Parfois je m'arrête devant un vertige : celui de ne plus Te voir... Ma nature doit devenir forte et vaste, puissante dans son accueil, afin que Ton devenir soit possible.

Tu sais, je cherche surtout, depuis quelques temps, le secret pour progresser sans que le progrès dépende des expériences – je crois que c'est surtout l'aspect vital des expériences qui me heurte et me révolte...

***7-12-1971, B. :**

Depuis quelques jours je me sens constamment mal, tendu... une aspiration dense et solitaire, un état diffus, informulable. Toute une partie vitale préfère ne pas Te trouver, ni Te voir.

Rien ne change, et le temps passe.

Peut-être le mental cesse de juger et de croire qu'il comprend...

***8-12-1971, B. :**

J'ai de nouveau l'envie de partir, de m'éloigner d'eux pour un temps. Je crains parfois, dans cet état de médiocrité, de renforcer le doute qui pèse sur eux.

Je ne cherche plus de « grandes choses » ; je refuse désormais toute cette publicité vitale sur Ta vie, Ta loi, Ton amour... Tu es là.

Ecrire, c'est un peu Te tromper, ou cabotiner devant Toi, car Ton sourire immense sait et devant Toi je suis seul.

Mère infinie, je ne sais si un jour Tu me permettras de quitter ces ténèbres, un jour simple, le premier vrai jour à Ton service... je ne sais, mais je le crois.

***9-12-1971, B. :**

A nouveau je me trouve dans cet état où toute l'existence est un cauchemar ; un cauchemar de tous les instants, un mensonge continu.

L'incarnation... Le psychique ne souffre pas, est-il dit... pourtant je crois que la conscience réelle connaît une sorte de douleur. Je n'ai pas à examiner ces choses. Tout cela T'appartient.

Le premier maillon du désordre, il me semble, est cette visite à l'Ecole spirituelle des Rose Croix... ; d'autres choses se sont passées... je ne sais plus.

J'essaie d'arrêter le tabac.

Je met devant tout mon être Tes mots : « Sois sincère et fidèle ».

***16-12-1971, B. :**

Ma conduite de surface est gaie, légère, inconsistante mais, ce qui est paradoxal, semble finalement aussi sincère que l'est probablement cette demi souffrance sourde que j'endure constamment, comme au seuil de l'être intérieur...

Je pense à Toi. Je T'appelle.

L'inquiétude est plus ancrée. Je sens que la lumière travaille à résoudre cela.

Il y a une telle carence de bonne volonté dans le vital...

***17-12-1971, B. :**

Aujourd'hui la guerre s'achève, là-bas... l'âme de la Terre... une étape de Ton progrès est accomplie chez les hommes, et Tu as travaillé visiblement aux yeux de tous.

Ici, petit grain de Toi, je peine. J'essaie de comprendre Ta Volonté...
Et ce jour, dans la ville, une solitude dans laquelle je ne sais pas m'agenouiller
devant Toi.

***18-12-1971, B. :**

Un pas en arrière, une chute, ne signifient pas que Tu m'aies rejeté.

***19-12-1971, B. :**

Je ne me sens pas digne de Ton sourire, aussi je n'ai pas l'élan pour aller le
trouver ; je dis « je voudrais » au lieu de vouloir et d'aspirer dans la confiance.
Les jours nous enchaînent à leur rythme, les nuits bavardes nous rejettent
inaccomplis...
Douce Mère, prend-moi dans la vérité.

***30-12-1971, B. :**

Satprem m'a répondu : « Tu La reverras quand tu seras convaincu que tes propres
forces ne peuvent rien et que tu auras besoin d'Elle comme de la seule chose
nécessaire. »

Voilà. Pour le mental, c'est de toutes manières incompréhensible.

Malgré moi, je retiens surtout le fait que Tu aies permis ces mots : « Tu La
reverras... ».

J'ai peur de ne pas Te trouver, de ne pas comprendre ce qu'il faut faire pour que Tu
sois contente. Suivre l'exemple de Krishna, ou de Satprem, ou d'un autre, ce serait
tricher ; il me faut Te trouver, et Te garder...

D'un côté je n'aime pas ce que je fais ici, je n'aime pas le rôle que j'y ai, il me
semble mensonger car je sais bien que si Tu le veux, en un jour un être peut se
tourner vers Toi pour toujours... Je ne veux qu'une chose, marcher vers Toi,
marcher, marcher, jusqu'à ce que Tu me veuilles à nouveau avec les autres, unis
en Toi...

De l'autre côté je sais, je vois, que c'est Ta Volonté que je sois ici, et y persévère...

-1972-

***6-1-1972, B. :**

L'animalité, l'humanité sont relatives ; seule la Conscience est réelle.

Je sens que la Volonté supramentale est implacable et que les opérations de la Force sont, même pour la conscience intérieure la plus évoluée, incompréhensibles dans leur ensemble.

Dans le corps lui-même, de toute éternité, les secrets du futur étaient préparés. Hier j'ai reçu un message de Krishna qui m'a d'abord été pénible, à cause de sa forme sans doute ; puis j'ai compris encore une fois que Te demander de me rappeler vers Toi, c'était encore demander pour moi, et qu'il me fallait cesser.

Je les ai quittés hier ; je ne sais pas si Tu veux vraiment que je continue d'être avec eux, dans cette position.

Finalement, la seule manière d'être sincère, aussi longtemps que l'on est « dessous », c'est, lorsque Tu le permets, de rester concentré sur l'action de la Force et sur l'ouverture à elle.

***7-1-1972, France... :**

Dés que, dans ma nature, je suis prêt à rejeter les actes et les attitudes suggérés par l'ignorance et le désir, je sens monter un enthousiasme, une volonté si joyeuse de collaborer, de se donner, qu'alors tout semble pouvoir aller très vite.

Mais lorsque je suis de nouveau englouti, repris par l'attrait et le désir, une tension angoissée revient m'occuper.

T'aimer sans prétendre. Etre sans chercher à être.

Le corps, cette image, sont Tiens ; ils doivent pouvoir exprimer la beauté, la joie, la lumière... et le vertige de la destruction continue de me ronger.

***13-1-1972, B. :**

Encore une fois, j'ai voulu partir et Tu m'en as empêché. Je me sens perdu, atteint de tristesse et d'impuissance.

Toute cette difficulté s'est concentrée dans le tabac et la nourriture.

Constamment, depuis quelques jours, je ressens une pression pénible au milieu de la colonne vertébrale, à l'endroit de la fracture de l'année dernière.

L'amour, l'amour des êtres... est impossible tant que je ne serai pas divin.

Je hais la nature humaine, j'en suis blessé et j'ai peur. Je ne sais que faire, ni où aller ; je ne crois plus à l'amour, à notre niveau, je retrouve ce qui était ma dureté et mon indifférence. Il faut être divin, c'est le seul but et le seul intérêt de la manifestation.

Je suis incapable de comprendre pourquoi Tu veux cette réunion de personnes ici, mais je ne suis pas soumis, je ne veux pas rester, je sais que ce sont Tes enfants,

comme je le suis, mais je ne puis rien et ne veux rien avec eux ; je veux que Tu me donnes la force d'aller vers Toi...

***22-1-1972, France... :**

C'est un chant de certitude aussi vaste que l'univers, aussi fort que la Terre, que tout sera transformé, que tout sera digne de Ta Présence...

***25-1-1972, France... :**

Douce Mère,
Toi seule
Et tout ça à transformer
Mère totale Mère de l'espèce future Mère du Divin matériel
Mère de l'or accompli
Etre Ton enfant, un grain de Toi...

***27-1-1972, France... :**

C'est du mensonge que je T'écris... je suis confronté depuis quelques jours, d'une manière très précise et très constante, à cet être vital, créature de l'obscurité, qui tire toutes les ficelles de la douleur et de l'errance ; être sordide, petit dans ses moyens, mais habile et cautionné par un état général, humain ou vital terrestre, fait de profit, de jouissance et de satisfaction dans l'ignorance... Démasqué, il continue d'agir, car je continue de consentir à sa présence par tout ce qui est engrangé dans l'inconscient de mon incarnation. Et vraiment il ressemble à un chat qui s'agrippe au corps et a tôt fait de remonter au coeur ou à la gorge pour s'y nourrir. En fait la majorité des actes quotidiens lui appartiennent, tous les conditionnements sont sous son règne. Il sait comment se soumettre une partie du mental qui lui servira à se justifier si cela est nécessaire.
Les heures sont précieuses et je souffre de leur prix...

***1-2-1972, France... :**

Permet que cette peur, que ces réticences, ces refus, ce goût de détruire, ce désir, soient illuminés... Par Toi.

***7-2-1972, France... :**

Ta Force vibre tranquillement au sommet de la tête, comme chaque jour...
Je ne parviens pas à me tenir au centre profond pendant que je m'active à ces occupations matérielles...

***10-2-1972, France... :**

Toutes ces informations contradictoires qui me parviennent créent un cauchemar. J'ai toujours cette impression pénible d'être rendu coupable de fautes ou de mouvements que quelque chose qui me ressemble aurait faits sans que je m'en rende compte et d'être jugé d'après cela ; cette question à laquelle je suis plus âprement confronté depuis que je T'ai retrouvée : qu'est-ce qui me fait bannir, qu'est-ce qui fait que je suis jugé, soit adoré soit haï, y a-t-il une part de mon vital

qui agit à mon insu ?... Cette ombre de la Présence qui me trahit et me déguise là où il me faudrait la paix... Il y a un obstacle qu'il me faut connaître et franchir. Je redoute tant que les interprétations des intermédiaires m'éloignent de Ta conscience.

Ne devrais-je pas cesser de réclamer et me soumettre sans bruit et sans réticence, avec la certitude que c'est seulement par mon aspiration que Tu seras consciente de moi ? J'ai un ami près de Toi et j'ai confiance en lui.

***11-2-1972, France :**

Je sais que je ne suis pas sincère.

***13-2-1972, France... :**

Je lis Sri Aurobindo comme jamais je ne l'avais fait et j'y trouve un réconfort et un équilibre... L'amour de Dieu qui trace pour Son enfant en paroles d'or le chemin à parcourir...

***17-2-1972, France... :**

Je puis dire devant Toi, sans fard, que je Te déteste et que je ne veux pas me soumettre, que je n'en ai pas envie, que je préfère poursuivre les réalisations de mes désirs immédiats. Voilà, c'est là que je suis, sinon dans les minutes de grâce où Ta présence est un feu qui m'emplit de dévotion et de soif bienheureuses.

***21-2-1972, Saint B. :**

Comme un film qui se déroulerait en profondeur ou au-dessus, je vois celui que je devrais être et ce que je devrais faire et, au-dessous, un autre personnage m'attire, menaçante présence d'un être sexuel, roi satisfait dans l'ignorance... Pris entre les deux, impuissant, à peine ouvert à Toi, sans que rien ne semble se convertir qui donnerait de la vigueur et de la puissance à l'aspiration...

Mâ, la terre entière me manque, car je ne lui donne rien et ne remplis pas ma fonction véritable, en m'attardant à me satisfaire, en me laissant tirer vers le bas, en ne Te servant pas, en ne me soumettant pas... La Terre...

Fais de ce petit être recroquevillé dans la complexité des douleurs un serviteur large, sûr, pétri de lumière... !

Pardonne-moi si, à chaque fois que la souffrance viendra j'oublierai l'endurance que Tu m'as demandé d'avoir et quémanderais Ta douceur.

Je sens que toute cette longue et lente et pénible transformation est nécessaire pour ne pas être brisé par trop de lumière.

***4-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Il faudrait qu'à la place de cet appétit que rien n'assouvit naisse un Goût extrême de Toi, un Goût intense de la lumière et de la présence supramentales.

***8-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Aujourd'hui Nata m'a écrit que je suis Ton enfant et qu'un jour ou l'autre ma vie sera près de Toi, qu'il ne peut pas penser autrement...

***16-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Voici les pétales de la rose rouge et de la fleur de « Transformation » que Tu as fait donner à E.B avant son départ de l'Ashram... J'ai lu les entretiens de Satprem avec toi, j'ai regardé Tes dernières photographies ; j'ai senti une grande bouffée de Ta présence dans le matériel, comme là-bas, comme auprès de Toi, comme agenouillé, ma tête posée contre le marbre du Samadhi...

Mâ, j'ai confiance, et c'est nouveau, j'ai confiance que Tu ne devras pas quitter le corps, que Tu vas être Mère béatifique, sur la Terre...

***18-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Le Même Divin est au-dedans de chacun. Le Même Divin est en haut. Nous sommes le Même.

Pourquoi sommes-nous différents les uns des autres ?

Pour réaliser l'Ananda sans fin de l'expérience éternelle, pour la manifestation de la joie d'être, de l'éclatement, du jaillissement puissant, irrésistible et éternel dans l'infinité des formes, de la joie d'être...

***19-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Lorsque Ta Présence augmente, alors seulement tous les désirs sont satisfaits...

***20-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Combien d'années cela prendra-t-il avant que le vrai travail puisse commencer ?

Me terrer dans un coin, dans la foule, n'importe où, seul avec mes appétits, mes impossibilités et ma souffrance ? Mais cela c'est la vieille route, c'est la voie obscure...

***24-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Je suis comme une loque ; fondre et que l'horreur soit dissoute... !

Les nuits sont chargées d'évènements que je ne cherche plus à comprendre, dont je ne veux plus me souvenir ; quelquefois mes bras, mes membres, mon corps, cette matière où j'existe, sont animés par Ton feu, quelquefois ma tête est Tienne...

Il y a Ta solution, que j'ignore...

La gratitude est la seule manifestation de la conscience humaine qui soit libre de l'ego.

Comment naître si bas ?

***25-3-1972, Saint B. :**

En haut, il y a une sorte de combat.

Quelque chose d'hostile peut-il encore exister ?

***27-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Comme ça, avec cette lucidité pauvre du mental isolé, si je regarde autour ou en arrière, je suis seul dans la foule, il n'y a rien qui Te ressemble...

O Mâ, je veux aimer, j'aime, j'ai de l'amour, et cet amour est avili par le marasme inférieur.

Laisse-moi trouver la vraie fleur que mon cœur vivant déposera devant Toi !

J'ai besoin d'un chemin plus parfait, où toutes les expériences sont des grains d'or passés au cou de la Terre, une offrande concrète et acceptée chaque jour, un dialogue vivant d'amour du petit, de l'imparfait à l'immense, au Suprême... ; que nous puissions sans honte aucune, sans que rien ne Te soit dissimulé, s'agenouiller au grand jour et Te chercher...

Ce qui paraît être une conscience inférieure, petite, nouée, limitée, impuissante, enchaînée, c'est peut-être la Même Conscience infinie, libre, vaste et puissante, absolue et omniprésente, mais ramassée, réduite, inextricablement divisée, tapie, ramifiée, immobilisée qui, pour Se rappeler à Elle Même, renaître à l'Existence suprême depuis l'inconscience, fait appel à la Force, déléguée depuis l'Origine, afin de la libérer en tous ses points jusqu'à la libération ultime et toute-puissante, la libération physique et matérielle...

J'ai envie de retourner à la maison, de m'étendre près d'eux, de ramener des roses pour lui et pour elles, de dormir, de le regarder, de l'aimer... Et je n'ai rien résolu !

J'ai peur qu'ils soient tristes, qu'ils se méprennent... mais, si je leur étais néfaste, je crois bien que Tu ne les laisserais pas près de moi...

C'est la première fois que je pars seul depuis deux mois. Donne-moi la force de l'accompagner comme il est bon et juste pour lui.

Ouvre-moi à la sincérité et à l'intransigeance véritables.

***28-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Je sens bien que tous les besoins profonds de ma nature sont satisfaits progressivement et qu'à leur place peut venir l'épanouissement d'une libre conscience.

C'est la surenchère et l'insatisfaction fonctionnelles du vital qui prolongent la difficulté et la répètent sans se lasser...

Mâ, l'amour que Tu portes à chacun de Tes enfants est un secret plus profond et plus parfait que le miel de Dieu, c'est l'amour unique de Mère divine et aucun amour, si haut et si pur soit-il, ne pourrait supporter ce que Tu supportes.

***29-3-1972, Saint B. :**

Mâ, j'étais dans Ta chambre, comme au jour il y a presque deux ans où Tu m'as dit : « tu verras, tu sentiras, tu comprendras, dans quelques temps, que c'est la meilleure chose à faire... l'avenir... » Et c'est Ton regard, Tes yeux qui m'ont suivi jusqu'à ce jour...

***11-4-1972, Paris :**

Douce Mère, ce matin je T'ai écrit pour Te demander une aide particulière pour la fixation sexuelle qui me hante. Maintenant il faut qu'elle se résolve. C'est l'ombre de toute cette vie...

J'essaie d'aller au fond, tranquillement, en me détachant de l'angoisse due à la présence de l'autre ; il me semble que cela vient de bien loin, du moment même de ma conception et je n'ai toujours, depuis plusieurs années, que le même souvenir, lorsque j'étais âgé de trois ou quatre ans peut-être. Toi, Tu sais, car Tu vois.

***15-4-1972, Paris :**

Quelques secondes de dévotion, ce matin, comme par accident... des moments où je voudrais remonter à la surface et respirer un peu, une nullité complète et

complètement démontrée ; et puis j'ai peur, sûr de rien, parce que j'ai lu qu'Il disait que le Purusha pouvait ne pas se soumettre à Ta Grâce... !
Bref, je ne sais pas du tout où j'en suis !

***17-4-1972, Paris :**

J'ai comme la perception, ténue, très silencieuse quelque part dans tout ce vacarme, de ce que Tu veux de moi, de Ta volonté centrale en moi, et que tout le registre de mes attitudes est comme une épaisseur mensongère à laquelle Tu restes indifférente, et aucune lamentation, aucune croyance, aucun trucage, si habité, si vécu soit-il, ne saurait Te faire bouger de Ta divine neutralité.
Il faut que je vienne à Toi, il faut que je me rende à Toi.

***23-4-1972, Saint B. :**

Je n'ai plus d'amour, rien qu'une répulsion froide et violente pour notre nature humaine, je n'ai d'élan, de goût, de force, d'aspiration pour rien ; lourd d'un sommeil plein de petitesse... j'ai besoin de changer, ou je préfère renoncer, quitter la vie... C'est comme ça depuis l'enfance : besoin de changer, certitude de changer, puis l'ego et, quand ça ne va pas, le désespoir et le désir de ne plus vivre...

Je suis d'une trop petite trempe

Je ne veux plus rien faire sans joie. Croire à sa propre sadhana, c'est satisfaire .un ego peut-être encore plus redoutable...

Si au moins à la place que j'occupe il pouvait y avoir un être conscient de Toi, de Ta Grâce, qui ne réclame ni ne proteste, alors cela ferait comme une petite joie, une petite flamme permanente sur la Terre, et ce serait bien utile...

***24-4-1972, Saint B. :**

Je ne crains pas trop d'avoir encore des années et des années à vivre dans cette conscience semi ordinaire, en transformation progressive, sans rien de vraiment concret ou établi ; ce que je crains, au fond de moi, de je ne sais quel moi, ce qui me hante, c'est cette peur bien générale que je ne parviens pas à repousser, cette peur contre laquelle je peux lutter clairement devant l'autre mais que je ne parviens pas à anéantir en moi-même, cette peur que Tu doives quitter le corps : que ferions-nous ?

Pourtant il me semble que cela ne peut pas se passer ainsi ; que nul ne peut savoir mais que, ce qui est certain, c'est que cela ne se passera pas ainsi, qu'il n'est plus question de la mort du corps, que le corps a passé... Mais il reste cette crainte, que la conscience humaine ne soit pas apte à Te suivre, que Tu ne puisses plus Te montrer à des natures non transformées...

***25-4-1972, Saint B. :**

C'est dans la vie même qu'il faut gagner la foi. C'est ici même qu'il faut Te trouver. C'est un drôle de chemin. C'est Ton vrai chemin.

***1980, Auroville :**

Il y a des secrets que nulle formulation ne peut communiquer – ce sont de réels secrets... seule l'expérience les dévoile, et ce sont alors les plus simples vérités, les fondements d'une perception directe de la Réalité...

Certains mots parfois éveillent la reconnaissance de leur présence au-dedans de soi. Certaines couleurs, certains instants, certains accents ou accords.

C'est le chemin.

L'ésotérisme était la protection mentale d'une élite encore effrayée par un monde divisé. Le bien et le mal, l'obscurité et la lumière, la volonté de pouvoir et la sincérité. Les ombres d'un passé d'auto destruction semblaient porter loin en avant sur le chemin et l'on s'avance avec extrême prudence dans un climat d'incompréhension et d'hostilité, avec le sentiment intérieur d'être nécessaires pour préserver la Vérité.

Mais une réalité diminuée n'a pas de pouvoir.

Elle et Lui sont venus transformer.

Ils ont porté la compréhension véritable, celle qui ne rejette rien, ne condamne rien, ne sépare rien, mais perçoit la vérité de chaque élément, de chaque mouvement et leur place dans la manifestation du Suprême. Et leurs relations justes. Pour libérer le monde et la matière de l'illusion qui les étouffe et révéler le sens d'être manifeste.

Il n'y a qu'une Réalité, c'est Sa Conscience.

Nous sommes hypnotisés ; dans l'illusion. Mais l'illusion est mince.

***26-11-1972, Paris :**

Ta Victoire...

Que Ta Victoire soit. Silencieuse, mais définitive.

Inconnue du monde mais irréversible.

Le monde saura lorsqu'il sera temps de savoir.

Mais il faut que Ta Victoire SOIT.

***27-11-1972, Paris :**

Ce pouvoir de mensonge, de décentralisation, de dissolution, secrète une tension nerveuse comme une vibration constante et tremblante, très pénible, qui donne l'impression affreuse que le temps passe en un éclair sans qu'on ait du tout l'occasion de faire un progrès, tranquillement centré dans la conscience de Toi...

Ce pouvoir d'obscurité, c'est celui de la Mort qui agit pour empêcher l'homme de trouver l'Éternité dans le Temps ; ses instruments principaux sont le désir et la volonté de réaliser ce désir, mais il sait se saisir de beaucoup d'autres sentiments pour son usage – la crainte de mal faire, par exemple. Tout ce qui n'est pas, en fait, tranquille et profonde conscience de Toi, conscience présente, spontanéité réalisatrice, il s'en empare. C'est donc, d'un certain point de vue, une aide.

Quelle que soit la chose à réaliser, quel que soit l'obstacle à franchir, c'est Ta Force seule qui peut l'accomplir en moi...

***1-12-1972, Paris :**

André, de retour, a refusé de me voir à propos de « Savitri », bien que Nata m'ait écrit de m'adresser à lui. Mais je sens que je dois continuer la traduction.

Je porte le mensonge : le double, l'ombre.

Il faudrait peut-être aussi que j'accepte la dimension du guerrier...

Cet être, qui ne veut qu'une chose, le pouvoir, est prêt à se servir même de Toi pour agrandir sa puissance, affirmer son empire sur les autres et s'ériger en parfait et en idole... Je dois le regarder, prendre Ton parti avec la résolution de toute ma nature et, le regardant, appeler Ta Force et Ta Grâce pour le vaincre et l'amener à Toi...

Je ne dois plus avoir honte de ne pas être un ange.

Il me faut être un fils de l'Inde, digne de mon devenir et de mon nom, un fils dont Tu sois satisfaite, je dois être franc et déclarer ouvertement ma guerre d'amour.

Permet que je me souvienne constamment de ma résolution.

Je sens qu'il y a quelque vérité dans ces mots, je sens Ton approbation, et comme loin et faible le chant simple et familier de tous Tes enfants qui luttent pour Te servir.

***3-12-1972, Paris :**

J'essaie de comprendre mes rêves. Ils sont tellement multiples. Je n'ai pas encore dans ma conscience de rêve de lien avec ma volonté consciente de veille... c'est comme si j'assistais à une part de moi-même : je ne peux pas être, dans celui qui rêve, conscient de l'aspiration que j'éprouve à l'état de veille...

J'attends le Bulletin de Novembre, j'attends de pouvoir Te lire, Te recevoir, avec cette force qui me rétablit toujours dans Ton présent et éclaire tout ce qui était incompris et précise et montre l'effort à faire.

***4-12-1972, Paris :**

Il faut de la patience et accentuer mon mouvement de dés identification et d'observation profonde, en restant conscient de Toi ; je comprends désormais que, tant que cela ne sera pas fait, Tu ne me permettras pas d'entrer dans un mouvement plus actif et une vie plus vraie.

La seule crainte que j'ai, c'est que ce soit refoulé ou s'enfuit profond et se cache... alors, il faut beaucoup de lumière !

Je traduis un passage de « Savitri » assez éprouvant... n'est-ce pas le récit de Vos deux sadhanas et de l'intégration progressive de toute la réalité du monde dans la conscience de vérité ?

***5-12-1972, Paris :**

Il n'y a rien d'autre à désirer, rien d'autre à vouloir que TOI...

Alors je serai sûr d'agir selon Ton harmonie, d'être un morceau de Ton corps que rien ne peut retrancher de Toi...

***8-12-1972, Claouey :**

Demain cela fera trois ans que, pour la première fois dans mon corps, je me suis agenouillé devant Toi...

Ici près de mon frère qui revient lui aussi de Toi, tout plein de Toi, l'enthousiasme à parler de Toi, les choses... tout est brouillé un peu... mais je sens beaucoup que Tu m'aimes, c'est-à-dire, quelque chose en moi s'est beaucoup rassuré...

Je pressens comme s'il y avait une sorte de plateforme, de base supérieure à côté de moi et que je devrais parvenir à y sauter, avec mes pieds pour ainsi dire, à y bondir, ou me tendre et m'y trouver, enfin, debout sur cette plateforme, et qu'alors tout serait uni et clair. Est-ce la perception d'une expérience pour une partie de l'être seulement, ou pour tout l'être ?

Aussi j'aspire à ce que, pour l'Ashram et pour Auroville, vienne une grande et forte période de calme et de silence, même peut-être une baisse des activités et comme un « oubli » ; j'y aspire parfois très fort. Peut-être quelques mois, ou une ou deux années. Mais que l'effervescence se dissipe, que les écumes se retirent, que la curiosité s'éteigne et que les cœurs viennent plus forts en avant, goûtant le sens de la vraie épreuve, que les désirs d'expansion et de réalisations s'éteignent et que Ton seul Cœur puisse, en sa tranquillité toute-puissante, en sa rapidité suprême et silencieuse, lentement monter et emplir tous les êtres de son eau limpide, de sa joie, de sa vérité, de sa certitude qui est connaissance, de son amour tout créateur de beauté.

Douce Mère, j'aspire à ce que tous le sentent – que rien de vrai, d'éternel, ne pourra se faire si les conditions d'harmonie ne sont pas remplies, si la tension et les rapports de force subsistent et restent admis.

Pourtant tout cela est inévitable, bien sûr, il faut accepter de travailler dans ces conditions... mais pas trop longtemps !

Quelle joie, quel rire de parler de Toi, de penser à Toi avec mon frère qui T'aime !

La victoire de Ta Présence en nous sur toutes les ombres qui séparent et divisent.

Tout ce que Tu donnes, tout ce que Tu nous donnes, tout ce que Tu donnes à la Terre, tout ce que Tu fais pour la Terre,

Et Tu es seule...

Cela, souvent : Tu es seule.

Alors, le désir, l'aspiration à T'aider, à Te servir...

***12-12-1972, Paris :**

Lorsque je comprend un effort à faire, un progrès, un obstacle à surmonter, alors je cherche une attitude pour Te servir ou pour vaincre ce qui me sépare de Toi ; mais tout cela est calcifié, fossilisé, et le tout continue de vivre et Tu dois attendre que je revienne à un instant de vraie aspiration pour de nouveau verser un peu de lumière...

***14-12-1972, Paris :**

La conscience du corps. C'est une conscience qui existe en elle-même. Elle possède des qualités qui lui sont propres, parmi lesquelles un humour très doux, un humour d'identité avec tous les corps, un enthousiasme constant pour le progrès, un sens très exact des besoins et des possibilités et une certitude que je ne parviens pas à définir... Lorsqu'on entre dans cette conscience, on entre en même temps dans une sincérité très simple et totale et dans une joie qui est une sorte de jubilation tranquille et spontanée.

Cette conscience affleure parfois en moi comme un élan à l'effort physique, un besoin de progresser avec mes membres, comme en jouant, comme l'enfant progresse en jouant et se nourrit d'amour et d'énergie en donnant sans compter.

Mais pour parvenir volontairement à cet état de conscience si différent, il faut faire un effort physique très soutenu pour transcender le vital et surgir dans cet enthousiasme que rien ne semble pouvoir éteindre dans sa propre conscience.

Le vital est l'obstacle majeur à cette expérience, avec la peur, le désir et l'inertie.

Ce que j'ai compris, c'est que l'éducation physique est seulement un moyen – le moyen le plus pratique dans l'état, justement, de notre conscience vitale – pour atteindre cette conscience du corps. Mais que la conscience du corps n'a pas grand-chose à voir avec l'état des muscles, la souplesse ou les divers résultats sportifs, quoique la plasticité du corps physique, ou sa faculté d'obéir tranquillement, soient très appréciables.

La certitude du corps est, je crois, que tout est possible – absolument tout est possible ; je crois que ce qui ressemble vraiment beaucoup à la conscience du corps, c'est la conscience psychique. Toutes deux ont la même certitude du progrès et de la joie, de la lumière, toutes deux ont la même connaissance spontanée des éléments et des termes du progrès.

Le vital semble être décidément le berceau du mensonge, de l'ignorance, la force du refus de l'Inconscient à la lumière, au progrès simple et joyeux de la divinité sur terre.

Mais il sera converti, il collaborera, l'Inconscient sera compris et livrera son secret.

Ici, au gymnase, il y a un jeune homme qui semble vivre spontanément dans cette conscience ; lorsqu'il trouve une identité dans l'autre, sans aucune préférence, ses yeux s'éclairent d'une joie qui est vraiment la joie du corps, que rien ne peut imiter ni tromper. Je le regarde maintenant comme un exemple de Ton Yoga.

Aussi, je crois que le corps perçoit les autres corps selon une « psychologie » qui lui est particulière ; de même il peut y avoir des affinités entre les corps qui ne correspondent pas du tout dans les autres consciences de l'être.

Je comprends un peu mieux maintenant, avec justement une sorte de mouvement physique, ce qu'est la position correcte. Cela se passe simplement : il y a une pression en haut ; je me recule autant que possible, jusqu'à ce qu'une aspiration réponde au cœur ; alors se forme une zone comme entre deux aimants et là je dois rester en Te sentant, constamment, et cela peut être très merveilleux.

De cette position tout m'apparaît plus clairement, le vital n'a plus prise, je ne peux plus être projeté dans les attitudes, les activités et les singeries de l'ego. C'est comme si je comprenais enfin quelle porte Tu veux m'ouvrir.

Quel moyen béatifique de progresser... !

***15-12-1972, Paris :**

Douce Mère, quelque chose en moi a le sentiment de l'irréremédiable... ! C'est bon signe !

***18-12-1972, Paris :**

Il y a cette nature de mal qui monte sans cesse et salit tout et bafoue et corrompt, qui n'a de respect pour rien... ; je veux changer, devenir beau, vrai, sincère, un guerrier d'amour et je n'ai pas de force, je ne peux pas me donner à Toi, je ne trouve au fond de ma nature qu'un refus obstiné qui me tire en bas ou secrète son mal dans ma tête et mes sentiments... A partir de la poitrine et jusqu'en bas c'est une masse qui refuse Ta Force et c'est une tension constante.

Ce soir j'ai reçu une bonne lettre de Nata qui m'encourage à poursuivre la traduction de « Savitri ». Il me parle de la situation à l'Ashram et que Tu

abandonnes la direction physique. Je ne dois pas chercher à comprendre. Je sais que tout sera fait, et plus grand que nous l'espérons.

Je sais ceci : Tu ne peux pas partir. Ce n'est pas Ta Volonté.

Ta Volonté est d'assumer toutes les transformations, ici, sur terre.

Alors, il faut que nous nous fassions tout petits, des corps aimants sans ego, à Ton service, sans rien Te demander que la lumière et la force de Te vouloir.

***19-12-1972, Paris :**

Je sens que je ne peux plus me reposer sur Toi de la même manière, mais que je dois Te trouver plus intérieurement, plus concrètement, plus dans le présent.

***20-12-1972, Paris :**

Après ce film qu'ils ont passé (à la télévision) sur la ville, sur l'Ashram, sur Ton Darshan, sur Matrimandir... j'étais sans comprendre pourquoi Tu me voulais encore loin de Toi... j'aurais tant voulu servir Matrimandir...

Puis, un frère est arrivé, et une expérience avec lui que je ne comprend pas.

Puis-je T'offrir tout ce mélange ?

C'est comme une mer qui se bouleverse, je ne sais que T'offrir... tout est depuis quelques jours une incohérence, et inexprimable...

... « Dis-moi ce que tu as le plus peur de me dire... » Tu le sais, j'ai parfois essayé de Te l'offrir... cela monte de cette partie de moi qui se veut le centre du monde et croit à son propre rayonnement...

***21-12-1972, Paris :**

Ma tête est une bouillie brûlante assaillie sans cesse. Je suis tout tremblant.

Toute la nuit était cette lutte. Au début, les ondes de désir provoquaient un choc électrique qui soulevait mon corps. Puis quelque chose de mécanique a commencé de réciter en Anglais des vers de « Savitri », durant plusieurs heures ; lorsque le désir gagnait de l'adhésion en moi, cette mécanique perdait la mémoire et m'obligeait à me concentrer à nouveau sur « Savitri », jusqu'à ce que les vers reviennent dans leur ordre ininterrompu. Lorsque, par usure, ce désir a gagné, j'ai basculé. C'est là que j'ai senti que, de toutes manières, maintenant on allait monter, comme un nageur qui a touché le fond.

Enfin, c'est tout de même une zone pénible. Il vaut mieux ne pas avoir peur.

Je me suis rendu compte aussi que la peur du jugement que les Ashramites pourraient porter sur moi a un peu... timoré ma nature !

Un soir dans la rue, alors que je marchais sous la première neige très fine, une femme américaine s'est retournée et a semblé heureuse de me voir ; elle a dit « c'est beau de voir comme le soleil avec toutes ces couleurs... ! », parce que j'étais tout vêtu de rouge et c'était la nuit... Cela m'a réconforté...

Combien ma nature est peu généreuse !

***23-12-1972, Saint B. :**

Aujourd'hui la traduction de « Savitri » m'apparaît presque comme une entreprise impossible et vaine. J'ai une grande difficulté à reprendre. Si j'y parviens, il faudra veiller à ne plus l'interrompre pour plus d'une journée.

... Je ne vis pas dans le Vrai et le Simple...

***25-12-1972, Saint B. :**

Je me sens perdu et malheureux comme dans le puits contraignant de ma propre chute... Mais je sais aussi qu'une « chute » est souvent l'occasion d'une victoire...

***28-12-1972, Saint B. :**

L'année s'achève. L'angoisse du temps qui passe, pour rien semble-t-il parfois, ou si peu de progrès accomplis. Maître, mène-moi à ma juste place... !

***29-12-1972, Saint B. :**

Ta Force est là, qui rend la moindre chose difficile et féconde. Ne me quitte pas.

***30-12-1972, Saint B. :**

Ces forces sont immondes peut-être ; mais leur désir impitoyable, leur connaissance subtile, nous obligent à T'offrir l'intégralité de notre être. S'il n'en était pas ainsi, peut-être Tu ne pourrais vivre que dans une tête et une poitrine d'homme...

Ta réalisation... Ta victoire... dans le corps, le rire éclaté du Divin...

Ce soir, N. et C. viennent nous retrouver ; je suis content de cela, mon émotion est profonde.

La joie de se trouver réunis, quelque chose s'est allumée. Mais quelque chose s'est brouillée. Je reste avec une soif de vérité.

Mère, je voudrais Te voir.

-1973-***1-1-1973, Paris :**

Maître, devant Toi ce soir, je viens porter les cadeaux que j'ai reçus.
 Un mot d'amour de Krishna. Une confirmation de Nata.
 Ceci, je ne puis le comprendre, c'est inestimable.
 Mère, je sens que c'est Ton cadeau, que Tu as choisi pour moi...

***6-1-1973, Saint B. :**

Que puis-je Te demander ? Il faut d'abord que je sois sincère et fidèle dans les conditions que Tu me donnes.

***10-1-1973, Saint B. :**

Te voir, Douce Mère, Te voir.
 Cela seul je le sais. Je ne sais que cela.
 Mon désir de Te voir. Mon amour de Toi.
 Te voir, Douce Mère. Etre à Tes pieds.

***18-1-1973, Paris :**

Je vais, sûr que bientôt je Te rejoindrai, comme au bout d'une glissade à laquelle Tu m'as poussée. Tout ce qui résiste s'est levé en moi. N'est-ce pas le signe encore de Ta lumière ?
 Les seuls instants de silence que j'aie connus ces derniers jours sont quelques secondes précieuses passées devant les fleurs...

***20-1-1973, Rapperswil :**

J'ai besoin de Toi. J'ai besoin de Dieu !
 Larguer les amarres et partir sur l'océan de Toi, seul avec Toi, parmi les autres, à Ton service parmi les autres...
 Je veux T'aimer, mais rien, rien.

***23-1-1973, Paris :**

Une lettre de Nata est arrivée avec quelque chose de Toi, Douce Mère : ce sont Tes Bénédiction pour mon travail de « Savitri », et un nouvel encouragement de Nata.
 Il me dit aussi que je ne travaille pour personne, mais pour le Divin seul.

***25-1-1973, Paris :**

Il y a l'inertie. Il y a les armes de l'adversité : la tristesse, la peur, le désir, il y a encore les traînées de mon propre mensonge...

Je Te demande de m'aider à ne plus rien vouloir pour moi ; et pourtant, n'est-ce pas pour moi, pour mon propre bonheur et ma jouissance égoïste que je Te désire et demande à Te voir et à Te sentir...

***27-1-1973, Paris :**

Son Amour doucement appuie et pénètre. Mais je ne sais Lui répondre.

Seule se lève en moi une aspiration triste et intense, une aspiration blessée qui Te cherche et voudrait pouvoir aimer, une tristesse d'être petit et séparé.

Toujours c'est cette tristesse qui revient... n'est-elle pas un obstacle à Ta venue ?

Pour « Savitri » c'est une difficulté qui va presque, parfois, jusqu'à la douleur physique.

Mais aussi j'apprends à retrouver un peu de Sa Conscience au-dedans de moi, je reconnais des mouvements, des élans, des qualités qui sont les Siens.

***28-1-1973, Paris :**

Je crois que les seuls instants où j'approche de la Vérité sont ceux où, à l'état de veille et dans ma conscience physique, je suis conscient de Toi, de Ta Force, de l'aspiration. Tout le reste est mensonge. Et tout le reste, c'est beaucoup, Douce Mère... !

Mère innommable... mon Amour au monde... Cœur du monde...

***30-1-1973, Paris :**

J'ai trouvé que pour garder courage et endurance il me faut d'une part ne regarder que l'instant présent en un double mouvement d'appel et d'offrande et d'autre part me souvenir constamment que c'est Ta création qui se fait en mon être et que, par conséquent, je ne puis, je n'ai pas le droit de douter des résultats... Mais il y a un désir de Te revoir. Alors, si je regarde un peu plus loin que demain, je perds courage.

Une lettre de Nata : il me demande d'aider une jeune fille dont il me donne l'adresse...

***31-1-1973, Paris :**

Il y a tout cet ego – il est partout.

Et il y a ce fragment de Ta Conscience, cet enfant de Toi.

***4-2-1973, Paris :**

Tu me donnes tant de choses dont les hommes rêvent et pour quoi ils luttent.

Où puis-je trouver la force d'être digne de Toi ?

***5-2-1973, Paris :**

La Lumière est derrière, autour, au-dessus. Concrètement.

Mais le « moi » de ma conscience, c'est ce cauchemar, cette absurdité.

Je me sens comme dans un nœud d'obscurité tout entouré de lumière.

Comme si l'erreur se perpétuait en moi, l'erreur de se tromper de conscience, l'erreur de ne pas être Toi...

Tout va de travers. Quel effort ? Que faire ? Douce Mère, que puis-je faire là-dedans ?

***6-2-1973, Paris :**

Laisser tomber...

Ne vouloir que la lumière. Dans la simplicité d'être.

Lumière et simplicité.

***11-2-1973, Paris :**

J'ai été touché par un rêve que j'ai fait il y a deux nuits, un de ces rêves où les forces adverses prennent Ton nom et Ta place et montent la scène ; il y avait même le Samadhi et le « Service tree », très sales, souillés – et l'aspiration de cette partie qui rêvait a été aussi comme souillée...

***13-2-1973, Paris :**

Ce matin, une lettre de Krishna : il me dit de revenir, que Tu lui a confié une terre, que le feu brûle, qu'il voudrait que je sois avec lui...

Peut-être est-ce le début du retour ?

***21-2-1973, Paris :**

Toute seule, Douce Mère,

Toute seule portant le Suprême dans Ta Force,

Toute seule, pétrie de l'Amour divin,

Toute seule, Source du monde, Source de l'Etre,

Toute seule, Tu remportes la victoire.

Notre Mère. Notre Présence. Notre Secret. Notre Origine.

Notre Union. Notre Pouvoir.

Mère.

***22-2-1973, Paris :**

Cet après-midi c'était Ta Force, Ta Présence, c'était brûler dans le jour, avec un frère, enfants joyeux de Ton Feu bienheureux...

Et ce soir c'est le mensonge, l'incertitude, la brume, les miasmes de ces pauvres forces à la mesure de notre cœur si petit, si petit, mais qui ont encore tant de pouvoir sur la vie du corps...

Douce Mère je ne veux pas que Tu sois seule.

Je veux m'unir à Toi, que nous tous nous unissions à Toi et que Tu sois pour toute l'éternité du progrès notre Mère bienheureuse et notre Guide...

***26-2-1973, Paris :**

Quelque chose en moi depuis longtemps souffre d'être lié à l'expérience pour la nécessité du progrès ; cette partie voudrait que toute expérience naisse et réponde à l'ânanda de l'union, au lieu qu'elle soit un instrument douloureux employé aux fins d'un progrès mélangé et aveugle...

Pourtant, c'est évident, j'ai besoin pour m'éveiller de cette pression dans les circonstances, de ces chocs psychologiques...

***1-3-1973, Paris :**

Il y a quelques temps, un frère m'a rapporté ce que Satprem lui avait dit de moi : « Il a beaucoup de qualités, mais un énorme ego... ». Peut-être est-ce bien cela en effet qu'il faut dire... En l'entendant j'avais senti comme si Satprem avait trahi notre amour... Mais n'est-ce pas cet ego qui me fait désirer mourir et me terrer dans un coin, loin de tous avec ma douleur et mon impasse ?

Je n'ai que Toi pour vaincre et changer...

L'ego est tout. Mais il n'est pas les fleurs du « Samadhi » et il n'est pas l'escalier qui monte à Ta chambre...

***2-3-1973, Paris :**

C'est Toi seule qui portes l'amour suprême pour changer le monde et c'est Toi qui m'as fait naître et contracter ces liens.

C'est pourquoi le travail que Tu fais en moi est comme une opération très pénible, c'est pourquoi Tu m'as demandé d'avoir de l'endurance et c'est pourquoi j'ai tant de mal à me soumettre...

Lorsque je regarde avec ces yeux – ceux d'une nature asourique qui éprouve une intense admiration et dévotion pour Ton atmosphère – je ressens quelque chose d'unique. Tous, nous sommes petits et médiocres. Seul l'Amour divin aime, est réel. ... Toute chose me vient comme Ton Aide pour que j'assume ma nature et T'en fasse l'offrande, et c'est avec quelle tendresse, avec quelle douceur, avec quel don de Toi Même, que Tu m'entoures et m'aides à vivre les jours...

***5-3-1973, Paris :**

Je voudrais bien parfois que Tu me parles un peu, que Tu me dises ce que Tu attends de moi...

Ce matin une lettre de Nata, qui me trouble beaucoup. Il me dit que Tu es presque toujours en transe et qu'il n'a pu Te demander ; mais il me dit aussi que si je veux revenir, je dois me réconcilier avec André et Purna... Mais, Douce Mère, c'est eux qui sont contre moi et non le contraire... c'est seulement par Ta Grâce que leur attitude peut changer... Il me dit aussi que je ne dois plus lui envoyer mes traductions de « Savitri », qu'il ne peut plus s'en occuper... Sa lettre est très différente, j'y sens une froideur... Je ne sais rien. Que veux-Tu que je fasse ?

***7-3-1973, Paris :**

Je suis comme à la dérive... Mes efforts sont dérisoires pour repousser toutes les suggestions qui m'arrivent ; je suis comme le défenseur d'un fort assailli de tous côtés, je ne suis pas l'habitant de la demeure...

Quelque part il y a comme une toute petite certitude joyeuse, un rire d'évidence, un œil qui se moque de toutes ces difficultés et ces mélanges et ces épais malentendus si sérieux, un rire qui rie à l'avance des difficultés à venir, si sérieuses ; une certitude que je verrai, c'était ridicule tous ces problèmes et ces dilemmes... ridicule !

***13-3-1973, Paris :**

Pour tous les progrès qui sont à faire je trouve que j'ai besoin de Toi, d'être dans Ton atmosphère. J'abandonne cette volonté coupable de repousser les pensées de mon retour : j'ai besoin de Toi, j'ai besoin de m'ouvrir.

Ce soir j'ai compris – une compréhension d'une seconde – combien merveilleuse devait être l'aspiration du corps.

Aussi il me semble percevoir que le mental physique terrestre commence d'admettre, comme possibilité actuelle, la transformation de Ton corps, la continuation et l'immortalité apparente de Ta vie physique : n'est-ce pas le signe que Ta victoire est certaine ?

***14-3-1973, Paris :**

Mère adorée, je ne puis retenir une joie si grande, si folle, celle d'un enfant libre enfin de courir vers sa mère, vers son foyer, à l'idée que je vais rentrer...

A côté, des choses viennent murmurer que le moment n'est pas venu, qu'il me faudra attendre bien longtemps loin de Toi, que les racines de la volonté de pouvoir sont loin d'être extraites, que je suis loin d'être capable de Te servir...

Quelle est Ta Volonté dans tout cela ?

***16-3-1973, Paris :**

Au milieu de la nuit j'ai eu un long rêve où une force adverse prenait Ta forme et Ta fonction ; vers la fin elle m'a dit par Ta bouche que je ne reviendrais jamais.

Douce Mère, lorsque je me suis réveillé, bouleversé, j'ai mis un certain temps à m'assurer que ce n'était pas Toi : ma soumission était malheureuse, je n'éprouvais pas la dévotion du cœur à Ton contact, ce n'était pas Ta Présence, Ton Amour.

Je suis resté très troublé : deux frères assistaient à tout ce qui se passait entre cet être et moi et allumaient des cierges ; ils semblaient trouver normal et presque plaisant l'état de diminution dans lequel je me trouvais. Au réveil, je n'avais plus confiance en rien, ni en personne.

Ce que je ne puis comprendre, c'est pourquoi ces forces continuent-elles d'exercer librement leur empire ? Ne savent-elles pas que Tu es plus forte, plus puissante que leur totalité réunie ?

Il ne faut pas s'enfuir dans des états meilleurs, mais descendre, les yeux ouverts, et regarder, guidé par Toi, et T'offrir tout ce que je vois.

***17-3-1973, Paris :**

La transformation de la nature égoïste demande tant de soin et de patience et d'attention et d'amour ; permettez que de mon côté je développe les qualités nécessaires de soumission et d'endurance...

***25-3-1973, Paris :**

Il se produit dans chaque individu ce qui se produit dans le monde...

***1980, Auroville :**

On va en enfer, consciemment. Le mieux c'est d'y aller debout, vivant, sur la terre, dans un corps.

On va en enfer. On n'en ressort jamais. Il n'y a nulle issue de l'enfer.

On peut croire que l'on est sorti. Mais on se ment à soi-même. Nul ne peut en sortir. Nulle grâce, nul secours ne peuvent jamais vraiment délivrer de l'enfer.

Il n'y a qu'une réalisation : l'enfer n'existe pas !

Un état que l'on ne peut imiter, auquel on ne peut prétendre.

Consciemment on accepte la loi de l'enfer. Lorsqu'on aspire à ne plus tricher, mais qu'on n'est pas encore capable de liberté.

On éprouve l'enfer.

Et, un jour de ce temps, de cet espace, ou d'autres espaces-temps, on accepte que ce soit fini.

L'enfer s'invalide. L'adversité se défait.

On a appris.

Que l'on existe. Que l'on peut choisir. Et, le sachant, que l'on peut offrir et unir son choix à Cela qui est.

***27-3-1973, Paris :**

Aujourd'hui l'atmosphère s'est apaisée, le brouillard s'est un peu retiré.

Il m'a semblé que ce que j'avais vécu était comme l'illustration à ma mesure de la réalité des forces qu'Il exprime et décrit dans ce passage de « Savitri » que je viens de traduire.

J'essaie de progresser avec la Force sans poser de questions ou, du moins, en adhérant le moins possible aux questions inutiles. Tout cela me fait envisager des aspects, des réalités, comme par des fenêtres orientées dans beaucoup de directions que l'on ouvre un instant puis referme. Tout est à faire.

Je ne puis pas Te dire aujourd'hui que j'ai toutes les difficultés, mais que toutes les difficultés sont là.

Je ne comprends rien, je ne sais rien. Toi seule existes, Toi seule es réelle.

***1-4-1973, Paris :**

Ces jours-ci j'ai traduit deux chants de « Savitri », « La Descente dans la Nuit » et « Le Monde du Mensonge », qui m'ont beaucoup aidé. C'était, c'est très important pour moi.

Maintenant, beaucoup de mon passé, beaucoup de ce que je suis, s'éclaire.

Presque tout, en fait.

Avec cette phrase de Toi, disant que le vital est indispensable à la transformation et à la manifestation divine et que c'est pour cette raison que les forces adverses s'en sont presque totalement emparé.

Alors, toute la culpabilité s'en va de moi.

Comme à chaque fois que je ressens l'aide de Sri Aurobindo, c'est un élargissement, la perception profonde que tout – le mal les difficultés, les adversités, les résistances – est compris dans un immense embrassement d'amour et de clairvoyance, sans aucun jugement.

Alors, c'est comme un être blessé en moi qui doucement ose relever la tête et sourire et croire, comme si j'étais caressé par la main d'un Ami qui ne me juge pas et me conduit et me montre la charge qui m'est échue.

Mais cela ne vient pas dans la conscience extérieure. Là c'est le désordre, la confusion, un imbroglio de faux mouvements.

***2-4-1973, Paris :**

Ce matin, la réponse de Satprem, très froide, quelque chose comme une trahison du rapport que nous avons eu. Je comprends que Tu veux que je m'en remette à Toi seule. Il me dit : « Seule Mère peut te dire si tu es prêt à revenir ou non. Ton travail sur « Savitri » est une excellente façon de rester dans l'atmosphère, à condition que tu le fasses pour toi, sans aucune idée de publication ni de résultat, sauf le résultat intérieur... ».

Voilà. Cette lettre m'a semblé à côté, je ne sens pas quelque chose de Toi qui me soit vraiment destiné... Je ne pourrais jamais faire ce travail pour « moi », ça me dégoûterait... Je ne suis pas intéressé par mon propre progrès. Ce que je fais depuis le début, c'est de Te l'envoyer comme une offrande, en espérant qu'elle sera utile, comme tout travail que Tu me donnerais à faire si j'étais à l'Ashram. Mais je ne m'attache pas du tout à ce qui sera fait de ce travail, cela m'est égal. C'est dans cette mesure que j'ai pensé souvent que cela aiderait certains de pouvoir lire « Savitri » en Français. Et lorsque j'avais commencé ce travail, c'était venu en réponse à mon aspiration à être utile, à servir à quelque chose...

***3-4-1973, Paris :**

J'en arrive à la conclusion qu'il faut, même si c'est seulement pour moi, que je continue « Savitri », parce que cela m'est nécessaire, parce que j'en ai besoin... Que vas-tu me faire encore accepter, Douce Mère ?!

Sans Toi je serais une bête, sans autres désirs que ceux d'une bête...

***5-4-1973, Paris :**

Douce Mère, depuis deux jours, Tu es en moi, comme si nous étions seuls dans Ta chambre. Mais je n'arrive pas à devenir silencieux et soumis pour T'écouter et T'obéir.

Je voudrais pouvoir Te dire intégralement : « je m'engage à continuer le chemin, coûte que coûte, même si Tu me dis que Ta Volonté est de me garder éloigné et que je Te trouve et Te serve ici ou ailleurs et non à l'Ashram ou à Auroville... ».

Et puis, quelque chose qui n'arrive pas à croire.

C'est difficile. Aide-moi à comprendre.

Mère, je veux aller à Auroville.

***6-4-1973, Paris :**

Tranquillité, tranquillité... même si je suis sûr et voudrais crier de joie et de plénitude... Que le mental n'en profite pas pour moudre.

Se préparer.

« Les choses ne se réalisent que lorsqu'elles sont l'expression d'une vérité intérieure... ».

***7-4-1973, Paris :**

J'ai lu hier qu' « une foi inébranlable en la réalisation de quelque chose est le signe de la sanction du Divin ».

Alors je suis sûr que je rentrerai.

***8-4-1973, Paris :**

... « Mais si vous découvrez en vous une ombre très épaisse et très profonde, soyez sûr, quelque part en vous, d'une grande lumière. A vous de savoir utiliser l'une pour réaliser l'autre... » !

Douce Mère, être avec Toi ma Bien Aimée, ma Mère totale, seule Habitante de mon secret, Source et Cible divine de mon offrande et de ma vérité...

***9-4-1973, Paris :**

Est-ce que cela peut aider le monde, lorsque l'offrande est belle ?

***12-4-1973, Paris :**

Je comprends que le besoin est plus fort et plus réel et plus sincère que la volonté...

***17-4-1973, Paris :**

Je sais que si le Divin vient me voir ainsi grimaçant et défiguré, c'est pour éprouver ma foi et mon amour, et c'est qu'Il m'aime aussi.

Que faire, il n'y a rien d'autre à faire qu'aimer le Divin dans son cœur, qu'il soit Toi, Douce Mère, ou Toi Sri Aurobindo, ou mon frère, aimer, aimer le Divin, un jour Il me mènera à Vos pieds, comme aujourd'hui Il me fait pleurer.

***20-4-1973, Paris :**

Les arguments de ces forces de division sont méchants et stupides, et si nous leur sommes réceptifs et malgré nous soumis, c'est que nous sommes bien petits, beaucoup d'égoïsme et bien peu d'amour.

Cela semble sans issue... un guêpier innommable, un traquenard dont je voudrais sortir les jambes à mon coup et me précipiter lâchement du côté du Samadhi, sans avoir rien résolu... Mais c'est bien dans ces conditions qu'il me faut être sincère !

Toi que rien n'est digne de nommer, je Te demande de m'accorder le discernement et la force de ne pas adhérer.

Je ne veux pas rejeter, car le rejet fait toujours mal à celui qui est rejeté ; mais ce lien vital nous lie au mensonge. Alors, c'est la rose rouge...

Permet que cela ne fasse pas de mal... Ce qui est vrai sera gardé et grandi et libéré, rien ne doit faire entrave à la Vérité...

Je crois que j'ai compris... j'ai mis le temps : Quelle aide !

Quelle expérience !

Le temps du Surmental est fini ! Le Divin veut vivre !

C'est à Lui de vivre !

***13-5-1973, Paris :**

Mère d'Amour, Mère éternelle, nos âmes toutes réunies chantent Ta victoire, elles T'accompagnent et T'entourent d'un chant de silencieux triomphe...

Nous ne pouvons pas savoir ce que cela doit être, car la Vérité naît d'Elle Même, et c'est toujours en nous ce qui n'est pas encore Elle qui demande à savoir ou comprendre.

« La puissante Mère prendra naissance dans le Temps. »

***14-5-1973, Paris :**

Rien ne me rend plus content, plus sûr, que lorsque Ta douce pression se pose et s'installe et me couvre et me protège : alors, malgré le tournis, malgré le brouillard, je sais que tout est possible et que tout sera fait puisque Tu le veux.

***24-5-1973, Claouey :**

J'ai trouvé une occupation merveilleuse : penser à Ton nouveau corps, et comment la Vérité organisera le progrès de chacun, comment chacun sera vraiment, absolument aux pieds de la Vérité et dans la nécessité absolue de la sincérité...

Douce Mère, je mène une vie heureuse, je suis comblé...

***9-6-1973, Claouey :**

Je sais maintenant que Tu ne vois plus personne depuis quinze jours...

Je relis toutes les « Notes sur le Chemin ».

Parfois, tout semble évident et simple, et aussi ce que Tu attends de nous...

J'essaie de comprendre, de m'ouvrir.

Par exemple ceci : toutes Tes cellules sont conscientes de la Conscience : ainsi peuvent-elles consciemment, matériellement, s'unir au corps formé par le psychique, lui donnant ainsi la qualité matérielle nécessaire de fixité et de densité, et laissant la peau du corps actuel, les éléments et les organes qui sont inutiles au nouveau fonctionnement – sûrement, c'est beaucoup plus merveilleux, infiniment plus.

Mais ce qui est sûr, c'est qu'aucun de nous n'échappera à la nécessité de la sincérité, n'échappera à ce qu'il est, proportionnellement à la Conscience, c'est-à-dire que chacun ne Te verra, n'aura de contact matériel avec Toi, qu'à la mesure de son propre progrès...

La Conscience a travaillé en nous tous et nous a menés à un état d'être, en quelques mois, que nous n'aurions jamais accepté ou cru possible...

***13-6-1973, Claouey :**

Je crois que, du fait que nous sommes liés au désir et à l'ego, c'est-à-dire au désir d'exister séparément, pour sa satisfaction indépendante, nous sommes liés aussi à la notion de la nécessité de la souffrance et à la conception d'un dieu qui punit.

Cela, je le sens terriblement – à cause de la perte des cheveux : c'est dans le corps, c'est-à-dire, le mental et le vital du corps, sentir le divin comme punissant...

Je m'en suis rendu compte ce matin parce que, pour la première fois, il m'est venu l'idée que, peut-être, Tu voulais la beauté et l'harmonie, même plus que je ne le veux moi-même, mais que ce que Tu refusais, c'était le désir de la satisfaction égoïste... Alors j'ai senti comme une fermeté dans le corps, une attitude saine qui se réveillait et qui pouvait, du dedans, volontairement, remettre l'harmonie, par un mouvement de force spontanée. Mais je n'y arrive pas...

***22-6-1973, Claouey :**

Qu'est-ce que la durée d'une vie humaine ?

Est-ce la conscience d'immortalité qui presse ainsi ?

***3-7-1973, Paris :**

Si je regarde bien, je trouve que Tu es là et que Tu me fais incroyablement heureux. Chaque instant, Tu mets devant ma conscience la chose ou le mouvement qui sont contraires à Ta Présence ; ainsi il me suffit de faire à chaque instant l'effort nécessaire, sans plus s'occuper de l'instant suivant, ni même du résultat de l'effort...

Qui a dit que la transformation serait difficile ou douloureuse ?...

Ainsi, c'est tout le contraire, c'est une aventure merveilleuse, immense, comme le plus beau jeu qui soit déjà possible, une aventure qui porte en elle le fruit d'extase...

***6-7-1973, Paris :**

Rien n'a de sens ; tout apparaît comme une énigme ou une impossibilité...

Qu'est-ce que cette chimie de l'ignorance, cette chimie de l'égo, sur quoi repose-t-elle ?

Il y a quelque chose que j'observe depuis longtemps : cet être vital inférieur, qui est un mensonge permanent et que rien ne semble pouvoir convaincre, ni même atteindre, tant il est « naturel » et si bien installé à sa place, un gnome accepté de tous, jouissant de toutes ses aises, cet être, pour peu que je ne sois pas vraiment concentré, jaillit comme un diable dans mes yeux dès que la lueur de sa présence apparaît dans les yeux de l'autre, ou simultanément – dès qu'il y a le moindre mensonge... Il semble être derrière tous les rapports humains, quels qu'ils soient, et il est le même en tous. Bien souvent, même chez ceux qui se donnent à Toi, je le vois dans leurs yeux. Bien souvent sa présence crue est recouverte des mélanges particuliers à chacun, qui font que l'on n'est pas exactement conscient de sa présence.

J'ai cru noter que, selon le développement de l'individu, il se manifeste et s'exprime sur une gamme plus ou moins grossière de vibrations – du très vulgaire et bestial au violemment brillant -, mais que, dans son « essence » et sa « qualité » il est le même, invariable, immuable, royalement établi et se moquant de tous nos efforts et manoeuvrant beaucoup de ficelles.

Je ne connais absolument personne ici chez qui, soit immédiatement, soit après une légère insistance, il n'apparaisse pas : il est là, tapi ou prélassé au-dedans, prêt à briller dans les yeux de chacun, assis énorme et satisfait devant une table chargée d'atouts faciles. Lorsqu'il y a dans l'être un certain type de sincérité vitale, une certaine aspiration, alors sa présence, lorsqu'elle surgit, provoque une souffrance ; mais d'une manière générale, c'est certainement lui qui occasionne et produit, sinon provoque, toutes les douleurs affectives et psychologiques de la majorité des hommes...

Voilà. Je sans que sa conversion est la clé de beaucoup de trésors...

Tu me fais comprendre que la transformation n'est pas changer quelque chose en quelque chose d'autre ; mais que chaque point, chaque mouvement, chaque élément, chaque force, prenne conscience de Toi et que sans Toi rien n'existe, que tout est Toi... Alors c'est Toi qui dois naître, Te manifester Toi-même en Toi-même, pour la joie de Toi-même, au rythme de Toi-même...

C'est drôle à découvrir...

Je crois que seulement maintenant sur la Terre, grâce à Douce Mère, on commence à Te comprendre et à comprendre ce que Tu veux, à comprendre que c'est Toi, qu'il n'y a que Toi...

Comme Tu dois aimer Douce Mère ! Comme Elle et Toi vous devez aimer !

***7-7-1973, Paris :**

La grisaille de la conscience physique inchangée... quelques pensées malades qui tournent, un ego animal grossier, bien persuadé d'exister et que tout existe comme lui, sans aucun goût pour autre chose, ne croyant absolument pas à une autre réalité... « ...l'esprit, la lumière, Toi-même oui, peut-être pour Vous, de l'autre côté, un rêve, mais moi je n'y crois pas... ! »...

Dehors aussi le ciel est gris.

Tu feras ce que Tu voudras.

***8-7-1973, Paris :**

C'est notre amour qui change mon être, Douce Mère... !

***11-7-1973, Paris :**

Ma Douce Mère, je T'aime.

Si Tu le veux, un jour je serai digne de Toi.

***14-7-1973, Paris :**

Il y a quelque chose, en haut, qui ne se fait pas, quelque chose qui ne se donne pas et me garde lié à d'autres déterminismes... Je ne sais pas, je Te dis cela comme à tâtons...

***16-7-1973, Paris :**

J'essaie de me tourner vers la Grâce, j'essaie de comprendre que si la Grâce ne pouvait pas annuler toutes les conséquences et effacer tous les contrats, la transformation ne serait pas possible, ou elle prendrait un temps infini...

J'essaie de me tourner vers Toi, Douce Mère, et d'avoir confiance...

***19-7-1973, Paris :**

En commençant de lire « Le Sannyasin », j'ai été très mal à l'aise, le sentiment d'être happé dans un univers personnel... Maintenant j'y suis, et je m'y reconnais tout à fait bien... Je le comprends vraiment, c'est pareil, c'est la même histoire... Mais si je regarde comment cela se passe pour moi, toujours je vois que l'Ombre était là : mon morceau de mensonge, mon morceau de « non », de refus, et cela ne m'a jamais quitté, je n'ai jamais eu d'expérience sans avoir conscience, même très subtilement, de l'ombre ; jamais. Et tout s'efface au fur et à mesure, je ne me souviens pas comme Satprem se souvient, tout semble retourner à Toi, peut-être... je ne sais pas...

L'Ombre doit céder sa lumière.

Ce qu'il y a, pour moi, c'est que l'ego refuse absolument l'abandon – ça ne peut pas passer. La seule chose qui peut passer, c'est l'amour de Toi... Toutes les autres expériences, c'est comme si elles venaient jusqu'au bord et là, l'ego les enregistre

et les emporte dans sa tanière, mais l'être ne les vit pas vraiment : je sais, je sens, je comprend, mais je ne vis pas. L'expérience n'atteint pas la puissance du changement, ça se passe autrement... autrement, je ne saurais pas le dire... ça change, mais pas comme ça... je ne sais pas l'expliquer...

***22-7-1973, Paris :**

« Le Sannyasin », c'est la première histoire vraie que je lis et rencontre... elle est vraie parce qu'elle dit vraiment comment Tu viens, comment Tu es en nous, comment Tu nous ouvres les yeux, comment Tu nous appelles et nous emplis : nous sommes vraiment frères sur le même chemin, dans les mêmes bras, habités par le même cri de Toi – chacun sa note de Toi...

Bien souvent j'ai senti que Satprem était comme notre représentant auprès de Toi : c'est ainsi que je le trouve au-dedans de moi, dans notre hiérarchie d'amour...

Ce livre, c'est comme une offrande pure à Ta venue.

Voilà. Un jour je Te ferai mon offrande ; c'est plus loin sur mon chemin, il faut que l'égo s'en aille – mais je Te la ferai, je Te le promets... !

***25-7-1973, Paris :**

J'ai dans le mental une forte puissance de formation, c'est capable de construire toute une vie comme ça, tout comme, avant, c'était capable de bâtir toute une maison jusqu'au moindre ourlet de coussin, en deux heures – ou un film, ou un livre... C'est une force qui doit être très utile si elle est mise au service de la Vérité, mais actuellement elle se met toujours en travers de ma soumission... Comment lui faire comprendre : « Ce que Tu veux ! »... ?

Il y a tellement de progrès à faire à la fois, et tout s'en mêle !

Un chaos de fragments, happés comme ça entre les heures...

Ca ne fait rien. Tu es là.

***26-7-1973, Paris :**

C'est un tombereau de roses rouges qu'il me faut !

***28-7-1973, Paris :**

Une drôle d'impasse... Je voudrais bien Te vouloir mais je ne peux pas, parce que je ne veux pas... !

Et pourquoi je ne veux pas ? Je ne sais pas !

Je sais, je sens que je ne veux pas. C'est tout.

C'est absurde, c'est petit, dur, noué.

Et, derrière : il faut que je m'active, que je m'active...

Ouf !

En même temps, dès que ça devient inutilement pénible, Tu me donnes la chose dont j'ai besoin.

« Si nos âmes pouvaient voir, aimer, étreindre la Vérité de Dieu,
Son infinie radiance s'emparerait de nos cœurs,
Notre être à l'image de Dieu serait recréé
Et la vie terrestre deviendrait la vie divine. »

***29-7-1973, Paris :**

Il y a la Force, la Lumière, qui presse doucement, comme une extase continue.

Il y a dans le cœur une flamme qui attend de jaillir à Sa rencontre.

Lorsque les deux s'unissent, l'être T'est offert, tout est possible.

Quelque chose s'interpose, empêche la colonne de se former : « je veux manger tout à l'heure, je ne peux pas m'annuler comme ça, qu'est-ce qui arrivera, on oubliera de manger !... »...

Cela fait des mois et des mois que ça dure... !

Je suis au pied du mur et c'est peut-être le bon mur, mais ce n'est pas le bon « je » !

***5-8-1973, Paris :**

Je crois que je suis en train de passer mille petits examens et que j'en rate la plupart... mais je ne suis pas sourd à certaines leçons !

Tu es là, je ne comprends pas comment...

Quelquefois je ris avec Toi, parce que vraiment Ta Grâce est pleine d'humour...

Quand je commence à vraiment m'enfoncer, c'est comme si Tu me donnais une petite pichenette, très ambiguë, de quoi me relever pour retomber à côté : et Tu regardes mes indignations, mes pauvres efforts de boîte fermée, mes paniques et Tu ris doucement, et Tu aimes.

Moi aussi je veux aimer, être capable d'aimer – mais cela, Tu le veux encore bien plus que je le veux, c'est Ta Volonté !

Parfois j'ai quelques secondes de gratitude... et puis, bien souvent, je suis désespéré, le mensonge me reprend avec son drame ; alors aussi Tu es là, Tu m'aides : là aussi, Tu aimes.

***7-8-1973, Paris :**

Maintenant que j'essaie de me défaire à l'état de veille de ce mental formateur et de son incroyable activité, je m'en retrouve le prisonnier pendant presque toute la nuit ; je comprends mieux certaines choses... Ta Volonté n'est sûrement pas de mutiler, de supprimer ; mais alors, où est la place de cet instrument mental ? Il me semble que le mensonge n'est pas vraiment en lui, mais plutôt qu'il est comme une faculté très immédiate et très puissante, qui fonctionne sur l'impulsion de forces assez diverses... Quelle est la juste place de cette faculté, comment, à quel service doit-elle fonctionner, et pour quels résultats ?

Je voudrais que Tu me montres, je sens que c'est une clé très précieuse...

***8-8-1973, Paris :**

Je suis seul, je suis libre, je n'ai aucune obligation, je puis vraiment m'offrir tout entier et, au lieu d'être tranquille, je panique à l'idée de passer cinq minutes sans rien faire... !

***10-8-1973, Paris :**

Il me prend l'envie de me battre avec ces forces malignes qui tirent par en dessous, qui rentrent comme chez elles, invulnérables, tellement surnoisées et sûres d'elles.

Mais elles ont une qualité, une utilité : elles obligent à appeler un pouvoir plus conscient, plus direct, plus central – Ton Pouvoir – pour finalement changer vraiment les conditions de la vie terrestre...

Eh bien, je ne suis pas réceptif au Pouvoir, pas encore... Mais je suis bien réceptif à ces chimpanzés qui jouent aux billes avec nos natures d'hommes « supérieurs »... Comment s'ouvrir en bas, tout en bas ?

« La Prière du Vedantin »

(Traduction libre de l'Anglais original du poème de Sri Aurobindo)

« Esprit Suprême,
 Toi qui rêves dans le silence du cœur,
 Lueur éternelle,
 Toi seul demeures !
 Ah, pourquoi de cette obscurité suis-je voilé,
 Ma part ensoleillée
 Par les nuées assaillie ?
 Par le désir ainsi défiguré,
 Divisé, halé,
 Mordu par la flamme
 D'accès passionnés, de Ta quiétude expulsé
 Dans le tournoiement
 De toute rafale ?
 Livré au malheur, d'épouvante frappé,
 Captif du vice ?
 Ne laisse pas mon passé
 Maculé de sang repousser Ta pitié
 Ni même
 La retarder,
 Souveraine,
 O seule vérité !
 Ni les dieux spécieux qui T'imitent encore
 Tromper ma jeunesse.
 Apaise les clameurs ;
 Car je veux entendre Ta voix et connaître
 Ta Volonté.
 Ce brillant spectacle
 Encombre le seuil de l'éternité,
 Dissipe-le – consacre
 Le regard délivré,
 Le cœur rajeuni et clarifié – blâme,
 O Seigneur,
 Ces espoirs criards
 Qui m'assourdissent,
 Dissous mes siècles souillés, restaure
 Ma pureté.
 De la Connaissance
 Ouvre la porte cachée. Que la Force
 Te manifeste !
 Que l'Amour
 Se répande ! »

Sri Aurobindo

***19-8-1973, Paris :**

Quelle est cette chose qui nous fait tricher ?

Quel est ce singe qui monte dans nos yeux et nous fait mentir ?

Cela fait des mois que j'essaie de comprendre son mystère et de trouver son logis ; et de quoi il est fait et le secret qu'il dissimule.

C'est le singe qui nous est commun à tous – tous les hommes et les femmes de la terre et tous les enfants sont habités par lui, il est le même en tous : qui est-il ?

Mais je suis encore trop sa victime et sa marionnette ; parfois je le hais et parfois je le trouve finalement plus acceptable que toutes nos saintes attitudes qui sont autant de jolis manteaux ; parfois j'ai été son allié et parfois j'aurais bien voulu en être débarrassé... comme tout le monde !

Il faut que je monte très haut pour sentir qu'un être peut l'avoir vraiment transformé en lui... Satprem peut-être, Pavitra, Nolini, d'autres ?... Mais si je redescends, en la plupart même des sadhaks je suis sûr qu'avec une petite insistance et au bon moment... il resurgirait tout pareil et en pleine santé !

Il fait honte à tous nos efforts !

Mais ce qui le rend finalement si mystérieux, en tous les cas pour moi, c'est qu'il semble impossible de le trouver en soi lorsqu'on est tout seul – pfft ! endormi, caché dans sa chambre, et où est sa chambre, je ne sais pas... Et puis, le moindre rapport, le moindre échange et il est là, instantanément... !

***26-8-1973, Paris :**

Parfois je sens – j'ose à peine croire – que je suis mené petit à petit, infailliblement, vers un être spirituel pleinement éveillé, qui est « moi ». Mais cela c'est comme une Grâce que je n'ose croire, tant je m'en sens indigne ; quoique ce sentiment d'indignité, en même temps, m'apparaisse bien inutile !

***27-8-1973, Paris :**

Sri Aurobindo, je veux me donner à Toi. Tu es Celui que j'ai toujours cherché.

Sri Aurobindo, Tu es la Vérité, la simple Vérité entière que tous les cœurs ont attendue à travers les siècles...

Tu as assumé notre vérité, Tu es venu, notre émissaire, notre verbe, notre aspiration et notre certitude victorieuse, et Tu as parlé et Tu as appelé.

Et Mère, Douce Mère, a répondu, Elle est venue Te donner la Force et réaliser.

***28-8-1973, Paris :**

De toute cette machinerie qui s'est greffée sur mon être depuis ma naissance il reste surtout cette première liaison au mensonge : cette force qui m'a lié à cette obsession sexuelle particulière, à l'origine de tous mes contrats obscurs.

J'essaie, surtout en marchant dans la ville, grâce aux mille petites occasions qui font vibrer ce vieil attachement, de ne plus y répondre ; mais c'est long.

Parfois dans la journée j'ai cette impression de baigner dans le mensonge, que presque toute ma nature extérieure est reliée par une quantité de petites connexions à l'univers du mensonge.

***2-9-1973, Saint B. :**

Je Te disais dans ma tête « je voudrais être avec Toi, marcher avec Toi, être toujours conscient de Ton Progrès, de Ton Présent, ne pas être à la traîne... », puis

ça s'est un peu déchiré et j'ai vu clairement l'effort, le bond qu'il me faudrait faire pour Te rejoindre et me tenir à Ton Rythme, porté par Toi, et j'ai pensé : « mais c'est un effort surhumain ! ». Et en même temps j'ai vu, j'ai senti que c'était possible, que je pouvais le faire. Et, à cette seconde, je T'ai entendue me dire : « Si tu veux le faire, mon aide est avec toi ! ».

Alors j'ai su que non seulement c'était possible, mais que ce serait fait.

Puis, la seconde d'après, quelque chose a glissé et je me suis retrouvé dans mon ego mental, comme un voile était retombé. Je ne pouvais plus être sincère, même si mentalement je ne trichais pas et voulais honnêtement comprendre quel était cet effort.

Et maintenant je ne retrouve plus cet état de conscience, où je vois l'effort à faire et, en même temps je peux le faire, si je le veux, parce que Ton aide est là...

Lorsque le voile est retiré, c'est tout clair, la sincérité est une chose concrète, un mouvement réel et Ton Aide est tangible et l'effort à faire est presque comme un bond physique.

Et lorsque le voile retombe, alors tout est trouble, ambigu, un jeu de miroirs, une succession d'échos, et tout progrès se mesure dans le temps, et la joie en est presque absente...

***12-9-1973, Barjols :**

Je comprend bien maintenant que la première et essentielle condition pour être sincère et désintéressé dans le travail, pour que le travail à Ton service soit bon et vrai, est le silence et la paix du mental.

Sans cette paix, cette tranquillité du désintéressement, le travail est difficile, s'accomplit au prix d'une lutte constante contre l'inertie, manque d'efficacité et de continuité et ne peut rien changer en soi.

Et puis je veux Te dire ceci : chaque fois que je vois un endroit harmonieux, une belle demeure, revient cette vieille formation d'une communauté à Ton service – soi-disant – et de moi éclairé, que toutes les expériences passées n'ont pu, il semble, encore déloger... J'ai peur de cette formation, soit parce qu'en y étant encore réceptif Tu ne pourras me reprendre près de Toi, soit qu'elle contienne quelque vérité et qu'elle doive se réaliser loin de Toi – là, c'est presque un « non » de répulsion !

Les heures où je ne travaille pas, je vais manger les fruits sur les arbres, comme quand j'étais petit...

J'essaie d'avoir confiance.

Je T'aime.

***15-9-1973, Barjols :**

La pression est parfois si forte que je suis repris de vertiges. Il y a tant d'insincérité dans mon être...

Douce Mère, je sais que Ton Corps est plein de lumière et de Vie – même si Tu ne peux pas parler ni Te mouvoir, Ton corps est si plein, si absolument consacré...

J'ai des images de Ton Corps, si plein de Vie, si plein...

***19-9-1973, Barjols :**

Je voudrais trouver ma conscience centrale, le dénominateur commun de toutes ces parties...

Hier, Tu étais toute en blanc, Mère d'Amour, si belle...

Je ne sais pas où j'en suis. Suis aveugle encore, et comprend si mal et si peu ce que veut la Force.
Rend-moi plus conscient dans le cœur, Mère divine...

***24-9-1873, Barjols :**

Il faudrait que ma conscience physique ait vraiment confiance en Toi, et deux choses empêchent cette confiance : d'une part cette culpabilité de ne pas avoir à trimer comme le terrien le plus obscurément nécessaire ; d'autre part le manque d'endurance nerveuse.
Maintenant tout est brouillé. Porte-moi...

***27-9-1973, Barjols :**

Tous les chevaux ne Te regardent pas encore.
Je ne sais rien.

***30-9-1973, Lyon :**

Que puis-je ?
N'est-ce pas Toi qui m'as mené jusque là ?
N'est-ce pas Toi qui me prendras dans le Yoga ?

***3-10-1973, Paris :**

Cette joie que la pensée du retour fait venir en moi, cette joie est puissante : il me faut être tranquille, paisible et vaste pour en recevoir beaucoup, afin d'être plus près de Toi et d'avoir plus d'amour.
C'est cette joie je crois qui peut donner le pouvoir d'aimer.

***5-10-1973, Paris :**

Je suis encore le pantin aveugle que manipulent les forces du désir.
En même temps une joie plus profonde attend pour s'exprimer que l'être soit en accord avec Ta Volonté.
Je Te sens, Douce Mère, comme si Tu me rassurais et m'apaisais, en disant :
« Calme, calme, sois tranquille, c'est sûr, je Te prend, c'est sûr, sois tranquille, laisse-moi faire, laisse faire le Seigneur... ».
J'ai soif de Te croire, j'ai soif de certitude.

***6-10-1973, Essises :**

Si je pense à Auroville extérieurement, j'ai peur d'y retourner, peur d'être refusé, ou de ne pouvoir m'y adapter.
Et si je regarde intérieurement je n'ai qu'un geste, qu'un mouvement, qu'un élan : rentrer.
Voilà.

***10-10-1973, Paris :**

D'un côté c'est presque comme si j'avais décroché et recheté dans une conscience très ordinaire, où il n'y a de progrès que celui de la nature ; et de l'autre côté je crois sentir que c'est bien, que j'en finis avec tout un mensonge...

***1979, Auroville :**

Qu'est-ce qui se passe quand on n'a plus de famille, de clan, de parti, de nation ni d'idéal, quand on n'a plus de rival ni d'ennemi, quand on n'a plus rien à fuir, à rejeter ou à combattre, plus rien à affirmer, à prouver ni à détruire, plus rien à prendre, à voler ni à servir, qu'est-ce qui se passe quand on est tout nu, seul avec d'autres aussi nus, sur la terre nue sous le ciel nu devant un avenir nu ?

Quelques mots seulement résonnent dans un silence encore incompris :

« Nous voulons une race sans ego ! ».

Cela ne se fait pas en un jour.

La racine de l'illusion demeure, prête à repousser au dehors à la moindre occasion, au premier geste séparé.

Et elle repousse. C'est « normal ».

Mais les justifications sont retirées. On voit la chose à vif.

On la vit directement, à la seconde.

La séparation. L'ego.

Elle se coagule partout, en chaque acte, en chaque pensée. Crue. Sans fard.

Le problème.

Alors on y est. C'est maintenant.

Il y a un lopin de terre.

L'Aide est tangible.

Il faut passer.

**O Mère, Douce Mère,
Toi si pure
Qu'Il T'a confié cette tâche
Mère, Douce Mère
N'es Tu pas Son Bien le plus intime,
Sa Source la plus vive,
Sa Bien Aimée ?
O Mère, Douce Mère,
C'est Lui dedans
Qui T'aime infiniment...**

***3-11-1973, Paris :**

Un jour viendra je le sais,

Ton silence descendra

Dans mon être

Pour toujours.

***7-11-1973, Paris :**

Le monde est par Toi
 Peu à peu maîtrisé.
 Mon cri vers Toi
 N'est qu'un gémissement égoïste.
 Quand Tu donnes tant et tant
 Ma foi est si mesquine.
 Je suis né pour T'aimer.
 Cet amour est la clé du destin divin.
 Par cet amour les hommes et le monde je connaîtrai,
 Par cet amour je deviendrai vrai,
 Il est ma récompense à chaque progrès,
 Mon refuge et ma nourriture et ma certitude,
 Il est ma loi, ma lumière, mon bonheur,
 Il est ma base et mon équilibre et mon but.
 T'aimer c'est s'ouvrir à Lui, T'aimer
 C'est l'aimer Lui,
 Cela qui est Suprême, Lui que Tu nommes, que Tu aimes,
 Lui que Tu réalises, Lui que Tu dis.
 Mère, Tu me rejetteras encore et encore et ferais marcher sur moi les foules, Tu ne
 peux me retirer Ton Amour et c'est cet Amour qui rend mes yeux clairs.
 Même si le noir étouffe le soleil, même si la haine
 Règne encore,
 Ton Amour est là qui m'habite et m'étreint
 Et me fera digne de Lui.

***9-11-1973, Paris :**

Oh, dans le silence
 Te trouver
 Te parler
 T'écouter
 T'aimer...
 Ne jamais oublier qu'il faut être simple, noble, intrépide et vaste et plein d'amour
 pour porter toute notre obscurité dans la lumière...

***13-11-1973, Pondichéry :**

De la ville en passant par les hommes je suis revenu à Tes pieds.
 Mère, Douce Mère
 Quand pourrons-nous vaincre
 Les forces qui perpétuent
 L'ignorance, la souffrance et
 L'égoïsme.
 Comment parviendrons-nous à ce Pouvoir ?
 Ne faut-il pas se hâter
 Si notre terre doit être sauvée ?
 O Mère, d'abord en moi-même,
 Résous cette obscurité en
 Sa lumière
 Que toute chose soit comprise,
 Aimée et illuminée.

***14-11-1973, Pondichéry :**

Que la Terre trouve par nous la force de se délivrer...

***16-11-1973, Pondichéry :**

Matrimandir,
Porteur d'Union,
Donneur de Joie,
Que la Terre soit ta maison.
Mère, Tu nous combles de Tes présents,
Tu nous entoures et nous emplis
De Beauté, de Force et de Joie
Et d'Amour pour Toi
Et Tu enfantes doucement
Malgré nos manques, nos désirs,
Nos subterfuges, nos résistances
Celui qui est
Cet Etre divin en chacun de nous
Et Toi seule Tu fais...

***17-11-1973, Pondichéry:**

And we shall have the force to recover the earth for the Divine.

«Comment saurais-je ce que Dieu veut de moi?

Je dois rejeter de moi l'égoïsme, le chasser de chaque repaire, chaque terrier

Et baigner mon âme nue et pure en Ses œuvres infinies ;

Alors c'est Lui-même qui me révélera Sa Volonté. »

***9-12-1973, Pondichéry :**

Le désir de manger, seulement ça : manger ; et rien d'autre.

C'est revenu dès les premiers jours de mon retour ici et maintenant je n'ai plus que cela à T'offrir : ce désir et rien d'autre.

***14-12-1973, Pondichéry :**

Tant de bonheur, tant de bonheur

Bien Aimée.

***29-12-1973, Pondichéry :**

J'ai besoin de Toi.

Toi seule peux me changer.

Toi seule Tu sais.

PART TWO

-1974-

***1-1-1974, Pondichéry :**

Je traîne ma peine à chaque pensée : ne serai-je jamais accepté ?
O Mère, être moi-même... à Tes pieds.
Apprend-moi, délivre-moi.

***9-1-1974, Pondichéry :**

Le singe. Toujours lui.
Lui qui jaillit au moindre regard, qui se regarde lui-même et se déniche dans le regard de l'autre, quel que soit l'autre... Lui cette omniprésence anti-divine, ce violent satisfait qui surgit comme une douleur affreuse avec son feu obscur et grimaçant, mais imbattable, insaisissable, incontrôlable..
Lui que, je l'ai bien compris, j'ai si bien engraisé par le passé, possédé et malmené comme je l'ai été. Lui qui est peut-être plus installé dans mon être vital et ma conscience physique, un roi plus à l'aise, tant j'ai cédé et cédé toutes ces années, qu'à présent je ne puis être nulle part sans qu'il se réveille lui-même en tous ceux que je rencontre comme une étincelle courant sur une seule mèche ?
Lui qui me tient par cette obsession sexuelle à laquelle je suis encore si bien ouvert.
Lui, mon ennemi ? Et est-ce le seul ?
Ce singe, dont mon corps même a pris la maladie qui, depuis quinze jours, a la gale !
Pour le moment je persévère.
Je crois. J'attends Ton Aide.
Ego encore clos, bien rond comme un refus poli et dur, j'attends que Tu agisses, que Tu délivres ma conscience.
Que faire d'autre ?

***10-1-1974, Pondichéry :**

Douce Mère, je vois que leur Mère n'est pas ma Mère et, pourtant, ma Mère est leur Mère.
C'est encore la jungle. Mais la conscience est descendue dans la matière, on ne se tue plus comme avant pour des lambeaux de vérité !
Trouverai-je bientôt le vrai mouvement que Tu attends de moi, celui qui consacrerait notre union, Mère bien aimée ?
Ecarteras Tu un peu toutes ces barrières pour frayer mon chemin en Toi, à Tes pieds ?
Mère, je ne sais pas, tout doit me venir de Toi.
Je ne dois rien prendre, c'est vrai, mais où Te trouver ? Viens me chercher !

***11-1-1974, Pondichéry :**

Sûrement ce vide n'est qu'un borbier à passer, une vieille forêt subconsciente, bientôt je trouverai une piste nouvelle et la force de me donner, de Te chérir et de T'adorer.

***15-1-1974, Pondichéry ;**

Si les forces d'échec, de renoncement et d'inertie qui me tirent vers le bas et volent les heures me semblent si acharnées, c'est peut-être bien qu'elles redoutent la victoire que je porte ?

Que le Soleil roule dans mon être, qu'Il
Me fasse oublier mes attaches...

***25-1-1974, Pondichéry :**

Douce Mère, gratitude, gratitude,
Ce bonheur,
Gratitude...

***6-2-1974, Pondichéry :**

Mais je sais que Tu es là, que Tu veux ; et que l'obscurité, le « Non », la dureté et même les miasmes, les adversités de la fange qui s'abattent sur moi parfois ou remontent et s'infiltrant et m'obsèdent, je sais que toutes ces choses sont les formes de Ta Bénédiction pour que mon aspiration soit vive et vraie et n'oublie rien dans son élan et permette un vrai changement...

***15-3-1974, « Sincérité », Auroville :**

Le miracle constant de Tes harmonies...

J'ai tant et tant de progrès à faire. Etablis-moi dans la conscience éternelle – par la joie de mon âme et sa confiance infinie.

« Que tes pas marchent en ton Seigneur,
Que ton sommeil et ton éveil
Soient un sacrifice à Krishna. »

« Change-toi toi-même si tu veux changer le monde.

Prouve par ta transformation intérieure qu'une conscience de vérité peut prendre possession du monde matériel et que l'Unité Divine peut être manifestée sur la terre. » (23-8-1952, Mère)

***21-3-1974, Auroville :**

La médiocrité, le plus grossier égoïsme, l'obscurité épuisante de la nuit et l'inertie, la grisaille annihilante de la conscience physique quotidienne, l'incapacité de se hisser ou de jaillir au-dessus et de voir, d'être conscient, de se retirer des désirs, des obsessions, de vraiment se donner à Toi sans calculs et sans réserves, l'incapacité d'élargir sa conscience, de l'épandre hors de ses présentes limites, l'incapacité de recouvrer l'état naturel de l'être vrai au-dedans, au-dessus, au centre ou au-delà.

Et, pour soulever tout ça dans la lumière, pour offrir tout ça à la Force, pour soumettre tout ça à la Conscience, pour ouvrir tout ça à la Présence, une seule faible aspiration et, parfois, des larmes intérieures qui me tendent dans Tes bras, une rage aussi, de Te trouver sans pouvoir Te vivre, une rage d'être petit, petit et gris, d'être enchaîné, étouffé, ou une profonde douleur qui est un appel, de T'aimer sans pouvoir donner ce que Ton Amour demande.

***24-3-1974, Auroville :**

Tous ces mots sont inutiles ou trompeurs.

Comment ferai-je le moindre progrès si je ne puis m'ouvrir à Ton silence ?

***26-3-1974, Auroville :**

Tout m'échappe. La Matière est manipulée, dominée par des forces que je ne vois pas, ne connais pas, ne maîtrise pas... Lorsque je me retire de l'égo, je suis nu et impuissant, victime de l'inertie. Je ne vois pas Ta Volonté en ce qui me concerne, par-delà les hommes. Je ne sais s'il y a une place que Tu peux, que Tu veux me donner, que Tu me vois capable d'assumer.

Les hommes Te cachent à ma compréhension. Je cherche à comprendre, à comprendre. Nu comme une sorte de bête impuissante avec un cœur divin, devant le Fait : ce qui est, ici. Tout ce qui est et fait obstacle à Ta Vie.

Les hommes, tous les hommes se trompent et Te trahissent. Seules nos âmes savent.

Mais mon âme n'a pas encore trouvé la force de Te servir. Elle n'a que la force de Te chercher.

Je ne sais plus ce qui est bon, ce qui est juste...

Je Te demande de me désigner ma place dans le temps, dans la marche du Progrès, là où je puisse être et travailler, dans l'harmonie d'aujourd'hui...

Douce Mère, d'où vient aux hommes la force de vivre ?

***8-4-1974, Auroville :**

Dans quelques heures j'aurai ces 24 années de vie. A Tes pieds, au cœur de Ton travail, maladroit, impur, un petit ouvrier dans Tes bras, avec mes frères, bénis entre tous les êtres...

***14-4-1974, Auroville :**

Tout mon être est misérable... Mais par je ne sais quel miracle Tu demeures en lui et veux l'illuminer, le transformer... Aussi, malgré la douleur et la peine d'un nœud trop bien serré, je ne puis qu'espérer.

Et, en vérité, tout le chemin est extase et n'est que Cela, parce que Tu es.

***21-4-1974, Auroville :**

La force d'un brasier, la clarté d'un cristal et la constance d'un soleil.

***22-5-1974, Auroville :**

Je me rends compte que le courage de vivre et de progresser doit venir de ma propre sincérité, je ne puis Te le demander...

A quoi sert-il de geindre ?

Je T'appartiens et Tu le sais mieux que moi.

A quoi sert-il de s'arrêter dans le fossé de mon impuissance ?

Je suis né parce que je l'ai voulu et choisi, sûr et conscient de ce Possible.

Je suis toujours tenté par un vieux désespoir et, si n'étaient les autres que je crois aimer, il me serait facile d'y céder...

Ce sont les autres, et cet Amour, qui m'ont forcé à Te retrouver ici, sur notre Terre, c'est par eux que Tu m'as gardé...

Ne suis-je pas un peu de Toi ? Ne me quitte pas.

***30-5-1974, Auroville :**

Maintenant le désir a brouillé ma compréhension, ce désir qui forme des existences entières, minute après minute, heure après heure, à forces de projections, à force d'accaparer et d'envahir le futur encore vierge...

***1-6-1974, Auroville :**

Tout, tout, plutôt que le cauchemar et l'horreur d'une vie sans Toi... !

***13-6-1974, Auroville :**

Mère, permet-moi de tenir, et de passer... Y a-t-il quelque chose de plus beau que Ton sourire ?

***25-6-1974, Auroville :**

Le Glouton, le Morne, le Vautré, l'Inutile.

La Vérité doit être bien forte pour percer cette inertie, cette lourde résistance... !

Parfois un évènement survient qui rouvre une fenêtre de l'âme... Où es-Tu ?

Y a-t-il un autre être que cette médiocrité insincère ?

Un être entier ?

***26-6-1974, Auroville :**

Où es-Tu, que fais-Tu, Douce Mère ?

Sans Toi toutes les vérités forment un vide...

***10-7-1974, Auroville :**

O Mère, je viens encore user de ces mots qui limitent et enterrent sans rien contenir, parce que j'ai encore besoin de marquer le progrès, comme pour creuser le lit de la rivière, pour plus de fidélité...

***22-7-1974, Auroville :**

Mon passé piégé de pouvoir et de sexe me poursuit ; dans la lumière ses formations sont toujours vivantes...

***28-8-1974, Auroville :**

Toutes les attitudes que l'on prend lorsqu'on fait effort pour sortir de la conscience égoïste sont elles-mêmes toutes imprégnées de l'ego, de son sens séparatif, de ses fonctionnements de rejet ou d'accaparement et je crois bien qu'il est impossible de sortir de ce vaste piège aussi longtemps que l'on n'est pas devenu Toi avec assez d'intensité, Toi avec assez de présence, Toi avec assez d'évidence et de force pour que Tu puisses gouverner harmonieusement toutes les parties de l'être et les rétrir selon le rythme et le flot de Ta Vie.

***6-9-1974, Auroville :**

C'est cette volonté de pouvoir, de suprématie, qui reste liée à mon être, à son progrès, comme une traîne d'obscurité, sa propre coulée de Nuit. C'est cette présence occulte qui attire dans les circonstances et les êtres la réponse ou la réaction du même degré d'obscurité ; et tout ce jeu est vu, progressivement compris par la lumière qui est au centre, par le regard.

Et l'ego est dessus, dur et heurtant qui, dans la pauvre clarté saccadée du mental physique fait de toute chose une erreur, une déformation de la réalité.

Mère, je touche le radeau avec mes mains, je le sens, je le sais, le reconnais, je me souviens parfois d'avoir toujours été cette conscience libre, juste, vaste et voyante, près de Vous, à Vos pieds.

***11-9-1974, Auroville :**

Cette joie est revenue, plus forte encore, plus entière, ce sourire triomphant, se moquant de l'obscur petiteesse qui s'obstine... Et pourtant j'ai pensé : « est-ce que la Force a vraiment le contrôle sur les décisions humaines ? »...

Lorsqu'on connaît les éléments qui Te servent d'intermédiaires et que l'on éprouve leurs limites, alors il est moins facile de rester confiant.

Mais cette joie vient me montrer, par sa riante certitude, que tout cela n'est qu'un piège de l'ego, un trucage sans profondeur et, aussi, une présomption.

***13-9-1874, Auroville :**

L'inquiétude, la révolte, le rejet ne sont pas plus purs que le doute ; tous ces mouvements sont des armes employées par les forces qui se satisfont du monde égoïste pour garder nos consciences liées à la division, inaptées à vivre l'unité divine. Le seul mouvement de notre nature qui semble être digne de Toi est celui d'un amour qui accepte et embrasse sans rien retrancher, qui s'ouvre et se donne sans compter...

Unification de tout l'être autour du psychique.

***10-10-1974, Auroville :**

Quel que soit l'état de ma conscience, quelle que soit ma condition dans l'économie subtile, quels que soient les jugements des autres, si « haut placés » soient-ils, je sens que j'ai décidé irréversiblement de m'accrocher : plutôt brûler au cœur de la vérité et disparaître en trop de lumière que le lent cauchemar suicidaire d'être à nouveau rejeté loin de Toi, du Matrimandir...

Je ne puis pas croire que je suis tout entier obscur, faux... comment pourrais-je T'aimer ?

***25-10-1974, Auroville :**

Douce Mère, ne devrais-je pas plutôt Te dire, et penser, avec force, confiance et enthousiasme : « Bien Aimée, il y a tout ce mensonge que je PEUX T'offrir pour qu'il soit transformé... ce mensonge n'est pas mien, il n'est pas mon être éternel, mais il est une part de l'universelle obscurité à laquelle je suis identifié pour pouvoir la porter à Tes pieds... ! » ?

Ainsi je ne devrais plus avoir de honte, ni craindre le jugement d'autrui.

***26-11-1974, Auroville :**

Ici est une grâce exceptionnelle de venir à bout de cet enfer – qui n'est pas seulement le mien. Un nouvel exil ne résoudrait rien.

***29-11-1974, Auroville :**

Longue éclipse de lune.

Couleur orangée.

Sortons de l'hypnotisme terrien.

Naissons à la libre perfection de Ta Vie.

Ta Promesse.

Vérité.

***2-12-1974, Auroville :**

Il y a Matrimandir.

C'est toujours cette phrase : il y a Matrimandir.

Alors, on peut T'attendre.

On peut attendre et progresser jusqu'à là, jusqu'à ce qu'il soit entier.

Qu'est-ce que le Divin ? Qu'est-ce que Le réaliser ?

Qu'est-ce que le Divin sans cette Conscience que Tu es devenue, sans être agenouillé à Tes pieds, blotti dans Ton étreinte, noyé dans Tes yeux, vivant par Toi ?

Il faut attendre et continuer, ne pas s'arrêter pour se regarder.

Et être sincère, à chaque instant.

***1979, Auroville :**

Lorsqu'on a pu vérifier dans l'expérience – celle d'hier ou celle d'autres vies dont le passé reste parallèle à ce présent jusqu'à ce qu'il soit compris – les effets d'ambitions séparées et qu'on a vu et senti et compris ce qu'on est en vérité...

Alors c'est Cela seul dont on a besoin.

Et c'est ce besoin qui fait tout.

Car il est en lui-même sa réponse. A mesure qu'il croît et s'intensifie, Sa Réponse devient plus tangible, Sa Présence plus inévitable, Son Sens plus immédiat.

Et l'on ne peut que remercier.

***5-12-1974, Auroville :**

Il y a ce qui semble être une forte menace sur Auroville.

Les termes semblent être toujours les mêmes dans la lutte entre ce qui s'oppose à la nouvelle création et ce qui est à son service. Mais cette lutte même doit se changer en autre chose.

C'est à cela que nous sommes collectivement confrontés aujourd'hui.

Quel est le chemin ?

Le chemin appartient au Futur. Seul le Futur sait.

Je sens que Tu es là, très active, très présente, très concentrée sur ce petit conflit qui symbolise et porte tous ceux du monde. Mais nos mouvements d'ego, nos jugements d'infirmités, notre pauvreté d'être, nous empêchent de nous unir à Toi et de vivre avec Toi, en Toi, la joie de progresser vers la victoire.

***7-12-1974, Auroville :**

Je me souviens que Tu disais « le Divin est ce que vous voulez qu'Il soit »...

Et souvent c'est le Divin qu'ils voient qui devient écrasant... !

***11-12-1974, Auroville :**

Je sais que nous nous sommes trompés, je sais que ce que je sentais, ce que je sens, est vrai et que nous n'avons pas répondu à la possibilité plus divine qui était dans ces circonstances.

Mais que puis-je faire ? Tout d'abord me libérer de l'ego, aspirer à la libération.

Alors peut-être je comprendrai.

Il n'y a pas de joie. Je suis aveugle.

***27-12-1974, Auroville :**

Le monde avance très vite vers son point d'impossible.

Ne faut-il pas nous hâter de surgir dans une vie plus vraie ?

***31-12-1974, Auroville :**

Construire Matrimandir

Pour la Vérité

Pour Te retrouver...

Douce Mère, que toutes les forces Te reconnaissent et Te viennent en aide

Au service de la Vérité.

-1975-

***23-1-1975, Auroville :**

Ce qui est ennemi de Ta Vie, de Ta création, est partout.

C'est en soi-même d'abord, puis parmi nous, et autour de nous.

Aucune situation n'est tranchée, tout est mélangé.

Et il semble que pour que la victoire soit vraiment à la vérité, il faut que nous fassions un progrès considérable pour surgir hors de l'égo. Un progrès qui ne peut guère se faire en quelques jours.

Douce Mère, notre nature humaine n'a rien d'un vêtement de bonheur. Mais on dirait que plus, individuellement, cette constatation devient intense et plus la conscience s'approche du vrai pouvoir...

Mais les mots la plupart du temps ne font que servir le mensonge.

... Fasse que je progresse sans cesse dans la compréhension et la réalisation de la sincérité...

***27-1-1975, Auroville :**

La vérité des choses est passionnante ! Que la Force travaille ! Sans trêve, sans indulgence, et nous mène en un constant progrès vers toujours plus de conscience... Que la Force travaille !

« Chaque instant de satisfaction de soi est une offrande à l'autel des seigneurs du mensonge. »

***4-2-1975, Auroville :**

J'avais presque compris, hier, que mensonge et petitesse d'être vont inéluctablement de pair et qu'une conscience assez vaste, assez libre, assez tranquille, assez réellement équilibrée et établie dans la simplicité de Ta Présence ne peut plus mentir, ni répondre à aucune force de mensonge...

Et, insensiblement, je me suis retrouvé dessous. Encore.

Je comprend maintenant pourquoi il y a cet acharnement à garder la conscience concentrée sur un seul point noir, alimenté subconsciemment : c'est qu'ainsi tout l'être conscient demeure lié à l'obscur et réceptif à ses impulsions...

Quelle merveilleuse différence il doit y avoir entre se concentrer librement sur un obstacle ou une question ou un point de résistance en appelant le calme, la vérité, la lumière et la paix, et être concentré malgré soi sur un point de son être en étant incapable d'être conscient de quoique ce soit d'autre... !

***6-2-1975, Auroville :**

N'y a-t-il pas un Vivant quelque part au-dedans, pleinement conscient de Toi, pétri de Toi, créateur de sa propre intensité de Toi, irradiant sa lumière unique de Toi ?

N'est-il pas là, fort et concentré, ardent de Te manifester ?

***19-2-1975, Auroville :**

Devenir capable d'un amour vaste et compréhensif, réel, constant, sans jugement, un amour qui sache se donner et se retrouver dans toutes les formes et s'adapter à toutes les expériences...

Aujourd'hui un corps brillant a porté dans le ciel du couchant une longue forme bleue qui nous a souri jusqu'à la nuit.

Je suis souvent fatigué.

O Douce Mère, Tu es partout et la Force et la Conscience travaillent partout sur la Terre ; mais nous qui Te connaissons, qui avons conscience de Toi, nous Te donnons tant de mal et T'opposons tant d'obscurités résistances...

***20-2-1975, Auroville :**

La fatigue physique est intense. Mais demain est Ta Fête et, malgré toutes les résistances, la nature même des choses vient Te porter ce qu'elle connaît de meilleur...

Peut-être approchons-nous du moment où ; au moins ici dans Ta ville, nous comprendrons et accepterons collectivement et consciemment que nous sommes limités et ignorants et insuffisants, et qu'en même temps nous entrerons en contact conscient avec Cela qui peut nous guider et tout prendre en charge...

Que rien ne fasse obstacle à Ta Force, que tout obstacle inévitable serve un plus grand Bien.

L'Avenir nous attend. Quand nous saurons ce qu'est l'unité, quand nous la vivrons, alors Auroville pourra grandir...

***21-2-1975, Auroville :**

Nous ferons Ton Travail en jouant.

Nous serons unis en l'amour de Ta vie.

Nous aurons même oublié que tant d'ombres furent possibles.

***26-2-1975, Auroville :**

Je sais qu'il y a un long, long travail, un long et lent réveil, une longue et laborieuse infusion de conscience et de force, avant que je puisse réaliser mon but et entrer dans la vie nouvelle...

***28-2-1975, Auroville :**

Je suis toujours heureux, en vérité ; mais je ne serai heureux vraiment, certainement, que lorsque je sentirai dans mon être et ma vie que Tu m'utilises réellement et selon Ta Volonté. Alors je suis sûr, lorsque ce moment sera venu, je connaîtrai ce qu'est la vraie joie de vivre – d'exister.

***1-3-1975, « Golconde », Pondichéry :**

Je suis responsable de mon être comme de l'un de Tes jardins sans nombre où Tu dois croître selon Ton plaisir et Ta Volonté.

***4-3-1975, « Golconde », Pondichéry :**

Le passé cru et brutal que j'ai connu dans ce corps, avec ce corps, sans répit me poursuit et la même partie du mental toujours en rappelle le souvenir...

***13-3-1975, Auroville :**

En parlant avec cet homme chrétien ce soir, la constatation m'est revenue avec force, impérieusement, de notre trahison. Combien nous nous sommes agrippés à une dévotion étroite pour abriter derrière elle nos peurs, nos faiblesses, notre refus de croître dans le Seigneur et pour Lui, notre mauvaise volonté.

Comme nous avons su réduire Votre grandeur spirituelle aux termes d'une conscience physique.

Comme nous avons fait de votre exemple vivant un paravent pour reconstruire notre petitesse et prolonger les sectes de l'égo.

Comme nous T'avons défigurée, limitée, comme nous T'avons menti, comme nous avons profité du Don de Toi-même, inconditionnel, pour rester ce que nous sommes, des hommes égoïstes se sentant glorifiés par le contact de la divinité, qu'ils ont trahie.

Mais Auroville, comme j'ai pu le lui dire, existe. Elle est.

C'est une création divine, venue au moment juste de l'histoire universelle pour réaliser le progrès de l'humanité dans son ensemble ; et tous ceux qui ne voudront pas grandir et Te servir plus haut et plus loin devront quitter, car Auroville doit se manifester et se manifestera, en dépit de toutes les limitations que l'homme tel qu'il est encore veut lui imposer.

Nous avons cru confortablement, parce que Tu nous avais acceptés près de Toi, que nous étions « ceux de la vérité » à l'exclusion de tous les autres et sommes parvenus à si bien voiler notre conscience que tant de Tes mises en garde sont venues en vain.

Mais peut-être le temps vient où nous devons grandir et devenir vraiment des êtres spirituels si nous voulons subsister et Te suivre.

***16-3-1975, Auroville :**

Mère, je crois que de construire ici et maintenant ma petite maison est contraire à l'esprit d'Auroville et pourrait aussi favoriser beaucoup de pensées négatives. Aussi, malgré que j'aie si intensément cette attirance à vivre seul dans mon petit temple pour Toi, je comprend que je dois plutôt me concentrer dans l'effort intérieur qui lui correspond et attendre avec confiance que Tu me donnes Toi-même le moment juste et les matériaux justes...

Ce qui me trouble c'est que parfois je sens que Tu voudrais Toi-même, Tu serais Toi-même contente que je réalise ce souhait dès maintenant ! Il y a tant de faces différentes à la Vérité ! Peut-être que je ne suis pas appelé à vivre longtemps ?

C'est difficile de savoir quoi faire !

***29-4-1975, Auroville :**

Cet ennemi qui me ronge et m'obsède et pervertit ma perception de la réalité et des autres... et ces forces qui toujours veulent me réduire au désespoir...

Mais Tu es là et, peu à peu, très lentement, malgré toutes les rechutes, ma conscience se défait de leur emprise...

***7-5-1975, Auroville:**

When life comes to me with good-will I feel grateful to You, Mother...

Sri Aurobindo has wanted and works very much to make her free from her defects and to give her back her right place and role. And tonight I feel this devotion and gratitude.

***10-5-1975, Auroville:**

Ca entre par le centre sexuel puis, à l'aide de pensées, monte dans le vital et, peu à peu, fixe l'affectivité sur l'objet du désir sexuel. Et un beau matin je me retrouve prisonnier, isolé, attaché à l'objet du désir comme à un piquet de torture ; je perd toute conscience de l'unité, de la liberté, je me sens séparé des autres et, en même temps, lié.

Cela pousse à argumenter, influence la volonté, veut s'emparer de l'action et précipiter tout mon être physique dans la démarche du désir... et s'ensuivent souffrances et mensonges sans fin...

Bref, il faut tenir et ne pas Te faire l'injure d'un tel gâchis !

***12-5-1975, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui c'était le désespoir, le renoncement négatif et ce sentiment terrible d'une impasse qui m'a habité si longtemps, fondé sur la connaissance intérieure qu'il est impossible de cesser d'exister, où je me sens donc condamné à une éternité de difficulté d'être, sans élan de vie, sans joie, comme forcé et par conséquent incapable de faire le progrès nécessaire : vivre – vivre.

Et Tu es là, l'Amitié divine est là, et le partage, toujours tout est là pour une extase de bonheur qui semble ne jamais finir de soulager, de guérir, de calmer cette étrange blessure. Mais la vie, où est la vie, comment est-ce que l'on vit ?

En s'oubliant, c'est vrai... et le travail est là ; pour mieux s'oublier... !

Je comprends qu'il faut beaucoup d'humilité et de courage...

***14-5-1975, Auroville :**

Pourquoi en fait, pourquoi le Seigneur n'est-Il pas le maître entier de Sa demeure ? Il n'y a pas de réponse.

Il y a seulement une autre conscience en laquelle cette question n'existe pas.

Parfois je pense que j'ai dû venir sur la terre avec la possibilité d'une liberté formidable pour que quelque chose de si laid et si dénaturant se précipite ainsi dans ma vie et ma conscience...

***20-5-1975, Auroville :**

Plus je Te parle ainsi et plus je suis écoeuré ; ce n'est pas ça, ce n'est pas ça, c'est encore en plein dans le mensonge, c'est cette attitude malsaine et fossilisée dont je ne parviens pas à surgir... être Toi, aller vers Toi, en Toi, c'est autre chose, Autre Chose...

***29-5-1975, Auroville :**

Parce que Tu T'es donnée à moi, Bien Aimée, pour T'exprimer ma gratitude je lutte pour vivre. Et vivre, c'est devenir vrai.

« Un peu de vérité n'est pas assez, il la faut tout entière. »

***17-6-1975, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui était un jour important pour ma conscience, un de ces jours qui sont des jalons sur le chemin... Et ce soir j'ai presque marché sur un énorme scorpion... !
 « That is the unknown God to whom no altar can be raised and no worship offered: universe is His only altar, existence is His only worship. »

***29-7-1975, Auroville:**

Ne pas juger, c'est relativement facile avec le mental, on peut se refuser au jugement ; mais c'est ce jugement lié à la perception même des choses qui produit si spontanément de fausses attitudes dans l'être, qu'il est si difficile de faire cesser...

***15-8-1975, Auroville :**

Oh l'éternelle ivresse de ces fleurs blanches au point du jour...
 Rien vu, rien senti, sinon Ton visage, Sri Aurobindo, dans les poutres et les fers, avant l'aube... mais je me suis retrouvé un peu, sauvé de la noyade et décidé à lutter et ne plus céder à ces misères...

***19-8-1975, Auroville :**

Douce Mère, c'est vraiment une drôle d'expérience, et difficile aussi, d'être si près de Toi, si fait de Ta substance en certaines parties de mon être et pourtant si démesurément éloigné de la vérité de Ta nature en toutes les autres parts !
 Mais c'est ainsi.
 Et il n'y a qu'une chose à faire, c'est de persévérer, même sans comprendre.

***1980, Auroville :**

Dans ce Besoin je suis seul, tu es seule, tu es seul.
 Nous sommes Un.
 C'est la Porte. C'est le Chemin.
 Il n'y en a pas d'autre !

***15-9-1975, Auroville :**

C'est comme si, constamment, lentement et progressivement à la fois, tout, absolument tout, conduisait à réduire la densité de l'égo, à amincir sa présence, à « évanouir » ses bases.
 Je ne sais pas s'il y a encore des gens qui croient progresser par eux-mêmes mais je comprend bien, je sens bien maintenant que je ne serai jamais rien de vrai que ce que Toi Tu seras, de Ta propre impulsion, par Ta propre force et Ton propre pouvoir.

"Only were safe who kept God in their hearts:
 Courage their armour, faith their sword, they must walk,
 The hand ready to smite, the eye to scout,
 Casting a javelin regard in front,
 Heroes and soldiers of the army of Light..."

***23-9-1975, Auroville:**

Ce n'est pas ce que Tu attends de moi que je devrais Te demander de me montrer, parce qu'à vrai dire je ne crois pas que Tu attendes quoique ce soit de quiconque – Tu es toujours prêt à Te donner, à Te déverser à emplir, à illuminer, à changer, à rétablir, à guérir, à délivrer, à devenir enfin.

Je crois plutôt que ma prière devrait rester sans mots, mais se concentrer dans ce besoin de Toi qui est lui-même comme la main que l'enfant éperdu peut enfin serrer – dans la pénombre et le froid la chaleur de la vie, de la vérité...

***5-10-1975, Auroville :**

Je cherche, j'aspire à ce que ma vie, le fait que je sois envie, Te soit utile... Parfois même je l'implore.

Et pourtant il semble que ce soit le contraire qui se produise et que c'est toute la présence, toute la beauté, l'harmonie, la qualité que je suis capable de percevoir, qui me sont utiles à seulement survivre... !

Toute ma vie jusqu'à présent s'est déroulée dans des conditions si exceptionnelles, si belles dans un sens, si conscientes aussi, que toujours je me sens en dette, en quelque sorte, et c'est cela souvent, bien souvent, qui me retient de couler.

Quand me montreras-Tu, dans la matière, le bout du fil qu'il me faudra saisir et qui me permettra de réaliser mon offrande en même temps que de Te servir ?...

***7-10-1975, Auroville :**

Tous ceux qui sont ici, en Auroville, jouissent de la liberté la plus absolue que l'on puisse trouver sur la terre : liberté d'action, liberté de service, de développement, de progrès, d'expression, de compréhension, liberté même de faire les erreurs nécessaires à la croissance de la conscience, liberté, enfin, de puiser indéfiniment aux sources les plus hautes et aux forces les plus pures.

Et pourtant qui, ici, se sent libre ? Qui est conscient d'être libre ?

Personne.

Ainsi vraiment, réellement et pratiquement la seule, la vraie liberté ne peut être connue et vécue que lorsqu'on est libre de l'ego...

***25-10-1975, Auroville :**

Pour la première fois de ma vie j'ai conscience d'être heureux plus de quelques instants : c'est que j'ai la pleine possibilité de « servir à quelque chose »... il m'est possible d'être utile, au moins matériellement et pour Ton travail, et mes jours, sinon mes nuits, en sont éclairés.

Je sais que probablement cette condition est encore fragile, mais même le calme et la paix, dont j'ai tant besoin, je les trouve enfin au milieu même de l'activité matérielle, et j'en suis reconnaissant.

***29-10-1975, Auroville :**

La confusion demeure tout autour, tel un mouvement de vagues qui obscurcit – mais la joie reste, même dans le noir : s' « ils » croient qu' « ils » pourront longtemps Te bafouer... « ils » ne font que Te servir !

***4-11-1975, Auroville :**

Souvent, le jour, monte cette joie, cette gratitude joyeuse du corps, roulé par les vagues et jeté sur le sable encore et encore, riant de bonheur, épuisé et humble, couché heureux sur le corps vaste, le corps brutal et doux et total de la Matière, le corps de la Vérité.

Ce bonheur d'être et d'aimer ici, dans le corps, dans la matière, retrouve maintenant sa réponse, son pareil, sa source, sa plénitude, sa raison d'être.

Mais c'est lent, cela prend du temps, c'est entrecoupé d'inconscience, de laideur et de pauvreté d'être, et parfois cela semble aspirer vers une autre position, une autre conscience, également dans la vie et dans la « mort », ici et au-delà d'ici...

***6-11-1975, Auroville :**

Il y a la conscience d'être unis, de se connaître par identité, de marcher sur le chemin dans cette douceur et cet amour profonds... mais cela est difficile à vivre physiquement ; il y a comme la nécessité de passer seul au-delà de l'égo, d'oublier ses propres rancœurs et exigences et, puisant à Ta source, de trouver la vraie capacité d'aimer ; il y a, enfin, le geste continué de la vie qui se donne et se perd et puise en elle-même et se mélange à nouveau, comme sans mémoire et toujours neuve, pénétrante et englobante, mouvante, intarissable...

***11-11-1975, Auroville :**

Dans ces actions qui sont prises actuellement à Auroville j'ai cherché à percevoir la lumière ; j'ai seulement senti que quelque chose de nécessaire, à quoi nul n'était capable de donner la forme juste, était en train de se faire et que c'était en relation avec l'action de Ta Force...

Une chose que le travail ici nous apprend est ce qu'est la consécration : pour que la consécration se réalise il faut d'abord atteindre un certain équilibre qui permette la paix dans l'action. Ne pas céder d'un côté aux mouvements de dépression, de retrait chargé, de mauvaise volonté, d'insatisfaction de soi, de tristesse ou d'abandon et, de l'autre côté, ne pas utiliser l'énergie que l'on reçoit d'une manière dévorante, accaparante, dominatrice ou avilissante, désordonnée, abusive.

Et lorsque parfois l'on entre dans ce juste équilibre, alors, en même temps que le repos dans l'action vient la conscience de la consécration : et c'est la véritable Utilité.

C'est alors, alors vraiment, que l'on Te sert.

Mère, chaque fois que je dis « sincère » cela prend un nouveau sens ; il n'y a pas de limites à la compréhension de la sincérité.

***23-11-1975, Auroville :**

C'est comme si je touche la limite de l'univers mental, comme si j'effleure la surface de la coquille, percevant l'immensité qui l'entoure et la baigne, mais incapable d'y surgir et de m'y mouvoir. Je sens, je devine la vérité, mais je n'en ai pas la

compréhension directe, spontanée ; je crois, je reconnais, mais ce n'est pas Ta certitude vaste et vibrante.

De même quelque chose m'empêche de pénétrer plus profond dans le cœur pour connaître la vérité ; comme s'il me manquait quelque force de propulsion pour établir le lien conscient, ouvrir le canal de lumière et de présence...

Auroville d'aujourd'hui est bouleversée : ceux à qui elle s'est donnée sont divisés et impuissants devant le rythme du temps. Je ne crois pas que le mental puisse savoir, aussi nous faut-il continuer comme des infirmes et cultiver notre foi et nos éclairs d'intuition en attendant la vraie conscience, et priant de toutes nos forces et de tous nos actes qu'Auroville ne soit pas trahie.

L'égo divise et morcelle la vérité.

Tant que l'égo subsiste, la vérité ne peut pas gouverner.

***28-11-1975, Auroville:**

And, from heavy sleep to restlessness,
The days and the nights go by,
With flashes here and there
Of light.

***20-12-1975; Auroville:**

Je vois bien maintenant que les choses sont très simples :

On est, individuellement, dans le mensonge, dans l'ignorance, dans la fausse vie aussi longtemps et autant que l'on est conscient de soi ;

et on est dans la vérité, on existe réellement, autant que l'on est conscient de Toi, plongé, absorbé, concentré dans la conscience de Toi, de Ta Vie, uni aux rythmes de Ton cœur...

Et cela ne trompe pas, on ne peut pas tricher, on ne peut pas imiter cet état, c'est la seule chose que l'on ne peut pas imiter : c'est la vérité.

***27-12-1975, Auroville :**

L'activité, le travail, emplissant tout le jour et même, parfois, les rêves de la nuit, sont comme un grand et puissant cheval qui m'emporte à travers tous les obstacles vers une conscience et un état d'être plus éclairés ; je comprend maintenant, par expérience, ce que signifie la purification des énergies.

***Notes sur l'artisanat.**

L'artisanat était pour moi depuis des années une part importante de l'harmonie dans l'existence physique ; j'aimais particulièrement tisser, pour le rythme, la concentration, l'espace de réflexion active et tranquille, le mouvement régulier comme celui du monde, comme pour la beauté, le langage des couleurs, l'utilité profonde de l'acte ; j'avais aussi beaucoup travaillé le cuir, en confectionnant des sacs, des couvertures de livres, des étuis, pour les uns et les autres autour de moi ; et j'aimais beaucoup tisser des perles, et combiner ces deux ou ces trois techniques pour réaliser des objets qui devenaient alors des compagnons.

D'une manière générale, l'activité de l'artisanat, quelle qu'elle soit, était pour moi toujours une sécurité, la sécurité d'entrer dans une relation équilibrée, vivante, respectueuse, aimante et créative avec la matière et le monde.

C'est probablement au cours de l'année 1975 que j'écrivis ce petit texte, en réfléchissant au rôle et à la place que pourrait, et devrait occuper l'activité d'artisanat dans la vie et l'espace collectifs d'Auroville.

L'artisanat est un moyen d'utiliser les matériaux que la Nature, spontanément, et le travail de l'homme nous proposent, afin d'établir une beauté et une harmonie et de rendre possibles la présence et la manifestation de la Vérité dans, et à travers tous les modes d'environnement de l'individu et du groupe.

Cela comprend et exige l'étude progressive et profonde de toutes les activités présentes et à venir de l'individu dans son mouvement de devenir un être conscient, incarné en un corps conscient, en relation avec une matière en cours de transformation.

L'homme est entouré, couvert, soutenu, porté par des « choses », des objets qui sont trop souvent privés de leur sens profond, car leur aspect extérieur et leur expression ne signifient pas leur réalité interne en tant qu'agents dynamiques d'une existence terrestre harmonieuse.

A cause de cela l'homme est incapable d'entretenir une relation claire et vraie avec tout un univers d'objets, de présences coupées de la vie, qui le conditionnent et sont à leur tour conditionnés par les projections subconscientes ou semi conscientes, c'est-à-dire mentalement et vitalement ignorantes qu'il fait sur eux.

Ces objets à présent coupent l'homme de la Nature, car ils ne correspondent pas dans leur manifestation actuelle au rôle essentiel d'agent complémentaire et unificateur dans l'existence de l'individu comme du groupe au sein de la Nature terrestre.

Ainsi l'homme, pour retrouver la Nature, est-il obligé de se détacher des objets et de rejeter son environnement, ce qui l'amène à une régression intérieure, car il retourne alors à un rapport à la Nature qui est antérieur dans l'évolution de la conscience.

Le travail de l'artisanat consiste ainsi à retrouver et à manifester sincèrement et exactement le sens profond et harmonique de chaque objet, sa présence vivante dans le monde, qui symbolise un acte précis et n'a de raison d'être qu'en relation directe et immédiate avec cet acte.

C'est-à-dire que chaque objet doit se transformer en correspondance avec l'évolution de chaque acte qui lui donne son sens, au sein de la conscience universelle.

L'artisanat est donc d'abord une étude d'approche et de compréhension de tout objet et de tout environnement, puis une tentative progressive de recréation permanente des objets, relativement à l'individu et la société qui sont soumis et offerts à un processus de transformation.

Il faut parvenir, par exemple, à ce qu'un individu puisse vivre le Yoga dans une liberté qui soit en harmonie avec l'environnement physique et matériel. Chacun doit donc découvrir comment manifester son rapport réel et unique avec la matière et l'environnement, c'est-à-dire avec la terre qui porte et vit la même évolution.

Ainsi cet individu porte des vêtements, habite dans un espace construit et utilise des objets qui, par le fait qu'ils sont en relation épanouie avec sa propre manière d'être dans l'univers, expriment et émanent une harmonie parmi tous les autres éléments individuels et collectifs de la société dans laquelle il se meut et qui se meut autour de lui.

Il s'agit alors, d'abord d'une sorte de création individuelle puis, lorsque ceci est réalisé, d'une création collective, progressive et sujette à une transformation continue.

Ici l'artisanat est une grande aide, d'une importance essentielle.

Et l'on peut concevoir que, dans la société que nous nous efforçons de réaliser, en harmonie et en ordre avec la conscience divine, un certain nombre d'individus entretenant des rapports conscients avec la Matière et sachant travailler ses différents éléments – tels l'ébéniste ou l'orfèvre futurs – soient disponibles aux membres de leur communauté pour la création d'objets qui correspondent à la conception présente de chacun.

L'objet est à présent l'esclave de l'ignorance.

Il doit manifester la conscience intérieure dans toutes les activités, dans une société qui évolue vers une union intégrale avec le divin.

L'adaptation progressive de l'objet aux besoins de la conscience est un moyen réel et efficace d'atteindre à la transformation de la Matière.

De vrais objets sont des objets réellement utiles qui manifestent la beauté, l'harmonie et l'ananda de la conscience divine.

Utilisez un objet vrai et l'acte qu'il vous permettra d'accomplir aura une valeur consciente, parmi tous les actes et les mouvements de cet instant universel.

-1976-***2-1-1976, Auroville :**

Avec la nouvelle année est venue une sorte de fatigue, un retour à la tristesse, ou bien simplement la tension d'une naissance parmi les jeux d'influences...

Quelque part il m'a semblé être conscient d'une histoire universelle, de l'Histoire Vraie, être conscient de ce qui se passe...

Dans le mental les termes de la croissance apparaissent contradictoires.

Mais ce qui croît, c'est la conscience et toutes les contradictions s'effacent un jour ou l'autre dans plus de conscience...

Je sens l'extrême fragilité de l'être humain qui toujours se brise, se trompe ou dénature Ta Présence.

***4-1-1976, Auroville :**

Il me faut me délivrer de cette féminité sexuelle dévorante, cette soif sexuelle qui m'a suivi et m'a conditionné et m'a déterminé dans ces cercles de souffrance, de recul, de défense, de faux équilibre, qui m'a poussé à faire une création fausse... Il me semble parfois que si cela n'était pas entré en moi quand j'étais si enfant, je n'aurais jamais eu de « difficultés personnelles »... mais tout, tout est nécessaire certainement ou, au moins, utile...

***11-1-1976, Auroville :**

On n'est rien, on n'est rien, figé, malade, on n'existe pas... ! Mais où est donc la possibilité de s'unir consciemment à la vraie réalité du monde et des choses ?!

***14-1-1976, Auroville :**

Il y a deux choses dont j'ai beaucoup de mal à me délivrer :

La première est cette fixation sexuelle qui reprend force à chaque fois qu'elle retrouve un support ;

La deuxième est cette constante insincérité qui consiste à faire les choses – les gestes, les actes corporels – « pour la galerie », c'est-à-dire comme les paons ou les coqs !

***24-1-1976, Auroville :**

Je vis pour moi-même et pas pour Toi ; et même si ce que je fais peut T'être agréable, comme c'est toujours moi le premier satisfait, j'intercepte toute possibilité de changement ou de rapprochement – et c'est cela qui me ferme de tout et des autres, de Toi en les autres -.

***26-2-1976, Auroville :**

AUM NAMO BHAGAVATE
VERITE

***1-3-1976, Auroville :**

Ce sont toujours les mêmes mécanismes qui opèrent.

Dans la lumière l'ego apparaît, comme un double hideux ; j'essaie d'offrir cela, mais quelque chose reste trop identifié et il y a une souffrance ; cette souffrance me met dans une position vulnérable ; il me semble sentir un jugement à travers les autres ; puis quelque chose se passe qui me fait croire que ceux qui sont « de la vérité », ceux qui sont « les plus proches de Toi » me condamnent et me rejettent comme un mensonge... me fait croire que je suis ce mensonge et qu'ils me rejettent de leur atmosphère ; la souffrance devient très intense et je suis rendu plus vulnérable encore ; alors quelque chose d'autre se produit par l'entremise de quelqu'un de proche à ce moment-là, un mouvement obscur de rejet ou de brutalité... et c'est le coup qui achève !

Toujours le processus est le même.

Je m'accroche alors au souvenir de Toi – que Toi Tu ne condamnes pas, que Toi Tu es Toi...

Et alors, petit à petit, je comprends que j'ai été joué, que c'est encore un de ces pièges, cette pression fausse qui me veut écrasé sous la souffrance et la honte la plus noire.

Je dois rester neutre, tourné vers Toi.

Oh si seulement je pouvais avoir cette simple sincérité mentale de rejeter les formations !

Moi aussi j'ai jugé, du haut de mon ignorance, moi aussi je juge... !

Puisse cette ignorance s'écrouler dans la joie de Te connaître et la plénitude d'être conscient de Toi !

***3-3-1976, Auroville :**

Ce n'est pas ça !

Il y a un être vaste et libre et conscient.

Il y a autre chose que ces reflets prisonniers, ces échos, ces morceaux brisés.

Il y a autre chose.

Je suis autre chose. Je peux autre chose.

Mais où trouverai-je le courage, la sincérité, l'aspiration pour entrer en cela, ou quitter ceci ?

Je ne sais rien – j'ai vu aussi combien j'étais encore orgueilleux... ! Qu'est-ce que cela peut bien faire si je n'y arrive pas maintenant, si je dois m'écraser, aller à la dérive, quitter cette belle gloire, m'effondrer un peu, défigurer la belle vitrine, avouer mon impuissance enfin ! Qu'est-ce que cela peut bien faire si c'est vrai, si c'est bien là où j'en suis devant Toi ?

***22-3-1976, Auroville :**

Cette main qui voudrait s'abattre sur Auroville, qui voudrait entraver cette percée de l'évolution ou la dévier, la dénaturer à son propre profit... nous la connaissons tous, n'est-ce pas ?

Toutes nos petites ombres en sont issues !

Ainsi c'est vraiment la bataille entre Toi et celui qui s'est séparé de Toi, qui T'a reniée.

Nous ne sommes rien.

Nous n'avons pour Te servir que nos êtres psychiques, si toutefois nous sommes assez sincères.

***27-3-1976, Auroville :**

Lorsqu'à la suite de petites disharmonies consécutives, de petits manquements à l'unité, de petites négations, je me retrouve dans cet état de tristesse que je connais bien, alors, et à chaque fois plus fort, se dresse ma seule vraie question, mon seul manque... Je ne sais pas comment l'appeler, c'est quelque chose que je regarde comme un impossible et qui me manque affreusement... La base, le fondement de la vie.

Tout ce progrès qui est à faire, tout ce qui est dit, enseigné, parfois accompli, m'apparaît seulement comme un lent et difficile retour à la « normale » ; mais où est le vrai Progrès, le vrai Sens de Ta Vie ?

Quand l'homme, l'âme humaine, est sorti de sa prison d'ignorance, quand il Te veut consciemment et ne veut plus que Toi, il est alors mené vers un nouvel équilibre, certainement supérieur à celui d'une nature aveugle... Mais après ?

La manifestation est là ; c'est une constante activité – une obligation.

Pourquoi ?

Où es-Tu ? Que veux-Tu ?

Alors la question grossit, s'intensifie : une incompréhension qui se charge.

Et il n'y a qu'une réponse, qui marque pour ma conscience un Inconnu, dont la réalisation est un mystère total, et pourtant la seule chose désirable, la seule chose utile, la seule chose réelle : cela se nomme peut-être la Joie d'Être – ou ce mot : Ananda.

Alors s'il en est dans ce monde qui ont réalisé cela, qui sont devenus cela, qui sont tellement cela que pour eux la Manifestation est constamment comprise, aimée, harmonieuse, utile, une expression naturelle, évidente, consciente, de cet état fondamental, de ce secret, de ce cœur – eh bien, ils ont trouvé la solution de mon problème !

Il n'y a que Ca qui doit exister car sans Ca rien ne tient, rien n'existe, rien n'a de valeur ni de sens.

Il faut que Tu prennes pitié de ces pantins, que Tu rentres en possession de Tes demeures !

Aucune force, aucun être, aucune intelligence ne peut créer ou produire cette seule chose nécessaire : Ta Joie d'Être !

Et il me semble être seul avec ce vide, cette béance.

L'ego n'est pas forcément ce qu'on croit... Je suis sûr que l'on peut être un modèle de droiture, de générosité, de constance, d'humilité même et être pourtant vide de Toi – une imitation, une création fautive, inutile.

La morale de l'Asura est puissante dans le monde de l'ignorance – mais devant Ta Réalité, elle est impuissante absolument.

***28-3-1976, Auroville :**

Il est vrai, je pourrais me laisser aller et couler encore une fois, retourner dans l'ombre humaine y enfouir ce désespoir, et je suis sûr qu'au bout de ça c'est Toi, seulement Toi que je trouverais... Mais quel gaspillage et tant a déjà été gaspillé, abîmé, réduit, brisé...

Je ne refuse pas de voir – au contraire je veux voir clairement, sans défaillance.
Mais je refuse d'être écrasé.

Il me faut trouver la force de poursuivre et de travailler demain et tous les jours,
avec mon corps, pour Toi.

C'est le moment de ne plus juger, de ne plus céder, de ne plus trahir.

***30-3-1976, Auroville :**

Comment donc peut-on Le servir autrement qu'en devenant Lui ?

Comment être l'instrument conscient d'une puissance étrangère ? Inconnue ? In
vécue ? Quelle vanité !

Toute la vie est un mensonge, un vide, une caricature, un cartonage, aussi
longtemps qu'on n'est pas Lui.

Pour l'égo et l'ignorance la seule chose concrète et tangible, la seule expérience,
c'est la mort et le désir.

Mais pour l'âme la seule expérience, la seule réalité, le seul fondement, c'est Lui.

« O human copy and disguise of God
Who seekst the deity thou keepest hid
And livest by the Truth thou hast not known,
Follow the world's winding highway to its source.
There in the silence few have ever reached,
Thou shalt see the Fire burning on the bare stone
And the deep cavern of thy secret soul. »

***10-5-1976, Auroville:**

Aujourd'hui cela faisait 6 ans que je T'ai vue la dernière fois dans Ta chambre,
Douce Mère.

Aujourd'hui j'étais calme.

***24-6-1976, Auroville :**

Il y a un cri jeté par la nuit lorsque le rayon la pénètre, une résistance aveugle, un
« non » tendu : je suis cela.

Depuis si longtemps que je Te perçois comme un divin chirurgien... et je demeure,
comme dans la réalité physique, ce corps agité, raidi par la peur, le refus d'être
touché, l'angoisse devant l'intervention nécessaire ; et cette opération, lorsque le
moment en est encore distant, je l'appelle et l'implore et, lorsque l'heure est venue,
comme un animal je me refuse.

***26-6-1976, Auroville :**

J'ai l'impression de me préparer à une nouvelle vie.

Il y a une tranquillité consciente qui semble me tendre les bras et je la sens parfois,
bien que la pression sur l'égo soit terrible.

***13-7-1976, Auroville :**

Matrimandir : D.M est tombée !

"One went to the door of the Beloved and knocked.
 A voice asked: "Who is there?"
 He answered: "It is I."
 The voice said: "There is no room here for me and thee."
 The door was shut.
 After a year of solitude and deprivation this man returned to the door of the Beloved. He knocked.
 A voice from within asked: "Who is there?"
 The man said: "It is thou."
 The door was opened for him."
 (- Rumi -)

***2-8-1976, Auroville:**

Satprem m'a dit, alors que je le regardais sans sourire, à demi révolté, nos mains serrées : « Il faut du temps pour apprendre que l'on aime et qu'on est aimé. »

***9-8-1976, Auroville :**

C'est très difficile de comprendre ce qui se passe. Il y a un grand poids.
 La bataille est certainement très lourde. Mais quelle bataille ?
 Quelque chose d'immense doit se faire. Et nous ne sommes même pas capables de participer.

***13-8-1976, Auroville :**

Gratitude infinie pour tout ce que Tu m'apprends de Toi.
 Aspiration à Te comprendre mieux, à m'unir à Toi.

***28-8-1976, Auroville :**

Oui, aimer de Ton amour véritable est le plus grand bonheur, la joie la plus comblante et tous les manquements à cet amour sont d'obscures laideurs que Ta Grâce ne cesse d'effacer...

***18-9-1976, Auroville :**

La seule chose qui me tirerait hors du chemin serait l'impulsion à la vie sexuelle, « purement », crûment... cette vie sexuelle qui a été pour moi comme un second destin – cet état de l'être qui approche sexuellement tous les corps n'a pas renoncé à sa propre réalisation, car il n'a pas encore compris quelle serait la nature du changement ni en quoi cela le concernait directement ; il se sent plutôt concerné jusqu'à présent par un progrès qui consiste à s'accepter de plus en plus pleinement et trouver en soi-même une sorte de joie d'être ce qu'il est, se délivrant des peurs d'une morale honteuse et coupable...

« C'est avec le sens de la séparation que sont venues la douleur, la souffrance, la misère, l'ignorance, toutes les incapacités. C'est avec le don de soi absolu, l'oubli de soi dans une consécration totale, que la souffrance disparaît et qu'elle est remplacée par une joie que rien ne peut voiler. Et c'est seulement quand cette joie sera établie ici, dans ce monde, qu'il pourra vraiment être transformé et qu'il y aura

une vie nouvelle, une création nouvelle, une réalisation nouvelle. La joie doit s'établir d'abord dans la conscience, ensuite la transformation matérielle aura lieu, mais pas avant...

... C'est avec l'adversaire que la souffrance est venue dans le monde. Et c'est seulement la joie qui peut le vaincre, rien d'autre – le vaincre définitivement, finalement. C'est la joie qui a créé, c'est la joie qui accomplira. »

***10-10-1976, Auroville :**

Pour le moment j'ai l'impression d'apprendre à vivre sur le haut de la vague ; le travail et l'activité m'aident à m'y hisser et la constance me permet d'y rester en équilibre. C'est ainsi que j'ai l'expérience de la joie – la joie d'être uni à un rythme de progrès, de s'oublier et de servir. Mais ce n'est pas un bien réel, ce bien qui est sujet à se changer en son contraire...

***19-10-1976, Auroville :**

C'est drôle, la seule chose qui semble exister réellement en moi est cette gratitude pleine, entière, d'être ici, que ce soit vrai, près de Matrimandir, ici, dans Ca – de pouvoir aimer Ca, les arbres dans Ca, le ciel dans Ca, Matrimandir dans Ca, et Te faire mon offrande physique dans Ca... cette gratitude qui touche à l'extase quand je suis rendu conscient de Ta Force... Et c'est tout.

***22-10-1976, Auroville :**

Est-il possible, O Divin, Réalité, Toi, quoi que Tu sois, est-il possible de devenir vrai, pour de bon, entièrement, sans déficience, sans insuffisance, sans déséquilibre, est-ce possible de Te réaliser totalement ici même, libre de toutes ces maladies, ces distorsions ?

Je ne sais pas la réponse.

La seule réponse est : Sri Aurobindo – Douce Mère...

Qui ne garde quelque part une étroitesse, une dureté, une vieillesse ?

Qui EST ?

Et quand je relis certains de Tes mots sur Auroville, je ne peux plus les accepter pour « toute la vérité »... Ils ne sont pas un absolu, comme l'égo qui s'y attache le prétend. On ne peut plus se servir de Tes mots, on peut seulement Te trouver directement, par l'union de la substance. C'est tout.

Le reste, tout le reste, équivaut à une faillite.

***23-10-1976, Auroville :**

Il y a des retournements soudains où, d'une heure à l'autre, les regards qui étaient proches se durcissent et se serrent, le souffle se précipite, les gestes se glacent.

Dans notre marche la moindre réaction négative ouvre la porte à ces ruées qui divisent et creusent des abîmes entre les êtres...

Oh l'amitié, la vraie amitié est une flamme forte et pure qui ne peut jaillir que d'un être entier et uni.

Le quotidien est chaotique. La sincérité est la seule protection.

***28-10-1976, Auroville :**

... « Ce qu'est l'amitié réelle, ce qu'est la tendresse réelle, l'amour réel, tu le sauras seulement lorsque tu seras en moi, par moi, moi, entièrement, lumineusement, simplement ; deviens ce que je suis et tu connaîtras et tu pourras et tu aimeras ; cherche ton soutien en moi seul et je pourrai grandir en toi et te refaire tout entier de ma substance consciente, en ma plénitude sans mort ; cesse de prétendre aux réalisations que tu n'es pas encore capable d'accomplir ; moi seul suis capable de les accomplir lorsque tout entier tu me seras consacré ; alors tu connaîtras la joie d'aimer, de donner la joie pure, inégalable, du don de moi-même et de mon union en tous points... »...

***4-11-1976, Auroville :**

Nous ne croyons plus à la supériorité d'un sage, dont l'égo se cacherait encore derrière sa sagesse... Nous croyons à la Conscience, nous voulons la parfaite transparence, où plus rien n'est gardé, même par les murs de « l'expérience intérieure », nous voulons une coulée, un flot, une respiration joyeuse, qui s'affirme en chacun d'une manière unique et pleine, sans aucune division.

Nous voulons une perfection qui ne refuse rien mais fait de chacun son instrument... Et, si nous pouvons la vouloir, c'est qu'Elle nous veut !

***5-11-1976, Auroville :**

Douce Mère, la lune est pleine, les arbres T'aiment ; je veux grandir, je veux être debout et fort et voir et embrasser et aimer vraiment.

Toi, Tu aimes, Toi Tu es forte, Tu es vraie ? Tu portes et Tu donnes parce que Tu es, libre, consciente absolument, Tu es Mère, Tu es Toi.

Notre maladie c'est d'être si petits quand la Force est si grande !

***6-11-1976, Auroville :**

Il faut être plus grand que le désir pour être plus grand que la peur ; si l'on est plus grand que le désir, on n'a plus peur de voir la force du désir revenir s'emparer de la conscience ; lorsqu'elle revient, on est plus grand qu'elle, on n'est plus son prisonnier marqué au front, on ne souffre plus, on sourit, et elle s'éteint.

***10-11-1976, Auroville :**

La nuit dernière j'ai encore eu l'un de ces rêves qui laissent une impression plus affreuse encore qu'un cauchemar, car c'est comme s'ils mettaient en présence d'une duperie fondamentale : je rêve que je trouve une femme qui est Toi, qui se dit Toi ; elle est en général assise parmi d'autres ; cette nuit, elle donnait quelque chose, je ne sais plus quoi, à tous ceux qui entraient dans la pièce, comme Tu l'aurais fait ; je m'approchais d'elle, m'agenouillais, voulais me donner à elle avec des larmes intérieures, et puis je m'apercevais qu'elle n'avait pas ce contact direct avec moi que Tu aurais ; elle disait mon nom mais elle était comme une étrangère, je ne comprenais pas, j'étais perdu, et c'était aussi comme si je me manquais à moi-même, il n'y avait pas d'identité. Il n'y a rien d'adverse de manière évidente, elle ne cherche rien de moi apparemment ; mais quand je me réveille, je sais que ce n'était pas Toi et je souffre de m'être encore laissé tromper ; c'est une impression très pénible, comme si j'étais seulement capable de toucher une ombre qui Te ressemble...

***4-12-1976, Auroville :**

Il y a une inertie qui m'accable sans cesse, comme une masse écrasante qui veut dissocier, décomposer le peu de conscience qui a pu s'organiser...

Je ne comprend rien de ce que font ou sentent ou pensent les autres, je ne comprend rien de ce qu'ils veulent, à part de très rares exceptions, ou une petite partie d'eux-mêmes qu'il me semble reconnaître... Je ne comprends rien non plus à ce vide que je suis, à cette absence de substance...

***20-12-1976, Auroville :**

Le Divin est dans le cœur – comme on va écouter à la source d'une rivière ou sentir la présence d'un foyer.

Mais la rivière ne jaillit pas, ne coule pas, n'inonde pas, le feu ne flambe pas...

-1977-

***2-1-1977, Auroville :**

Pour la première fois, il y a deux matins, et pour quelques instants, j'ai su combien j'étais reconnaissant d'être en vie et de disposer d'un corps matériel pour faire les expériences : ce simple fait.

Et la gratitude était là.

Et l'humilité était réalisée.

Sans effort, sans recherche, tout simplement, une conséquence naturelle d'un état de conscience vrai.

Peut-être qu'un chemin s'est ouvert et que cette épaisseur s'est un peu dissipée...

***6-1-1977, Auroville :**

S'accrocher à Ta simple harmonie...

La Fête des Rois Mages.

Comité officiel de trois personnes sous le Banyan.

Piège.

***20-1-1977, Auroville :**

En dépit de toutes les résistances Auroville se lève...

(Note: from January, 1977, I began to write in English in my daily journal; there would be later periods when I would revert back to French.)

***12-1-1977, Auroville:**

The night meeting: I see with wonder how things that seemed impossible to get accepted by some, after a while get proposed by the very ones who refused them before!

***13-1-1977, Auroville:**

With D.M. for the afternoon... breathing exercises; a woman doctor comes in.

D.M's bed-sore is like the claw of death. I get some repulsion for those parts in us that allow such falsehood to take over the body. The body is divine. A sort of anger is there. What are we to do, still so undeveloped? So gross and impure? Can we aspire in the body? Can the soul meet the body without a thorough transformation of the mind and life-parts? I believe so, but is it true?

***15-1-1977, Auroville:**

Is the life made to eat away days and nights at full speed and deliver at the end a worn body and a flame still so little?

I must anchor my consciousness to the fire and never let anything come to make me forget that Fire is my stake and my only support if ever something in "me" must exist consciously...

***18-1-1977, Auroville:**

Today S.R. asks me again to see for a "Sri Aurobindo Community House", Golconde-type...

The tourist bus for the first time stops at the circular road and the people walk up to Matrimandir; it is so much better!

Hriday, physiotherapist, will start working with D.M.; Satprem has arranged it.

***21-1-1977, Auroville:**

Note from SSJ yesterday asking for an essay written by me for Auropublications; I feel funny, like in front of a snare for my vanity; how can one write without a reason within? But let it come if it must!

***25-1-1977, Auroville:**

As usual I feel myself as a double being, one who has desires and responds to the suggestions and the other who is transparent, simple, loving.

What to do?

***1-2-1977, Auroville:**

Narad's letter on the board. What's all this about?

Everything in us seems to be crooked, nothing is straightforward...

I don't know, the jungle is still thick; we haven't yet reached Thy clearing!

***3-2-1977, Auroville:**

Some sadness is there, an outer expression of an inner withdrawal that makes me feel again the life and the people hurting, discordant, meaningless...

***5-2-1977, Auroville:**

Looking after Cyril is difficult, especially when others interfere with what they think should be our attitude with children. I don't know, I have to get rid of an old person in me, to become bolder maybe, and to reject all fear and give more of myself to Thee!

***11-2-1977, Auroville:**

Now I do not try anymore to cover up or to control these sudden emotions or tensions that get hold of me in my relations with others; rather I let go and try to

be sincere, perhaps in a more childlike way, and to go deeper inside. I want to chase away every fear.

***12-2-1977, Auroville:**

Let the people feel important if they want!

My path isn't that; my "dharma" is to become, to change, a true change in the substance.

Everything always shows me that You don't want me to be in any position or to be in front of anything or to take any particular outer function. You just want me to offer my whole being to You, so that You can transform all the obscurity and give birth to Your true child.

***12-3-1977, Auroville:**

Yesterday I have suddenly realised that all the pains and the difficulties and resistances and inertia and blockages I am experiencing since almost the beginning of this life are just the very pains that the evolutionary Force is experiencing, but individualized, limited, given a face and a name. And I opened the last Bulletin and found the words of Sri Aurobindo on the pains of evolution...!

***8-4-1977, Auroville:**

We work until 10.30 pm, it's alright, but my attitude is not good; I am bad-tempered, feel unsafe...

This comes very strongly: I must not try to take anything for myself out of Your world; I may only receive with joy and gratitude whatever You give me and I may give myself more and more to You, in Your world.

Your Grace always acts to make me remember what I am born for: tomorrow I'll be 27.

Please make me simple and true, turn me towards You.

***14-5-1977, Auroville:**

... More and more I feel the only action, activity, situation wherein I am not given to death is when I am on Matrimandir. All the rest goes like a theft of life and possibility, a waste or a ruin, a blank, nonsense.

Everything is ready it seems for the concreting: it went so fast, I don't understand, I hope it's true. It looks straight, like a necessity of Yours or one step of Your unknowable Rhythm.

At 2.15 pm, go to Matrimandir, for the pouring of the next section of the South West wall. We finish at 6.15 pm. Still I feel this restlessness, impurity, opacity...

After dinner J.C comes in to say: "Satprem is going away!"...

I don't accept this; we have to stand up. To-morrow I'll go see the people, see what we can do...

***15-5-1977, Auroville:**

Right after breakfast I start for "Sharnga". My two ideas are: Satprem comes to Auroville, we guard him; people of "Aspiration" start making arrangements near the Centre... B.B tells me of his meeting with Satprem yesterday and how it was announced that he and Sujata would leave on the 17th and how Satprem said that everything was in Mother's hands, he was surrendered, Her child, and that we were

close to the darkest period and we only had to go through it with confidence and be one... It is all quiet; nothing in any of us seems to indicate that there is something for us to do in order to change the event... I do not feel any tension.

Afternoon, Shr and Yus come in with the open letter to the Prime Minister to be signed by all Aurovilians, asking for the Charter to be entirely respected by legal means... I sign; we talk of the words to be changed.

At 2.15 pm, I go to work with D.M.

At 8 pm GI gives me the answer from Patrizia Norelli-Bachelet to "my" open letter to her, which was our response to her booklet "What's wrong at Matrimandir"... Madanlal brought the answer; it's another test for me... She is right, she can only be right as long as it is a question of rigorous logical argument... Still, life is full of elements that do not fit into this rigorous pattern; is it to say that things are altogether false, to deny all progress, all advance? People like her, and also quite a number of us here, are fit for this type of action, are good instruments for the roles that have to be played. I am not fit for that. The asuric part in me that still pushes its head up to make me enter into a role is too much hampered by the other need: the need of You...

Yet each time the lesson is given me, I think and believe that I have understood and each time the occasion comes not to throw myself out in action but to keep quiet and remain faithful to the truth of my being, I miss it and fail!

My place is given me, my material work is given me, everything I need and much more is constantly, precisely, completely given me. And yet I want to take...

But it's also very easy to get into excessive self-criticism.

When I wrote this letter, there was certainly some sincerity and who can say it did not serve You, who can judge? It was spontaneous and uncalculated, there was no bargain, no expectation of any result; but there was much ignorance.

I have found within my true relation with what is called Matrimandir. It was made so clear. What am I looking for then? Can't I just keep quiet and grow in the limits, these wonderful, loving limits that You have drawn for me?

I do not want to cost anything.

In many respects I feel like a waste, a lie, because of my sheer incapacity to exist.

But I know there must be within a great possibility. And that is Yours.

And I have to become that, purely that, and I will be Yours, purely Yours.

Still, with GI, this lovable, this jewel of GI, we laughed so much: we cannot do anything, we are powerless... and we should drop all pretence to fight on their level.

We have to BECOME. That is what You want from us.

And let them do and see and think they do rightly and see rightly!

Our way, our dharma is to become!

***22-5-1977, Auroville:**

At breakfast I read F.'s letter about "Fidelity" which he'd posted yesterday after the incident with P. Somehow I found it crude and almost false and I'm unhappy about it as it can only bring more negative reactions and reinforce the division. As I tried to understand, words came and, back here, I wrote an "open letter" to the "Fidelity" group, speaking mainly of the dangers of forming a closed group within the collectivity of Auroville... I felt better having written it; some tension is around me, though, but whatever the consequence I have chosen to do it... I told Annappa I'd made another folly, he at once went to read it and seemed to be happy...

***25-5-1977, Auroville:**

Concreting of the next section of the South West wall. We work till 5.45 pm. Half-way through, black clouds gathered again; on my way back here, walking and looking up at the sky, feeling the earth breathing, I had at once a feeling and an image of You, Sri Aurobindo – Your body, Your Consciousness from within the sky holding out Your golden Symbol towards us, so gently... I remember when I was a child and had this feeling of a Consciousness and a Face at times... was it you?

... Difficult dinner, I suffer from the noise and loudness people choose; by nature I'm foreign to this need most people seem to have to be crude and loud, and I always feel it as violence and an insult to the truth of things... But here it makes me so sad, as in front of some mystery I cannot understand: why here?

***26-5-1977, Auroville:**

I borrowed Krishna's cycle to go to the "Pour Tous" meeting at "Douceur"... It lasted till about 11.45 am; a step forward, but also difficult, mostly because, I think, the majority are French and several parts of Auroville aren't well represented. Shradhalu is very unclear; Savitra, although he says things one can only agree with, revolts me, like another sort of disguise... The French of "Aspiration" are "clear", positive... Today both Auroculture and M.P. were asked to leave the community, while Jacqueline was asked to stop her relationship with Kiran: the matter of "Fidelity" was brought up by F. and Savitra; Alice and Navoditte's case was also mentioned; the SAS has announced they would put the bus back on the road – a proof that, among us, they still hold ground! Finances are bad, not even enough to provide bread, and most of this week's wages are likely to be withheld... There I can see my resistance coming up, if it means the regular work at "Sincerity" has to be stopped... But the choice is the truth of the Future, even if it has to break down all we have and are today; I feel this is perhaps the only way that the true thing may later manifest without being distorted...

At lunch met Daniel, we fixed a time tomorrow to look at the work on the dams in the canyon...

At 2.15 pm, went to Matrimandir: no one is there from the day-team except David S. and it is quite messy; later our night team comes up and we start working at the panels; I feel a bit depressed, seeing how little constancy and perseverance and discipline we seem to have and how easily we drop our work for You because we demand things from others... It's not even that: I suffer each time I see that people stop coming to work at Matrimandir for some reason when it is, I feel, a most needed discipline, not to mention the thousand gifts it pours on us, for Auroville as a whole: that some of us at least are fully engaged in building Matrimandir...

I don't know how to say, it's a most difficult period, and those who have an active mind are the most dangerous now...

I pray, Mother, that You give us the quiet dedication and the selflessness needed to go on with the work. I don't think there can be happier things in Auroville now than the moments, the hours spent on Matrimandir when we can work together. And that is a great force...!

***31-5-1977, Auroville:**

Something is going on inside me about the general situation; something that has to do with equilibrium, progress of all the elements together, without moral or affective or material compromise, because a total sincerity must be there, on every point, without losing one's aspiration for the truth one can grasp or feel or unite to

– something which is at the root of my inability to go completely into the movement generated by Satprem through “Pour Tous”, something that again and again makes me hesitate in identifying with it. It is related to the feeling I have of a Consciousness that is utterly ‘cold’ to our so-called needs but is all-wise and materially omnipresent, yet that can be sort of understood in different ways and at different levels... On the level where most of my nature lives, I must take the stand of complete refusal of the SAS’s influence, it’s the only healthy thing to do and it’s positive. But immediately behind it is another level, a need not to interfere, not to identify with one way or another, not to be influenced even when it is most attractive with the purity of an absolute and the conviction of a leap taken together into the unknown...

I still have a feeling – I can only call it respect – towards the fact that all these elements have been PUT here and that the way is so clearly shown: the real progress that can take all of us together into a possible change is resting on a basis of integrality, all the elements being present together through an evolving situation, under the guidance of a Force that certainly has no sides and no sentiments and is wholly concerned with the truth of the Manifestation.

And I find myself in this strange position where at the same time I can easily be a carrier of the flag of an Auroville without the SAS, daring to be alone with the Supreme in the midst of the world, refusing all imposed influences, and yet something in me keeps me away, like saying: “look, this is already done everywhere, it does not change anything, it is just below the level where the only true change is possible!... ”

And I found this from You:

« ... Et l’état véritable... c’est une totalité qui contient tout, mais au lieu de contenir tout en éléments qui s’affrontent, c’est une Harmonie du tout, un Equilibre du tout. Et quand cet équilibre sera réalisé dans la création, cette création pourra continuer à progresser sans rupture... »

But then comes the real problem. For that to be possible, a real and constant sincerity of aspiration must be there. And if it is not there sufficiently, then things take another turn and it seems one has then to accept certain necessities of rejection and division in order to keep oneself on the right track...

The question then is: are we at such a moment when insincerity has led us to the necessity of cutting off part of the whole, or is it an illusion and one just has to go through the situation as it is?

And that quote continues:

« ... N’est-ce pas, le Pouvoir est limité par les oppositions et les négations (le pouvoir le plus puissant, c’est celui qui domine le plus, mais c’est une imperfection complète!). Mais il y a un Pouvoir Tout Puissant, qui est fait de la fusion des deux – ça, c’est le Pouvoir absolu. Et si Ca c’était réalisé physiquement... probablement ce serait la fin du problème !!!... »

***2-6-1977, Auroville:**

This afternoon I kept concentrated on: “what to do, what can we do, is there something we can do?”...

And today the fatigue comes also from my being in the wrong attitude...

Later, somehow, I broke through this exhaustion because, to my question, comes only one answer and it is always the same: to build Matrimandir.

You have given us Matrimandir to build, as soon as possible, and You will use it to receive and radiate Your Force, as You have said. And it is only Your Force that can help us out of the difficulty and bring the true change; left to ourselves we can only pull the thing down into semi-ignorance and damage Your work...

This answer brings joy and a vast movement of progress with much quiet and strength: we must work towards the gathering of all of us on the city territory, whether in the green zones or near the Centre; we CAN work together; we have something to do together and this is the very means You have given us: we can build Matrimandir together, the Gardens together, the green zones together, the first functional buildings together. We can do it. This is our strength, the thing that has the power to reveal our unity upon earth, in spite of everything...

It is towards that the efforts of the past year were tending, to form services, working teams... Only, it must happen on the ground of the battle, we must physically gather in a concentrated area...

The energy came back, we worked till 11 pm.

The moon is full. I feel happy again.

***6-6-1977, Auroville:**

I keep thinking that if all of us here were really sincere, we would not need to reject anyone; our need of You would be so intense and constant that it would draw the power of Your truth-consciousness right here!

***12-6-1977, Auroville:**

... At about 7.30 am the village owners of that land I have unwittingly fenced across came to me; we went together to the spot and a long discussion followed; there was no marking-stone and the land had not been cultivated for very long. I said I'd first see our plot numbers. These people own several pieces of land, one of which is very near Matrimandir, and they want to sell them all at a very high rate.

Later I went to see Shradhalu who explained the situation with land-purchase; the maximum allowed has already been purchased by the SAS and to purchase more requires a legal clearance of Auroville's status, or else to take some risks in the names of individuals...

So the only thing that remains is... to move the fence!

Somehow it brings me back to a state of anxiety, of non-understanding or disagreement with what is taken as our present direction...

At 9.15 am I went to Matrimandir; V. was already there. I was so preoccupied that at first I couldn't work and she tried to help me formulate what I felt... It's difficult... I don't want only Satprem's Auroville and I don't want Navajata's Auroville neither Shyamsunder's... and neither mine!

I want to respect the conditions laid by the Supreme in order for humanity – and the equilibrium of all the forces – to make the needed progress: that progress the Lord sees as needed, that He Himself needs!

I don't believe in the arguments used by the Aurovilians and I have no trust in the SAS either.

I only feel on one hand a deep unity already there, since ever, with most of the people involved in Auroville's independence, but no affinity with their mental positions; on the other hand I feel the imperative need that all the forces here may

have the chance to grow and change, that they may participate in the building of Auroville.

I do not believe that we have come on earth only to realise something we already know on an inner plane. I believe we have everything to learn, to discover, that we have to grow out of every limit through all that is different...

Meanwhile individual aspirations must be sustained.

It is not up to others or through others, it cannot depend on some psychic group-affinity – this may help, it also may not, the logic of it is not what we think!

***2-7-1977, Auroville:**

I found some pictures of You and a drawing of the sun in an old review and read this sentence of Yours that is quite important to me:

"... Far from seeking to fill up your heart with frivolities in order to distract it, you must with a great stubbornness make it empty, absolutely empty of all things, great and small, so that the power of that great emptiness may attract the marvellous Presence. One must know how to pay this Supreme Grace the price It deserves...!"

***27-7-1977, Auroville:**

I see this image that often comes to me : You are back in a visible body, among us... everyone goes to You to get Your touch, Your love, to see You and be seen by You. But I stay aside, I don't want to go, I am not worthy to go to You; You have to call me if You so wish... Then it's like: no, You are not outside me; You are not what they make of You. I do not want Your blessings or anything from You – You truly are WITHIN. You are the One who exists in me, and only then can I see You, when this is clear, when You sanction it... How, I do not know, by a gesture or a call or a subtle move to draw me to You: that You are, outside, the One who is inside, within me, the very Same, and not what they make You to be, what they tell me You are. And then come tears of blood...

***29-7-1977, Auroville:**

A letter from C. relating her meeting with Satprem in Paris. What I had hoped has happened, she's met him and he has done something with her, in her, many things are swept away; I'm very grateful.

***4-8-1977, Auroville:**

I see that I am inside Your arms, that the fact that this contrary, this antagonism is raised in my consciousness DOES NOT take me away from Your arms, it happens there itself, and I just have to look straight into it, WITHOUT FEAR, courageously and quietly, with the aspiration for the true consciousness.

***8-8-1977, Auroville:**

We stayed the whole night on the road by the entrance to the Gardens, quietly preventing the SAS people from entering the area, and again we stayed there the whole day until after 7 pm. Then we all leave. It's been a powerful day for all of us, something really happened, within and without.

Officials came and went, the Collector came but would only answer with the "law"; yet later we made it clear that we would use no violence under any pretext, but that for them to pass through and reach Matrimandir they would have to enforce it upon us physically, we would do "satyagraha"... We all became completely silent, sitting all of us on the road, the policemen in front of us and, right behind them, the SAS people. They were actually unable to take the decision to force their way. I felt inner tears surging up; the situation was very deep for a while, all fear was just wiped away and we were clear and looked straight ahead, without any hatred – just the certitude of the need for truth.

Followed a long wait, and the Collector went away.

Later Fred came to tell us of CPN Singh's advice on the phone, that we must break no law and should disperse. There is some hesitation but it seems we must accept it as this comes from the man whom Satprem has introduced to us as chosen by You to help Auroville...

In the evening the Collector's orders came that the SAS people may pass.

Their entire group walks between two lines of us, looking so serious and... "funereal"! And we are being so "trivial" and "unspiritual"... So, while they meditate at Matrimandir some of us quickly rehearse some catholic funeral song and, when they come walking back, everyone is standing holding a candle stick and loudly singing, with so much laughter!

What matters to me is that, when we were sitting on the road, having stated our position clearly and refused any further talk, concentrating, I knew that it was worth doing – that one can be sincere anywhere upon earth, yes, but that this force, this claim, this influence has to be rejected, opposed or brought to change; and I was really ready to go through whatever might have come...

I had some difficulty not to be pained at Fred's show – again – when he chose to come and impart the news to us when he had refused to join us earlier... But does it matter?!

***11-8-1977, Auroville:**

I walked with G.M. over to Auroson's for the Pour Tous meeting; group after group people kept arriving till after 9.30 am, even H.I. and Dietra were there.

It is then decided that a small team will go at once to "Fidelity" and tell Jagdish to move out with his belongings. When we arrive he isn't there, though the door to his hut is open; Jorgen, J. and the ladies, as we're hesitating, come and lock the door before us. But soon some of us smoothly break the lock open, enter and move the things out. I try to tell Juergen and J. not to worry, but then a few of their group make a show against G.M, saying that his power rule has come to an end; they have received the occult message in the night... We laugh at this nonsense... Some police joins in, called in by them, and they are also laughing and they take pictures of the whole scene... Ram and Ramaswamy come by, even Roger and Pashi come, and leave, disgusted! But among us it is joyful!

Satprem and Sujata have returned yesterday, Nicole has seen Sujata this morning; it seems that the message from Kireet and CPN Singh to us on Monday was "ill-translated" by Fred: we were within our rights to remain on the road!

On my way to Matrimandir I spoke again to Juergen, repeating that we have nothing against him, J. or the others, we just have to see Jagdish out of Auroville now. Ravindra also came by; I got shouts from Mir. And a preaching from Karen, but I didn't mind, I actually like them all!

***12-8-1977, Auroville:**

We all decided that we'd start today working around "Fidelity", digging pits for new bushes, moving the fence ; B.B brought a cartful of compost with Ram Singh ; the people of "Fidelity" tried to oppose it, threatened to call in more police and villagers to beat us, but we worked on happily... B.B and others started to fill the pits, but Mir came in, vulgar and hateful: I was just about to pour a basketful of compost, but she stood there; I put the basket down, she grabbed it and threw it at me, insulting me in the crudest way, called me a "homo"... The others continued working, gently joking; she then incited two of the policemen who lost control and began to oppose us violently, but it ended in a general laughter and the police asked to be forgiven!

***13-8-1977, Auroville:**

Nicole brings the news that Nata has started a court-case against A.T. for having used the term "Auro" for the new incense factory in Auroville... I don't understand how Nata could have gone so far?

***16-8-1977, Auroville:**

The "Fidelity" group along with some members of the SAS have filed a case against 35 Aurovilians...

***22-8-1977, Tindivanam:**

We heard that A.B. and Yus have gone up to Delhi.

Tall G. arrives saying we were called to meet with the police, at the Matrimandir office. They asked us to explain our position; then they put out a list of 22 of us they are going to arrest now – I am on the list. We answered that they have played a trick on us, and dispersed. Everyone was called to join us: it is not 22 they'd have to arrest but all of us, by force! On the road, in a car, the "Fidelity" group with Jagdish was waiting to see us taken in the police vans...

We ended up sitting under the Banyan tree, about 60 to 70 of us, very close to one another. The police vans drove up to the tree; the children were with us, and the dog! Others still stand outside the perimeter. The police has the order to arrest us by force... some of us start uttering the mantra... they seize G.M first

A few of us are still atop Matrimandir, watching intently; we hold each other's arms; I am sitting by GI; they seize rapidly more of us; I feel very quiet, no fear at all; I just observe that quick pleasure when the "trouble-makers" are carried away – the SAS people must believe they are winning the battle! Somehow they never come near me.

Then, as many have been carried to the vans, the rest of us suddenly feel like standing up and running into the vans to join them; I leave GI and run straight into one of the vans, pushing the policemen aside; we laugh quietly; others are repelled.

It is after 5.30 pm when the vans leave, for Tindivanam.

We stop once on the way, some of us are shifted from one van to another, they confiscate my spanner, lighter, keys, measuring tape; they force Krishna down on the roadside and leave him there – it seems they thought he was a tourist!

There are 39 of us, it is a very small space in the Tindivanam jail; we get very little sleep. Aurovilians come to bring us blankets and mats, some food... I feel very close to Matrimandir.

***24-8-1977, Tindivanam:**

All day a complete confusion reigned. We first refused to give our names, till Toine and Johnny persuaded us; but it created even more confusion as the authorities had now to form new lists. Many came to visit us and some would rather have stayed with us.

The complaints against us are filled with lies, it is treachery...

I'm still upset at our noise, our jokes, attitudes, but it doesn't matter.

In the evening they divide us in groups; I am in a group of 12, with Annappa and Arjun; after a grotesque episode at the Court, we are taken into the very cell where 8 of us had been kept last July.

Jean, Johnny and Toine take care of us with the help of an advocate called Radhakrishna who seems to be a good man, very involved in our situation.

The French Consul comes and is willing to help. In Auroville, Diane and Anita gather all our passports and put them in the French Consulate's safekeeping, regardless of nationalities...

Later Fred came in, volunteered to sign his name and was formally arrested, and so did Jacqueline; the police was completely bewildered! Jacqueline replaced Cl.B who had to go for the children, so that makes 40 of us now. I could arrange, through Marc-A., for the workers' wages and he is also keeping the house.

***25-8-1977, Tindivanam:**

All day long Johnny, Toine and the lawyer ran here and there against time to prevent the police from moving us to Cuddalore where the SAS's influence is much stronger.

We got news from Satprem who says that what is happening is very good, that he has sent messages everywhere. The other group of us have been to Villupuram.

We are released in the evening, and spend the night in a lodge.

***26-8-1977, Auroville:**

We had to wait till lunch hour to go to Court and get officially released on bail (villagers giving guarantee). Then we rushed by bus over to Villupuram to see the others; we're allowed to enter the jail and stay all together a while.

Again I felt tense, I don't know why... something in me makes me have an attitude slightly different from the others' attitude, it's not clear yet, I lack confidence in my own contact and I still try to be like them...

We reach Auroville at about 7.40 pm; everyone is waiting for us down the road from "Aspiration", joy and warmth as if for a great feast...

***27-8-1977, Auroville:**

At 8.30 am the taxi comes and several of us pile in to go back to Villupuram and be with the others; we have to stay there the whole day, till all are released and about 50 of us return in a long file of taxis and a van, reaching "Aspiration" at 7.30 pm; the dinner is ready for all; we're tired but full, and sure... Our house is Auroville, its air, its spirit, presence, the house of Your children, Your work. Your Home!

***22-9-1977, Auroville:**

Today I feel that really what I need is not human. It is here, it is You, it is Matrimandir, it is what it is... but I will not keep trying with the others if, as now, I feel that the aspiration is not the same... I don't care if they criticize me. I don't hold on to life. I need THAT and I find a bit of IT here and this is my way, but I'd rather "die" than leave the aspiration or cover the need for the purpose of what they call "togetherness"...

***23-9-1977, Auroville:**

Mother, is it possible for me to become CONSCIOUS in this very life?

I don't want to have illusions!

Sometimes I think I am not evolved enough and sometimes I think I have done with all the experiences! But then, why do I remain so empty, so elementary, and so hollow? I guess I am not ready to be filled up by the true thing, by That, it would break me down! So I must simply aspire for purity, to be sincere... And... You exist!

***1-10-1977, Auroville:**

I feel more and more that here at the Centre is not the place to seek for a collective experience or growth, but to concentrate on the specific task of building Matrimandir, and that's all.

I hope I'll be able to bring this up, because really the situation and all the problems here are wrong, wrongly seen...

Today I was made aware of my contradictions, of this remnant of will to have control over the others' movements, of this death in me that refuses the rhythms of life when they do not go a certain way, of this impuissance to be wide enough, to have enough love or generosity...

***4-10-1977, Auroville:**

We learned that Indira Gandhi has been arrested yesterday!

65 of us had to go to Court today...

I feel like I'm about to get sick, in a decomposing atmosphere; I got disgusted and angry when some of us started to openly mock a transvestite who was passing by...

This satisfied vulgarity in us!

The only good thing that happened to me today was what I saw, and experienced, inwardly – there was a Presence in it, a flow of consciousness that gave me gratitude -: I was at the Samadhi, Your "box" was opened and I came close to You, pushing my way quietly among the others, and took Your body in my arms and carried You; I was so happy, You know, and I went with You up to the door, in spite of the others' reactions, and by the gate I saw a big luxurious car come in, and then no one could see us any more, but the door of the car opened, I let You in, there was Sri Aurobindo sitting in a dense golden reddish light, powerful, I had His Darshan, and with Your Lord You made me understand that I could not go with You... The driver was a free being, a Conscious one; the presence of Sri Aurobindo was very strong for me, very important; I realised something; I wanted to go with

You, I felt it was possible, and I started to understand what sort of change was needed in me, and it made me learn something... Then it slowly ceased.

***12-10-1977, Auroville:**

At 8.30 am the bus came and took more than 70 of us to the Court... even Cyril wanted to come! It seems that another list has been drawn of either 10 or 25 of us who must leave India...

***16-10-1977, Auroville:**

A rock in the head, I kept in bed all day...

In the evening P.V comes asking whether I know what Nolini seems to have declared today, that "You have left the terrestrial plane and the Work is postponed indefinitely..." My first reaction was to laugh... Then it gave me the feeling that this is the last attempt to block, before Your Centenary, the door or passage You have left between You and here, and it led me back into that certitude, which I've had for quite some time, that we absolutely must remain here, in Auroville, whatever happens, keep the ground, with our faith in You. We must not accept, under whatever guise it may come to us, the suggestion to leave. We must be faithful, in spite of everything, even if we have to pass through the darkness of obscurity here; this is our commitment to You; this is the only thing we can do, offer to You, Since You are the One who acts and works; but his much we MUST DO...

***21-10-1977, Auroville:**

I have no need, no cry, and no call. I am null. And yet...

***22-10-77, Auroville:**

I was wondering if I should not rather leave, return to Europe, since being here without aspiration at all equates to a lie, doesn't it?

I don't know what I'm supposed to do. I don't know...

***25-10-1977, Auroville:**

Before 8 am I went to Matrimandir, first to sweep the rainwater from the slab. R.O. came and we waited for the others; he told me that Patricia might not come, that she'd said she didn't feel like going on when there is no collective effort and the responsibility lies always on the same few people... I gave me a shock and I meditated on it hard... Is it not this kind of reasoning and attitude, very much in favour in Auroville now, which comes straight from death? If You'd had this attitude, it is long since You'd have left men and the earth to their own crookedness and mediocrity...

It's like a great cry in me, we're going wrong here; we do not help You!

Then a sort of will settles in me: it's too bad if we do not collaborate, even when You have created the ideal conditions for a progressive and positive effort, it's too bad if we only seek opposition, difficulties, tension, refusal and conflict...; but there are beings for whom the divine reality is concrete, who know that the true world and the conscious beings who belong to it WANT to manifest on earth and WILL manifest, whatever is the resistance to it...

***26-10-1977, Auroville:**

E.B. talked to me about a theft in her house... I never like people talking about thefts and thieves because I sense it is a contagious vibration and there is something in everybody that wants to pass it on, like saying – but not openly of course -: “they have stolen my things, why not yours!?”. It’s frightening how much we can damage and poison and disturb and spoil through mere speech!

... We waited in Tindivanam the whole day... I spend a long time with Gl., communicating to each other our experiences at present... There is no need to explain, we understand each other very well, have the same reservations, live the same solitude at the moment and suffer from the negativity in Auroville in the same way...

On our way back, we saw Matrimandir emerging from the trees in the far distance... I know clearly that it is only That Force, That presence I want to serve; only That can help, That stands beyond enemies, parties, positions, influences, tendencies, paths. That has no partiality; That alone is CONSCIOUS...

I have been feeling all along that we were like aiming below the mark, that Satprem’s movement was a little too limited, that it was no more the Equilibrium that alone can save us and do... And I feel so sorry to be caught in a partial view, almost anguished to be obliged to loose this opportunity to be with That, no matter what happens, in the midst of all influences a free servant of that free Presence, that Consciousness that alone can comfort me and fill me with certitude and gratitude.

And I prayed to be freed from other influences, however great and deep their beauty or sweet their attraction; I want to be with That, to serve That, of which Matrimandir is the living symbol...

I know that the most difficult, the most terrible contradiction would be that the people here, the inhabitants of Auroville, by their refusal and negativity would render the work impossible...

I do not know where to turn, I find myself empty, null and impure, caught in processes I do not believe in... Perhaps what I say now is all weakness and lack of confidence and surrender, I don’t know...

But I know this: if this time the work is not to be stopped, it must be organized around the highest Balance, the real Equilibrium – and only Matrimandir comes from That, belongs to That, all the rest is... lower, or limited, or in contradiction: That is whole, one and Conscious.

And I want to serve That and only That.

***31-10-1977, Auroville:**

I got another shock! I found that Krishna and tall G. had removed a beautiful tree from near Phil’s house, a tree that Ph. And I had planted together and which was very harmonious with the house, and they have transplanted it near Mir’s house, much too close to another tree and right under the new electrical line! I feel so much in this their destructive attitude; I am amazed and feel lost... what can we do together on earth?

***1-11-1977, Auroville:**

We worked till 11.30 am; today I am full of energy and of tenderness for everyone... At 2 pm I went back to Matrimandir with V., we worked with R.O, Th., Andy, Gab. Ruud, till 4.30 pm; it is all ready for the next part of the scaffold but the couplings haven't come yet. Back here, worked in the garden. Pierre has come to stay for a few days.

V. and I had a late dinner, cleaned up, boiled the milk and did the usual chores; she seems to be more and more at my side; on the way home, we lay on the sand pile watching the moon rise... I think I wanted to let the sweetness of the body express itself and not the energy of sexual desire, so the desire came and went for a time; we lay naked, I watched the movements of the mind, how all the problems exist in the mind, by the mind... Later the desire moved us. I let out the semen but I believe I was careful enough...

***2-11-1977, Auroville:**

We worked on the scaffold and cleaned clamps till 4.30 pm. Then V. and I went walking through the fields to Auroson's Home to visit with Piero and Gl.; Piero showed me his latest drawings on Matrimandir and its surroundings; one of them is extremely beautiful, showing Matrimandir without discs or petals, surrounded with an earth form covered with grass in the midst of trees and small rivers, just as I have always prayed for; I felt deeply happy and grateful to see it, the image of this living wonder we carry within us through Matrimandir...

***19-11-1977, Auroville:**

We worked till 4.15 pm; then I helped Noh, Dadu and R. to put away all the goods at the Kitchen.

V. has returned from town, she has bought a new bed-cover...

Mother, I'm so incredibly happy here, I live the most beautiful life and sometimes I feel such an upsurge of gratitude that I'll never be able to express. If only it could help me to change, to grow, to become truly Yours!

And this work of the new scaffold is so full, so rich, and so intense; it is such a gift...

***20-11-1977, Auroville:**

I have been reading "Sufi" by Idries Shah... I feel deeply about them, as if belonging to one Family, to that Continuum through history; while I never feel such attraction or affinity towards the Tantrics or any other special discipline...

I only know You, and I feel like I know the Sufi too... In the mind and in the aesthetic being I know something of Japan too, and of the Zen way; I know something of China also, from before, and part of the black African growth and heritage; but only the Sufi really answer, and You are the Jewel of it all...

***26-11-1977, Auroville:**

When I want measuring for the wood, I found that I had made a very stupid mistake in the marking of the scaffold and felt really silly and would have wept for it. It will take at least half a day to correct it and there might be difficulties in some places. I told the others about it and they were all very nice and wanted that we should do it today itself... But I can't forgive this inertia in my mind, and that I'm

probably so presumptuous that I don't put up the correct effort of understanding and rigorous observation...

***1-12-1977, Auroville:**

At 9 am I went cycling to Auroson's Home for the Pour Tous meeting: financial situation (Rs.25, 000/ deficit this month), the only way to reduce the expenses is to cut down on food... Is it possible without harm, just with a little more care and balance? I feel clearer about what to do in the Kitchen here so as to cut our expenses and I want to study it today.

But then I got a chit, unsigned, asking me to a meeting about the "Tamil workers"... This wasn't happy, but heavy, with this same mixed and arbitrary note as in the past when this "problem" had come up. Dealing with such issues with the mind, artificially, instead of the direct contact – often despised as "feeling" or "sentiment". I know what they want, that all "paid workers" stop eating their lunch at the Kitchen – that both Rad and Nat. are sent away and told to bring their own tiffins, when it was their own choice to receive less wages in order to share food with us, since more than 2 years now...

I am on the defensive, and sad, because I had felt so clear about working out with Noh. And V. a new; more economical diet...

V. came with me to this meeting, at the Matrimandir office, after 1 pm. I explained the situation, and that it is a matter of progressive relationship..., but Toine pushes their decision as "an experiment to be made"; I cannot agree to this and it worsens as they all turn on me saying that I am the only one to hold that view; I probably express myself in blunt terms, in my reaction to what I feel as an escape to avoid the real issue and a destructive attitude erasing a long, slow but steady progress that has been done... I say then that, if such is their final decision, I'll have to remove myself from the Kitchen as well...

V. and I sat by Matrimandir... I felt crowded with mixed energies, something heavy on me, a sense of rejection and of the lack of any harmonious effort towards a TRUER solution...

I remember that You have said:

"Once you have started to give them food, you cannot stop!"...

V. and I agree that if Rad. and Nat. are indeed told to stop eating in the Kitchen, we'll also stop and eat with them at home, and ask Yv to arrange a food basket for us independently...

I feel a conviction that their attitude is wrong but I do not want to cling egoistically to any position, and I see the need not to put myself in the middle of it but rather to truly offer it to You, so that You may put Your Force on it and a greater harmony may come and more truth in our actions... Yet somehow I doubt... This situation here is very tricky, and opaque; when such problems arise, something heavy seizes on us; already so much has happened that has obviously rendered Your work more difficult, Your work that is not of the mind, but is everywhere at every moment for a more integral manifestation...

***2-12-1977, Auroville:**

V. and I have decided that until this matter is dealt with in a Pour Tous meeting, we will not accept the decision and we will ourselves bring their food to Rad. and Nat.

V. is upset with me for doing things always too personally and not being attentive enough to the others... she is right, I am aware of this imperfection...

***5-12-1977, Auroville:**

Funny, since we finished the walls I am again the only French native among us all and I feel so much happier for it – rather than being caught up in this French complicity! But one day it must be the same, I must become able to find joy and love with everyone!

***6-12-1977, Auroville:**

F. addressed me about the "Tamil workers" who continue to take their meals at the Kitchen, and said he'd seen Parvati giving of her own meals to people outside... He said that it was my personal trip and will that I was imposing on the community...

Again I felt this pressure of violence on my breast, this choking, which I do not have the clarity to repel.

What do You want me to do?

I tend to feel that, were I entrusted to do so, I would have the capacity to deal with the whole situation with the "workers"; but it is not the case and I'm willing to consider whether I may be wrong... Yet my heart feels so much!

***17-12-1977, Auroville:**

I have been keeping quiet with V; I guess she thinks I am unclear these days, she doesn't like R's presence here; but I refuse this exclusivism. I remain gentle but I do not want to bargain, human relationships always seem to be one-sided... But what I have always sought is a full giving and sharing in every relationship, without any exclusivism; whenever I see it in myself I suffer; whenever I see it in others I reject it. What to do, I don't know, but I have faith that what I aspire for, this fullness, this wholeness in diversity, is possible, that it can exist and will exist...

But I have seen that I am very much like an animal and little like a man... It is this distance between the animal and the god, this distance called "man", which is really obscure, filled with suffering, misleading, debased, abnormal...

***19-12-1977, Auroville:**

Tall G. came to tell us that Monique had been attacked by 7 men on her way back from Pondy, who had stolen her bag with her passport and money in it... Some of us had already gone to the road, but it seemed rather pointless, the men having been seen on the run towards Edayachavadi village.

We meet outside with Krishna and Pas.; it is clear we must do something now, to at least catch one of these men and keep him with us until we learn who is behind all this, and we are shown what the next step is to be; and we have to do so without the police interfering with its dubious good-will! Vibrations of fear are already pushing their way in and that is no good; we must stay calm, take it in the right way and make the necessary progress both in attitude and in action... Tonight R. is keeping watch near G.M's and Pas's houses while they are patrolling the entire area...

***20-12-1977, Auroville:**

V. got up early today; as I remarked happily about it, she replied that it was because of R's voice and presence, that she'd been disturbed by it; and she asks him to move out!

I feel a flow of sadness, as if something had been torn that could have been cleared with a little love, and I miss R....

Outwardly I'm quiet, silent, but I find myself weeping inside, like a small child with a heavy sorrow going to his mother's arms and falling asleep...

***21-12-1977, Auroville:**

We worked till 4.30 pm, R.O., Patricia and I. From Patricia I learnt that Abhay Singh had been "released" of his functions by the Ashram Trustees, and that Champaklal is no longer allowed into Your Rooms...! So perhaps the "imaginings" I sometimes get at the Samadhi, projections of future scenes, are to some extent founded after all...

You once said that The Lord alone will decide the Ashram's destiny... How to follow it now? One is too small!

This put me in a strange state. I sense all these forces that shrink, shrink, reduce the place where You ought to stand and radiate, to the meanest negation of Who and What You are...!

Later I went down to the Nursery to look for a flower for Martandar, Claudine's baby son, yet to be born!

***22-12-1977, Auroville:**

After dinner B. came to tell us of the letter Satprem has just written to us all, saying that he is leaving, that the body cannot stand anymore the pressure of so much bad will, and that he is with us and we are all in his heart, that he now truly is in another world...

I only feel that I would like very much, perhaps even more than I know at the moment, that he comes to Auroville; that we build him a house and guard him and protect the atmosphere that is needed around him for the work You are doing in him... Where else can he go now?

But perhaps You see that certain things are yet to happen here and that it is not yet safe enough for him to be here?

Martandar is born tonight at 9.35 pm... "The sun within the darkness"!

***25-12-1977, Auroville:**

This contrary pull, this contradiction, rather intense, this lack of centeredness as it occurs at certain times of one's life, concentrating all the past difficulties in a few days or a few hours – and all the quiet, the inner tranquillity I have learned to identify with in the previous months remains now as my only tangible help...

I grope for security in Your arms, in the flow of this life and service to You, in the forms of that Truth, today and tomorrow, I want to trust life when You stand in its core and guide it through every moment and event...

Yet I feel pulled apart and confused and I would just sleep and sleep as a child who needs to assimilate before the dimensions of a problem or a question he knows himself unable to solve or answer...

I just have to go on and endure and then I'll find my place and attune to its rhythm, its pulsation, and it will show me how to love, how to be...

***26-12-1977, Auroville:**

The water level is steadily rising under Matrimandir, now that we have stopped pumping: clear water from an underground adjacent source...

B. intends to move soon to one of the houses in "Fidelity"; both V. and I feel this may indicate that the time has come to take down this hut and start building a new house in its place, more solid and harmonious, for the soul of this place which You named "Sincerity"...

In the night I had several nightmares and I must have screamed because twice tall G. and V. got up and called me awake...

***29-12-1977, Auroville:**

Shradhalu, who left his work in the Matrimandir Gardens, has now decided to settle with Anita in Kodaikanal ; he has come to visit ; we embraced ; he said that they felt me to be very close to them ; I know it is so, and that sometimes those ties or this sharing are best revealed in a physical distance.



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-1978-

AUM NAMO BHAGAVATE

AUM « Se prosterner à Ses pieds dans l'abandon de tout orgueil,
Avec une humilité parfaite :
Que Ta Volonté soit faite et non la mienne. »

NAMO « Déployer son être devant Toi, ouvrir son corps tout entier,
De la tête aux pieds comme on ouvre un livre,
Etalant ses centres afin de rendre visibles tous leurs mouvements
Dans une sincérité totale qui ne permet à rien de rester caché.
Ce que Tu voudras, ce que Tu voudras... »

BHAGAVATE « Se blottir dans Ses bras, se fondre en Lui
Dans une confiance tendre et absolue.
Je suis à Toi pour l'éternité... »

« Si l'on était répandu en toutes choses, si toutes les vibrations qui viennent ou qui s'en vont exprimaient le besoin de se fondre en tout, de s'élargir, de croître, non pas en restant dans ses limites mais en sortant des limites, et finalement de s'identifier au tout, on n'aurait plus rien à perdre, parce qu'on aurait tout. Seulement, on ne sait pas. Et alors, comme on ne sait pas, on ne peut pas. On essaie de prendre, accumuler, accumuler, mais c'est impossible, on ne peut pas accumuler. Il faut s'identifier. Et alors, le petit peu qu'on a, on veut le récupérer : on donne une bonne pensée, on s'attend à de la reconnaissance ; on donne un petit peu de son affection, on s'attend à ce qu'on vous en donne... Parce qu'on n'a pas la capacité d'être la bonne pensée en tout, on n'a pas la capacité d'être l'affection, la tendresse en tout. On a le sens d'être comme cela, tout coupé et limité, et on a peur de perdre tout, on a peur de perdre ce que l'on a parce qu'on serait amoindri. Tandis que si l'on est capable de s'identifier, on n'a plus besoin de tirer. Plus on se répand, plus on a. Plus on s'identifie, plus on devient. Et alors au lieu de prendre, on donne. Et plus on donne, plus on grandit. »

***3-1-1978, Auroville:**

I feel since about two days that part of my vital is rebelling against so much happiness and that it would be wiser not to insist on this aspect for some time!

In a way I understand it, since equality, true equality, is more precious as a basis for progress than sheer happiness; also my body has to keep steady...

... It's interesting that the most dissatisfied people around here, who grumble the most about the Kitchen and the lack of joy and community life, are the ones who don't participate and yet demand total freedom...! Today again Dadu was all alone for the cooking, and yet everybody does come to eat!

***4-1-1978, Auroville:**

I went at 8 am to Matrimandir. Patricia soon came with the news: Satprem and Sujata are back! I felt so happy I would have jumped around all morning like a child, and so did Patricia...

What happened is that they had gone to the mountains and were staying there, all alone, not knowing what to do next; they had told absolutely no one where they were going. But suddenly a man came to them with a letter from the Ashram Trustees saying that they were expelled from the Ashram!

They could not accept it; they went to Delhi and fetched R.T. there and flew back at once, arrived in the night and found the house at "Nandanam" all locked-up with new locks; they called some of us in "Aspiration" to come and break the locks...

So it is starting... and we now shall be together...!

R.T returned and we were told it was not necessary for us to go to "Nandanam" for a night shift; that things had calmed down... I feel it is not very good or balanced that only the people of "Aspiration" take position; other parts of Auroville should have to come into it. Satprem's fight is our fight, the work You are doing in him must be welcomed here in our midst, in the body of Auroville... It is very strong in me that it is almost a danger for Auroville that only "Aspiration" should be involved with Satprem now; but I have to trust that the opportunity will be given to share and reach a true balance...

***6-1-1978, Auroville:**

We read this article by Udar on "soil-less cultivation"... I wish that all these possibilities are taken up here and everywhere and we all come out of this damned hypnotism to suffering, effort and death!

***7-1-1978, Auroville:**

We have finished the main carpentry work... It worries me that, as we are about to receive here the marble for Matrimandir, the purest, whitest, most precious marble, we are not united about it, we do not understand and many of us, like in "Aspiration", look down on it, despise it...

D.D. came; as she has vertigo, I chose to help her up so she could take her photographs... I notice that with certain people I appear to become a little sad, while with others I'm able to express unreservedly the joy that is within... funny!

***9-1-1978, Auroville:**

Today was my shift at "Nandanam", from noon onwards, with F; we stayed in the garden under the trees, and only saw Satprem from a distance; I become more aware of how important it is to keep to one's place, to respect it, and dedicate oneself to it...

I learnt that Surendra had come to make trouble at "Aspiration", to rouse the workers at the Hand-Made Paper Factory and incite them to beat Aurovillians with sticks and clubs; Gupi and another have been hurt, but the police, called by Jean P. and Serge, was witness to it...

***10-1-1978, Auroville:**

Fr. came up on the structure to talk to me; he'd been entrusted by the "serious ones" to inform me that the decision had been taken to stop Nat. and Rad. From taking their lunches at the Kitchen, and to put all of the workers' wages uniformly at Rs 5/-. How am I to fight this alone? I feel that people like Toine and Michael T. are spoiling something that was useful, harmonious and progressive, for the sake of that "democratic", all-on-one-level equality – the rule of the little mind. I have to trust that the day will come, one way or another, when it will break and something more conscious and more alive will be able to breathe at last!

***18-1-1978, Auroville:**

I'm aware there's still something wrong in my relation to others, that element of controlling will, wanting them to fit in with my demands and to behave as I think they should, this persisting inability to accept them as they are and in their own terms without the desire to interfere but with instead more concentration in my own aspiration to realise the truth I feel...

A newcomer, French, whose name is C.E. E, and whose features and presence feel very familiar to me, came to ask me whether he could build a "capsule" over here (a small single unit bamboo and palm structure raised on 3 or 4 stone posts)...

Madanlal and SSJ have encountered some difficulties in the Madras Harbour to get the marble released, as the SAS had officially claimed that we aren't entitled to import it and that Matrimandir is their property... Toine has gone there. I had been worrying over just that, for the past few weeks, to the extent that both R.O. and Patricia had to tease me about it...!

I'm reading "Seth" and I have begun to love this being, to grow attached to his humour, his sweetness, his humility and precision... It has clarified to my awareness many things which I could only sense in confused terms.

***20-1-1978, Auroville:**

I went back after lunch to attend the meeting in the Matrimandir office... After the usual show/speech by Roger A. stating his position – his conviction about the discs and the petals -, we learnt from Ajit that studies were almost completed for a light tubular structure for the sphere and earth-filled brick-covered structures for the petals... We felt rather silly to be informed of it only now by people who never even show up here and who only have an external approach to Matrimandir...

I had a look at M.K's paper on Auroville and on his project of a town in Germany called "Mirrapuri"; the vibration reminded me of old creations, a sort of spiritualised Atlantis – but not THAT!

C.E has already started to build his capsule in the casuarinas grove and it feels alright.

There's something tough today; perhaps it came with Roger A's visit, some outside influence always trying to gather support in our midst; I had images of Navajata. Yet Roger A. is likeable in some ways... It isn't very clear where all of this really stands...

The first lorry of marble has arrived; we had prepared the place for unloading it days ago; considering the technical aspects, unloading 5 tons crates with just a few crow bars and some steel pipes to roll under them, it's a small feat; we worked late into the night; some of us insisted we postpone the opening of the crates till tomorrow; I feel bad and regret our French team of last year, we'd have done it all!

***23-1-1978, Auroville:**

Every morning R. wakes me up sweetly at dawn by lighting two candles... Today we have to move that special, large crate over to the Workshop; the huge white marble cube is in it...

The last of the lorries arrived at 11 am; in it were the huge panels for the doors to the Chamber; we worked through the night.

***29-1-1978, Auroville:**

I am upset: I seem to have become stone or dead wood, and cannot find the capacity to move forward; perhaps I have been too satisfied and proud and now I have lost the contact? I need to be HUMBLE! I could go roving like a mad man knocking my head against the walls that have come up while I was unaware!

***5-2-1978, Auroville:**

It is funny how in the last few days a part of me has risen that wants to express itself, to pull me out of the nets of this personality... and it has black eyes; it has an intensely centred vital, not like mine, cracked and full of fears! I feel like I'm wearing a shirt that has become too small, too tight, inadequate...!

***7-2-1978, Auroville:**

We have all agreed to arrange a room under the amphitheatre for the reception of visitors, displaying the models, maps, etc. Piero then showed us his new model, with one single entranceway starting from the Urn and going underground to emerge into a circular gallery in the lower part of the sphere, and it is just as You had said at the beginning... If this could be accepted by all the "parties", many problems would be solved!

***9-2-1978, Auroville:**

I cycled down to Joss's and found him right in time as he was just with the man who usually locates the water-sources – a local water-diviner. We arranged for him to come over tomorrow and Joss will send the entire crew in a few days... Then I went to Kenneth and he explained to me about the casings, the slotting, the work of the crews, the things to watch for... I felt encouraged – that You really want that well and pump here and I only have to follow the thread...

It is such a relief to be in that condition where one is acting for something You want and needs not believe in one's own efforts but just has to be attentive, quiet, and perseverant and let it all happen...

As the first half of the house is slowly being taken apart, the sense of the new space comes more and more and the atmosphere needed to make it sweet and beautiful, in harmony with the garden, seems to grow steadily...

***10-2-1978, Auroville:**

We worked till 5 pm. I had a clarifying talk with Piero.

Returning here I found Sakravarthy, the water-diviner, waiting; we have an immediate contact, almost intimate. I had already sensed a particular spot, but I only showed him an area which I think would be most appropriate. Nat, Rad and Yel are still there and we wait together at a distance, in silence; the atmosphere is quite beautiful: Sakravarthy takes off his clothes, keeping only his loin-cloth, washes himself, plucks a small bunch of "neem" leaves and moves in concentration over the area and around it; it only takes him about 5 minutes to find the spot; it is close to our new store-room and far enough from any large tree not to damage any root-system; he drops the "neem" leaves right on it and calls for Yel. to mark the spot properly. Follow a conversation between them all in Tamil - we all are so happy that we shall soon have our own source of water; we feel the trees growing already!

***18-2-1978, Auroville:**

Guru Prasad of the SAS has sent an open letter to all of us, along with a booklet, calling upon us to admit our mistakes and turn back to the true path, saying that You have withdrawn from Auroville and from Matrimandir... At first it felt like dust, then like poison... It is only at Your feet that I have seen such falsity, such lying... I still cannot believe that one can lie so much and so continuously, I am bewildered, what is going to happen?

Marc A. and F.G. brought the petition Savitra has written, to the Government, regarding the situation on the land with the SAS leasing even trees... I sign it too, although I dislike the self-gratifying tone of the letter; I can't help sharing this feeling with Marc A., but I feel bad and want to tell Savitra directly...

***19-2-1978, Auroville:**

I started with V. marking the foundations for the first unit of the new house; we have to check several times to make sure it faces Matrimandir and is correctly sized.

The team has come for the drilling of the bore-well; they call me for the concentration before they sink the first bit into the soil...

***21-2-1978, Auroville:**

We are preparing for the concreting. As we are reacting to the kind of "religious" scene some people still wish to have on Your Birthday, we're having some fun, just so as to keep the balance! Some policemen showed up, to keep "law and order" ...!

Then we saw the tract that the "Aspiration" people have printed yesterday for distribution among the visitors today: it is alright where they explain the situation,

where it is mainly informative – this, I also believe, has to be done, it is correct; but then there is a whole rambling on how we have sweated and suffered and been victims in our good faith – and that makes it disgusting, false and pretentious and silly and it shows clearly that we are not fit for any serious endeavour! The opposite of what is intended...

My heart jumped when I saw a crowd of people gathering at the Banyan tree for a meditation; then I saw that SSJ was among them and surmised these may be devotees who perhaps contribute to the building of Matrimandir...

I went down to the mixer; it's after 3 pm when we can start, Piero is hovering about me, impatient... Little by little a joyful energy replaces the apparent chaos...

As it is our first try in casting concrete on an incline, a steep slope, it takes time for us to find the right technique; we work non-stop till 7 pm, I stay at the mixer, Nar and V. help me. When it's over, V. and I brought the remaining concrete over here and poured it in the foundations of the house with Nat. who'd been waiting.

***23-2-1978, Auroville:**

At the end of the meeting Fred read a statement he had printed to protest against the Ashram Trustees' decision to expel Satprem and many of us want to sign it; I'm happy with it.

We worked till 4.45 pm. There is talk about this other paper we found out about, called "Matrimandir Letter", a news sheet to be printed regularly at Madanlal's initiative, with SSJ and Seyril, without ever having consulted with the workers; none of us knew about it till this morning! It would be alright, though, if it were just to give news of the work to all those who are interested and to the donors and contributors, but there is also a short excerpt of Your conversation with Paolo and Satprem, which, thus taken out of context, mainly aims at Roger A. and makes a fool of him; and this is unfair and does not represent at all what we perceive or experience here. Some of us will try to convey this to SSJ – to Seyril, it'd be pointless...

I feel there is now a delicate situation with "Aspiration"; by their absolutism, they make it a tighter and tighter movement that is sometimes destructive: instead of taking up every activity in order to change it, they tend to suppress, erase, reject. Bound by a sort of mutual love, they get the impression of moving nearer and nearer to a point where they could jump into a different world, a world of light and truth where You reign, and they abandon or reject anything that is not "clear", anything that may drag them back, confusions, and activities too difficult to offer... And so they cut themselves more and more from the movement of life, its richness and diversity, and their attitude provokes reactions that might lead to their being separated from the rest of Auroville and from any constructive effort.

I feel that, in a way, this is another disguise for a mere escape from life's difficulties, just like reaching for "nirvana" is. Yet it is a fact that I can find in myself the same attitude; only, to follow it exclusively would somehow feel very wrong.

I want something more complete, more integral, even though it might be slower to come or the process of reaching it more tedious...

I don't know... They would surely say it is my "mental", that I want to keep my mental ego! I really don't know! I don't want to be cut off from them but I need the rest also... and I want to grow integrally, as far as You can make me progress in spite of my resistances...

***24-2-1978, Auroville:**

Fred revealed to us the work that has been done in Delhi by Kireet, CPN Singh and Habu to create "The Mother's Institute" and obtain for it a 50% tax exemption for the channelling of funds to finance many of the Auroville projects; already Rs 40,000/- have come to "Pour Tous" and this is how we have come out of the pit... I recollected the dream I'd had a week ago of R.T and Fred counting large bank-notes on a big table, and this reminded me of the need not to judge but to simply to the work You have given one, in a growing sincerity, just as these people have been doing without our knowing it, for Your sake alone...

***27-2-1978, Auroville:**

When I accept that I have also been woman in the past, it all becomes much simpler and my problem with the presence of sexuality in every relationship becomes more "natural"...

Today the first stones for the walls of the new house were placed.

***2-3-1978, Auroville:**

I cycled over to "Certitude" - this the new name for the complex of houses that has grown around Auroson's Home - for the meeting... Two new Trusts have been formed: "Mira" (the Mother's Institute of Research) and "Auromitra" with Satprem as one of the executives...

***4-3-1978, Auroville:**

The boring of the new well is over : the men called me early this morning, they had reached a depth of 154 feet and the water-level had risen to 17 feet below ground-level, everyone was happy.

Toine has been helping me to figure out all the steps, how to select the pump, when to get a compressor in...; I'm quite ignorant of all these things and I surrender and let myself be carried along, with the trust that You arrange everything.

P.V came to inform us that Ben had just burned his whole house, coolly watching the fire while sipping his coffee; but the trees around it have been saved; he wanted to warn us that Ben might decide to come over and try and burn more houses! I like Ben, though! I guess that, as none of us was paying any attention to his megalomania, he had to do something spectacular...

The whole afternoon we cleaned the small hut for C.E to move in.

Mother I hope it is useful to Your work that Your children are happy, because the more I go the happier I grow!

***6-3-1978, Auroville:**

I went to Narad for plants and we ended talking about the choice that seems to be put before us all, between Roger A's concept and Piero's. I feel quite lost: how could You say "Yes" to such different options, how could You bless such opposites for the same task?! This remains a total mystery to me...

What do You want, Mother, I don't know.

You seemed to be surrendered to Roger A., to Navajata, to Pranab... who made You suffer all the more and who clearly show today through their actions where they stand!

Why? Why?

R.O is moving to E.B's house – she has moved to "Douceur" – and is very happy about it.

I took C.E's cycle to go to Piero's about the work; while on my way I had time to look at some of my insincerities and also to ponder all those contradictions that You have accepted in Your work and I could see that, if I look at them with my mind, I can only get desperate and loose faith, while if I keep confident in what I experience with my heart, which guides and helps me all along, then I can remain here and try to serve You better and loose more of the ego-consciousness...

With Piero it was alright. I saw his latest model for the Gardens and entrance but I didn't feel anything this time: the access by the Urn is fine but I don't like his shifting of the Oval, so I really cannot say... Again it is mixed; he is too complaining, too bitter. Regarding the sphere, the "skin", etc, he seems to be very clear and practical and I appreciate it; I have more trust in it than in Roger A's easy dreams that – sorry! – look like "camelote", "junk", to me!

There is a secret in all of that.

I don't know. I just feel we must go on with the work without trying to impose any conception or persuade anyone...

***7-3-1978, Auroville:**

After the work I again went to Piero's, to see with him how best to utilise the energies available; we saw the details for the work of the coming days; then he told me of his idea of forming a small group of action, made of people permanently involved in Matrimandir, to see everything as it comes and make all the choices that have to be made. After a moment of reluctance I admitted that it might actually be necessary in order to come out of this uncertainty now prevailing, of all these misunderstandings, judgements and frustrations... if only it could remain a simple work-oriented team! But that has to be seen!

He also gave me good advice for the pump and the tank here.

***12-3-1978, Auroville:**

I was tending to V's foot – my cactus treatment works! – when... Piero arrived on his bike! I went out to greet him, a little surprised, not guessing the reason of his visit. He just said that he'd come to make a "demonstration" and pulled out of his bag a hammer and a chisel and started to break the wall (the outer protection wall of granite stones)!. In shock I returned upstairs to V.'s room and told her what was happening and had to sit a few minutes to recover... V. went out – she's Italian-born, as Piero is -, I followed, watching while V. tried to talk to him, but it's no use. When my body felt a little stronger I went down the last few steps and stood between him and the wall, but he went on, careful not to hit me... We moved in this way for a while. V. went to fetch R.O but, when they return together, Piero had stopped to rest, so R.O left. Then, Piero resumed his breaking, and this time R.O came to stand by my side and Piero had to stop, remarking with sarcasm "here is your right arm!" He left, saying he would come again to break the entire house. All the while, Nat., Rad and Yel and Raj had kept working quietly, which I appreciated very much.

Both V. and R.O feel that everyone should be informed; I too feel that but I do not know how to go about it. I explained to them Piero's position regarding the planning of the city, told them about the various attempts that were made to provide people with cleaner and more harmonious housing and how he blocked them all... Their sweetness is a help to me. I had known that this destructive force

was trying to make me loose my trust and courage, but I can also consider this event as something pregnant with a greater clarity...

V. insisted that we should meet with a few others this evening, it went on till past 10 pm, with R.O, Pas, Pala, G.M, Ina, Jerome, V. and C.E... Hesitantly, but it has been quiet and positive. All felt that Piero couldn't be allowed to act in this way.

I feel very tired.

***13-3-1978, Auroville:**

I got up at 5.45 am feeling very sad, questioning myself and all I have ever felt...

I had to go to Pondy today, mostly to the Bank to get the money for the work here; twice there I happened to see John V and the second time he was standing right near me at the counter and spontaneously I smiled at him but, dark and filled with an accumulated feeling of vengeance and rancour, he said "you can smile but you will pay very heavily for what you have done!", meaning my participation to the collective decision that the group around Jagdish must disband... I couldn't help answering "I don't think when I smile, John!", but he repeated "you will pay heavily!"...

I looked at the effect this was trying to produce in me: fear! So I rejected it...

When I returned here early afternoon, I found Arumugom waiting for me and saw that Piero had come and broken more of the wall; then V. told me what had happened: Piero had come, this time accompanied by D.D and Rakhal who each stood by to take photographs while he hammered at the wall; Nat had gone at once to call G.M and others, and it was Pas who came and took the hammer from Piero while two others stood in front of the wall. Piero said then that he would come every day till he'd broken down the whole house; V. told him that he must stop coming and on our side we would stop building till the matter was taken up at a Pour Tous meeting. At that he left.

The whole incident took place exactly at the same time as I was having this exchange of words with John V at the Bank...

I feel that it is all beyond me, that I have no grasp and no clear indication on how to act next...

***14-3-1978, Auroville:**

C.E tells me his dream of last night, that we were flying together, very close to each other, very united and very free; and then we had to go down through the layers, dense and denser with their conditionings that were spoiling that loving reality, and he woke up at that point...

Everyone here wants to have a "Centre" meeting before we attend the Pour Tous meeting...

***15-3-1978, Auroville:**

We had the meeting this evening after the work, at the Matrimandir office; it started quietly, remained quiet and ended at 6.30 pm. The general feeling seems to be that Piero was wrong to impose his will in such a fashion; that it is a fact we do not know yet how the city will be like and probably will not know until the Centre – Matrimandir and the Gardens – is materialised; that it is therefore wiser not to start any permanent construction on the city territory till that time; but that there are no objections for those who are already there and working to re-build with better materials, provided they are willing to vacate when the "real" city comes that way...

V. and I kept mostly silent. (Initially, once the attempts to build simple and clean structures for group-housing had failed to meet with everyone's agreement, I had started to make designs for a house here; my first design had been for a raised concrete structure, a simple rectangle resting on concrete pillars, and GI had actually finalised, in her professional way, the elevation drawings, without Piero knowing about it; it was her gesture of trust in me. But then, seeing all the resistance and the drama, I opted for a ground-floor structure using only granite cut stones which could be re-used, and no concrete except for the buried foundations, with a ferro-cement flat roofing as an experiment; I designed it then so that it would be most discreet and fuse with the vegetation around it and the protection wall which Piero first assaulted was meant to be covered with vines so as to screen the house.)

V., C.E and I seem to be reaching, little by little, a good, happy balance...

***16-3-1978, Auroville:**

At 9 am V and I went to the PT meeting; almost everyone from "Aspiration" had come and most of them have just shaved their heads, it is a rather funny sight! When Piero spoke it became obvious to everyone what his problem is... Finally it was proposed and agreed upon that the house could go on, that "Sincerity" does exist, as the Field exists, but that nothing else should be started from now on without first referring to the whole community...

***31-3-1978, Auroville:**

There is a call in me: I start wondering like an idiot why, why every time one feels and is filled with sweetness and tenderness, one nears something good and beautiful, then shadows come and obscure movements spoil it all... Why? What advantage is there in it? What purpose does it serve? No! The world is NOT such! This world is Yours! In You there is no shadow, only pressure for progress and growth of consciousness!

I can't believe anymore in "darkness"! There is a trick, a vast, huge illusion.

These things in us, these movement are not, cannot be what they appear to be. I must withdraw my sanction to their apparent existence. There is no contrary, there is no obscurity. There is no evil intent. NO!

Somehow I come to two conclusions: the real perversion of the consciousness lies in the acceptance of suffering – the very way one accepts suffering, is perverted. And this is linked to the second conclusion: one is a fool to consider oneself as guilty, the sense of culpability is a gross trick played to and through the ego.

And both can only happen because of a lack of joy, of inner trust, of centeredness...

"The best way to express one's gratitude to the Divine is to remain always simple and happy!"

Yes! This is the way!

***2-4-1978, Auroville:**

I have felt the need to write to Satprem again, to try and find out how he feels about Auroville, about Matrimandir now...

As usual I hesitated a little before taking my letter to "Aspiration"... As Nicole wasn't there, I left the letter, a flower and a message for her in her hut. I feel she is my

anchor there and that I could love her and be with her; I even fancied that if I were to leave the work here I'd ask her to take me in!...

John H. has come to stay with me until he gets a room in the Camp...

At night we lay down, gazing at the sky; V told me she needed a more material expression or movement of what unites us... Then something good happened: I took her in my arms and held her very tight and little by little as I closed my eyes and the thoughts vanished, I started seeing You: I see that You have not left, that You are waiting, doing something very essential, which we are not able to grasp, because our need is so small and so poor; I feel You with the body, with the embrace of the body, it's like an answer to my questions... As if by holding each other, by being body and soul only and calling for that love and presence, we could best allow You to do Your work... This is nearly impossible to say with words... As if by holding one another, all of us, like that, and looking at You, something would be done!

And that all the rest is... beside the point!

***17-4-1978, Auroville:**

Before 8 am I went to Matrimandir and sat alone waiting for the others, with time to look at things, and a strange formation came to me, it said: "look, I'm getting older, what if I don't succeed in progressing fast enough, in entering fast enough a true consciousness, and cannot become Yours and have a true function and a true working-place in Your work? Then I shall be like a wanderer, a beggar, a good-for-nothing, a burden on anyone I meet, too old to find even an ordinary place!"...

Just as the team was getting together Noh came to call us: something had happened at Bharat Nivas, Fred, Narad and David had just been beaten up by some villagers and it was bad... We rushed there, the police came... Some 50 villagers had been paid by the SAS to beat us; Rakhal and Bill took pictures of the scene, with Fred bleeding profusely, etc.

I felt nothing much, everyone was alright actually. There was some humour in it, though, this comedy perhaps reaching an end with the SAS having done the very thing that could drive them out of here; Fred was smiling and looking very proud...

V. told me today that she has come to the conclusion that she needs to be alone for some time so as to find her true place here and not be drawn to an action or a role just because I am there... It is good, I think.

But it is strange how I myself never seem to have this problem, this need not to get influenced by someone else, as if I didn't care!

Later, C. told me of herself and how touched and moved and disoriented she feels... It was very pure and very deep. Such a jewel she is!

***18-4-1978, Auroville:**

It seems that David had to be transported again as he kept vomiting, perhaps due to a brain concussion; we also heard that both Ramaswamy and Prabhat have been arrested.

I have received a sweet answer from Satprem: "La seule solution c'est d'essayer encore et encore!"

A need in me is becoming more obvious and precise, the need to become conscious of eternity, in the physical consciousness, in the body.

It is clear to me that I am not meant to realise anything on the "heights", it has to be here, right here in the body that I must find it and open to it.

Everyone seems to be half asleep, distracted and I'm faced with my perpetual problem in the work, of having to say what must be done and to check that nothing goes wrong, and I'm reluctant to do it, both because I wish it were not necessary and because my ego is still in the game and gives it a wrong vibration...

As we walk back here, C.E tells me he understands my position, that it is not easy to do scaffolding work with only inexperienced people, but that it ought to be possible to deal with the situation without getting bad-tempered and upset...! How right he is! Then we decide to plant the small fir tree together, and it is happy again!

When I have made mistakes and understand that I have, how can their effects be changed also?

I know this: to see, to accept, to offer and to trust the Grace sincerely.

But is it enough?

I want that no one else but me is affected by my mistakes; but I guess this may not be the rule of the game, as there is only the Lord, and One Body! One Being that suffers, endures, grows and becomes!

***21-4-1978, Auroville:**

At 2.45 pm as I start back for Matrimandir, I see Pala on the path, some distance away; unbidden a feeling comes of being very, very far from whatever she is into; then as we're about to pass each other she asks me, rather tensely, whether I had closed the valve to the second tank yesterday; I couldn't remember exactly, I might have done to make sure it didn't overflow; I feel then as if I had entered a dense cloud and each of my world was taken into some whirlwind, she is so full of an accumulated resentment directed at me; it stupefies me, as I never think of her, am actually seldom here and hardly ever see her, yet she has built up such an anger and frustration towards me, she says she just wants to hit me as I can't even recognise the effect I have on her... I try to calm her and ask her what I can do practically, but it is such an energy that I turn silent...

How is it that even now people focus on me such a large part of their problems or place in me the cause of their disturbance?

***22-4-1978, Auroville:**

The masons tell me that, for some reason I don't quite understand, they will fix the top of the door – the stone lintel with Your symbol engraved in it – only on Monday. I realise then that it will be the 24th and tell them about it...

As I was preparing to go, suddenly V came to me with a flower and kissed me and thanked me... which left me as surprised as the scene with Pala had left me yesterday, only it's the other way around! I had no idea why she thanked me, as I had no idea why Pala was so upset with me!

After the work we walked back together with John H; this is a very present guy, very sweet, and I seem to sense his inner being again, as when he was so very ill...

V showed me what she had done in the garden today; it's good; I suggested some improvements, on her request; she seems to be finding some joy now in doing these things and perhaps she will gradually become stronger...

***23-4-1978, Auroville:**

At dinner Dadu told me that the Collector has announced we must evacuate Bharat Nivas by noon tomorrow; the police are already there and some heavy confrontation seems to be expected. Even though it concerns all of us and I would like to be involved with the others, yet I remain blank, nothing in me seems to go that way!...

***24-4-1978, Auroville:**

Early this morning Kenneth told me that a phone call had come last night from CPN Singh in Delhi advising strongly that we resist and remain inside Bharat Nivas. As this is not a "cultural program" but an action that seems to be necessary, I feel a little more concerned.

When the masons arrived, they called me with Nat. for the "puja" before placing the door lintel, they especially called for C!

Then C, C.E and I walked all the way down to Pondy, nearly two hours walk, passing near "Nandanam"...

***25-4-1978, Auroville:**

We started with Piero loosening the props under the Chamber roof; something is drawing Piero and me to be together again; he joined us later in the tea-house and explained the next works very gently...

Meeting Myrtle and others, I learned that 10 of us had been arrested and had started a fast in Kottakuppam jail, while others started to fast under the Banyan tree; I went to see them there, but I cannot join them while C is here. In the evening the 10 who had been detained were released and joined the others under the Banyan, there are now about 30 of us there.

***26-4-1978, Auroville:**

It rained in the night and everyone had to take refuge in the Kitchen! A bad joke for a fast!

On my way to work I brought them flowers and stayed with them awhile; then I went up with C.E to the Chamber.

***28-4-1978, Auroville:**

Early this morning clouds started to gather with a strong wind and I hurried to the Banyan tree to help them to collect their things under the amphitheatre; then C.E. and I worked in the Chamber till noon.

I have a question: "Mother, do You still want to use Matrimandir for Your work? Will You give a clear sign that You want it to go on and be completed?"

I'm happy with the attitude of those who fast; there is joy and simplicity...

***30-4-1978, Auroville:**

I suggested that C goes with V to the Banyan tree and waits there, rather than leaving from "Sincerity" with all her luggage; both V and C.E came with us to the airport. C could hardly eat, so moved she was to be leaving again; just before the Customs doorway we hugged a long time, it is so deep and good a love that unites us...

***2-5-1978, Auroville:**

I am in a strange condition today : it is not so much that my body is tired, but my vital has perhaps taken a vacation and I wonder at every moment how I manage just to stand on my legs, I have to resist quite hard not to fall in a heap, into sleep or withdrawal.

I am stuck between the pressure on and through the head and a resistance in the rest of the being which I can't understand, which has no cause I can trace, except that something is being done – and perhaps it matters little whether I struggle to stay on my feet or let go and swoon into a ten-day sleep...!

Mother please, do whatever has to be done, take me out of this longing sorrow within into the true joy that triumphs tranquilly...

***3-5-1978, Auroville:**

I feel exhausted, dragged down and empty, without any resources or anything to rely on, my body just wants to lie down and be alone. Yet, as we finished the work right after 5.30 pm and the evening came, quite suddenly I became lighter and happier, as if purified!

When we returned here in the night, we found that someone had entered the room, taken the two alarm-clocks and my bag containing all my papers, passport, etc, has also disappeared... So, no more papers!

***4-5-1978, Auroville:**

Searching all around Nat has found, lying scattered under the big « neem » tree, all my papers and the leather pouches ; the odd thing is that I'm quite sure I passed this very place while plucking flowers earlier this morning... No clocks, of course!

V has gone to Kodaikanal for a few days... Stupid to say, but I feel a little like a child when the parents have gone for a trip...!

Krishna has brought me another belt that he's made, perfumed even!

***5-5-1978, Auroville:**

Heavy with fever, the intestines painful...

After the work we went for a long walk over to "Fraternity", as I had to bring to Yvonne A the thesis that J.Y has written; she and Medhananda welcomed us, we saw the monkeys, C.E did not know them... I felt stronger on the way back...

The fast is ending today, except for Kenneth who wants to continue; he's the only one who has kept going from the start, others have stopped, been replaced, or joined in mid-course...

***7-5-1978, Auroville:**

Watering the plants, searching for a piece of hose, I find that a valve, almost new, is already worn out, which reminds me sharply that we are still in the Kali Yuga when dishonesty and carelessness are masters in Matter.

I went later with Nat and Yel to Pala's to see with her what work is to be done there; as she has many things to tell me, I sit with her for more than an hour; she speaks calmly this time, saying she has worked a lot on herself to be clearer; I find it alright, not tiring, I have the impression of building something...

C.E has made a beautiful drawing of Your face, in China ink, which he offers to me as a surprise!

***13-5-1978, Auroville:**

I went straight to C.E and sat beside him. He told me that the right thing for him to do is to go, alone. Then, it was this powerful and sweet pressure all through me, this deep intensity of something happening. I kept quiet and silently listened to him... It is Matrimandir who does all this, who keeps me here, I belong to it, it is Matrimandir who made us meet, who makes us walk and grow, and who allows me to love by giving me a friend who loves too... I have sorrow that he leaves, I miss him already, but I can understand and I must not cling – I must trust that when he returns he will find his place truly. I prepared the things he needs, in a bag, and brought it to him.

***14-5-1978, Auroville:**

At one point Piero came in to get something and, right at the sight of him I got like a hit in my breast and my body trembled for a moment... Later, this came to my mind: he wants power and will accept much in order to get it, because this experience hasn't yet been fulfilled in him and he cannot surrender it yet... As for me I have known power and have gone the other way around, struggling to withdraw from it and to offer it...

***15-5-1978, Auroville:**

Neither the force of will nor the energies generated by ideals last very long, or else they fail, when one comes to the body, to the Fact.
The joy of existence would be much more helpful there, if it included the thirst for progress – such a union with the Lord that one becomes His own need to manifest...

***18-5-1978, Auroville:**

Part of me refuses to draw vital energy because of the blinding effect it has on my consciousness; and yet I am not able to receive energy directly from You, nor joy, so what am I to do?

When I get vital energy and spend it vitally and physically, I do open to some joy and warmth, but in a blind and egoistic way; and if I don't, then I am left with the little capacity I have to live psychically, and my body feels deprived... But I can only persevere, I guess...

... Patricia is going back to the hills to be with R.T, Satprem and Sujata; she told me how SSJ had secretly been trying to get the funds for Matrimandir through the Ashram Trust; she feels that SSJ is now a real danger to Auroville...

When shall we learn the lesson? When the threat becomes so obvious and we realise that the Soul of Auroville is going to be taken away from us, then we will know?!!!

***19-5-1978, Auroville:**

We carried another section of the ramps over and down to the structure, and it took time and discussion, these are heavy items! I am being very tamasic and find myself in the very same attitude of inert dependency that I so resent in others whenever I have to be leading a team... At the same time, this other position I'm in

at present, of being just one helper, is an opportunity to catch hold of a real movement of progress...

***26-5-1978, Auroville:**

After tea-break, I saw that SSJ was in the office ; after some hesitation I went to him and asked him to tell me frankly his position; he said that in his view we have gone lower even than people from "outside" and that he clearly saw he cannot participate in the present collective movements... What could I say? There is nothing to argue about; it seems to me we are all missing the essential...!

***27-5-1978, Auroville:**

V is worrying about her brother in Italy and she asked me to help her get to Bombay where she will try to get help from her Consulate...

Tonight, after curing its roofs, I went inside the new house, dreaming with it... V soon joined me, coming into my arms, and we stayed a long time immobile, quiet; it is so clear that the Grace is there, so concretely, and I don't know what to do better than to be simply grateful and to progress and grow...

***1-6-1978, Auroville:**

Early this morning I met with SSJ in his house; we sat facing each other and he started telling me his feelings and of his past trials and his position today... Our contact is very quiet and there is this aspect to it of a family relationship or bond; all the time I have the impression of nearness, openness – if only we could remain on this level of inner poise. Of course this is only one "side" of him, as it is one side of me...

Then I went to "Tapoloka" to attend the Pour Tous meeting... Towards the end, F.Gr brought up the matter of the funding for Matrimandir... I would have just kept quiet but for a remark Al.B made about SSJ, which made me feel obliged to say I had talked to him myself; and I thus got caught in a tension due to the reactions, mostly from the "Aspiration" people... I am quite sick with all this reacting just now, and I then tried to say there might be another way, not so "anti", not so negative, to approach the matter at hand; I related some of my conversation with SSJ, but it was pointless and I felt very sorry...

It was anyway decided that a group would meet SSJ and ask him on behalf of the "community" that the funds for Matrimandir be, as a gesture, channelled through "Pour Tous"...

***3-6-1978, Auroville:**

After our night work at the Kitchen, we walk back in silence and come to cure the roofs... While opening the tap, I see light in C.E's house and understand that he has returned; seeing his silhouette seated in the veranda, I feel shy to go to him.

... I sit close to him leaning against his chair, we give each other a little caress, slowly he tells me of his journey; he is like a small brother and I wonder if he has done what he'd set out to do... Several times he asks me to say something, but I just tell him about his plants; I bring him his mail; little by little I realise that he is back, that he is here... I can be happy with him, Mother?!

***4-6-1978, Auroville:**

I cycled down to "Tapoloka" for the special PT meeting, called to elect a representative body for Auroville. Some proposed themselves, others were designated. Fairly soon 12 names were listed and agreed upon.

In the evening when I came in and entered the room I found on my bed a pile of all the things I have given to V since she is here... A strong movement of division; I kept quiet, not willing to get under it, and went up to her room, but she wasn't there; I wrote to her a big card asking her to take back all her things, saying that such a movement cannot come from the heart and does NOT exist and that with all my heart I ask her to erase it with me...

But she didn't take her things back.

There is a kind of anger: what is this "love" that puts conditions as in a bargain, ready at the first occasion to reject, cut apart and divide? It is worth nothing!

Mother, at times I really feel and believe that I am a tiny part of You, made of Your own... But how can I ever say that when I am so filled with impurities, confusion, inertia? Yet I do believe that, somehow, it is so.

Before going to bed I decided to myself bring all the things back to V. It seemed the best thing to do.

***12-6-1978, Auroville:**

At breakfast Narad told me he'd had a very good meeting with P.G and F.Gr: it seems that the same thought has occurred to several of us, that Auromitra should purchase a first piece of land in the name of Auroville, for humanity; and that piece should preferably be near Matrimandir, where the "mountain" is to come, between "Sincerity" and the Nursery...

***13-6-1978, Auroville:**

When I went for my evening bath I found that V had cleaned the bathroom, washed all the clothes and left one bucket for the 3 of us to use! Isn't this how one can rely on the Grace to arrange everything!

Now G.M and Ina have moved to near "Fertile", R.O and Gab have moved to G.M's house here, and Dennis and Christiane have moved to R.O's house here...

***21-6-1978, Auroville:**

Our dog was bitten by a cobra a couple of days ago (Krishna had found the dead cobra); even though his wound appeared to be healing, he was not recovering; this evening, as we were feeding him honeyed water, he died in our arms, just like that, quietly, trustingly...

***22-6-1978, Auroville:**

More and more I can see that one is actually unable to say one single true thing, because no expression can sum up all the sides or aspects into one single helpful formula, and a partial expression is bound to call reactions. And so the power to act together on the basis of a common, integral understanding is blocked, is lacking...

There is much confusion and uncertainty in the work. Sometimes I feel that perhaps Piero is mad, of a very reasonable but very cracked kind of madness!

After the work I walked over to the Nursery to see Narad and ask him, if things go on in that way, whether I could shift to some work in the Gardens - cleaning,

pruning, composting. He looked happy and told me that the Banyan tree needed a complete and thorough cleaning of all the dead wood... I liked that!

***23-6-1978, Auroville:**

Shradhalu told me of the latest drawing Piero has made, showing a construction zone and a ring road passing just over "Sincerity"! (We had proposed earlier to build better collective housing in that very area, as it was marked then as a green zone, which could thus have been developed by the people living there.)

I feel that he and others like-minded are pulling a dangerous unreality over things here, it is heavy, and will remain heavy as long as we are not IN Matter; then we shall laugh and harmony will be spontaneous and natural...!

The only thing in the world that makes me feel true, that fills me with sense and purpose and gives me the ananda of existence is when the Force flows – when I'm concretely aware of its flowing...

There is the inner pain, a kind of conscious pain, at others' solitude, at each one's solitude, at our impuissance in our condition to find and to live the Presence, to be filled with the Presence always...

***29-6-1978, Auroville:**

After seeing the work here I went to "Unity" to meet Narad ; he came a little late, we looked at most of the trees around there, I showed him what I had done and intended to do ; he approved and seemed to trust me pretty much and we understood each other well enough ; he demonstrated some techniques for pruning...

Then I went to the PT meeting. After a few topics were gone through, we all went over to Piero's to see the model and drawings he is displaying on Matrimandir; then we all returned to "Tapoloka"; the topic was now Matrimandir, what to do next; Piero spoke; F.Gr also... I got very disturbed by Piero's approach, by a kind of mental dishonesty; I could have pointed out several "arrangements" that were near to lies; later I felt compelled to speak also, and I did it with concentration, effortlessly... On the way back; Ruud caught up with me to tell me he liked what I'd said, but I felt he was interpreting it... It seems to me that things are not ready...

***2-7-1978, Auroville:**

In the evening after the work I walked down to the Nursery to ask Narad for the address in Madras to get those chemicals to line a pond. I found him all worked up. He'd just seen that someone had wildly pruned a young tree in the Gardens; he couldn't believe it had been me but was anxious to see me and find out... I don't know who did that but, if I continue working there, I'll have to be more attentive so that such things do not occur... I plucked some flowers for Krishna's birthday and went over to his house, then. As he wasn't yet back home and I saw that the plants there were very dry, I started watering them all, to make him a surprise...

***3-7-1978, Auroville:**

V has moved to Dennis's while they are away and I'm considering moving there as well while the old hut is taken down and the new house is getting ready...

***4-7-1978, Auroville:**

I went to V at Dennis's and saw with her how to place my things there... There is less tension between us and a more "respectful distance" now...

***5-7-1978, Auroville:**

After our bath, C.E and I started moving my large book-case over to V's; P.G was there and helped us. Then I stayed awhile with V, putting things in order; she is a little tight and rather possessive; she asks me to sleep there, so as not to leave her alone with all this "wealth"... But I'd rather stay in the garden for the time being!

***7-7-1978, Auroville:**

In the evening, after washing the clothes and blanket, I saw the masons and was a bit stern with them, as they've been talking way too loud, disturbing everybody. Then I went over to V's to stay there while she went for her dinner; this is a rather beautiful house that E.B had built, with its large windows looking out over the land, the trees and the hills in the distance, the sunset is blazing, and it is all spacious and warm and comfortable...

When V returned I went to bring biddies to the masons on my way to the Kitchen; I'd asked V to inform F.Gr I wanted to talk to him, so he was waiting for me with Patricia; I told them that, for the last two days, I'd been feeling a clear urge to break through this blockage related to Matrimandir and that we should simply, somehow, tell everyone that the work on the shell is now starting, and end this false search for a so-called "collective direction"... They seemed to be feeling the same. We figured we could announce in the next PT meeting that the work is indeed starting on the concrete shell and that any other decision regarding the Gardens, for instance, would be premature, that drawings and studies are needed first from Piero and whoever is interested; that energy is required from everyone to do the work now...

12-7-1978, Auroville:

When I returned in the evening I heard the shouts of the masons yelling at each other. I have asked them so many times to quietly concentrate on their work and not to disturb others - I feel bad imposing this racket on everybody here. So I decided to be a little firm and told one of them to stop; as he was going on shouting, I told him abruptly he could take his leave; then another of the masons declares that he will also leave, and so do 3 of the helpers; I say "fine, you can all leave" and wait while they pack their tools...

V and I have another argument, as I still feel to sleep in the garden rather than move in; I end up telling her that we must acknowledge we do not understand each other and are unable to express outwardly any real friendship; but that I do not wish to talk any more about it...

On my way to the Kitchen, later, I saw that none of the men had left, they were all talking quietly; I sat with them and, in my poor Tamil, explained to them what I expected of them so we could all be happy together and the atmosphere and the vibrations would be good for the building of this new house; they told me then they were ready to work if I said so...

V was still waiting for me, I saw her rigidity and felt like a boy who's gone to the movies despite his mother having forbidden it, and it stiffened me: she asked me bluntly to leave the house tomorrow...

Today, being caught again in the demands of relationships, I wondered if it was really worth it, if one should not rather concentrate in solitude and move away from any relationship that is not clearly given by You...?

***13-7-1978, Auroville:**

Once again V asks me what I have decided. As I reply that I do not know, she declares that if I do not leave, then she herself will have to go...

C.E joins me later in the Kitchen, we eat and do the clean-up with Dadu as usual, but I am oversensitive, ready to take anything C.E says as a blow... On our way back we sit awhile in the sand-pile and I tell him about V and he explains to me what he understands of her needs and difficulties, and it eases my mind and I feel light again and ready to move my things out of her place and leave her alone.

Then C.E offers to me to move over with him and to sleep on his veranda... He speaks to me on what he feels towards the collectivity here...

I go back to V's to fetch my blanket and tell her that I now understand and am moving out, to which she replies that it's not enough for me to "understand" – meaning, I guess, that I somehow "owe" her and ought to do more...

In the middle of the night, she comes over to C.E's and wakes me up, wanting me to go back to her house right away, all sweet and loving, though still very tight and tense... But I tell her that we must at least follow one movement to its end...

***14-7-1978, Auroville:**

I woke up at 5 am, far from rested... and the memory of V coming to take me "home" is stronger than the memory of my dreams...

I arrange my things in C.E's house and on his veranda, we sweep and clean.

Later I worked with Narad, we spend some time pruning a "Service" tree together, he makes some useful comments and criticism; on Renate's request we then see some work to be done on a large "neem" tree at the Camp and this takes us till noon, and I don't feel tired at all...

***15-7-1978, Auroville:**

I have a sort of anguish tonight: I am not enough aware, I am too caught in life's play...

Back to C.E's at night, we find V waiting there, all sweet and close, to take me back; but I refuse to go. I too must find my true position towards her, both in silence and in activity, and it is difficult, I do not know yet.

***16-7-1978, Auroville:**

... I sit quietly on the veranda while C.E is painting; being so near to him now, I open to another rhythm of living – I could also paint or write or weave again, or just... I don't know, just live? I never knew to do that, it seems...! I was not missing it, though, as far as I know; what I need is in You, in the pace of Your Force. But it is as if You were giving me all this unasked-for happiness and I receive it with gratitude and wonder and it fills me with sweetness...

I want to grow from the soul only and no longer from my own formations or partial understanding of what it is or should be... Even difficulties, even aspirations tend to give a form to the progress to be made, and I am now learning that I must not give it any form but follow with confidence the path that is being opened step by step...

***18-7-1978, Auroville:**

I am going through quite a lot... I see my own vanity. And it is vanity that opens one to this illusion of the "adversary", although this is hard to recognise!

To live with C.E instead of living alone is a question to all of my actions; it opens up a whole different life with its different attitudes and responses. In a very short span of time I see many of my defects, ugliness, facts of "me" that must be offered as they are and for what they are... And simultaneously there is anguish that I shall not be able to make it and the intense gratitude to be given such a thing!

I met Ruud at tea-break who told me of the latest developments regarding Matrimandir matters and invited me, with some insistence, to a small meeting this afternoon with him, M.T, Toine, Al.B, Jacqueline, Ajit, but without Piero! I listened to him, but didn't feel at all like going. I feel too much out of it now or too incapable to discern a way forward...

C.E seems to be pulled by his own contradictions, he is tired and somewhat cynical; I tease him a bit... I would embrace him, he is so dear.

Big clouds are massing. V meets me at the new house and we watch from the roof till the wind rises, driving dust before it and bending the trees down; we run then and put everything away, and a big, dense rain comes at last...

I asked C.E whether he'd rather like to be alone; I do not want to be a weight on him... I have so much to learn these days and yet it looks like nothing is happening!

***20-7-1978, Auroville:**

With a full bag of vetiver grass and some other plants I'd just collected, I stopped by at "Tapoloka" to see what was happening in the PT meeting; the topic of Matrimandir was up again, Piero introduced it and Savitra spoke at length, and I felt like going out... I don't know how to explain... We seem to be reaching nowhere, we keep onto the same old lines, rejecting and condemning and being offended or so self-satisfied with our "collective process", our so-called unity... But what I need is more consciousness, that's all! And at present I feel I'm more likely to find it by going within - within myself as within the things I touch and experience -, than by persisting with this "collective attempt".

Yet it is also a question of love. I want to love, to know love.

...I found that the carpenters here had made a mistake with the staircase despite my warning them twice; so I have to change its position and modify the floor levels, which fortunately aren't yet plastered; it bothered me at first, then I adapted to the situation and found a way out which might actually be quite harmonious...

***22-7-1978, Auroville:**

Michael T told me there was no money at all today and the workers couldn't be paid; as I left I met Shyama downstairs and teased her about her survey of the economics of each community and we started talking... What is the true way onwards? To cut, to reduce, that can't be it. To simply rely ignorantly on Your Grace isn't it either. And any cut first falls on the land, then on the materials and on the villagers working with us... I could only say with some clarity that I felt the real issue is in the need for us to open to the central Force of Auroville, its power of cohesion which seeks to manifest through Matrimandir...

I'm preoccupied with the situation in "Sincerity", for which I'm largely responsible, with 5 paid workers... Would it be truer that we, who live here, do all the work ourselves? But then we would just be a community of Westerners in the middle of South India doing our comfortable, self-justified sadhana... I don't know, I cannot see the truth with my mind, but I do not feel a call to obey this kind of pressure...

***24-7-1978, Auroville:**

We swept and cleaned the house together. C.E too seems to be disturbed, I guess for the same reason: yesterday night we went through an area where sexuality was involved, and desire was present; even though it was just a slight influence, it took us down and we have got now to deal with it; we speak little, it will come in its own time...

Ay night I went to see the masons, while they were finishing the floor, to offer to them one day of paid-leave before starting the next phase of the work, and to start it only if they were happy to do so; they seemed to understand and took it very well and asked me to come for a "puja" later, when they were done.

***27-7-1978, Auroville:**

I went to "Unity" to get a wheel-barrow and, along with Marimuthu, to the Nursery to load new compost for the pits in the Gardens. I wasn't too happy with this work at first; as we reached, I saw Narad from a distance and thought of asking him from which pile we should take the compost, but remembered he had said "yes" for the first pile when we had earlier talked about it; but as we started to fill the barrow I noticed the dung was still very hard and the pile very hot, but my mind didn't go further... Then Narad came and got very upset that I couldn't figure this compost wasn't ready and its heat would kill the plants; he showed us then the right pile and we loaded from it. We laughed over it but it gave me a lot to think: I often find myself in such situations, not out of bad-will but out of a kind of lazy ignorance and a coarseness of my ego. Usually something happens to show me my mistake before it bears any results, but it is time this attitude changes or disappears; I can see how it still plays around me with fears or the desire to save an image, it is petty, poor and mean. Then, to push the full barrow up to the Gardens was hard for me, as I had neither the muscular strength not the happy energy for it...

***2-8-1978, Auroville:**

As I was plucking jasmine by the house I suddenly heard Yel shout and the sound of a fall. I ran inside the house, found him lying down under the broken door, full in the water from the curing... I removed the door and when I touched him I got an electric shock and saw then that he was stuck with the electrical cord in both his hands and his whole body was filled with current. I ran back outside and switched off the main, and carried Yel, unconscious, to the easy chair under the tree. I had then a moment of panic as his heart stopped beating and he wasn't breathing any more... I massaged his heart vigorously until it started again and I continued a while longer until I was sure it was revived. Yel opened his eyes and recognised me, and then he lost consciousness again, to wake up a little later, asking what had happened...! I let him rest there, asked Pala who just passed by to go and fetch some milk for him; I watered the plants, saw the work here and when the carpenters arrived I showed them the broken door. Later I brought Yel to rest more on the bed on C.E's veranda, heated up the milk, told C.E what had happened; he was sweet and helpful about it.

***6-8-1978, Auroville:**

I feel bad with my own attitude of demand towards C.E, and sad like a child, because there is not enough reciprocity and not enough balance; I had hoped to do all these little works with him but he is busy in himself and probably finds me too pressing, too heavy... I have to turn all this to You and reject depression.

I went to work alone. At the Nursery I found that Narad had broken his arm! But we fixed for tomorrow to plant some more trees together in the Gardens.

I am trying to see what's wrong with me; there is a strong pressure on my ego this morning, it feels uneasy at being unveiled; this is increasing...!

As I collected some fruit for C.E and I, R made some comment on "collective principles" to which I reacted and it got a little harsh; yet I knew he was right. He referred to Dadu, who would never refuse me anything because of my influent ways... Yes, I must change! I certainly need to become more humble, truly humble, and to withdraw from any power I might still have over people; I never mean to, actually, but it's still there as a fact and very much part of the image and formation people have of me in our life here – the individualistic, dominating attitude...

Later I got an acute belly pain and it was so bad I had to lie down twice in the afternoon...!

***7-8-1978, Auroville:**

I went to the Gardens and counted the pits where trees are missing: there were 40! When I told him, Narad decided that we could only plant 5 trees a day, as he needed to do some study for such a large number... As he proceeded to select 5 saplings that had overgrown on the cement tables, I felt hesitant and a little doubtful about planting such tallish rootless plants; he got upset and defensive, taking it as a personal criticism; I kept quiet and smiled back at him and we carried the saplings over to the Gardens and planted them together... He's got such an orthodoxy in his ways, he's bound to get upset with me now and then, though he'd never admit to his heavy judgement on me, "for the sake of harmony"!...

Today at the Kitchen I stayed in line with everybody like a good boy... Does this help me to become really humble and simple?

***11-8-1978, Auroville:**

Last night was active, my dreams filled with people. But I woke up with a heavy heart, because I'm forced by C.E's reservations to discriminate against parts of myself; I become unbalanced and faced with conflict, and I find that it is not desire itself that produces conflict but the concealing, the separation or suppression of one part, one element in our togetherness, that brings a fight against desire; and it becomes too important or exclusive, it starts weighing more and more – and it wouldn't have if we'd been able to give simple expression, on all levels, to what we are to one another. It lingers like a kind of sorrow... It is the shutting off of possibilities or fields of expression that brings about conflict and loss of balance... I want to be myself and to love well where I can love, where it is given me to love...

... P.G came to tell me that Micheline and Pierre Etevenon were visiting tonight and that he thought of bringing them here, but I know that C.E would feel very uneasy and I'm not enthusiastic either about this kind of social interaction; then he asked us both, and particularly C.E, if he intended to move to the new house with me once it is ready, as he himself would then like to move into C.E's hut... Funny how

little by little everyone has begun to see C.E and I as inseparable and, of course, made formations about it, and assume we'll be living together when we ourselves do not know it...!

***12-8-1978, Auroville:**

Early this morning I prepared the payments and did the accounts. We kept silent. C.E is a little distant, as if he'd taken some resolution, and I can't help being anxious over it!

... I had seen that Shradhalu had been digging some pits where I had always meant to keep an open space, because of the beauty of this lawn and the perspective onto the large trees, so I stopped by his house; Anita was also there; I asked them whether they intended to plant big trees there, as I'd planned that no mass should block the view; Shradhalu started to come out with me but, all of a sudden, made up his mind and told me with a violent tension that he will do as he likes. I just said that I didn't know he was in that state and I left at once and went back to the Gardens to do some pruning there and take photographs of the "Prayer" flowers blooming on a hill...

I was uptight with this sense of people turning against me, of being rejected by both C.E and Shradhalu today, but I centred and pushed the fear away and turned into the Presence and felt alright again.

As I was walking back to Matrimandir for tea-break I saw Shradhalu coming towards me across the hills and felt a burst of love and the impulse to run to him and embrace him; he was serious and wanted to tell me of his past, and of his aspiration to serve Beauty in a place he would feel as his home, and that he'd felt he'd found such a place now, at "Sincerity", and yet people were getting upset at him, like Anita and me; he said that he'd been crying often in the last few days... I reassured him that this was nothing but a simple matter of harmony...

... At night, after our work at the Kitchen, we sat in the sand-pile quietly as we often do... I was getting ready for anything C.E might have to say, but he started with a surprising comment on our rigidity, then slowly told me about my pressing him, waiting for him or calling him and remaining turned towards him, that it disturbed him... I felt terrible because I had been trying all I could precisely not to do that and it seems my efforts have only intensified it... I am faced again with that movement which escapes or eludes my control; but, as it needs a relationship to occur, I suppose it works both ways and that there is C.E's side to my own pressure...?

***13-8-1978, Auroville:**

I am tired as if from too long a storm... I think I have sometimes seen those little beings that do their mischief in me. Won't You pluck them out?

I want to open my whole being so that You can put everything in order and remove these things that stick to my consciousness like parasites...

... While working, I tried to look for the root of it all, to find what has to be done and the capacity to do it; at times it was like a meditation on the phenomenon itself, the obstacle it represents in the advent of true relationships; but at times it was just pulling, exhausting, gnawing, blind, resisting like a stone of ill-will...

But I want to have no shame about it.

I have seen in past relationships that this always happens when there is a withholding, an excluding, and a keeping away, or a movement of preserving in the other...

... I saw V pass and stand dreamily gazing at the house, a load of cut bamboos in her arms, like a lovely little girl; I was reminded of how we had suffered from this very lack of reciprocity when it was me, then, who didn't have the same yearning... How to get to the true life – life true to the Presence within?
I want to reach equilibrium and have no egoism.

***14-8-1978, Auroville:**

We laughed over my bad night: my sleep was so agitated that I fell off the bed! Yet when it came to agree on walking back together from Pondy, it became all tense as if there was nothing we could do together any more...

I tried to locate in myself that little door to the Supreme that every born being has access to... Out of schedule I came upon C.E in the street and we finished the shopping together and he decided he wanted to come with me to Paolo's (yesterday Paolo had come while I was at work and left a note of invitation for me to meet him at lunch today). We stayed there till 3 pm and it was light and happy. C.E's presence helped me to observe how I am still prepared, or still used, to being courted, but also that, with Paolo, a need for a more real and substantial friendship has developed.

... I have received another letter from J.F.A and, at night, on the sand-pile, I tell C.e about this peculiar relationship, and of the "problems" it evokes as one addresses another person in a mystical way or dimension...

***15-8-1978, Auroville:**

Sri Aurobindo's Birthday and India's Independence Day...

I have found my prayer, the prayer I can make at all times, it is the little door to the Supreme that each one has access to within oneself and through which He can step and begin to manifest – so that little by little I can put all the energies into that prayer... For; what else matters than the Supreme taking conscious possession of Its instruments, Its bodies, of the physical and material worlds...?

... Tonight as we were preparing to sleep, at a sign in C.E's way of moving, I felt it was time for our bodies to meet, I went to sit by him and we embraced... I could have wept; it was like the parents' arms when one is a child... We lay together and it was hesitant and happy and intense and playful...

Yet I stayed awake for a long time wondering if by my fault I have exposed us... But then I fell asleep and dreamt that we were making a garden and planting flowers with a great depth of meaning...

16-8-1978, Auroville:

While at work we were each dealing with the "after-effects" of our experience, but it wasn't heavy. And tonight when we lay down again, we told each other what we'd been going through during the day and it was quite simple and there is a happy trust, a confidence that rises from being aware that we are nothing and can do nothing, that we rely on That alone to take us forward...

***19-8-1978, Auroville:**

I feel steeped in confusion, just like the air today, grey, heavy and sticky, I don't know how to shake it... Then as drops of rain start falling I propose to C.E that we go running, let energy out with earth and sky : we follow the "Fertile" road and run till we reach the big pond, orange water against the red soil, silent, intense and

wide... We take a long swim and play with mud and watch the birds. Our bodies feel more at home with each other now.

Tonight we stayed a long time together, getting closer and freer; I feel mute, a sort of awe before such a gift...

***20-8-1978, Auroville:**

We worked till noon. I want to get our lunches at the Kitchen and, on the way back, as I reflected on the graceful happiness in which we live, my mind recalled the possibility of a dispute, of a misunderstanding and, at once, I sensed the small energies that are always ready to make one say the wrong word or have the wrong movement that could start the dispute or cause the misunderstanding... I pondered this phenomenon for a while and got into a rather amusing "dialogue" with these little beings that seek to have fun by pushing people into conflicts...

***21-8-1978, Auroville:**

... Something happened. There was this wavering in our contact, nothing could be said without worsening a sort of ambiguity and I was not conscious of the actual issue, something important was eluding me, I only knew it was about Auroville and my attitude towards the "collective" and the work... Then C.E started speaking from a deep impulse, with the strength of accumulation; I listened and, quite of a sudden, a big wall of my ego was knocked down, I felt as if the roots were torn out, it was so concrete that I couldn't raise my eyes. I was seeing, so tangibly how, behind this "attitude" of mine the ego, its falsity and its hardness, had hidden so securely... I was terribly ashamed. Then I felt quite lost, devoid of any capacity for simple love, unable to live and give myself, or anything worthwhile. I had been caught for so long in this illusion, trapped into the false existence of the ego, looking at things from this separate, hard viewpoint, and it had kept me ensnared by the arms of fear and guilt...

***22-8-1978, Auroville:**

This evening, alone, I was planting trees, 25 trees, meditating on progress. Suddenly I caught in my mind a rapid thought, all mine in the sense that it translated a deep-rooted attitude of my own ego, something very ugly, detrimental and contrary to love and truth; it would have escaped me at another time because it is one of those formulations one is so used to have "underneath", that the "good mind" pays no attention to it anymore... This part is what feels itself as an "Aurovilian" and considers C.E with a slightly disdainful pity, seeing his "problems" and weaknesses and weighing the slim chances of his making it! So crude, so self-satisfied! And I felt how much this ego is a lie, a terrible lie...

***25-8-1978, Auroville:**

Early this morning I watered the plants abundantly. As I went to move the hose-pipe over the wall, it fell onto a flowering yellow bush and split it; I felt awful, as if confronted with the material result of the confusion that has got into me...

Returning here this evening I felt overwhelmed with gratitude for this place...

I realise I now exist in three fields: Matrimandir, "Sincerity" and the relationship with C.E, and all three belong to You.

Krishna has returned from Delhi; he sits with us tonight for a while. Later, when C.E has finished writing his mail, he turns to me very sweetly and lies down next to me and we hold hands and at one I become aware that... I am hard like a stone and my heart is veiled and there is only a mechanical expression of tenderness over a big hard wall, something so hard and so satisfied to be hard and indifferent, something that has never wondered, never questioned itself, that has no respect for anyone else's existence... I tried almost desperately to see it dissolve into a deeper movement of love, but nothing moved...

***27-8-1978, Auroville:**

At noon I returned to C.E's with a pressure from above going deep inside and lifting my heart with inner tears and intense yearning; and I saw this movement taking place as if someone, the Help, was letting down a rope in a big dark well reaching for the soul and holding tight and little by little pulling it out of the dark, out of the ego...

I wanted to explain to C.E what was happening but he prevented me sharply saying that I do not have to justify or explain, that we are together and it is enough... I looked at a sudden turmoil, trying to see through it; and I found that... here it was, the ego! It had gone lurking, acting even in the transparency of that silence, it was there, hard as ever, like death itself, and it had every intention of making C.E feel how great I was and how I deserved homage for what was happening in me – that he had a lot to learn before he could even hope to experience such a thing... Like light focussed on a pin, the Pressure was showing me... the ego!

I feel I must go on, but how can I trust what I am?

***30-8-1978, Auroville:**

As we were about to start back for Matrimandir, F.S came by shouting my name and that he wanted the use of a barrel; as C.E was coming out after me, F.S began, in his typical aggressive humour, to denigrate everything that's being done here, the water-tanks, the pump-house, the "castle" as he called it, reminding me that he had only given me his support for the building of a "temporary" structure, not of a palace... Somehow, this hung with me as we worked the rest of the day, chipping the roof of the Chamber, and I wondered whether I was using C.E as a refuge, hiding in our relationship, turning away from the general pressures...

Stopping at 5 pm, tired, as we go down the scaffolding I hit my head on a clamp and get a good-size bump for it... C.E and I had some steel to cut by the workshop but we got confused, it went all wrong between us... I told myself that it couldn't be worse, and this calmed me down at once; we had to sit under the Banyan tree a while to recover, though.

As I was asking within which way I should be going, to stay or to leave, to remain with C.E or to move away, and put this mental alternative before You, I realised that the truth is not choosing to move either left or right, this way or another: the truth is to be true! To be true in one's consciousness, in one's being, at every moment and in every circumstance; and right there and then, a smile returned in the air!

***31-8-1978, Auroville:**

C.E got up late today...

As we clean and arrange the house, I tell him my dreams and we laugh...

I see three movements in me, overlapping one another: one is loving, silently active; another is narrow, judgemental and wanting control and upset at details; and the third is hesitant, wondering, and eager not to impose oneself...

I cycled down to the Nursery to get some more tree seedlings; Narad is sad, upset by all the controversies around Matrimandir, feeling ill... He shows me the record of the conversation he had with Nolini on his birthday... We arranged for further planting from Monday on...

***1-9-1978, Auroville:**

While I was at work, alone, chipping at the roof of the Chamber, I found myself physically connected to Matrimandir, as I used to always feel earlier: this communion of the body with Matrimandir. And my heart rises in joy and the yearning returns in me for this life where we all give ourselves to our maximum, working for the Soul and yet waiting on each other, giving ourselves wholly to It and waiting on each other always...

This evening we had about 30 more trees to plant; I had a rather precise idea of the position for each of them and didn't want it to get confused, so I did not offer to C.E to choose himself and unwittingly got disassociated from him and found myself shut up in my old solitary persona; it happened in a wink and I couldn't get out of it; C.E remained quiet, with a strange expression of crude irony, or revolt.

... It is a strange experience we are all having, to oscillate between the tendency or urge to be alone and to deal with things from one's solitude and organise oneself accordingly, and the call to be together and to throw everything in that breath of progress and companionship, not keeping anything to oneself, not making any reservations...

***2-9-1978, Auroville:**

While working in the Chamber, I meditate on discipline, will-power and the element of ego in them, and on consecration and on togetherness. Sometimes it clears up and it is joyful and I visualise a collective discipline, freely chosen and without egoism, without imposition or arbitrary pressure on those whose movements are still uncertain and tentative, and I experience it as a formidable force of unity – very far ahead it seems, and yet very close...

... C.E says to me: "I like that you can return to me even when I am repelling you...!"

And I see that what in us feels rejected or wants to reject, feels imposed upon or seeks to impose upon, is only the ego. While the actual experience of togetherness leads to the door of a great mystery...

***4-9-1978, Auroville:**

I went to Krishna's to pick up the cycle and found V there! She has just returned from Italy!

... C.E wanted to sleep closer to me so we don't have to part in the night and wake up separately, so we end up spreading all the bedding directly on the floor, facing out... He tells me that, when we move and live together in the new house, he wants to keep nothing to himself, he wants to give himself completely...

***5-9-1978, Auroville:**

We were taking our afternoon nap, I was dozing, following a series of images, when I was jolted awake by V's voice. She asked me to come over to Dennis's and take my things immediately – the book-case, the chair... I got it right in the solar plexus and it made my body tremble, so I just told her to do what she liked and she left...

C.E was helpful and light about it... We went later with the men to carry everything away and they all were amused by this latest scene...!

Sometimes I feel a bit as if the Lord had always been watching all my "efforts", and all the times I fell on my nose and all the conflicts I got myself into, ever with a smile, ever holding my inner being with a firm hand...

In the night later, unexpected in the still air, rain began pouring, straight down, steadfast, and plentiful and it went on till dawn...

***6-9-1978, Auroville:**

I had a mental, moral dilemma this morning: whether one has the "right" to ask for the light when one does not use properly what is already given. This is the old, persisting notion of "sin", betrayal of the divine, etc.

I saw that I was not going to come out of it by arguing and felt the way lies in the very tenderness one feels, simpler and truer than all these divisive notions. As self-giving increases, confidence also grows and anxiety vanishes and we are able to look at life with more consecration and balance...

It all must become a ground for Your feet...

... When there is the yearning not to be led by desire but to be transparent and given to You, there is also the fear of being abandoned by You because one might have failed to fulfil the conditions, because one might have yielded once more to desire... And this fear is basically an ugly movement, it is false; it was given to men by religions with their concept of a God who judges and condemns, separate from the creation, outside of Nature, a God who is not what we are.

And isn't this precisely what we must fight to free our consciousness from!

The Lord is all. The Lord is everything. And it is the Lord Himself who yearns and wills to change His own conditions of manifestation in order to bring more of His reality into it.

The Lord does not judge or condemn, He grows through Love and Truth and Light...

***8-8-1978, Auroville:**

Collective suggestion seems to say that our relationship is "against nature" and that by the very force of nature each will return to "natural" relationships... But I don't think that one often meets in human existence such richness and freedom of contact and expression that can allow each person to live equally one's feminine and masculine elements and where it ceases to mean anything exclusive... Yet, that would be truly natural!...

I feel anxious as if we had to shake something off that weighs on us, to go out in the wind, to do something strong and positive... I am aware that my insistence only aggravates C.E's withdrawal, that we are drifting apart, ego making our positions antagonistic... And I am as if paralysed by this condition of separation; he becomes harsh, his eyes are full of this separation, as if painted by it; he says that I am not sincere, that this is just a play of forces, a knot we must untie, that it is the same situation as with V... And I see that all I could say or do would be in vain.

After a first movement of wanting to "kill myself" as I used to years ago, I quietened and regained some balance...

Tonight, C.E said that perhaps it might be good to take some distance and not to see each other too much for a while; and as he spoke I felt we were now two entities, no more one movement... And how the yearning for togetherness is itself a divine breath.

In vain I asked him to stop, to come back... There is nothing I can do.

The question is: what to do when the contact gets veiled – even so slightly, for it is not sudden, it starts very subtly -; one senses the difference but feels secure in the outer movements, and then it is too late... What should one do?

To keep quiet, to look within oneself for the insincerity, to call You, to part?

C.E said we had to call You, as if we were attacked.

But somehow I am tired now of looking at the world in two contrary halves; I want to realise the Divine in ALL of His being and that includes the “adversity”, since nothing exists without Him, nothing is but Him...

We kept silent, then.

I thought that to part was a kind of political move, an arbitrary way to “deal” with the difficulty... I fell asleep while the rain was driven by a cold wind.

***9-9-1978, Auroville:**

When I went out this morning to pluck flowers, C.E was half-awake, but distant. I went and sat under the tree, wrapped in a blanket, and wrote several pages of my diary to You. When I returned to C.E’s he was all sweet, it was over. We embraced.

***10-9-1978, Auroville:**

Working in the garden here, I ponder this matter of reciprocity, of mutuality, of equal commitment – the mystery that lies therein and the innumerable failures in men’s lives to achieve a balance. The more I go the more mysterious it seems to me and I feel the key to this mystery is truly in the Lord’s hands...

It would seem that I merely got lost in the dependency to an exclusive relationship and have thus gone astray, but I feel it goes beyond that, it touches the core of the human knot and the secret behind the apparent contradiction between multiplicity and oneness... Or between unity and the formation of individual egos and the need thereof to pass on to a truer condition...

In the process, withdrawal from contacts into one’s consecrated isolation may be wise strategy, but temporary: for it all remains unfulfilled.

Yet the opportunity must be given by You, otherwise one is likely to miss the Help necessary to overcome all the obstacles, and that is why one must learn true surrender, so that one’s demands, incapacities and contradictions do not come in the way...

... I watched as C.E applied varnish on our paintings. Later something unexpected happened: C.E went to the new house to fetch some tool, returned after a while and told me he had felt that we should move right away to the new house. This took me by surprise and, as the day went, it all started rising, full, happy and positive...

***13-9-1978, Auroville:**

At 4 pm we went to attend the general meeting at the amphitheatre. It seemed almost everybody had come. F chaired. We listened to the text of the resolution that was passed by the SAS, then to the answer prepared by Auroville and we were asked to find and agree upon a common position.

But what I understood inwardly was that we should all by now, each and all of us be able to respond and to act according to the light and presence in our hearts, SAS or no SAS; and if we were not, that nothing could help us.

***19-9-1978, Auroville:**

I feel uneasy with C.E. The thing is that, as long as we believe that a division is possible and might occur some time, then it will return, again and again... It is a lack of faith, love and sincerity for, with faith, love and sincerity, one KNOWS that division does not exist!

I feel unwilling or reluctant to give myself when the next moment I might be rejected. We cannot be spending days of negation waiting for the night to bring us together again; my nerves are weakening...

***20-9-1978, Auroville:**

I was concentrating in my work, a bit worried about my nervous capacity to endure, when suddenly came Gordon calling for help: a band of men from Alankuppam had just come to break the dam that Joel G had built last year...

Later, as I was preparing to go down to Pondy with Shradhalu, P.V all excited came to ask us to inform the Kottakuppam police on our way; but no officers are there when we reach and we can only leave a note. In the evening when we returned Pas told us that P.V had been beaten up by a large group of villagers – and a whole dream came back to me from the night before...!

***21-9-1978, Auroville:**

I was working on the compost pile when two villagers, owners of several pieces of land in the area, came to tell me they wished to sell some of them; I fixed an appointment with them in the afternoon...

There is a sense of a cry, behind the surface, a feeling that we are not answering, not doing what You expect us to do; it is like a knot collectively tied and the worst of it is an inertia that is used to repel the Help we need...

By 3 pm the villagers came and I took them to the Matrimandir office... And there I learned that, by the end of this month, SSJ will have merged into the SAS – something I had not understood! We arrive in the middle of an intense discussion; several of us are there along with Toine, some have come from "Aspiration" to try and make him change his mind, as it seems he has chosen to go along with the SAS resolution and to hand over to them all the Account books of Matrimandir within a few days... I listened to the arguments and, in this way, got a perspective of the whole situation without asking any questions. It does not look good! I quite agree with what is expressed by B.B for instance, but I can also appreciate Toine's faithfulness to what he believes to be the truest; it is an interesting moment, but it goes on and it becomes obvious that I won't be able to do anything for those villagers, besides which there is no money in any case either at Matrimandir or at "Pour Tous" and we can't even pay the electricity bills... So I send Ramalingam to verify the options and postpone the talk with the land-owners...

On my way back R asks me with some force to come tonight with him and P.G to see the villagers who have beaten P.V and try to communicate directly with them; I feel happy with the simplicity of his conviction but I have no wish to participate...

Back here I come upon a new scene: Krishna seems to be now staying with V and there has been some dramatic exchange with A who now needs another place to

stay and has been directed to move to C.E's hut, as Dennis is about to return home... But somehow it feels quite good that more of us want to stay here...

***25-9-1978, Auroville:**

Pala, C.E and I have gone to Madras, mainly to receive Dennis, Christiane and Rita at the airport. Yesterday evening for the first time Pala had come in to visit and she apologised for everything she has said to me or about me in the past several months... We went to the city for some purchases and to the Nursery to select some plants, before going to the airport; but our passengers did not arrive... I proposed we wait till the evening flight lands, and we spend the time drawing; I make my first portraits of C.E, he does some funny cartoon-like studies, Pala comes and goes; at 7 pm we go back to the receiving barrier and wait a while and, here they are!

... I dreamt again that C.E and I are building a garden with much concentration and we use everything, every movement, every word and find how to turn each into an element of this garden...

... I watch the cat in its troubles, a participant audience: he is sitting high up in the tree, surrounded and besieged by dozens of angry crows while the dog is barking up at him, awaiting... I end up chasing the dog and the crows disperse, but then the 7 sisters come in and begin their racket...

R tells me there's an unannounced meeting, kind of secret, called at the Matrimandir office... And when I bring the cycle to the workshop I find that many people from "Aspiration" have come as well; I sit and listen as more of us try to persuade Toine to change his decision... But I don't stay till the end; I keep getting the feeling that as long as the whole of Auroville doesn't fully support the building of Matrimandir, nothing genuinely true can manifest here, in us... Perhaps I have to try and write it down, in simple terms...

... P.G has finally moved into the small hut (where C.E was staying).

***27-9-1978, Auroville:**

I called C.E to come upstairs and look at my drawings of Your face – not very good! We laugh. We get into one of these talks that suddenly open to an intense comprehension... I seem to touch the essential difficulty, with a great intensity, which is: how to reach and unite to the real joy of being, the Lord's Ananda, and how this joy is necessarily one with His love; how this is surely the key to all problems of existence, because what we all miss is the joy of progress, the joy of becoming, of manifesting ever more fully. We miss this crucial joy, we cling to those forms that have revealed to us in a moment of time an aspect of the Real, we cling to them and we have bitterness; we have so little confidence, we give ourselves so little, because we are not able to surrender joyfully to the flow of the Lord's becoming... We only know tricks to make life bearable, we have only learnt somehow to endure or else to be indifferent; or we adore and worship, but we are too narrow to BE...

And so we don't have His joy and we don't have His love, we are powerless, negative, apprehensive, retracted...

***29-9-1978, Auroville:**

When we reached Matrimandir this morning we saw several motor-bikes parked by the office and found that, following yesterday' PT meeting, which we hadn't attended, a new team had taken over all the office work and Toine and Jyotiprem had both withdrawn. The new team is composed of G.M, Piero, and Fred... I feel no joy about it... It just seems to be another power thing and I have little trust in that, it is contrary to everything I have understood so far... there is a sort of disgust in me that is not easy to put aside...

***30-9-1978, Auroville:**

On my way to Matrimandir to see for the week' payments, I meet Jyotiprem: he tells me how he's been pushed out from the office by Savitra and others. Then he hand me a dirty piece of paper, prepared by SSJ, asking each person working at Matrimandir to sign in agreement to the SAS resolution... Since it is obvious I am not going to do that, we laugh over it...

When I reach the office, I find G.M, petit P and A there, sitting like 3 suburban gangsters, and it feels as ridiculous and of as much poor taste as SSJ's paper...! I don't quite know whether to get angry, to cry or to just smile and go on...

This whole situation is rather repelling...

How to spend the energy for You?

I don't know the way. I just feel the need to continue to go every morning to Matrimandir as a discipline; only; if C.E is too unhappy about it, then I may not be able to go ahead with it...

... I was still out working in the garden at dusk when Pala passed by; I said to her I had just received some seeds and asked her for one clay pot (I had seen she has many); but she refuses; and she starts explaining "her situation". I kept quiet.

How to understand this? When she has criticised and aggressed me so heavily and yet has kept asking me for all kinds of material things which I have never refused, and now she cannot give me one single clay pot?! What is wrong with me that I find myself faced with such behaviour?

... Tonight, waiting to do our clean-up duty at the Kitchen, C.E and I took a walk, hand in hand, over to Matrimandir; Yan and another fellow were sitting on the first slab playing guitar, unaware of our presence; it made me a little happy, gave me some confidence that perhaps, in time, all will begin to feel Matrimandir as their home and want to serve it together...

***1-10-1978, Auroville:**

... I went upstairs to do some painting: I had wanted to do a face and thought it would be a sweet and feminine face; but what came out was a surprise: a strong, powerful, joyful, manly face that could be that of a black man with deep piercing eyes, and a kind of exhilaration and, as it appeared I wondered: could it be "me" in a previous life?

***8-10-1978, Auroville:**

Walking back with C.E from the "Fertile" pond in the evening light, I "think" of You... things rise from the past... And I see that there's still a warp in my nature, a basic cowardice and a vileness that allows these losses of balance and responds to fears. But, seeing it, I become centred and feel a quiet strength, generous and tranquil – and that is good!

Later, I read a passage of "Savitri", "The Mother of Might" and it comes to illustrate the dilemma I am in: I am revolting or, rather, I am fighting within myself to be rid of this concept, underlying all experience until now, that the world is a battle-field and the Lord is only half at home in it. I refuse it. And I am slowly beginning to see that the root of all disharmony and suffering is this very warp in man's consciousness. One may, and does, attribute this warp to an Adversary's making or interference, multiplying itself as the species propagated, but: isn't it time one found out WHAT has allowed such deformation to take place? And to what end?

Not out of guilt and the seeking to be "saved", but from the yearning and the will to unite with Him, to become what He is, to EXIST!

Yet, it is a fact that You have suffered the hell of hells in Your body. And that is unbearable.

But the reasons given are not helpful.

One cannot fight against oneself too long. One must become divine. One has to BE! I of course can be mistaken, Mother, but I can only love this world when I can feel, more and more, that it is all the Lord for the purpose of a progressive revelation, of a consciously evolving manifestation; and adversity co-exists or is concomitant with that inner warp: one has to find and straighten the warp and the evolutive value of adversity is gone...!

***9-10-1978, Auroville:**

The men tell me they absolutely need 4 bags of cement to finish the final plastering of the roof already started, so I have got to go right away and somehow find this cement... I meet Kannan by the office and he gently accepts to drive the van down to Pondy again even though he hasn't yet eaten. We drive to Coco Gardens first, see the man in charge: no cement, they only have what they need for the running of their factory. I keep quiet, offering it to You to see whether this roof is to be completed or broken down! The man also keeps silent for a moment. Then he says he can give me... 4 bags!

We meet Li Mei and B.G who ask us to fetch and load some planks for them, which delays us further, but we're back here by 3.45 pm and the men are happy...

... R came to ask me to go and get the milk at "Sharnga", so this evening I cycled over there, and met B.B and Cl.B. B.B tells me he'd planned to see me about the incident between P.G and one of the masons here, Subrayan, the other night (P.G had come to the house while Subrayan and his team were concreting the roof and shouted to them very crudely about their causing disturbance for everybody around and Subrayan had hit him. I had done nothing about it, really. Only, C.E had gone out to calm everyone down; but I had clearly heard and felt P.G's tone and manner as disrespectful and quite insulting even and his anger to be unwarranted). Then B.B discloses to me that this story has gone all around and there has been talk of stopping the work at the house until the matter is seen at a PT meeting, as it is unacceptable that I have "allowed" a mason to beat P.G, an Aurovilian, and moreover let him continue work afterwards. I remain quiet and firm, and B.B alters his attitude and begins to tell me how he feels about solidarity and the need to support each other unconditionally, whatever may be our rights or wrongs, simply by virtue of the fact that we have come together for this work, each one's carrying one's share of the contradiction; that we must stand together every time... Both of them bring up Satprem, of course... I do not argue. We part with a smile.

... It all works itself in me as I slowly cycle back. First I begin to feel again that I'm all wrong and so is the building of this house and so is the relationship with C.E...

And my disagreeing with most of the "movements" taking place here in Auroville, doesn't all this say that I'm false?

I try to be very quiet so that the truth of each position finds its place in me without jarring and so that I may realise where I must change... It is urgent that I centre myself in a true vital, because I am too weak and I keep falling under the force of depression, presenting me with such extremes that the actual need is covered like under a cloak.

But the real and actual need is to change and to trust. The two go together. One can progress only when one is aware of the truth of one's being and able to rely straight upon it!

***11-10-1978, Auroville:**

We were resting a while after lunch and I was drifting off when I suddenly saw a face – my own face, eyes wide open, my own eyes, but it is all different, these are the face and the eyes of my own soul! It is me, exactly me, how I feel myself deep within, it is filled with my soul, the eyes are full of it, a wonderful expression, Mother, and it makes the eyes just a little darker, a deeper blue, more intense, the expression is magnificent: sweetness, a loving smile, a clear presence, a whole soul is there, Mother!

It came in a second, just in front of me, perhaps a little to the right, facing me, and to its own right there was something solid – like a wall – on which it was leaning a little, but I did not see the body. It was all so intense and sudden that it left me with a moan and a shiver...

It gave me a measure of the difference, and explained why for so many years I have been feeling as if empty, an echo, wind passing, always missing, missing, when it should feel, it ought to feel like one is filled to the rim, one is brimming...

Feeling like an empty shell, sometimes traversed, or transfixed by all kinds of currents and waves, but empty, empty... yet subtly, miraculously tied to this other "me", this full being...

It is not a vaporous, airy thing, it is entire; it is real and full of love and unique.

Am I bound to go on empty, parallel or suspended, a miserable caricature tossed about helplessly at the end of a thread?

... Later, as we lay a moment, after the work, on top of the Chamber roof against the concrete rib, I experienced once more the death of a soldier on a battle-field, with the blue sky above as a last smile, ready to travel away...

... This evening we found a strange atmosphere in the Kitchen... I ask Noh and R what is happening. They tell me that SSJ has got the carpenters to sign a paper, convincing them that they are the rightful builders of Matrimandir and should relate to him and the SAS and take charge of the construction... So here comes an ugly attempt, again, to rouse "locals" against "Aurovilians"... under a nice cover, with Your symbol on it!

***16-10-1978, Auroville:**

The carpenters have indeed signed SSJ's paper, and now Piero refuses to give them any instructions; there is no cement for the next concreting, there is no money in "Pour Tous", scrap steel is being sold just to be able to continue... SSJ has offered money for the cement on the condition that his people would be there to receive it... Those who have been working on the structure do not mind receiving the cement this or that way, but those who now work at the office will of course not accept anything from SSJ....

SSJ has also offered money to Narad for the Nursery work; Narad hesitated, went to see Nolini and seek his advice and Nolini seems to have said: "No! This is all false!"...

I felt that, in the event of a conflict occurring if and when the cement sent by SSJ would arrive, I would just watch: not an easy choice, but the only one at the moment for which I find some supporting joy.

... I fell asleep during my afternoon rest and dreamt that Yel and the others had discovered an underground passage just near to the house and had already begun excavating; curious, we followed in and found ourselves in a house that is the original source of the one we are building above ground... not as if we were building its replica: this is its richer source, more complex and wider; elements of it, though they are perceived here from a different, practical angle, are making up what we are building, but materials are identical and the feeling is the same; odd details which I have felt to include such as some "strange" openings or jutting stones to hold a flower vase, have their *raison d'être* there, correspond to the needs of an inner life...

***19-10-1978, Auroville:**

Every day I follow more or less the same routine: I get up at dawn, take a bath, write to You in my diary, trying also to note down all the dreams I can remember; then I go to the Kitchen, have an early breakfast, pluck flowers on my way back, carrying C.E's tiffin with me; I arrange the flowers, sweep the house, etc.

And I still do not understand why, inevitably, every day, the first hour feels light, joyous, ready, forward and clean, and as the second hour begins I get tired, tense and loaded – even though I am careful not to grind thoughts, not to open to "worries". This happens every day, a mystery.

***22-10-1978, Auroville:**

I realise that, through all my relationships in life, things point at a position I should be having: asking nothing from anyone, being a brother and friend to all, comprehensive, always available, calm, present, fully turned towards You yet emanating tenderness and nearness to the others. But part of me resents this as too great a solitude and still yearns to have at least one equal and mutual relationship...

After a long time of not attending the PT meetings, I felt like going today. It took place in the Matrimandir office....

The main topic is that, as "Pour Tous" has ceased to function, is not anymore borrowing any money, another way must be found; a phase is ending and another is opening, but which is it? The people of "Aspiration" have come with a proposal, based on an experiment they have been making for some months now, and on a principle You followed in the Ashram: it is an "envelope" system, for each need an envelope, with no transaction between different envelopes; money given for one cannot be used for another and an empty envelope means one must look deeper into the reality of the need itself and correct what must be corrected. Simple! It feels quite alright.

But all kinds of objections are raised by people from other communities. I feel in this much closer to "Aspiration", yet I remain aware of being in a different situation and it is almost as if I was nowhere really; I love Matrimandir but cannot adhere at the moment to what is happening there; I love "Aspiration" as one loves a being and yet I am not part of it and have no yearning to be... Just this: I am in Auroville,

with this need and this love that is in me – but quite unrelated to the surface movements. And I also see that I am still somewhat under the shock of what has happened with Piero earlier this year...

***23-10-1978, Auroville:**

I had sent Nat looking urgently for a mason, so the remaining lime is used before it spoils, but it seems the only one available is at "Udavi" and I must get permission from Nata; this gives me the opportunity to meet him after long. I cycle over there and find Nata and Guy together; Nata is happy to see me as I am to see him and it's real and sweet and near and it does me good. And it is full of You for, without him, I would never have been able to see You again, Mother.

Incidentally he says that just a few days ago he had looked again at my translation of "Savitri" and found it very beautiful and felt that I should continue... Am I to take this as an encouragement from You?

He also relates to me how he had to separate from the SAS and join the Ashram with his unit and could not help Auroville because of the taxes; he happens also to mention, recalling some past incident, Piero's difficult character!

I return here with a happy heart!

Patricia tells me that Yan fell from a platform in the night during his watch at Matrimandir and was taken unconscious to Jipmer! Why? And why Yan, who came with such a simple good-will? Paying for what?

But this evening we got the news that he had recovered and was speaking and no serious damage seemed to be there...

R speaks to me again about this Ashram girl, called Mira, whom so many people appear to have taken very seriously; she is reported to claim that she is doing Your work, that You have given her a large responsibility in the transformation... R shows me a whole bunch of recordings that he has obtained... I don't know; there is an atmosphere around it and it is presented in ways that are not too clear...

***31-10-1978, Auroville:**

On the way to fetch the milk in the evening I wanted to stop at Matrimandir and go up to the Chamber to concentrate in its empty space for a moment; C.E decided to come with me... While he sits quietly leaning against one wall, I start pacing in the silence and the image comes over it, with a whole scene and its feelings, of a monk pacing back and forth in the courtyard of a monastery and this monk is dreaming of the day, with a deep yearning, when it will become possible to embrace ALL LIFE and turn it to THAT, for THAT to live and to manifest upon earth... And I open to the dynamism of that "dream", ideal, which has at last come true and after such labour with Auroville...

And yet here we are before the greatest possibility ever given humanity... and we sleep and we shrink from every difficulty and from every blow and narrow ourselves down... I feel that power, that force to conquer, to move forward, to face and to overcome, to grow, and in this power is real love... One must not shrink. But I do, too often!

***1-11-1978, Auroville:**

... I joined Patricia and R.O at the scaffolding under the structure; if I can work with them every morning, it will be alright. But I understand from F that things are still

unclear, there is still competition and rivalry with the plans for the completed sphere... I want to be vigilant and not to commit myself too far lest the weight of the work falls on me again as before, I want to remain as a helper and wait till more of us participate – which isn't yet the case, as no one else really has joined...

***2-11-1978, Auroville:**

At 9.30 am I cycled over to "Certitude" for the PT meeting. It seems that, in those last weeks, everyone has tired of being exclusive; and the very people, especially in "Aspiration", who were rejecting whatever wouldn't fit into their "feeling" are now calling for free and open sharing and participation; about the "Coop" for instance, Diane speaks with simplicity of the real meaning of it and that people are actually cooperating in every field and activity and so there is no need to "fix" arbitrarily any group...

Afterwards I want to find Kannan; he was repairing the blue van and willing to drive it down if only we could get it started; we pushed; it started and we came here and I asked the older mason to come with us down to Pondy to look for cement. It was too late already for "Coco Gardens"; we went to a place the mason knew: all the stock had been sold overnight. We went to another place where I'd left my name, just in case: no more stock either. I insisted to get even black-market addresses and one of the men there reluctantly gave me the name of a shop; we drove there quickly, the address wasn't quite correct but, from that to another and another again, I found a dealer distributing the last of his stock, good cement at a regular price and I could buy 5 bags from him; we retrieved the van and rushed to the dealer's go-down and reached it just as the keeper was about to leave with the keys...! We met Eliane who had some glass to be picked up and Michael T. who needed some wood to be carried back and we all have a late meal together. Eliane gives me news that moves me: Kiran has asked Auroville to allow her to join; she is even ready to move to "Aspiration"! This is very courageous of her and most encouraging too, for it means that whatever the difficulties, even the most rigid situation or opposition, if there is sincerity in the being, You can still do Your work and with time inevitably things find their true course... This, along with the lessening of exclusivism I have witnessed this morning, gives me some positive energy...

***3-11-1978, Auroville:**

As R.O and I are waiting by the office for the others, F comes and hugs me and tells me that today we can start removing the scaffold from under the walls of the Chamber as Piero has, just now, finally got confirmation from the engineers. This was the very job I had started to do 6 months ago with "my" team, that had raised that heavy scene with Piero – which still lies in my stomach!.. And now we are doing it and nothing else has happened in between but for the concreting of 2 small beams in 2 of the 4 ribs... It is like a gentle smile given to me that I now return to the very same work, and we have a good team: R.O, Patricia, Al.B, C.E., red P, and Gl... That last is somehow the sweetest of all, that Gl has come back to work and we find ourselves together again, with all the love we haven't been able to express for almost a year now...

At noon I cycle fast down to Pondy to reach the Bank in time. Later, as I sit writing with some lunch, Eliane joins me, she tells me of the Agenda 2 that she had got while in France and of the name she received in a dream, "Aurelle", and of what Satprem told her about it...

I cycle back in the heaviest of the rain, the road is flooded with torrents of red water pouring down the canyons, both a grace and a devastation, so much land being washed away to the sea year after year and nothing done about it; even in Auroville so little as yet has been done and the road up to "Aspiration" is itself a gully, when all this water could be kept into the soil!

Back here I find C.E sponging a bucketful of water from the floor: the wind had blown so fiercely from all sides that the granite walls got drenched and begun to drip; it is quite funny, like a cavern by an underground river. This is our night watch at Matrimandir tonight and it pours and pours till dawn...

***5-11-1978, Auroville:**

It is obvious I am no longer in the same condition, I have changed, C.E has changed, things have changed and therefore reactions cannot be the same; and it is an interesting moment when, from a little truer position, a little more conscious, one looks at the recurrence of mechanisms that used to throw one into a depression, one sees them and understands better the process, with more quiet and more firmness; yet one senses, minutely, delicately that, were the mind dwelling on it a little too long, that whole atmosphere would re-form and re-enter one's consciousness and experience and one would be in it again!

***6-11-1978, Auroville:**

Whenever I read certain things about "the adverse forces" I ask You within, Mother: "You who have the Love, the true Love, You who are the One who loves, You must love them too and through Your Love open their unique knowledge, they will show it to You and the whole world will come together..."

But even now, were I to say this aloud, what names I would be given!

... At night we meet, for a long time, intensely, giving ourselves fully, quietly and deeply, with a silent mind, concentrating without fear... I had not experienced it so completely and it didn't leave me empty. In the past, there had often been like a taste of ashes and the sense of having been robbed. Not this time. Not at all.

At one point, very concretely, my physical mind got the suggestion that I was playing in the hands of an "adverse force"; but, centring, I realised that if this suggestion could come at all it was only because I had started to watch my movements with my mind, I was no more given, no more into them: it is this self-consciousness which creates the gap through which such suggestions can come in... It was interesting to see this and, because I kept confident and calm, it didn't last more than half a minute or so. I understand that the inner attitude is so essential... It isn't a question of setting a theory, it is my experience, on my own way to the Lord, in the Lord and it is only valid for me...

***13-11-1978, Auroville:**

I am wondering about the kind of pressure to progress one puts upon oneself just so as not to waste time BECAUSE life has an end and what is left undone in this life will have to be taken up in another, BECAUSE of death... Isn't that itself feeding the very roots of illusion? I feel the need to search within for the truer motivation for progress, for growth, REGARDLESS of death, a movement that rises and expands whatever the conditions are, in "life" as in "death", in a body as without a body... Then this truer need will be the guide and the light...

***17-11-1978, Auroville:**

The masons finish the last plastering of the floor late into the night – white and red polished plaster. I make them mix marble powder with the oxides.

I read Your Agenda, the 2nd, most of this evening.

I had not planned it this way, but the house is completed tonight, this very day 5 years exactly after You “left”; it happened of its own momentum, what with the various delays, the shortages... This house has a presence; it is a gift of Your Grace...

When I fell asleep, right away I found myself alone in a room; at once I am attacked, directly, a long thin snake striking at me, aiming straight for my sex and biting... As the venom enters through my loins I keep very quiet and, with all my trust, raise a cry to You: “Do what You want, this is happening...!” But, almost at the same time, my nerves weaken and my breath panics and it wakes me up with a start...

***18-11-1978, Auroville:**

I understand that in a sense I cannot be free; I have given myself to this context of togetherness, of growing together and, just as it is within me when there’s a difficulty, so it is in contacts and relationships. I can’t simply be “above” it; I must face it and go through it.

But this makes me realise that actually none of us can possibly have given themselves completely to Auroville, for that would surely be unbearable, none of us has the capacity to bear the entire range of the difficulty; parts and elements of our natures do aspire for Auroville, but we are not capable of facing it entirely...

And this also gives me some measure of the hell you have lived when You gave Yourself with Your full consciousness into Matter, You gave up Your freedom, You gave up everything...!

***21-11-1978, Auroville:**

R tells me that many people have stopped coming to the Kitchen since the “envelope” system has started, probably preferring to buy their own food. Later, at work, I ask F why he isn’t participating and he tells me plainly how he feels and about his attempts to find means of generating income, using the labour force we have here and forming business contracts with the US; that he has already got an order from Dilip K... I feel some interest as I have an affinity with handicrafts and do anyway some weaving at home almost every day and there would be room and time to do more now, at least afternoons...

At night, in one of my dreams, I enter a room which is full of animals of all species, from the insect to the largest mammal and they all have to come to me, each in their own way, and there are some “dangerous” ones like those strange small coloured scorpions, but I remain calm and even start laughing when one of them insists to stay at my neck... There is also a child there...

***24-11-1978, Auroville:**

... As we move the rest of the furniture from the small house where P.G is now staying, to the completed common room in the new house, carrying each item through the garden, we recall we did it the other way just a few months ago and with the image, the condition we were in at the time is evoked and I am struck for

a moment with a kind of simultaneity – what we are now, growing more balanced; what we were, striving and yearning; what we shall be... It is all one and yet it evolves... there is an increase in accuracy, in confidence, in simplicity...

... Toine came to see the house for the first time; he was impressed and liked it a lot, I think. He said that the 3-phase connection for the pump may take a few more weeks but that he is following it up... We started the building of this house on Your last Birthday, 21st of February, which is also Toine's birthday; and we really ended it all today, setting it up with the furniture, and this is a Darshan day, 9 months later – like a human child!

At "Sharnga", fetching the milk this evening, Cl and B.B tell me, laughing – they were just returning from some meeting – that it had just been found that all those who had chosen to buy their own food rather than participate in the "envelope" system were actually getting their bread and tofu from the Bakery for which the "envelopes" had paid already!

***28-11-1978, Auroville:**

We have now a fairly large scaffolding team and the work goes well and fast; but I find myself caught up again in some kind of leading role, despite my resisting it... So I decided that, if Patricia doesn't come tomorrow I just won't work, rather than going on telling others what to do, although I also understand that this is simply more practical for most of us...

***30-11-1978, Auroville:**

The garden is radiant, a feast of leaf and grass, there is hardly any breeze, the air is soft and filled with birds' songs, the sounds of tools in the distance muffled by the trees, voices calling... Perhaps one would be crushed if one would truly realise the perfect miracle it is to be material, the Grace it is... This meeting point of all movements in the Lord... I know it is there pulsating in "me" since ever and that, little by little, the needed strength, balance, wideness and equanimity are being built...

***3-12-1978, Auroville:**

We were both weaving, this afternoon, when the door opened and V came in. She first asked for a saw; then she asked C.E when he will show her his paintings; then leaves... I became tense; it roused almost an anger in me. I wish the whole thing was open and frank! Then C.E decided to go with his paintings to V and he too left...

***5-12-1978, Auroville:**

As I was about to leave for "Fraternity" this afternoon, I made a remark which I note here, as it is significant of my ways and of what has to change in me for good... I said to C.E that I'd try to be back in time to wash all the clothes, but I implied that it'd be nice that he does it, so I wouldn't have to hurry...! And in this second meaning of my words was a vibration close to ordering him, but in an indirect manner, putting him in the situation where he'd feel obliged to do it, lest he'd be guilty of not doing it! This is a trick quite often used by me, I am aware of it; I do it purposely. But as it is not a cold blunt thing and it is tempered by other feelings of sharing, I let it be and am rarely struck by the callousness of it. But today I had this aspiration to see precisely what makes C.E so resentful, in order to

change it, and this attitude of mine appeared clearly into the light; as I cycled down, I felt that it couldn't be tolerated and also that, if I was faced with it in another person, I wouldn't accept it...

I went to Nicole to arrange about the cassettes of the Agenda – I have felt to offer to all those who wish to hear You to come twice or thrice a week to the house and listen together to the cassettes, and C.E was happy about it too...

Later, I went over to "Revelation" to see Ar about his equipment and a notice to be posted, and see P.V about an amplifier; then P.G and H arrived there and it became confused, as P.G said the house here is too private and people will not feel welcome; I answered that there is no reason at all to see it as a private domain and that it is more appropriate than the Kitchen; his attitude altered then and it became alright and we're now ready to announce it; it will take over a month to hear the 25 cassettes for the year 1961...

***8-12-1978, Auroville:**

C.E tells me that he would like me to help him build his own unit here, because he cannot feel himself fully at home in our present arrangement where my own atmosphere dominates and he cannot behave as he would if he was on his own.

I try to say that it is a matter of trust: that both our atmospheres can adjust if we really choose so, that it is not a thing of rivalry... Even though this problem is, I think, unreal at a deeper level of perception, it does play such a role in our lives that it can't be ignored... I'd be ungrateful to now let myself go in depression; I love C.E too much to be egoistic: if such is the need he experiences, then it must be answered. But then he revealed to me that this very morning he had gone to Dan who had offered him to have his plane ticket to France, which must be used before the 12th ...!

... Something in me is withdrawing. I refuse the insult that pain does to the love I feel... I don't want this love to be crippled...

I know nothing. I had believed we were both up to breaking through an illusion, that we both knew within that our togetherness was meant for that, for this breaking through...

I feel deeply shaken and lonely.

But I want to stand up; I shall not crouch and crawl under suffering anymore. I shall keep my love alive in the deeps of my heart, where it is secure in Your Presence.

... We had the first session of the Agenda this evening, it lasted over an hour. Not everyone is able to follow Your voice, but most stayed till the end.

I feel like I have suddenly been pulled back to the old ground, to the satisfied realism of the human condition...

But... I want to be what the Lord wants me to be. I want to live what He gives me to live...

***9-12-1978, Auroville:**

Reaching Matrimandir this morning, I found that some sort of meeting was going on in the office: M.KI, Cristl, Th, Toine, Ruud, Patricia, as well as a few others, were there... It is perhaps the first time that this particular group is expressing their views openly; it is a little weird, but I feel to sit and listen; it appears that they are determined to receive funds from the SAS again and to take their own decisions...!

What to do but laugh!

It rains heavily for a while and then the scaffold is too wet and slippery, we can't work on it and there is a feeling of anticipation, or expectation of something to happen in these next few days... I walk part of the way back with P.G and, for once, rather than his usual monologues, we have some more natural and quieter talk.

... But when I reach back here, I also step back into the void of the relationship with C.E as it now stands... I do not know how it is going to evolve: I'm fully aware of my impuissance.

... In the afternoon, between silent stretches when we are both weaving, C.E. smiles like a kid who has returned after a big revolt: a bit sheepish, tender... He wants then to show me where he'd like to build his own unit: it is right next to the spot I had chosen for C...!

... V comes in, while C.E is giving his French class, with a painting she has made just for us; it represents a leaf, made of three spheres, falling gently to the earth yet still invisibly held to its origin...

***13-12-1978, Auroville:**

What I still miss and need is this capacity of joy, this inner unshakeable trust. Instead I still go into self-destructive questioning of the very foundation of my being and reality and it only makes me very vulnerable...

***17-12-1978, Auroville:**

I cycle down to "Aspiration" to find Nicole, change the Agenda cassettes and see with her how to send FJ's book (my father's latest book) along with a letter from me to Satprem; I explain to her my "idea" about FJ meeting Satprem... (FJ and Satprem are of the same age, they both had a terrible experience when they were 20, they are both "progressive" seekers, each in their own way, and lovers of this world, each wanting to wrestle meaning from it, although in very different terms...)

Nicole then talks to me of the changes in her, particularly since she came back from a stay with Satprem; that she now finds herself free from the "clan" and looking at things from another perspective...

***18-12-1978, Auroville:**

I've got negativity again...! How can we build Matrimandir at a rhythm of mere survival? And what the hell are all those nice speeches for?! Where is the commitment, where is the sincerity, nay, the honesty of it all?! A sort of anger rises at the thought of those wonderful speakers, like Savitra and others, who gargle themselves with their words, criticise everyone else, understand everything, and never apply it in action!!!

***19-12-1978, Auroville:**

At tea-break I say to F that really I don't care any more where the money comes from, I just see that the "community" means nothing at all for now and I don't want that they make of Matrimandir another unfinished structure going to the weeds... That if it stays too long exposed to the weather, much of the work will get spoilt, the steel attachments and parts of the concrete will be damaged, and I don't want this to happen...

... I see that C.E is in the garden preparing to join some hose-pipes to water the young trees and I react - what with the rain till yesterday it should be obvious to

him that no trees will need watering for some time... But then I must watch my temper more than his actions, for there is again that matter of my "controlling ego" that I'm still gratified with...!

... After seeing the work in the canyon, we sit inside. I'm overwhelmed, grateful with the sweet intense beauty and intimate presence in the house, the flowers in their vases, the fire, the oil lamps, the play of light on the stones, the life of the wood...

... Nat comes up to sit with me quietly and asks whether I think it will be possible for him and his family to move here in a few months' time...; this has matured in him for a while; he suggests that I fix the open garden house for them...

... When we go to the Kitchen in the evening after the audition of the Agenda, we find many people gathered there attending some kind of a healing session conducted by an American visitor: J.G is lying on a table for the "demonstration"... Even before reaching the door I feel disgust; there is something repulsive in the atmosphere, and in this "tamasic" attitude that welcomes anything "interesting" without any deeper discrimination or discernment... The healer guy is not himself to blame, yet I feel like punching him! This wide, blank "opening" in us here is... discouraging!

***22-12-1978, Auroville:**

After most of the day in Pondy – a rodeo to get my driving-license, doing purchases with C.E, loading the cart, arguing and twice getting reconciled and laughing -, I returned the bike to "Abri". Walking back home, I met Patricia and F.Gr on the way; F.Gr tells me that, now that he has completed his model of the Matrimandir area with its gardens, Piero is raising all kinds of objections and doubts and uncertainties...; I can only advise him to concentrate and do it for its own sake and not to worry about anyone's fears...

***25-12-1978, Auroville:**

For the first time in my life I can live this "desire" without shame and it is not humiliating any more – it is open, straight and quiet and leaves no stains; both of us learn to live everything in the light, to free ourselves from subconscious pressures that pervert the perception of the whole and of That, the Real... I do not know how it will evolve or change; how could I know?!

I cycled down to "Aspiration" again and found Nicole in her house; we talked quietly; she tells me that she now realises that this "Aspiration movement" with her presence in it to guarantee Satprem's seal was partial, limited, narrow and actually detrimental... To hear that from her is quite a relief. We have all suffered from this. But I was myself so entangled in my own lack of trust in my own perceptions that I could never respond to it with enough confidence...

***30-12-1978, Auroville:**

You have said that sleep, in the life of the human body, is meant for everyone to go up to Sat-Chit-Ananda for a moment and draw there the energy one needs... All my life this need has been conscious, to be able to reach that and be filled again at the One Source and return to the daily life with it, look at things in the real way, see in them their real purpose and meaning and be ready... Like someone who has subsisted for ages on too poor a substance, to be fed again by the Real...!

Will You help me to go there consciously? The only support I am aware of drawing is either through psychic contact in the waking state or through some more luminous flow of vital energy, but it is never as pure, as substantial...!

... These days the situation with some of the villagers and land-owners has worried me and made me think more deeply and I have prepared a short text, like a statement:

“Who abandoned the land, left it to death, depletion and ruin? And who is slowly, steadily bringing it back to life and plenty? We are working to make this land beautiful because She wants to use it for Her work. Her work of transformation of the human consciousness. We came here because of Her, for Her. We would go anywhere on earth because of Her, for Her, and anywhere else in this life or another. She has chosen this place, by the choice of the Lord. And so we came and we remain here and work. We are worth nothing, we pretend nothing. We are only Her children. Right now She hides Herself; yet She guides us, She is with us. And this land will grow beautiful and no one will prevent it from being what it is meant to be, as long as it is the Lord’s Will. We are willing to find a simple and harmonious solution with all of you, but you must also have good-will. And you cannot claim a land which you had abandoned...”

***31-12-1978, Auroville:**

I see that all the time one is being robbed; there is like a reminder coming every few minutes, to show that the need to concentrate is constantly being stolen or diverted or mired by the grinding of the physical mind, around nothing in particular, around anything, just so as to create this false tension and reduce time to dust...

On the 29th Satprem answered this, which I received today:

« Divakar, j’ai lu ta longue lettre. Je comprend bien ton idée et j’apprécie la démarche intérieure de ton père, bien que je sois tout à fait ignorant de ses oeuvres et de son action – depuis 1943 j’ai vécu quelques mois en France... En outre, je ne lis plus du tout depuis qu’un jour, il y a longtemps, j’ai décidé que je voulais toucher un autre moyen de connaître et de communiquer. Je lis seulement un journal tous les jours pour me tenir au courant des faits extérieurs, et les articles d’ordre « scientifiques » qui me sont signalés). Le courrier est si volumineux qu’il m’est difficile de trouver le temps de faire mon vrai travail. Je ne vois guère la possibilité de rencontrer ton père dans un avenir prochain, tout au moins. Je dois m’occuper non seulement des volumes français de l’Agenda, mais de l’anglais et de pas mal d’autres choses. En fait, je crois que ton père pourrait très utilement « dialoguer » avec Auroville, sans que je m’en mêle. Il ne manque pas de dialogues là-bas. Il y a des périodes d’expansion et des périodes de concentration et de préparation. J’ai dialogué autant que j’ai pu l’année dernière en France, avec qui voulait ? Maintenant, il faut FAIRE. C’est dans le silence qu’on fait. Tu seras déçu, mais je crois que tu me comprendras. S’il y a une vraie nécessité ou aspiration chez ton père, je suis sûr que les circonstances s’arrangeront en temps voulu pour que nous nous rencontrions. Bon travail. Dans la simplicité du cœur. Satprem »

-1979-

***1-1-1979, Auroville:**

Early morning, the air is bright, cold and sharp. As I turn on the light, the plug blows off! As I go out, I find the she-dog crouched in the seedlings! From afar, I see men working by Tess's house; then I see Tess in the garden and ask him what's happening: he simply is having those men remove one of the bunds that protect the field and keep the rain-water from running off... I explain to him the purpose and function of these bunds and tell him there is always a way to harmonise one's needs to what is already existing instead of taking away some good work... When I go later to see Dennis and ask him to send all the empty cement sacks, I see that he has planted in one section of the field, just one meter apart, saplings of huge forest trees... I become dizzy... And this went on the whole day!

I'm dealing again with that rotten physical mind that keeps drawing idiotic images, brings forward false perceptions, gnaws and picks up the worst of every movement, this wretch, this poor automaton of material remnants of energy...

I am being ridiculous as a rooster in this vastness' eye!

Mère, ce qui produit la déformation, ce qui pervertit et fausse la réception de la vibration, c'est le sens de la faute, c'est la culpabilité. Parce que chacun de nous, automatiquement, se sent identifié à ce qui refuse la Lumière ou la Vérité. Alors cette culpabilité nous fait tout recevoir – tout ce qui vient d'en haut – comme potentiellement accusateur, condamateur, justicier. Mais, à la base de ça, c'est une incompréhension fondamentale de la Réalité.

A warp that has been fed and sustained by thousands of years of human thought and "culture". A complete miscomprehension, misperception of the Real!

As long as something in my being holds the belief that the Supreme might be willing to punish me so that I learn and grow, the weaknesses in the body itself will not heal.

And it is not enough to go on repeating that the Divine is Beauty, is Harmony, is Truth, is Love, because as long as we are made of this stuff, these attributes call their opposites...

One must succeed in PERCEIVING the Divine while having the will and the capacity to change and to grow...

***2-1-1979, Auroville:**

Whenever I hear You speak about the links or bridges between the different planes, the individualisation of consciousness all the way through... I feel discouraged! I

sense myself so tremendously far from any possibility of becoming conscious! Yet when You also say that Sri Aurobindo experienced everything through consciousness alone... I believe I know what it means and it gives me confidence...!

... This implacable movement of time, day after night, night after day, like a huge horse dragging us behind, with only one choice: to ride it or to be stunned and submit blindly...

AT 8.30 am I reached Matrimandir and had to wait, no one was there yet.

Then Th showed up but he didn't want to do the platform, so we started on the new scaffolding. Later Andy and red P came, then a few more, seemingly as slowly as they could, almost reluctantly... P.G came only at 9.30 am; everyone was as heavy as could be, asking time and again for the same explanations, waiting to be pressed, pushed or pulled, and so on... I got rather bad-tempered, feeling quite ridiculous too, and lonely, in an absurd situation...

I don't understand whether this is all the Lord's Will and I must grow more plastic so as to adapt to this constant variation, or else it is all nonsense and it is pointless to believe that Matrimandir will ever be built by us... I don't know.

I feel my own limitations concretely, but I also feel that most of us here seem to have lost the aspiration, and it is only that aspiration that could enable us to build it together, through all our differences, contradictions and distances... with a smile! Now it is gone. Will it ever return, developed and strengthened, in the same people? I yearn for the possibility to do it with people who are willing, but it seems to be impossible – those who at present would be willing are the ones who... who don't understand, Mother, they only want to use You...!

I'm sorry. I know this is all the mind still, but, Mother, I love Matrimandir, I want it to be manifest, with all that Beauty and Grace around it, that atmosphere of Truth which is ready, just behind the veil.

But if I have faith in that world, in that atmosphere and in the Lord's Will and Power, shouldn't I trust and give up my demands and judgements and prepare myself for it as best I can?

... Listening to Your music I saw a greenish golden shape, like a living transparent oval containing, or enclosing, a person's face, similar to Yours when You wore the veil...

***3-1-1979, Auroville:**

C.E shows me that the chrysalis I'd found on a leaf in the garden has opened up and a large black yellow-spotted butterfly has come out of it and is hanging immobile at the edge of the leaf, waiting for its organism to be ready for the first flight... It is impressive, this silent act, this waiting stillness in the metamorphosis from one state to another. It reminds me sharply of the wish You had expressed to go into a trance and wait for the other body to emerge, immobile and withdrawn for however long it might have taken; but they didn't let You do it... Or else it is the Lord who saw a better way...!?

***4-1-1979, Auroville:**

I cycled over to "Tapoloka" for the PT meeting; Myrtle came to me to apologise for not having spoken to me the last time... Cl.B sits with me... The last and main topic is the matter of the Coop accepting Shradhavan as one of its members, all the arguments for and against – the intensity of the choice to be made between the attitude of rejecting, reacting and identifying individuals with forces, with danger,

with poison and contradiction, and the other way, to trust the growth, to cling to That, to have faith in the material Divine, to give up fears and doubts...

It is one of those few meetings that give their value to all the others, where each of us is asked to be at the best and the highest of oneself. There is wavering and attachment to the old way of condemn, and all these intricacies of ideals and arguments... And there is something else, the way to a real cohesion, strength and realisation... For once I speak up several times, as briefly and truthfully as I can...

It is one of those instances when one can measure one's individual progress and acquired balance and clarity of perception, as well as the collective progress, the light we are able to hold as a group, the degree of our opening.

At one point, after a heavy thrust of negative questioning, it looks like this will just be one more attempt that fails; but somehow it straightens up again, alive, with perhaps a little deeper and firmer determination to follow the thread till we outgrow this climate of distrust and ambiguity...

***5-1-1979, Auroville:**

... If we perceive this entire manifested world as the Lord, how can we ever ask Him to take possession of us?

Are we then asking his highest Force and Consciousness to descend and fill His own frustrated physical being?

***6-1-1979, Auroville:**

At break, GI shared with me an odd piece of information: the mass suicide that took place in Guyana about two months ago – about 900 people died. It actually happened on the 17th of November. And they had all been repeating some mantra to the Universal Mother. Moreover the setting was in the very part of Guyana where Satprem had himself spent one year, long ago...

***7-1-1979, Auroville:**

Last night my first dream was so difficult, that I woke up immediately after. There is a room representing the earth and someone in it is having an experience; this room is just like our little room upstairs; this person I am, but it is also a woman; she enters the experience about the earth: how, in what state it was created and for what... And I become anxious because someone is approaching from the outside and trying to see inside. I hide myself, holding the curtain, and going on living the experience, trusting in my integrity and the protection it gives me, until that person outside really tries to enter and starts pushing the curtain. It is an awful sensation, of such an extreme intrusion... I shout. And the scene tips over; there is only a man in an indifferent space... As I now write it down, I am aware of missing the sense of it...

***8-1-1979, Auroville:**

... I can't overcome this... As if someone or something had full right and power to ruin and demolish my dream of beauty... What is it?

I want to be among people who are rich in their bodies, whose substance is coherent, inhabited, pulsating, warm and strong, whose eyes and smile say their soul's love and nearness... O Mother, how crippled is the human fact...!

I love Matter and I am disgusted by the influences that play on it and make it so often and so much a hell.

I need to FEEL that all this substance is Yours, belongs to the Lord, so that no distance is left and no play may interfere, deform, debase, pervert...

... I abandoned myself and slowly turned to him and we met in full light, a transparent, confident sharing and release...

I don't quite know what people mean by "self-control", but to me it seems that it must mean to be centred, ready and awake and to live, instead of being lived...!

***9-1-1979, Auroville:**

C.E is lying by the fire sweetly like a child; I go beside him; it feels like we are on a boat, letting it be carried by the current and basking in the sun, a light breeze caressing us after so many struggles and heavy storms and holding on to one direction...

... My heart vibrates with gratitude for the presence of the Force, it comes intensely when we reach here and see the house, so preciously set in the trees, glowing, simple and yet secret, a living being; and each tree, each plant seems to answer to and radiate the Presence... what a gift of Grace to be here...!

***10-1-1979, Auroville:**

Everything in the world of human mind and life is motivated; the determinism of mind is so crude and gross compared to the movement of consciousness, the intensity of conscious existence in which immediacy and eternity are one...

... I don't want to be wasted away and – at a precarious end – weep over stolen time and substance...!

... From this to That how many worlds, universes, aeons, how many bodies...? But all will gather in an instant of consciousness when it is done...

***13-1-1979, Auroville:**

The same perpetual question – anguish or amazement – at the process of living : of getting life-vibrations, movements and impulses to carry one onward and open and widen and meet and touch and grow, and yet, behind, this hesitation, this persisting insatisfaction, deep like a void. Why this compulsion? Is this really the whole of it? To live and experience and to constantly labour in order to be moved by energies and to learn out the movements? Is there not another way?

Can't one be filled directly, be it in stillness or in action, by something else more real, more conscious, something one would unite to for ever, something that will not let one down?

There are so many ways to perceive the question, so many ways to need and to aspire...

To jump into the flow of life, uniting with the urge to create and the joy of manifestation, yes... but when the impulse retires for one reason or another, one is left hanging in a meaningless void, looking to death to end it...

As for the advice to withdraw from the world?! No!

The only answer is: That. The material Supreme. That. That. That.

***14-1-1979, Auroville:**

This extraordinary situation we are in upon earth at present, all those different developments, civilisations, behaviours and beliefs, all those ways to touch Matter and – the fact: being alive in a body with a soul. And what?

When one has finished with one society or another, has done with human experience in so many lives, with ideals and religions, with greeds and ambitions, the mind's passions and interests and the life's thirsts; when one is naked and there remains only the question: how to BE?

How does one pass from this to That?

***15-1-1979, Auroville:**

At dinner I understood from the discussion between P.G, G land Piero that, at today' Coop meeting, Shradhavan had been made to leave; P.G is vehement in his protest, and I agree with what he says, all the more when I see both Piero's and Gl's hardened faces... Later, as John H is there cleaning up, I ask him to tell us how it went; he says it was M.D, Gl and Yus who forced her out; that it had been exhausting...

I feel that they have lost a great opportunity, and "they" includes Shradhavan as well, because she could have helped, she only had to stop taking money from SSJ and she could have held on her inner position and represented it... And now it is spoilt.

For once I had felt represented by this assembly of 12 people – not by anyone of them, but by the fact of these 12 approaches and viewpoints working together; we were touching something more real which cannot yet be found anywhere else on this earth. And we've missed it, we're back to the level of parties, of for and against, it is again the same old misery...

But the chance is bound to return because this IS the way and we've got to understand it, to realise it in our very substance; and that will be the basis for future growth.

***17-1-1979, Auroville:**

I read in the papers today that the Shah of Iran has relinquished his power and left with Farah to the States. This is the end of the last dynasty. It evoked a strange state, melancholy and homage for all this relative grandeur in this aspect of humanity, this greatness our earth has borne on her breast for ages, that is now only losing its hold and its function as the future enters our present and breaks down the human values.

I cannot simply, blindly attune to an easy sense of triumph – triumph of what? – to see this power yielding at last, defeated... Rather, it is like something that has been real enough merging into a greater or wider real. It is surely not today' ignorance replacing that ignorance from the past that can or will bring comfort to anyone...! But never shall we again witness such a transition, just as the disappearance of "prehistoric" creatures was witnessed only once. I wish we would live through all this with love rather than with this vengeful and fearful fanaticism...

At night-watch, Al.B tells us that Shradhavan has returned to today' Coop meeting saying that she now wants to remain as "so many people have told her she shouldn't have left"... This doesn't feel very genuine: peer pressure, political pressure, group pressure, there is somehow something a bit disgusting about all these movements...

.... Later, as I feel talkative, I tell C.E about the book, like a long poetic prose, which I had written when I was about 17, telling the story of two friends, whom I

had named Cleïm and Sémon, and of their bond and experience; and that it had been actually our story... (I have destroyed most of these early writings during my last "exile").

***18-1-1979, Auroville:**

I dreamt again, with longing and yearning, with the anguish that perhaps it cannot be fulfilled, of having a child, that little girl whose soul I see and feel, her peculiar silence and freedom, her force, her cool and yet almost violent love... I called her "Shore"... But I don't seem to know the woman who could bear that child...

***19-1-1979, Auroville:**

Trouver le Seigneur dans ce qui Lui résiste comme dans ce qui Lui est identifié, qu'il n'y ait enfin plus que le Seigneur et la joie d'exister...

... When we return up into the Chamber after the tea-break, we find the other team – Th, D.S, J and others – already at work dismantling the last level of the scaffold and I see at once that the way they go about it is unsafe. I try, with Gl's help, to suggest a better way, but I do not have enough confidence and I don't insist.

I sit by the central opening and watch quietly with Gl. A while later John H comes to me and asks whether I would start the larger section and do it the way I feel it should be done. I accept and Sj, Arjun and others join; it goes smoothly and it is calm on our side and we are nearly finished, when the other team starts again at one end taking down the main lines – and the entire scaffold starts leaning... I ask them to either wait or to secure the junction points with diagonals... We continue a while longer.

Just as we are putting the pipes away, Gl calls; I look up: the whole part of the scaffold that is still upright, more than half of the full circle of the Chamber, has begun to fall...! I step back; some of us are still under; I focus my gaze on Arjun and Sj with a prayer... It all falls in one piece to the right, there is a great noise, one great sound fills up the Chamber and everyone stands up, amazed: no one is hurt, no pipe is bent, nothing! The act of protection is so clear, so vivid and so absolutely harmonious... We're all overwhelmed and uplifted, it is a very pure moment; we're like children, we laugh, grateful, feeling at once comforted and silly and stunned...

Then we put everything away neatly and we all just sit there, each one where they are, and become silent... It is very strong and very sweet in the Chamber, suddenly emptied by such an act – and in us the need, the need of You, the need of Consciousness...

***20-1-1979, Auroville:**

C.E's birthday... I managed to leave without telling him, borrowed M.T's bike and drove to Pondy. At the Samadhi I prayed for the progress of his soul and that I shouldn't be an obstacle to it...! Then I went into the town to find gifts for him. I like making gifts; if I could I would be making gifts to everyone all the time... I found a small symbol and a small photograph of You, an agate ring, a wooden holder for his biddies which he is supposed to use moderately, some perfume from the bazaar and three garlands...

***24-1-1979, Auroville:**

Today the Madras engineers have come and we are to run the test for the ramps. It takes us the whole day. There are over 50 of us, besides the many sand bags; we have to gradually load each hanging spiral ramp in turn to test its strength and flexibility. The test is positive.

***26-1-1979, Auroville:**

After the work GI waited for me to give me this beautiful news: yesterday she and Piero met secretly with Huta and found that she had now fully understood our position here and is now fully supportive of it and of Satprem's... What a lovely being this child of Yours!

***28-1-1979, Auroville:**

There has been havoc in Pondy for the past two days, with complete curfew... Cl.B and Fr.V come by with Kripa and Vrata and Ritam is also there, I make everyone a drink and they tell me that even the Ashram gardens have been wildly ransacked as well as some of its departments and factories...

***29-1-1979, Auroville:**

This morning Rajan and Poddar came to the office to inform that houses had been burnt down at "Far beach" and that there was a threat of an attempt to come and "burn Matrimandir"... It brings a very unpleasant vibration of fear in the atmosphere here...

This evening also Mangini came to warn me that some people in Alankuppam were now intent on causing some harm here...

***31-1-1979, Auroville:**

It is very quiet this afternoon, yet the pressure is very strong and constant and I experience more and more the difficulty in opening my physical consciousness... It is hard to describe. It is not that anything in particular distracts or disturbs or contradicts the need and aspiration; it is rather like a persisting veil, or contraction: every few minutes, part of the physical mind remembers: "oh, I must concentrate, to open, to receive, I have to concentrate...", and the mechanics go on and another few minutes pass and again: "oh, I have to concentrate, I have to do it now, it is NOW!"... And so on and on... And yet all the time the pressure is there, absolutely stable, steady... And the two remain. And nothing ever seems to be done.

When I am doing some work, am in some way active, I wonder if that activity is not making it tighter and I then yearn for long moments of immobile concentration, but whenever I sit quiet and undisturbed, then I am faced with the poverty, the nullity of the stuff I'm conscious of... no light, an empty greyness, not even a single interesting thought comes to the brain, nothing, worse than nothing... But if I look at the house, gaze at the trees, the birds, the light, then it rises and rises like an almost painful ecstasy, a grateful, intense perception of beauty... There is this yearning to be taken in by the flow of the Force, into its every being and its every movement and its every cell, this entire fact of the universe... This need is concrete; the words come afterwards, when I want like now to write...

I have somehow the sense of an attitude – not a mental attitude but almost a physical one – that would be less of an obstacle or a vain effort; it is a question of

simplicity really, and it has to do with the unity of the being, of all its parts through the one Need, and with tranquillity and with trust...

***1-2-1979, Auroville!**

Riding my cycle towards "Tapoloka" this morning, I see the position of science in human consciousness at its present stage of evolution, and how it could truly help, if the being was united, to simplify life, to allow and support the growth of true consciousness here upon earth and ease the new birth... If only things were in their place... It absorbs me and could go on for a long time, even formulate itself in such a way as could be communicated to scientists, technologists, researchers... And how You want to rescue science from the death it is calling and what a great and unique opportunity is given to men and earth at present...

... Tous ces mots sont si maladroits, si impropres. J'éprouve, à certains moments de façon si aiguë, comme un cri : c'est maintenant que l'on peut Te rejoindre, c'est maintenant, dans l'instant et à chaque instant, que le voile peut se déchirer et que l'on peut réaliser Ta Présence, la Présence de Cela, que tout est possible. Non plus ce faux mouvement toujours par devant, toujours projetant la même condition inchangée dans un futur déjà hypothéqué, niant le vrai possible du présent et laissant le passé irrésolu ; mais une marche consciente, vers rien en particulier, seulement parce que la Force marche, le Seigneur marche et, en marchant, Se réalise et Se découvre Soi-même...

Constamment la conscience physique tend à situer ce qui lui manque dans l'après, dans le mouvement suivant – que ce soit le repos ou la joie ou la nourriture ou tel ou tel changement. Et de cette manière le présent est volé de sa substance et la Force et la Présence restent comme parallèles à la vie physique.

Il faut alors des chocs, des bouleversements pour secouer cet hypnotisme et imprimer dans la matière une approximation un peu plus précise du mouvement juste...

Mais ce n'est pas facile. Même si, dans certains moments plus favorables, on peut soi-même, seul, réaliser cela, pourtant tous les autres, ou presque, toute la mécanique, continuent ; on est impuissant à communiquer ce que l'on a touché et on est contraint d'accepter la perpétuation de ce même hypnotisme collectif et cela produit une grande tension...

Douce Mère, n'est-ce pas ainsi ? Ne T'ont-ils pas tous jusqu'au dernier instant de Ta présence corporelle tangible obligée, forcée d'accepter cette mécanique ?

... Cela semble urgent et cependant comment cela peut-il se faire en si peu de temps ? On n'est plus à l'époque où l'on pouvait s'embarquer dans le Yoga comme dans une aventure de plusieurs vies ; c'est d'autre chose qu'il s'agit maintenant.

***2-2-1979, Auroville:**

Today G.M has come back to work, apparently resolved to come every morning again, and Jacqueline too has joined. Perhaps, little by little, the construction of Matrimandir takes shape in our substance and, in a slow but actual process, others will join and it will become – like a real inevitability – what You have meant it to be. It is amazing what we all have to go through before these simple things become possible; one could have grown centuries old in those few years of intense resistance, drawbacks and contradiction and yet here we are, smiling and happy, doing it! But D.M, she, Mother, is still paralysed, her body is still crippled...!

***12-2-1979, Auroville:**

It took me a while this morning to focus correctly onto the task of marking, but it came out alright. As I go down I see, climbing down the South ladder Sushilla's sister and Auroculture and a third woman unknown to me – SAS people – and, stupidly, I remark to GI about it; she at once wants to go and tell them to leave, but I see then that Th is talking to them and I do not want to aggravate the sense of division; but GI just goes ahead; I follow behind... It all becomes confused and ridiculous, others join in and everyone seems to have become silly and... oh! I don't want to become a fanatic! I try to guard Th and take his hand, he is trembling. All this makes me so uneasy, I leave...

Later I ask C.E to hand over to Th a short message, asking him to come and talk; but, towards the evening, I feel not to wait for him to come but rather to go to his house at "Certitude".

It is uncomfortable at first; I am not sure what to say, actually, except that I do feel for him and that it is not a matter of division but one of clarity and commitment, simple and direct. He speaks then, of how limited we are and how strange it is to observe, to listen and to find that, with practically no exception, what we expect or demand from others are the very things we are too weak to do ourselves... I don't know... For several years now I have been associated with attitudes that do not fit inwardly and yet I have been led to them by a yearning which is deep and true: how to say any of that?

I have not liked myself this morning; I judge myself: it was a weakness on my part to tell GI, it was cowardly to hurt Th thus, and to stand alone then, incapable of expressing myself honestly...

Shradhavan joined us in Th's room; she was moved and intense; she insisted I must stay for dinner, but C.E was waiting for me, and I felt myself still unclear... I'd better stand on my own, with my own faith, and grow up!

***14-2-1979, Auroville:**

Mother, Lord, may I grow and learn without wasting, without damaging anything on this earth!

This is the most horrible feeling in all the worlds when one is faced with the consequences of one's shortcomings in the very body of the earth, when one can but see, with the most acute of all pains, the suffering inflicted to the body of the earth...

Let the Lord rise in us and give us the force not to destroy, not to spoil, not to bring suffering and ugliness into His body...!

***16-2-1979, Auroville:**

I can see how deeply this sense of guilt is still anchored in the substance.

I can see how much clarity and strength are needed to dissolve it for good...

When I find myself in an attitude I dislike, whenever I am discontent with my actions, whenever I see movements that have to change, instead of offering them up with trust – the trust that it can and WILL change and that the Help is there -, instead of that, there is fear and worry and the expectation that the consequences will bounce back: the sense of punishment!

... When Sri Aurobindo says that, even long after the central choice is taken, one still has to experience the consequences of harbouring desire in any of its forms, in being taken out of the conscious peace and quiet and wideness one has reached

and received: that is the right and just learning...! But I cannot bear that it may hurt the body!

I can't bear that my own weakness in harbouring fear may bring about a betrayal, a disruption of the body's harmony... My body wants to be strong and full and solid and plastic, it wants to express beauty, grace and harmony, it knows these to be there, it has devotion and gratitude for these things...

... Je veux devenir ENTIER, Douce Mère, pour m'offrir entièrement à Toi.

Je ne veux pas T'offrir un être divisé, infirme, dont une part se détourne des autres, amputé, s'accrochant à Toi et incapable d'agir entièrement... J'ai vu trop d'exemples de ça et, même si on ne le veut pas, on Te trahit... A part Satprem peut-être - ? - je n'ai jamais encore vu un être entier à Ton service... : ce n'est pas la peine !

Mon âme ne demande pas à être sauvée ! Sauvée de quoi ?

Mais j'aspire à Te faire cette offrande, d'un être entier, simple, réel... !

***19-2-1979, Auroville:**

I am nearing the end of my reading of this beautiful book, "Shogun" - I had not read anything else than Your books for many years - and I feel grateful for it, and I admire the man who wrote it. I have been very moved by the perfection of its descriptions and the depth and richness of experience it conveys; it has taught me...

***20-2-1979, Auroville:**

This morning I don't feel like working. Perhaps it is because many of us have to submit to this Government Census and Patricia is to stay in the office to prepare for it. But I am also disturbed, I feel that things at and around Matrimandir aren't looked after properly, I feel bad to be there only half-days, to have withdrawn from any responsibilities, I feel bad that so few of us care and give... Yet I do not want either to resume the life I had, working there full-time and suffering from the lack of commitment, regularity and discipline, unable to rely on anyone and becoming negative... And I am disturbed by the intrusion of the Government's ways of dealing; with our lack of consecration; with my own impuissance to manifest at all what I feel to be true and worthwhile...

***23-2-1979, Auroville:**

I'm off-centred, on an unreal speed; and inside me I'm just struggling for breath and endurance, as one who is carried by too strong a current, just relying on the trust that one will somehow be taken back to the shore...

The time we spend, C.E and I, in the goldsmith's house, is pleasant, because of the simplicity of its atmosphere and the detached attitude of this old man who has seen so much, worked so much and yet has never asked anything for himself, for his own comfort; it teaches something and gives the measure of the difficulty of our path where we have to tend things, be the caretakers of material wealth, to help create an integral environment for the integral life and yet never lose the concrete awareness that nothing of it is "ours"...

***24-2-1979, Auroville:**

This morning at work I am quite distracted. I miss Patricia, who has gone to Delhi with Arjun to meet some Government officials; I cannot find the plans, others are very late; I feel as if something heavy has happened.

Then F.S and John H arrive and relate that yesterday a special meeting was called, on invitation, with Navajata and other members of the SAS, along with Talwar, at which Joss, Th, Shradhavan, Cristl, Ruud, F.S were present; that it became clear to everyone, including Talwar, that Navajata had no intention of changing his ways... They also tell us that a rich man from the North is calling a meeting today as he wishes to donate funds for Matrimandir but asks for the guarantee that it will reach Matrimandir and not go into anyone's pockets... And to top it all there is this morning the formal visit of Roger A accompanied by Ramanathan...

... At dinner John H tells us of another meeting that took place this afternoon with Navajata, Joss, the "Fidelity" group, Th, etc, at the close of which they all asked to be allowed to participate in Auroville's birthday celebrations on the 28th...

... Cyril came home for the night – he'd come earlier, from the Tibetan centre where he now mostly stays, to read M.S's letter addressed to both of us.

With P.G and C.E's help I prepare a statement for tomorrow...

***26-2-1979, Auroville:**

As we come down from the work at noon, Piero arrives with the news that SSJ has apparently stepped back and come around to accepting our proposal that monies donated to Matrimandir be handed directly to the team working on-site against some Utilisation Certificate checked by the Chartered Accountant, which could free us from the clutch of the SAS and allow for the work to pick up momentum...

***3-3-1979, Auroville:**

The atmosphere at work is weird. I become alert and attentive: there is whispering and hiding. Bit by bit I am able to piece it together and to get red P to say openly what has been going on and we finally learn that a meeting has been called for this afternoon at 5 at the Nursery, at first secretly, then more loosely, of all those of "good-will" who feel frustrated with the situation... I caught D.S trying to lure Narayana in without my knowing...! Both P.G and I feel that we should attend as well!

Within me I pray "Let the true Force sort out what is real and what is not...!"

But I am also aware of an impossibility: the Truth cannot reign, the Reality cannot be manifested, at this point, simply because... the sorting out would tear each of us apart...!

... This afternoon, as I'm writing to You, concentrating a little, Th comes: he has come to tell me all about this gathering, which he himself has organised and called for – his wording is "to all those who believe in an unconditional collaboration".

Even though I am glad that he has come and I feel that I shall indeed attend, I also see that he somehow keeps avoiding the issue and ignoring his own contradiction...

... I walk down there quietly; SSJ is there, openly kind to me, there are about 30 people, all those who have despised every collective effort and process, from the perspective of their "spiritual aspiration"... Only R is with me; we keep silent; P.G comes only briefly. Th plays a tape of Sunil's music for Your message "Blessed are those who take a leap towards the future".

I remain attentive not to get caught and return with flowers I pick on the way, feeling like laughter at this whole entire story... And then what comes up in me is an

even stronger refusal of this twisted and warped "collaboration": something HAS to go from us, a confusion, a mixture that has to drop!

R, who stayed on after I'd left, tells me later that several people had remained behind to talk further and that Joss had begun to tell SSJ that the time had come for them "to organise" themselves...!

***5-3-1979, Auroville:**

At work Th comes to me and asks if he can join me; I welcome him. The others seem to accept it gently, but for G.M who reacts heavily and asks me to send Th away; I refuse. Then G.M calms down and we go on working all morning.

C.E and I left early to Pondy, had our lunch there at E.B's..

Returning home in the evening, P.G comes and tells me pell-mell all that has happened after I'd left...: that Piero had come with a draft of a proposal he'd prepared on his own, to the SAS, stating that he and Yus would replace Talwar and Dayabhai as the SAS agents for the construction of Matrimandir so as to unblock the funds and move ahead with the work; but Yus withdrew and sent him to talk to the others and Al.B responded bluntly and Piero got furious and jumped on him and they both got into a physical fight till G.M, P.G and Yus were able to separate them...! Somehow this incident seems to have released in the open the sort of mad ambition that is still active in Piero..

P.G then tells me that he and G.M have a strong feeling to go out and fund-raise directly for Matrimandir. So I explain to him my old "idea": to have a number of regular donors contributing monthly, while large one-time expenses, such as for the Crystal, would be funded by single donations from wealthier individuals... But to go out and ask for money is still, with our present attitude and condition, either a begging act or a terribly presumptuous and pretentious demand made on people; we're not yet able to do it really for You, in the true spirit; we're still, I feel, too noisy!

... For the second time I was told today that F.S and Lila are planning to leave Auroville... It upsets me...

***7-3-1979, Auroville:**

Today we have our first meeting of the "Auroville Guard". There are 14 of us: Ar, Marc A, Al.B, P.G, R, Flore, Jacq, G.M, Gupi, Vivek, Andy, F.Gr, Phil and myself.

We shall be available for whatever emergency, to control or prevent any violence and, in our function, we will stand by no opinion and no "side" and will act as a unit and a team...

I went later to "Certitude" to meet Shradhavan, hoping to find her alone, to ask her to tell me straight what is happening for her and their new group. She welcomes me and talks to me openly, quietly, for an hour or so; she also listens attentively to what I have to say. She says she has understood a great deal in the last few weeks, has been liberated of a limiting attitude and of a number of prejudices. She speaks of a proposal they have, to form a group with 5 members of the SAS and 7 Aurovilians to administer Auroville: Navajata, Guru Prasad, Surendra, Karen and the Bharat Nivas engineer for the SAS; and for Auroville: herself, Joss, Cristl, Igor... and they are looking for the others and... she actually invites me in!!! Isn't that the funny part?

***9-3-1979, Auroville:**

At work GI brings fresh news from Delhi – M.D and Prem have returned already: the message is that we must hold on to our position regarding the SAS at least until the end of this month, which is also the end of the financial year, as the SAS Accounts are under scrutiny and their various frauds have become widely known; and that we ought to use "Auromitra" for channelling funds and, meanwhile, start collecting small contributions directly, and present Matrimandir's needs in a clear manner. Also, that all the "Quit-Notices" – 10 by now – are being frozen for the moment and "Auromitra" has made a representation to become recognised for the issuing of guarantees for the Visas... A way forward seems to be opening, at last...

***14-3-1979, Auroville:**

As I walk around Matrimandir in the evening, I see a young woman walking her cycle and somehow feel drawn to her... As I come nearer I see it is she whom I have seen twice already, from a distance, clad in a rose sari, at the concreting and at Auroville's birthday, very lovely... This time she wears a simple long skirt... The feeling of her lingers with me as I return home...

***15-3-1979, Auroville:**

The young woman attends the PT meeting at "Tapoloka". Her name is Miriam, she is American. Our eyes often meet. Afterwards I just ask her if she is staying with us; she replies: "for a while", and I leave it at that, wanting and needing to offer it...

***16-3-1979, Auroville:**

Another "silent gathering" has been called by the same group, at the Banyan tree, on the theme: "the true spirit of Auroville is collaboration".

I attend it in a way, standing nearby, while about 40 people sit silently, more or less the same people, with the addition of big J this time, and small J and Chris and the young woman, Miriam, has also come, and M from "Aurogarage".

Th plays a tape of the 1973 New Year music with Your reading of Your message in a broken voice, and quietly I think: "yes, we all want true collaboration and solidarity, in feeling, words and action but, as long as in your mind you imply that we must collaborate with the SAS who have clearly shown their will to dominate and enforce, how is that possible? A truthful and unified movement towards the future, yes, but submission to the will of a few?"

After everyone has left, Miriam lies down in the grass complaining of a severe head pain; I sit near her, she curls up and cries a moment; then she asks to go up to the Chamber; I let her go by herself and only later climb up to see whether she is alright... She gave me her Hopi ring... Again I offer it up, whether we have to come closer or not, whether it is helpful to both...

In the evening I write it all to You; I also tell C.E fully about it. I am so thankful for this gift of friendship and companionship...

***18-3-1979, Auroville:**

It is Sunday. P.G and I cycle down to F.Gr's house in "Certitude" to meet Patricia; F.Gr shows me his garden and the model he has prepared for the Matrimandir area and Gardens. Patricia says she has met with Piero earlier, he'd had another meeting with Talwar and Dayabhai and he is now ready to go up and meet Kireet in Delhi and place all the questions before him – all that receiving funds for Matrimandir entails at this juncture; we look together at my text for a presentation of Matrimandir and everyone likes it...

***19-3-1979, Auroville:**

C.E is troubled because he's been feeling an attraction towards V and doesn't know how I will take it... I tell him only two things matter between us, that we do not hide anything from each other and that we do not use our relationship as a replacement for other needs we each may have. He seems to be relieved.

***20-3-1979, Auroville:**

In the evening I tell C.E how I felt about Dennis's letter regarding the relationships with both "Findhorn" and "Arcosanti" communities: how, beyond a first impression of sweetness, I felt strongly that it's not it, not at all, that we all seem to be sleeping; that we are here because Your Force is here, we were born for a real Change, not for any of those self-satisfied efforts at community awareness and what not... O Mother, were it not for Matrimandir, I'd be in utter despair here, wouldn't know where to go...!

***21-3-1979, Auroville:**

This morning at work, just as I was about to, for the first time, openly request P.G and Al.B to please stop talking and focus on the task at hand, F.Gr came up asking for help to start something in the Gardens; he wants to begin work near the Banyan tree. P.G and G.M are willing to help him; I do not feel this is a very clear beginning as F.Gr has somehow not wanted to see it all with Narad; and I resent a little the role P.G tends to play by G.M, negatively supporting him instead of helping him to concentrate...; but I have no say in any of this.

***24-3-1979, Auroville:**

... Si seulement je pouvais me souvenir des vies, des femmes, des hommes, des enfants que j'ai aimés et chéris... Je me sens si pauvre, pauvre de moi-même. Je voudrais tout tenir, ce que j'ai été et pourquoi je suis tel que je suis, tenir tout cela dans la lumière d'une compréhension réelle et, tout entier, l'offrir, pour que Tu crées un être solide, d'une substance consciente pour un corps qui porte sans faillir un peu de Ta Vérité...

***27-3-1979, Auroville:**

I am pondering my dependency on energies... For instance, every week I start early on to look forward to the next PT meeting and it is obviously linked to a need for a certain type of energies; yet I do not like, have never liked nor been comfortable with this constant exchange, this give and take, this trading we are compelled to as

human beings. I wish rather that I would always be giving and never have to draw from the others; that I would be able to constantly receive from You, from the Lord, by practice of the correct positioning... But here I am, in-between again!

... It is difficult in Auroville today to find a work that can be a real service to You, to which one can really consecrate oneself... One would yearn for hierarchy! But I see that ego and greed for power still make true hierarchy impossible – unattainable; even a thing to be rejected! However nothing seems to be able to replace it: this “psychic” or “divine anarchy” requires wakeful individuals, accurately conscious of their real souls... We have a lot to go before that becomes a fact, don't we?!

28-3-1979, Auroville:

We're still unable, collectively, to agree on how to channel the needed funds for Matrimandir... We found out that, before the price of steel goes up, Piero is thinking to go back to Madanlal for money : at this both Al.B and Yus get furious, in a way that makes me wonder and step back. There is something off there as well!

Yus, in his fanatic way, goes on a diatribe against “Marwaris” – Navajata, Kishorilal, Shyamsunder, and Madanlal are all “Marwaris” – and I just have to go away... We can't be together on this basis! Patricia and I return to work, determined to concentrate on it even more...!

***29-3-1979, Auroville:**

Today is the first day the new pump at “Sincerity” is running; after weeks of waiting, and good advice from several quarters, it was all checked up finally yesterday; the water is still murky but the pressure is good and we can begin to organise the care and tending of this whole place with some independence. And today is the anniversary of Your first meeting, Mother Sri Aurobindo...!

.. Tonight, looking at my own impurity, I touched perhaps the means to change it...! It is no more a struggle against the physical mind, or the sexual impulses, or out of the hell created by conflicts between different parts or elements and the compromises reached out of weakness and ignorance... There is something else, something more, a direct, kind of objective perception of the impurity, which contains, or is one with, the sense of the movement that is likely to help; it is a new sense... but it too requires perseverance and fidelity...!

***Note regarding the will expressed by members and supporters of the SAS to come and attend the Auroville Birthday celebrations.**

« Il nous semble nécessaire d'exprimer une fois de plus ce qui nous semble être une loi fondamentale de l'expérience que Mère a nommée « Auroville » : toute personne qui se sent appelée à vivre cette expérience et à tenter de s'y donner est la bienvenue. Mais nous devons refuser l'entrée d'Auroville à quiconque s'affilie à un groupe ou une organisation qui revendique un droit de propriété ou de contrôle sur Auroville.

Auroville appartient directement à ce Divin dont Mère et Sri Aurobindo sont les représentants et ils n'ont besoin d'aucune organisation extérieure pour établir et manifester la vérité d'Auroville. »

“A hero fears nothing, complains of nothing and never gives way.”

***2-4-1979, Auroville:**

I have understood concretely, realised, that I am fully responsible for the harmony of my being and the condition of my body, and this understanding is now with me like a new strength. It is my responsibility to send to my body messages that carry harmony instead of disorder and contradiction; this is my own field of work!

This I knew inwardly, but I have touched it now.

... I heard today from Manju that Miriam has been staying with Purna Prema all these days! How odd that these two women should come together, Purna who was so important to me and became my sworn enemy, and Miriam for whom I have felt such an attraction even though I hardly know her...! And also that she is planning to leave on the 7th...

***4-4-1979, Auroville:**

Piero came to Matrimandir at noon with the news that Madanlal has finally agreed to donate one lakh of rupees thru "Auromitra", at our convenience, and trusts that we will spend the money to buy the required steel before the price of it goes up on the 9th.

This afternoon several of us worked in the office on the new brochure/presentation for Matrimandir, using the text I have prepared...

***5-4-1979, Auroville:**

After attending a very tamasic PT meeting, the worst I have been to in a long time – and this was the one C.E had to attend! –, we drove to Pondy to see Robi at the Ashram Press for the printing of the Matrimandir brochure; I am very touched by his simplicity and his transparent dedication and, within me, I bow to him and to the likes of him... I am ashamed before You of what we are here, of what I am; but what is the use of being ashamed? One has to grow!

In town we came upon, quite suddenly, Miriam, who waved at once, very direct and forward and spontaneous. I introduced Miriam and C.E to each other; she was or looked different, more expansive and city-like, she wore a bright red dress, with that sort of passive elegance I had found attractive in her; it was somewhat refreshing to see this woman there, in these settings...! She said she might delay her departure for a week, and had looked for me in Auroville...

***6-4-1979, Auroville:**

... Patricia tells me that the "agreement" with Madanlal is frozen, as what Yus and Piero had intended to do was actually a sort of manipulation of "Auromitra", not a straightforward use of it, and that M.D, who is its "field officer", had refused to process it. So a better way must now be found...

We communicate a little on the lack of the psychic sense in us all – that spirit of service, the discreetness, the gratitude, and the quiet discernment that replaces all judgement, the genuine respect of the truth lying in everyone and everything...

***7-4-1979, Auroville:**

... Today Patricia tells me, before we start working, how madly angered Piero had been with her when she also refused to sign the clearance for the cheque until Kireet agreed to this use of the "Auromitra" channel, how she was threatened by him that she would be responsible for the "fall of Matrimandir"... We had to laugh! It has now become quite clear that Piero is not the right person to deal with money!

Later, feeling bad that we hadn't yet told Yus directly how we feel about all this, I went to him and talked with him; his view is that we now have to deal with another outside agency ("Auromitra") seeking to impose its ways on us and that P.G and M.D are almost traitors and that it is actually "Auromitra" that has brought enmity among us...! He is quite strident about it, there is no use arguing...!

***9-4-1979, Auroville:**

Today is my birthday. V brings me a small cactus in a golden pot, a flower and a card saying she thanks me for being born...!

Later, D.M sends me her message...

During the tea-break this morning, even though Piero stubbornly believes that he alone can see what is right for Matrimandir, we are somehow able to agree on what we must communicate to Kireet in Delhi, and we draft the text of a telegram which I am to post from Pondy this afternoon.

***10-4-1979, Auroville:**

Our "extraordinary" meeting was supposed to start at 9 am in the office, but only Arjun and Narad are in time and we wait a long while for everyone else to arrive. About 25 of us, including the members of the Coop, slowly gather. M.T begins with the questions he needs to have answered before he and Piero go up to Delhi. I read the text that Patricia and Narad have drafted and everyone likes it and signs it. Then I go to the workshop and talk to Th, Ruud and the others there and tell them what we are doing and that it would be good if they would at least see the letter we are about to send and express whatever disagreement they may have in an open way... They agree to come to the office. And after a while, some resistances naturally melt away and several among their group sign the letter; Th and Ruud do not oppose it, but do not sign it either.

***13-4-1979, Auroville:**

I have disciplined myself since a few days to make way for C.E. to find out freely, without any pressure from me, what he really wants with us two. It seems to have helped him to come out of this obsession of rivalry, dominance and compulsion.

I understand better now that, between human beings, there is a wide variation in degree and quality of the closeness and directness of the contact.

It is only when two souls feel with complete evidence and simplicity that they are at home with one another, unreservedly, even though there may be still some necessity to struggle through outer differences, it is only then that the essential basis is there.

And that, in itself and by itself, is not love, although it does demand from each one the highest, noblest and purest to honour this bond... But Love, Love is impersonal, can never be bound to any form, it is the supreme Energy... One can only aspire to become a vessel for it, without interference, preferences or demands...

As for the rest, all the rest, where there isn't even the trace of this recognition from within, it is only a play of attractions, with no other effect or result than a slow individual progress and possibly a greater refinement or precision in the collective awareness...

***16-4-1979, Auroville:**

When everyone has arrived, we gather in the office around Piero and he shows us all the work he has done, the drawings and calculations, and he explains the main points and how to proceed with the erection and construction of the entire space-frame for the sphere. One is impressed and touched by the quality and the sheer amount of work he has done while being preoccupied with so many other issues and aspects of the work. I salute him within myself and I bow to You who have drawn such a service to You.

We are all left a little stunned before the magnitude and the complexity of the task before us – and the lack of funds and, above all, the lack of people!

***19-4-1979, Auroville:**

C.E and I spent the day in Madras doing purchases for "Sincerity", for the Nursery, for the Kitchen, for Shyama... C's plane is delayed by several hours in the evening and we try to escape the hell this whole area has become and wait it out in a cheap hotel nearby. Back at the airport we meet F.S who is leaving; we hug and hug: I cannot well adjust to the fact of not seeing him perhaps for years to come...

C arrives at last, in the night, with the second plane...

***21-4-1979, Auroville:**

I find myself heavy, dull and dragging. It is again this strange condition that, pushed further, would be dissociating: a massive pressure and, in or very close to the body, a sense of impuissance, of sheer inability to hold on, a weakness like a hole, and then this movement as if to go out and away from the body through the head... I have to struggle to remember and concentrate in the heart.

And it's hot, so hot we seem to be evaporating...!

The whole afternoon C sits with me; she has all these questions she has borne within herself and it is as a great part of our shared evolution and of our bond that she puts these questions forward to me, trusting that I shall find the words to open new doors before her... She is so receptive and so ready to progress that much of what I was able to understand or realise this past year simply goes to her; she tells me of her own work too... I have only gratitude to the Lord for all this...

***24-4-1979, Auroville:**

When I ride back to the Nursery in the afternoon to see about the cart, Narad wants to give a special orchid, as it is Darshan Day; he selects the plant, emphasizing its rarity, its cost... Then, as we talk about cork-trees, he tells me of an experience he'd had when he had used a large section of a "Transformation" tree, along with other woods, to make charcoal and, after 5 days, in place of that log, he had found gold! He had taken pieces of it to Nolini, who had confirmed it was gold, the result of transformation... Then he takes me inside his house and shows me a piece. And what I see is mica, of a kind I have often seen, mica unmistakably...! I don't know what to do or say, not being attracted anyway to this kind of "miracle", but it leaves me with a strange feeling... I just ask him how mica normally forms, but that is all I can say, since Nolini himself has, according to him, confirmed it!

Later in the evening, C, C.E and I walk hand in hand over to the Banyan tree for the "meditation". There are about 30 people there and I am not at ease with the attendance; but soon I begin to feel that there is some of Your help available to concentrate correctly. I sense my own atmosphere and what it is in Your Light and Presence and I realise again what it is that I want, that I seek, that I grow to: to unite with Being, free of the human modes, free of the slow mind, the slower and

heavier feelings and sentiments and movements; to flow with states of consciousness, in the inexhaustible wealth of conscious existence, here in Matter itself...; outgrowing the limits of humanness, a free sovereign being...

Too soon people start moving and talking...

I tuned to C.E, hoping to share with him in silence, but he isn't available and instead makes some comment on a "nice shirt" a woman is wearing and at once I'm caught, well caught, in ... too human a movement!

Yet my body remained under the influence of that Calm and openness.

I know "I" cannot do anything about it; that there is only one way, to be more and more given and united to the need...

***27-4-1979, Auroville:**

While collecting flowers early this morning, I hear an airplane flying over and I suddenly remember a very vivid dream that I had not at all recalled when I tried as every morning upon waking to note down my sleep-activities – and it makes me wonder how many such dreams I "lose"...: I am standing on a sea-shore, just like in Pondy; there is a crowd of people massed along it until far into the streets that lead to it. There is anxiety written on every face and the sky becomes gloomy and the light is as of lightning's and we see, going northward parallel to the shore and far into the sea, dozens and dozens of warships of different sizes, some very large, moving together as a herd, in an ominous silence. A man nearer to the shore starts informing everyone, as if he'd picked up the meaning of it in the air, but it felt true, that this is an action taken by India to show Thailand how to behave... I think I am with a small group of friends, or at least there are a few people to whom I feel closer compared to the crowd... It is a very striking dream...

... The other day, in Pondy with C, I had "accidentally" met Miriam in a shop; she has not yet left, obviously. Later, to Al.B who was searching for someone who could take brochures to the US, I'd mentioned her eventual departure any day. This evening Al.B came to ask me to ride down to Pondy with him and see Miriam and ask her... He sits a moment with C while I prepare, they are doing well together.

Then we leave on his bike, both feeling rather happy, I believe, with the friendship that has been growing between us. We find Miriam at "Golconde"; she has changed her plans and will stay another month, which she wants to spend mostly in Auroville; she moves me very much, vitally and physically, but I am not aware as yet of a deeper thing...

***29-4-1979, Auroville:**

C has been in a state of near-immobility, hardly eating, hardly talking, content, assimilating...

***1-5-1979, Auroville:**

At work G.M tells me he had a few hours yesterday, after we left, of a peace and strength he had not experienced for a long time... (I'd been driving C around on M.T's bike when it broke down and we had to rest a while at G.M's in "Dana" before walking back home in the evening.)

Patricia and the others soon join us; our team is well-balanced now: Kiran has joined, Jacq is there every day now, so is P.G, and Al.B, and Marcia, sometimes Arjun and red P... Patricia and I go on with the marking, using a new method, while the rest take care of the platforms and reinforce the scaffold. Piero comes later to check some measurements with us; we have found this morning that our difficulties

in getting accurate points were due to a small difference in the positioning of the pillars...

***3-5-1979, Auroville:**

The heat is like a load of lead. Our corporeal reality makes me sad and depressed. Sometimes, especially when I have to stand in line at the Kitchen to fill our lunch tiffin (!), I can't bear this substantial soup of flesh, uncleared sexualities, subtle subconscious smells and vibrations, bodies sweating, disharmonious, awkward – it is sometimes repelling to be human...!

***5-5-1979, Auroville:**

Today we fixed the first precast beams in place. And it became self-evident: we are looking at a minimum of 5 full years of work just to install the space-frame...!

***6-5-1979, Auroville:**

It is Sunday and it is C's birthday!

Early morning we place all the gifts we have prepared for her in the room downstairs and call her in... C.E has made a most beautiful and vivid painting of You; there is a young plant of "Eternal Youth"... C has tears in her eyes... I love to make her happy...!

In the evening C.E and I return with lots of jasmine garlands and fresh fruit and incense; E.B has prepared everything for dinner and Nat and Yel join us, it is all very calm and poised.

At night, when C has gone to rest on the terrace, I play at the small harmonium for a long time – both C.E and C tell me later it had been like going to the discovery of a far-off land...

***8-5-1979, Auroville:**

C's need and will to progress has become so natural, constant and alive that it is a profound joy to be with her. I am grateful for knowing her, for the bond between us. And I appreciate and enjoy the rightness of her attitudes and responses, the harmony of her womanhood; I am proud of her and also a little awed...

E.B has invited us for dinner at her place and I take C, leaving C.E here with the opportunity to relax and enjoy some solitude. I had also resolved to talk straight to E.B as she's again been slipping into an affective demand towards me, but I didn't have to: she was already upset with herself and blamed me for not warning her in time...! Despite her pain and distress, she wants to overcome the obstacle; she is open to the understanding that will help her to do so and she cares for our friendship to become truer... In the past such situations used to make me feel guilty and wanting to disappear... Now I seem to have gone a little way...!

At night when we return, C.E tells me that Miriam had come looking for me...!

***10-5-1979, Auroville:**

I feel an urge to concentrate, to re-examine everything, to make the choice anew. My mind wants to have a clear picture of the movement of progress and the other parts believe still that they cannot do without it... It all seems impossible. A true Mind, which does not operate through opposition and comparison, has yet to be established; but for that to happen, I need to open to more consciousness!

... The sky is greying, it feels like rain is trying to come our way, there is the subtle scent of it and the trees bend toward it... C is cleaning the house while I arrange the flowers, C.E smiles; my anxiety is relieved.

... C has a tough time controlling her emotions and accepting the fact of her leaving again. But we have clarified that she will be back next January, in less than a year... We leave late afternoon and spend the night in a hotel in Madras; C.E and I sleep on the carpet rather than sink into these mattresses...!

***13-5-1979, Auroville:**

Sunday morning... As we pause for tea under the tree after our gardening work, Miriam surprises us... She walks in, quite naturally, clad in white and gold, tranquil and joyous, humorous too, and even more charming... C.E is relaxed and flows with it; she doesn't seem to mind moments of silence, there is no tension...

***14-5-1979, Auroville:**

I first meet Miriam at "Golconde"; there is a little hesitancy, she is a little afraid to become attached. Then I take her to Amal Kiran's and we agree to meet later on by the sea.

In the evening, waiting for her, I have a moment of fine tranquillity, like a relief; as if I was liberated, made free from bondages and new to life; even in my body I feel lighter...

One could take this as a revenge of Nature but it is her sweet teaching that I find in it, not her harshness; one could take it as a test from the adversity but I experience it as a gift for me to become fuller, simpler and straighter...

We talk a little, laugh a little. I drive her to her appointment with Arindam Basu and we part. I have a yearning for another occasion, with more time before us; there is something there that wants to unfold...

***16-5-1979, Auroville:**

A few days ago we got a she-kitten from Hilde. She has now adopted us, which means she sleeps on me and, when she decides time is up, is merciless about it... This morning it was 5 am and I couldn't quite appreciate it and was only able to jot down the last two dreams, uninteresting...

The work goes well; Patricia and I perfect our new tools and are able to fine-tune the adjustment of the first beams to the millimetre...

At lunch Miriam arrives and stays with us to rest awhile in the house; she falls asleep with a lotus bloom on her chest.

... Narad tells me he would like us to join the two gardens - "Sincerity" and the Nursery - with a first line of trees this year...

***17-5-1979, Auroville:**

C.E has been very tense the whole night. I am feverish with a bad cold and have to struggle to get into the rhythm of the day. Miriam understands and, when we have our food together, she is equally forward to both of us and the response is flowing; her femininity is harmonious, mastered and reposed.

When Patricia sees Miriam approaching, she has this instinctive reaction of coming closer to me, which, kind of egoistically, I enjoy: even though Patricia and I do not live together, we are a couple in the sense that our work and daily sharing is important to either of us and precious, and I like her to show her care in these ways sometimes... Tomorrow she is to go to Delhi again...

***18-5-1979, Auroville:**

La Grâce et la gratitude sont les deux mains qui me conduisent pas à pas...

Mother, You give me ceaselessly, ceaselessly, You are my divine Mother!

I drove to Pondy to pick up Miriam and took her over to "Far Beach", to the little house she will be staying in for a while, helped her settle her things, and fixed the hand-pump for her with the help of Judith's worker. A sweet little kid, Aurore and Volcan's son named "Pavitra", followed me everywhere, so tender... With Miriam I am at rest; it is not superficial, there is no rush, no eagerness, but a deep ease, a sense that it can all happen in its own time, with respect. I discover her more and more, and the truth in her beauty, and I can taste her without reservations...

***21-5-1979, Auroville;**

Patricia hasn't been able yet to go to Delhi, all the trains have been cancelled for several days, and the whole country seems to be in a sort of chaos.

Yesterday I had not gone to Miriam because of C.E.'s reaction, not wanting to hurt him in anyway or to endanger our relationship; I went this afternoon and stayed with her; we both went through many states: at first there was a certain dissociation, I couldn't feel supported either from within or from above, but I kept quiet and tried to offer it; I also had this impression as if I had remained inwardly besides C.E, here at home... We drove to town for her shopping; we went to the Samadhi for a moment, and there I felt like a child full of tenderness for everyone and for everything... Back at the beach, there was in me a yearning for the deeper presence and toward her spirit; she at times was happy and amazed, at times frightened, shy and humble and then angry, revolted, then again perplexed and anxious; and then she was open... For long I was deprived of desire, that energy couldn't enter; I had only tenderness and a longing for balance for her, for me, for the meeting itself; we both learnt... Later, at the beginning of the night, we actually met; it was brief, almost unexpected and it was like a stepping-stone. Further into the night we met again: this time I wanted her to be fulfilled and that only a sweet memory would remain, a gift that would be in her heart like a smile and a token of her own spirit and growth. She felt that I knew her.

It was very late when we finally slept and I had a dream of having to fight some beings to deliver her, to bring her back to freedom and her own self and rhythm, and I did it... I woke up when the moon rose from the sea; and, later, at the point of dawn... And all the time I also remained with C.E...

***23-5-1979, Auroville:**

Today is D.M's birthday; we give Larry our gifts for her...

E.B has prepared dinner for us at her place. I visit Krishna too, before we move, C.E and I, to Piero's to stay the night on "special watch-duty" (there have been thefts and attacks).

***24-5-1979, Auroville;**

This evening E.B arrived here with two garlands of jasmine for me. She tells me she has met Miriam in Pondy and how lovely and beautiful she is and how for the first time she is not jealous as she finds this is a woman level with me... In the midst of this talk something gets cleared which had remained like a painful mystery to me all these years: why and how E.B had returned to me while I was still in France, leaving the Ashram, leaving You, supposedly with Your blessings; the facts appeared today only: Nata had mixed up two letters I had written to You in his care, about having a child with A.F, who was pregnant; he had got confused and told E.B right away that I wanted her to come back to me and give me a child...! And she had only been too happy to take it as an encouragement for the very thing she had sought. She must have known, though, that it couldn't be true and yet she never spoke to me about it till today. And the facts are also that You never saw my letters about this and that the "Blessings" were procured by Nata himself...! Oh! What useless sufferings our human interference must have created around You, Mother!

***1-6-1979, Auroville:**

These are times when, in the life You give us here, we reach such high notes of a singing tenderness that flows all over, a sweetness, a tranquil dance... Isn't that the real sense of being human and individuals...?

... As we finish eating, Amma comes in with a little girl; she has brought some sweets which she has kept for me as "Prasad" from a special puja. I serve her and the little girl and give her the incense and things she needs for her daily offerings; then she sings, she sings to You, to Kali, to Krishna and Radha, and Miriam goes and sits nearest to her, puts her hands in hers and Amma concentrates in her and blesses her...

***4-6-1979, Auroville:**

In the afternoon I took Miriam back to "Golconde". Both the "Imagination" and the "Realisation" trees are in full bloom and I take many photographs, and of Miriam too, happy, open, given, simple; we both feel content and gently fulfilled in our relationship. We agree to meet by the sea at 6 pm and I ask her to wear her red dress and put up her hair the way I like it best... She enjoys it, to prepare herself thus...

But it is when I come out of the Ashram, later, that I meet her again, by the gate: she is ravishing, nothing vulgar, nothing too elaborate, just the joy of her lovely femininity; we walk to the shore, go over the boulders and sit in the wind; I give her a long garland of fresh jasmine and I take many pictures of her and watch her and drink her, assimilating her gift and giving myself to her.

She wants either to postpone again her departure or to come back soon and stay longer... But it is a good thing for us to part for a few days anyway; each of us needs to rest now...

***6-6-1979, Auroville:**

Early this afternoon Al.B and Chr came to bring us our copies of the Agenda that have just come; Jacq is with them and we make a happy group here, until it is time to go and attend the general meeting at "Unity" office. News has come that the trustees of "Auromitra" and Kireet particularly, have now agreed to our proposal for

the channelling of the funds for Matrimandir. Then, P.P brings up the topic of listing those of us who are ready to ask for the Indian nationality... At once I feel uneasy, not about the thing itself – I have thought of it many times – but about the nature of the pressure being exerted by implication; it makes my hair stand and I soon leave... I don't know where to go; I walk toward the Banyan tree and there I see that a "meditation" is going on: the trio – SSJ, Shradhavan and Th – are sitting facing the tree, emanating such a self-regard for their "true spiritual attitude"... I don't know! All these gaps in the fabric, all these factions... I'd rather be at home reading the Agenda...!

... Toi! Je comprends mieux pourquoi c'est vraiment à partir de 1962 que je Te reconnais entièrement, totalement, à jamais...!

... Miriam comes home in the evening. She says that in the Ashram she is losing support for coming so much to Auroville... She takes it with quiet lucidity...

... Yesterday a police van came to "Fraternity" to arrest Dany, who has a Quit-Order; he somehow was able to run and hide. No clear information has been issued as to the actual reason for this Order, only contradictory or vague statements, whether in Madras or here... Miriam says that she had heard it in Pondy that this might happen...!

***10-6-1979, Auroville:**

The moon is full tonight and C.E has decided to stay near Matrimandir. Miriam returns here and we meet throughout the night. And again, in this meeting, I experience like a condensed sense – scent, touch, texture, impression, and atmosphere – of being American Indian; this has been there since we first met... I want and need to be very honest about all this, but there IS something to it, as there is something also to the feeling she has that I know her, I know how to touch her, as if I had touched her already in some past, deeply. Yet I do not so far experience the security of the spirit that I know with C.E, that inner support that helps each one to grow, go through and progress, and become dearer too...

This kind of almost physical memory of... other times... has been pressing like a mass, of all the lines one has followed through the different lives, and how it is present and surrounding one – a subtle environment -; but also how it is best, probably, to remain ignorant of it so as to genuinely reach for a new balance in this life...

***11-6-1979, Auroville:**

The news is not good: SSJ has not accepted; games are being played. And in "Aspiration" they now have a stand against the whole thing... Better to laugh!

***12-6-1979, Auroville:**

Miriam has to go back to Pondy; I drive her down. I do not know what she must do; there is this pressure on me that I should feel one way or another whether she must stay or she must return to the US, but I can't... I only pray she is guided to do the truer thing for herself and given the exact means to develop; that is what I can ask and pray for. I learn to trust her as she learns to obey what in her makes her so open to me... Is she "my woman"? I don't know. I only know I have never behaved this way with any other woman I have known; I am also afraid, despite of me, that she may grow attached, when I do not know how far we are to go together... But I am grateful for the gift of her and I believe it is in Your hands...

... Driving back up the hill in the evening light I find Vivek, walking down, his bag on his shoulder, leaving Auroville... And there is that move fusing, which rises from the Presence within, always ready to manifest when there is an opening...

... Back home, C.E says that Al.B had come to bid his farewell; he and Patricia are going to Delhi tomorrow, perhaps for two weeks...

***23-6-1979, Auroville:**

At home it is a delight, and I am filled with gratitude; but at work, it goes off, there is a depressive atmosphere catching; P.G keeps talking all morning with H, G, Chr and I feel as if crushed by a wave of decomposing energy running through my body, as if nothing held any longer and there was no continuity: as if on the edge of some liquefaction, of a negative abandon to which the body resists, afraid of where it would lead...? I can only do one thing, keep very quiet and cling to a sort of physical faith in equilibrium...

... At noon Piero arrives with the disheartening news that D.S, Ruud and Th have gone to SSJ and agreed with him to work with the SAS again, rejecting, and despising "Auromitra"... So, once more, we're stuck all round... Piero seems to expect that I will help to "take a decision", but all this feels too relative, too unreal and I don't know what we are meant to do, in truth; I need to be shown, not with the mind wanting to "solve" but directly, the movement You require, the true perception...

There is a kind of rot... There is lying...

I want to be awake!

When I return home to C.E, I feel at once relieved, there is a smile again; we talk quietly, sharing...

... Late this afternoon, P.G came: he has discovered that several newcomers at the Centre are using drugs and he wants me and R to come with him and talk to these people... I had felt the atmosphere there had degraded and become very mixed, but it seems to me it'd be simpler to write Your own statement about it and post it for a few days where everyone can see it; so we prepare a big card together...

***15-6-1979, Auroville:**

C.E and I, on P.G's insistence, have agreed to attend the "Envelopes" meeting this afternoon at "Abri". (Early this morning the Guard had been called at "Sharnga" where some villagers had been ransacking and laying waste a few fields, but there was no more need for us to intervene when we reached and, rather than stand idle watching B.B's show with his horses, we moved away and P.G started to tell us at length about the current confusion with the distribution of the monies...)

So, as we sit watching and listening, I can only admire and respect P.G's sincerity as he patiently explains his proposal in spite of the leers and jokes: he really made a friend of me today!

When the practical accounting begins, we leave, as we are not qualified and have only come this once, as observers. I am aware that a complex, multi-sided and slow process is required in Auroville for things to become simpler or, rather, for simpler "solutions" to become applicable...

But, for a moment, I got a painful feeling that something may have occurred, between the impulse of our present birth for this work, and the actual manifestation... as if some elements were missing, we were incomplete and the key-harmony could not pass... A strange feeling, almost a sense of crippled ness...

... On our way back, riding our cycles, I was watching C.E for a moment, his body-movements, and I felt something painful too: that he somehow is not blooming, is still unopened; and that, perhaps, I am not helping him to come forth, or else I am over-protecting him... This comes to me with some gravity and at that instant I am ready, for his sake, to completely change my attitude if need be, when suddenly, as we have stopped by the Guest-House, he turns to me and hugs and kisses me, right there, and my question is erased...!

***16-6-1979, Auroville:**

I had, while reading the Agenda, this experience: I was just reading Your description of when You had found out they had constructed a new balcony for You to appear and be seen, and I had Your full Darshan! I saw You, as You were that very day, just NOW! I was there! Absolutely You, Your Presence, Your Darshan, for perhaps one or two seconds... I experienced it completely!

O Mother, the sheer ecstasy of seeing You move in Your body, Mother...!

... We take a long walk, at a good pace, close to each other and quiet; there is an intense alternance of a downward and decomposing pull with a gathering movement forward, an energy to break through and become more conscious...

... At night-watch Piero tells me of Ruud, Th and Toine's intention to form a parallel bureau of administration... I see actually no way of persisting in refusing money meant for Matrimandir under the pretext of an inner refusal of what the SAS represents: this money belongs to You! What we must refuse is the influence, the claims and the power game, with precision and clarity in our own movements, so that these people do not bring in again their idiotic cult and their lies...

***17-6-1979, Auroville:**

Miriam has come back. She entered, her face a big radiant smile, and threw a garland of jasmine on me and moved into my arms and we remained very quiet and I knew at that moment, without words, thoughts or sentiments, that this was a natural thing and that she was truly happy...

Later she tells me all that has happened to her; how Udar got upset and jealous; how she had a long talk with Madhav Pandit about me! That he said that, whenever Purna or André tried to speak ill to You about me, You pretended not to know who they were talking about because You loved me... and that I was united in consciousness with Matrimandir...! What a tender gift!

***18-6-1979, Auroville:**

Dawn lifts her flames through the branches, a gorgeous breath, a liquid fire...

I feed the cat and the pigeons, clean the vases, C.E sweeps; Miriam helps me to arrange the flowers... I want to sing, to be free, that only tenderness and progress run through me and between us, filling each and every moment, tenderness and response...

... About 20 of us are in the office. The issue is: are we going to accept materials purchased by SSJ with the money that came through the SAS toward Matrimandir? I want to remain centred and free from influences and to perceive correctly; the sense I get is that there is a will to keep the SAS functioning as a channel for this impersonal energy and that we must learn to discriminate and exert our vigilance towards those whose intent is to ride it back into Auroville with their rotten claims; that we ought to try and trust those like Ruud, Th and D.S who are willing to

attempt this, while being ready to stop it if we find they get trapped... But this "position", although it is shared by several of us – P.G, Jacq, and Narad – is misunderstood by both the sides! One side appears a little too eager and pleased with it; there is no transparency there! And the other side takes it as a betrayal! And I cannot help but finding both rather opportunistic!

So, we ask everybody to keep quiet for a few days, not to take any step, and not to go ahead with the purchase of the steel from the Bharat Nivas stock as this deal appears now to be double-edged, connected as it is to some debt from the SAS to the Government...

... In the general meeting at "Tapoloka" this afternoon, Piero seeks to present himself, he who has repeatedly tried to broker some agreement with SSJ and the SAS on his own, as a martyr and us – Jacq, P.G and I – as the traitors... This leaves us so stunned that we don't even try to explain... But the people of "Aspiration" insist to know, that we must speak up... They say then that they will all come to Matrimandir...! I remind them that it is not enough to come in order to reject, to say "no", that the situation is too complex and demands perseverance and a steady commitment; and this time they seem to take it very seriously...

***20-6-1979, Auroville:**

This afternoon Ruud, Th, red P and Narayana came to see me here at home; their vibration is open, simple and direct. They tell me that they have searched in themselves for the cause of a lack of joy in the work, a heaviness in the atmosphere, and realised that they actually had no real adhesion to this new phase of the construction – the casting and erection of the RCC space frame – and would have preferred to go for Roger A's design of a light tubular frame-work. They tell me further that, since our last meeting where we, Jacq, P.G and I, had shown some trust in them, they now felt freer to express themselves and communicate their feelings and their views...

Of course, unity among us brings receptivity to Your atmosphere and Your workings and we have to find the joy to go forward together... But, You know, the discs in Roger A's design, those fancy, showy things that don't last, that rust and wear out...?! We need quality!

***21-6-1979, Auroville:**

... So often I find myself agreeing with everyone, every point of view expressed, and yet fully agreeing with none and no one. There is a yearning to be freed from opinions, all these opinions and "sides", this faulty mental logic, and to follow a thread into Matter, or through Matter, or with Matter, sensing an awareness there that the mind, nor the feeling, cannot ever even approximate.

But in this present collective condition, one cannot give oneself to that, because there is the necessity to "communicate", to share in the movement of progress, and we are not able to do so without the mind yet – and so, through the mind, things become inevitably opposed, contradictory, mutually exclusive, and the reality is veiled...

***22-6-1979, Auroville:**

I feel so poor, insufficient, small and limited, so entangled in the general confusion and inertia, nailed, suffocating... I am sitting near C.E after our nap, a bit lost, grey like the sky, untidy like the air today, messed-up like the garden and the leaky

pond and the bunds not neat anymore; then C.E turns to me, I answer to him, we join our steps and enter time together as in a dance, faithful to our bond and moving forward even when all seems grey and unpromising...

***23-6-1979, Auroville:**

... Both P.G and G.M have liked, and agreed to the draft I have made of a letter to Madanlal.

At tea-break, Th sits with me and talks and talks; he is full of hope now; I remind him we have to go one step at a time and choose only and always those points we can agree upon... He seems to understand...

I aspire to open to a perception for which no veils and no guises exist, a perception that sees and knows directly without words; it is there, I am certain of it, somewhere above or within... Oh! To move and act in the freedom of it, to say or do only what needs to be said or done...!

These days there seem to be only twisted movements all around, nothing comes straight, nothing is honest, nothing is simple, and nothing is calm... But we can still laugh!

***24-6-1979, Auroville:**

Joss came here this afternoon, needing to talk and looking for help, perhaps from the Guard... There have been lots of incidents of harassment lately, strange thefts have taken place in and around "Certitude" and, a few days ago Christiane, who stays at his place, was attacked in the night by a very weird man, and was taken to the hospital with a broken jaw... P.G joins us... It is difficult to discern an action we could commit to, we are so scattered physically, over the entire area of Auroville, and there is so much disunity among us all; the police is corrupt... Yet one cannot just seek a "spiritual" answer, something has to be manifested, expressed, materialised... But I'm not even able to realise what exactly we are dealing with...

The ideal You have set before of us seems to be deprived of its power by the very limitations of our nature, by the refusal to lead a disciplined life, by the absence of some very basic commitments...

... I still get trapped sometimes by the power C.E has over me, because I am so attached to his presence, he has grown so dear to me and I have come to rely so much upon the relationship we have established that, at times – too often – I compromise and seek to appease; and then I feel dishonest with myself and I lose my balance...

***25-6-1979, Auroville:**

Early this morning, Miriam arrived! She'd packed an auto-rickshaw with all her things, left "Golconde" and decided to move in here with us – she hadn't said a thing about it!

... G.M has insisted that I should attend the meeting of the "5" at Matrimandir... Finally I accepted, seeing it as an opportunity to obtain a wider and more substantial agreement among us... G.M, Bill S, D.S, Ruud, Piero, P.G and I gather in the office. Ruud and D.S had wanted to rush and get the steel and move ahead with the work; P.G, G.M and I had to repeat over and over again that "yes" does not mean to run blindly and forego of our discernment... I read my draft for Madanlal, everyone is ready to sign it now, except Ruud and D.S who say they still

want to try and talk to the SAS people and persuade them to release materials and funds unconditionally...

There is not as yet a real understanding between us but, at least, there is now respect.

In the evening I go to Myrtle's to fair up my letter, then to Piero and GI's to get from them the correct address and ask them to sign: it is all smiles, as if nothing had ever come between us...!

***26-6-1979, Auroville:**

G.M is upset and a little desperate over our condition... But it seems to me that, until the aspiration has become so intense and integral in each of us and there is nothing else really that matters anymore, until that is realised, it is better to insist positively on the basics of harmony, honesty, faithfulness...

... Miriam talks to me again of this work she wishes us to help her with, a video on "Savitri" with Udar reciting; she shows me the correspondence between Udar and D.V, and Udar's report on Your vision of the US's role in channelling money to Auroville, and of his role in it as an instrument... I feel a little... strange about it: the man is so ambiguous...! Mother, sorry, don't be upset at me, I just have to acknowledge before You the way I feel!

... John H comes in a hurry to say that Peter is having troubles with some villagers at the Pump-House; C.E and I go there at once: there is a thick confusion but no fight, only villagers, many of them, shouting and accusations flying. It seems that some cows have been chased out of the compound and, while milling through the gate, a smallish one had got knocked down and lay now unconscious, and the villagers were accusing the boy working there with Peter of having beaten it to death and already claiming Rupees 1,500/- for it...! Some of us then go, with most of the villagers, to meet with a headman, while we both stay behind and proceed to revive the cow: we make it breathe and empty the air out of its stomach and make it drink and caress it and pat it back into shape and upright on its legs. When they all return, they find it up and about and are all a little amazed – or embarrassed – and it all becomes funny and simple...!

***27-6-1979, Auroville:**

This afternoon we met again in the office. Ruud and D.S have gone to Kishorilal and found him surprisingly willing to accept our conditions, that is, to buy the steel and send it to Matrimandir without strings attached, and to purchase more materials whenever needed against bills only... But Ruud and D.S themselves recommend that we only go for one first transaction as a trial, with the purchase of the steel...

... All these years it seemed that the opposites were for ever irreconcilable and that only the yielding of one to the other could heal or end the conflict... But today it appeared that the combining of all of our good-wills has allowed a simpler harmony to manifest and that we can genuinely agree with one another... It is not that one is overjoyed or excited with enthusiasm, but that there is a deeper sense of being on the track, of moving forward, with no one feeling excluded from it...

... Later, G.M joins me here at home and tells me he has looked within himself for the reason why he was not fully satisfied, and found this: until such time when the SAS would channel all the monies directly through the "Envelopes", there would not be the change we all need...

I say that I completely agree but that we must move step by step, not calling resistance by being too demanding and trusting that ultimately, and perhaps sooner than we think, we would all reach that point...

***28-6-1979, Auroville:**

After hearing our presentation, done mainly by Ruud and G.M, the general meeting asked that, as a further step in clarity, the SAS be requested to issue an open statement acknowledging Auroville's right to be sponsored by other agencies as well...

Later, John H comes to tell me that Ruud and Th are very unhappy with what they see as another delay and blockage and that they intend to come and speak to me... But they don't. Instead, in the evening, it is Al.M who comes to meet P.G, G.M and I, as a representative of "Aspiration", to tell us how uneasy they feel over there at our position here at Matrimandir... So, once more, we are in the middle... Al.M acts very fraternal and listens and seems to assimilate some of what we try to explain to him, but... I don't know! It is tiring!

***29-6-1979, Auroville:**

This morning as we were assembling our teams for the work, Ruud arrived very happy and positive. He expressed beautifully how he has reached a point where it is no longer the steel that matters, not even the construction, but a consciousness, an awareness that has been growing in us all and would eventually enable us to touch the true Auroville... And in our afternoon meeting at the office he again talks quietly about this psychic sense of trust, openness and mutual support, of the breaking of many formations and judgements and fears, and that this is the process that matters, out of which the way may open for us...

When we disperse in the evening, D.S comes to me; he tells me that, sometime back, Kishorilal had fallen very ill, without any tangible cause, and had called him to talk, to say that he felt this illness was not physically caused but was due to his acute sense of guilt, and that he knew it had to do with Auroville and his own relation to You; and that he'd asked whether anything could be done to heal it... At the time D.S was himself feeling too negative towards the Aurovilians and could see no opening for a resolution but, later, as we here came together, he had felt as if light had come and had told Kishorilal about it; and that was how, when he and Ruud had gone to him this time, Kishorilal had been ready to make a step. And now D.S was hopeful he could go back to him with our request for further clarity..

***30-6-1979, Auroville:**

Al.B came today, back from Delhi, with Kashmiri cherries, fresh and sweet. I was happy and moved that he had wanted to come here right away upon his return. A lot has happened here while he was away and he too has a lot to share of his experience there. He talks of the evidence he has found that there is NO change in Navajata's position and intent, on the contrary; and how, more seriously, Navajata has been instrumental in the fall of Indira Gandhi... I tell him where I think things stand at the moment... The communication is good and I feel even more that we are friends, concerned with a path that is real...

DOUCE MERE

"Because thou hast obeyed my timeless will
I lay my hands upon thy soul of flame,
I lay my hands upon thy heart of love,
I yoke thee to my power of work in Time..."

***4-7-1979, Auroville:**

The concreting could only start mid-afternoon. "My team" stays with me at the mixer. It is all a little hesitant at first, there are small incidents; then it goes well almost till the end when, by mistake, Narayana turns off the generator and there is a long delay before it runs again and, while bringing up a light through one of the towers, G.M slips and falls two meters down, catching hold of a wooden beam...

... With C.E and Miriam too it has been sometimes uneasy, the adjustments between us are often precarious and I struggle with my own attachments and insincerities...

I have prepared for FJ and Ch's arrival, cleared shelves, made room for them; we'll have to see how to live the 5 of us together!

... It is late again when we are at last ready to go up to sleep on the terrace; C.E is very open tonight and talks to me a long time, from his heart... I lie between him and Miriam, holding his hand, falling asleep when, suddenly, I experience this: my eyes closed, I see appear before me a few ROSES – absolutely present, powerful, so charged that it cuts my breath and I moan. A few roses, burnt gold, an orange gold burnt in flame; they are in a cup, and they are moving to me, as if presented to me... It lasts a few seconds, like a shock... I am filled with gratitude. And then I realise that C.E is holding me; he had thought I was distressed...!

***5-7-1979, Auroville:**

The 3 of us cycled down to "Tapoloka" for the PT meeting. It is very tedious. I feel uneasy with M.D, what has become of him, a sort of pretentiousness, so sure of himself... At one point he makes the statement that "Your Force is not at Matrimandir" on such a tone... I feel like going away! It is like he, and quite a few others like-minded ones, are not my brothers any more now than any of the "enemies" we maintain so carefully on the "other side" of too easy a line... I am sorry, Mother, I am sorry, Satprem, but I can't relate to that... It makes me wonder, deep down, what I am doing with these people and why do I care to respond to some moral sense of a collective truth and solidarity when individuals concerned are so... This isn't home!

Then C.E and I have to leave anyway, to catch our taxi... We both feel confirmed in our need to anchor ourselves even more deeply and solidly in our experience here at Matrimandir, and in "Sincerity"...

We reach Madras at 3 pm, the heat is awful; we do the purchases first, seeds, tools for Matrimandir; there is a huge traffic-jam, with thousands of people demonstrating, and we miss our appointment with Narad...

The flights are delayed. FJ and Ch arrive after 11 pm... It is good, immediate. It is after 3 am when we return here and they settle upstairs...

***6-7-1979, Auroville:**

On Narad's request, FJ and Ch have brought with them a rare species of orchid, from France; I take it to the Nursery this morning. Lately, for some weeks now, I have had much less sleep than one would normally think is necessary, and yet I

find myself more alert and composed, there is much less inertia, it is interesting; I wouldn't have been able to maintain that as a willed discipline, it just happened through the circumstances and relationships...

***7-7-1979, Auroville:**

My dependency on C.E, on our relationship, is frightening. It seems the more I go the more vital, the more important it becomes: when it flows well I can be forward and available to others, and when it is obstructed I feel torn, pulled apart... There is fatigue too, an accumulation of it... There is the after-shock of the last general meeting, the foreignness of the positions expressed, and a kind of alienation I feel since then... And there is now the abrupt realisation of the changes age has worked in FJ and Ch... I am a bit lost today...!

And at work it must show, they all see my condition and gently tease me and hold and hug me, it is so comforting... Yet I need to go for a while up in the Chamber, and be by myself and let the tears out... The pain is there. And that sense of "better to kill myself" again... What was said, that "Your Force had withdrawn" from Matrimandir, has shaken me... My capacity is so limited...!

I seem to be touching my limits – the shell of the egg? But it is not a "finished" or complete organism that wants to burst out, it is a tentative awareness that needs to receive more, to grow beyond the shell...

It is FJ's birthday to day... We all spend the afternoon together and A.I.B and P.G and E.B come and the dialogue opens up with FJ, for which he has come... In the evening I take him alone to Matrimandir...

***8-7-1979, Auroville:**

I realise it is really up to me to clarify this situation. I call Miriam, while the others are resting, early afternoon; we sit very close together; I tell her that I find it is better for each of us at this point not to insist on living together, that each needs a distance and that we shall see later what is best and most meaningful; the talk is honest, loving and respectful, there is no bitterness. But to me this is all a mystery: in physical life one can only be engaged in one thing at a time and this is in contradiction with the inner truth and freedom; it forces one to "choose", that is, to reject, and this can never be right!

... This evening, a little shyly, with all his heart, FJ tells me how well and content he is to be here...!

***10-7-1979, Auroville:**

Last night Piero and GI were attacked in their house.

The thief, or as it appears the paid-killer, jumped over the courtyard wall, entered their room and started immediately to hit Piero with a steel bar; GI awoke and blindly jumped and lunged for the man and Piero rallied and managed to kick the man with both his legs and the man ran away, in the dark.

Piero has a broken jaw, one cheek wounded open and the teeth loosened, and a broken arm; GI has been wounded in the face and one shoulder, they are both in the hospital.

At first I can't feel, I can't see. There has been some deep unease lately, but where and how does this connect?

Jacq, Kiran and I drive over to Jipmer. Piero is able to speak slowly, he will have to be operated on, perhaps this coming Friday, his jaws will have to be wired for

several weeks, it seems... He tries to answer the stupid questions this corrupt policeman is throwing at him...

And comes back to me the strange nightmare I had two nights ago, in which I had to be operated on and my mouth was stitched in two parts and there had been such a pain that it had wakened me up...

...We have a meeting of the Guard this afternoon, in "Certitude"; it is very confused, a flurry of opinions, statements, guesses... I am almost trembling when I say: "do we ask ourselves why Mother's force of protection was prevented to act...?". There is silence. Then GI calls me outside and tells me that I understand nothing, that I am blinded because we have not made a clear choice, we have let Kiran, Navajata's own daughter, come close to us and the contagion is clouding us; she adds that Huta has told her that Miriam is a vital being and a danger for Auroville, and yet I have taken her in... As she talks, she gets more upset and is about to weep...

I don't know... To me, it is rather this belief in "lines" and "sides" and this need of division that endangers us, that traps us...

Tonight after dinner P.G comes here, dejected: the people of "Aspiration" have asked him to make sure that Kiran is evicted, because through her we were exposed to the "contagion"... He'd refused and was unable to make himself understood...

***11-7-1979, Auroville:**

I drove to Jipmer and spent the morning, with GI, near Piero. The operation is delayed. While he is examined, GI and I have an opportunity to adjust to each other again, from our inner bond; she has not understood at all the path I have been following... We try...

***12-7-1979, Auroville:**

At the general meeting in "Tapoloka", K.T is the only one who speaks in a way and from a place I can attune to; he sees the attempt on Piero's life as a direct attempt to remove key elements from the work so as to disrupt and prevent the construction of Auroville's Soul, and that we must rally and concentrate and call Your Force into our acts and lives...

***14-7-1979, Auroville:**

Every day I go to Piero in Jipmer. Today C.E came with me. Piero was restless and tired; he hasn't had solid food for several days now. GI makes dramatic statements; she says that, uninvited, SSJ had come to visit Piero and she had been very hard on him, telling him he was largely responsible for what had happened – Huta has, it seems, pronounced on this and attributed occult responsibility to SSJ... Perhaps I am too opaque and insincere... But I cannot give in to these clear-cut views...!

... Since a few days a number of people have started to come to Matrimandir; mostly they sit in the office and turn it into a chattering place; CI and B.B, Dorothee, Myrtle, Diane, the children, all sit with Yus and Al.B; C.E. tells me that they do it from an instinctive urge to find shelter in some tangible sign of Your Presence... Perhaps it is so, and that feels good...

***15-7-1979, Auroville:**

It is Sunday, we have more time. FJ gets ready to articulate his questions and, on and off through the day, we resume our "entretiens", along with Ch who records them and joins in now and then, in her quiet, attentive, unobtrusive way... P.G, G.M, Al.B, Chr come and spend the evening with us; it is good that FJ is in direct contact with others here.

***16-7-1979, Auroville:**

Morarji Desai has resigned...!

The whole country seems to be wondering.

... A few more people have joined the work; that is, there is a lot more talk going, and some work too!

... Miriam came by with Ken; she looked and felt vague, uncollected; I hope Ken is good for her...

Piero has an abscess in the throat...

... This afternoon we recorded two full hours of "entretiens", the 4 of us sitting inside with the doors closed, in a very concentrated atmosphere, with a high degree of exigency in each of us, a need to be precise, honest, open, attentive...

***17-7-1979, Auroville:**

There is so much talk, talk, talk... I can't go on like this, I'll have to withdraw again, it is maddening... I feel again as if I'm snared into some kind of asylum where everyone is having some peculiar "disease" that oddly, strangely contradicts an apparent equilibrium... I miss Patricia: since her return from Delhi she has not been feeling well, and I want to go visit her...

... C.E and I drive over to Jipmer; Piero cannot talk, has to be fed with a pipe. GI tells me she had recalled a dream D.M had some months ago, which she had told her then, of Piero being killed in his house... Where is the Reality?

... We have our work-meeting in the office... Dayabhai and Talwar have been invited by Narad, who means to ask them to help with contacts for raising funds for Matrimandir... We discuss the program of work; Piero was able to give the calculations for the next concreting, but there is some resistance on the part of a few of us to do this particular concreting, as it marks the actual beginning of the casting of the sphere according to a design which they still do not favour.

I only feel to do whatever Matrimandir asks us to do and I find these influences and preferences very disturbing, in subtle ways. D.W suggests that, given the circumstances, we might as well postpone it for a few days...

***18-7-1979, Auroville:**

Seeing our shared commitment to honest, transparent and self-demanding dialogue, each one willing to be at one's best as a mark of respect and appreciation of the others' choices and experiences, it is so clear to me how the Grace has been acting throughout our lives; that their mingling was itself an act of Grace, that Grace presided over this inner choice that made us father and son, FJ and I... And I understand better now how, while I was still bent on self-destruction, it was hard for me to bear or even acknowledge these tokens of a certain conscious perfection leading my life, from within or from above...

***22-7-1979, Auroville:**

Today being Sunday we had planned to make it possible for several of us to join in the entretiens with FJ. Mid-afternoon, they started to arrive: Al.B and Chr, Patricia and F.Gr, G.M and Marcia, P.G, Jacq... The atmosphere is good, positive, concentrated; we are able to record over two full hours. FJ is wonderful, so present and alive and given and caring, it is a joy to watch and experience... Some tension is there too, and I realise it comes through a certain degree of violence, of frustration, in P.G, and that it also moves a little through F.Gr, though not in any obvious way...

This evening, C.E and I drive down to Jipmer, relieved and thankful to be by ourselves a little, just as the clouds burst and it starts pouring; we reach there fully drenched and shivering, but revigorated also; Piero is serious, austere; the operation is scheduled for tomorrow, although the infection is still active in his throat and jaws; he gives me some more instructions for the work...

***26-7-1979, Auroville:**

FJ and Ch have left in the night. Their presence here has been so good and true, it has been an intense time, exacting... and I want no one to live here with us for a while...!

... P.G is very upset that I have handed the work of the brochure to D.W, who wanted it so much; he sees it as just another assertion of ego negating the chance to complement one another; but it's not my way to cling to functions or tasks. Yet he has a right to be upset, as we have cared for this work together, and I should have consulted with him... Later he tells me of this morning's general meeting... It is sometimes uncanny how he can speak up my very thought, which I have left unformulated and yet, when he articulates it, it is strikingly the very words I would have picked for it! This has happened so often now that it makes me feel even more the necessity to discipline myself and learn to think only true thoughts, useful thoughts...!

***28-7-1979, Auroville:**

At tea-break there is uproar when it gets known that some 10 Aurovilians have met at Bharat Nivas on Navajata's invitation for some kind of "rapprochement" as regards land-use in Auroville, and Joss acted as coordinator. P.C is cornered about it; arguments fuse and fly... Then the talks veers onto the brochure: D.W has selected quotes from You and Sri Aurobindo to form the text and there can be no objection to it and I rather like it; but Myrtle declares that one of the texts I had prepared will go in the next Bulletin, while everyone agrees the other one will be used in the covering letter... When it is over, Narad comes to me very gently, saying that, as tomorrow will be his birthday, he intends to visit Huta and perhaps Nolini also, and he will take with him the list of requirement for Matrimandir which I have made...

***30-7-1979, Auroville:**

... A bunch of us meet in the casuarinas topes near to "Meadow" and we spend the morning pruning and loping branches for the Bakery. P.C and others seem to have realised the snare they'd been trapped into at Bharat Nivas the other day and have gone back there to retrieve the plans and maps, and there does not seem to be any chance of the SAS trying to stop us now, but still, the Guard is there, and I have the post of watchman for all...

***31-7-1979, Auroville:**

We have started again to play the tapes of Your Agenda, Volume 3, in the evenings here. Tonight we have to play the tape twice, as several of us have arrived late. Seated in the room with his student friend, I find M.B, just returned (both C and PBL have informed me by letter that he'd been advised to return to Auroville and that I might be able to help him face his difficulties).

Miriam has come too, with Ken; there is a definite pressure from her that I must come to her, that she is waiting for me; but I do not find my way there, as if some unreal cover was on it all and on her and needed first to be dissolved...

.....

**Extraits d'entretiens
(Francis Jeanson – Divakar)
Juillet 1979, Auroville**

FJ – Je lisais récemment un journal régional français où il était tranquillement question du « fiasco » d'Auroville... ! Qu'est-ce que tu penses de ça ?

D – Pas grand-chose. Je crois que c'est quelqu'un qui n'a pas fait la jonction avec ce qui se passe en lui-même, qui n'a pas réfléchi en lui-même à ce qui se passe...

FJ – Tu veux dire qu'il a pris ce qu'il a vu d'Auroville, l'a comparé à d'autres choses...

D – Il a eu une observation très rapide et facile, tu peux lire : le ton de son approche de Mère est très ordinaire, très facile...

FJ – Oui en effet, très journalistique en plus... Cependant il désigne, pour soutenir cette idée de « fiasco », un certain nombre d'avortements, de demi-échecs ou de non réalisations, et ça, c'est réel : par rapport à ce qui était prévu et annoncé...

D – Il ne faut pas confondre la propagande qui a été faite au début d'Auroville, et la réalité du chemin que Mère a donné... A l'inauguration d'Auroville, Mère terminait Son message avec les mots : « advienne que pourra ! »... On entrait sur le chemin, c'était l'aventure et qui voulait la partagerait et puis advienne que pourra... !

FJ – Mais ne crois-tu pas que ceux qui se sont engagés dans cette aventure sont tout de même partis sur des bases plus importantes, plus grandioses enfin, que celles sur lesquelles il aura fallu se replier ensuite ?

D – Oui, c'est l'impression que... Parce qu'au moment où tu fais le premier pas, tu te donnes à quelque chose qui est simplement très vaste, que tu peux plus ou moins bien formuler et qui correspond à ton aspiration ; mais du moment où tu commences à marcher, tu marches dans la vie et c'est la vie, ce sont les choses de la vie qui doivent changer... ! Ce n'est pas un repliement ; c'est peut-être un ajustement nécessaire entre différentes parties de soi-même, dans le temps et dans l'expérience.

FJ – Est-ce qu'on ne peut pas dire quand même qu'il y a eu un premier temps de la marche qui était plus rapide, plus fort, où les choses avançaient quand même plus... ?

D – Jusqu'à ce que Mère ne puisse plus physiquement intervenir, il y avait vraiment cette atmosphère très puissante qu'Elle mettait – physiquement, dans tous les mouvements ; et ça, c'est un peu retiré, c'est-à-dire que ça s'est voilé, et d'autres

choses sont venues en avant, qui doivent être comprises, disons, sans le secours de cette Aide très tangible, et... il faut trouver cette Aide autrement...

...

FJ - ... N'est-il pas vrai que pendant cette première période vous avez aussi bénéficié d'apports, de soutiens, d'aides extérieures ?

D - ... Tant que l'idéal n'est pas empiété par les contradictions de l'expérience, il y a une grande impulsion ; les gens y répondent, ils donnent et participent et puis, à la moindre... disons, déformation de cet idéal dans les faits... c'est-à-dire que leur engagement est plutôt un engagement d'intention, pas un engagement entier...

...

FJ - ... mais tu m'as dit je crois, pendant une première période il y a eu malgré tout un recours à une main d'œuvre extérieure, à des ouvriers... Comment cela a-t-il cessé ? Pour quelles raisons ?

D - Tu parles de Matrimandir ? Il y a eu une main d'œuvre très importante quand il a fallu faire l'excavation ; au début, les Aurovilliens voulaient le faire eux-mêmes et puis Mère a vu le temps que cela prenait et Elle a dit : « Ca, ça ne marchera pas, il faut faire plus vite, il faut commencer la construction plus tôt... ». Ca a continué pendant la première phase de la construction... mais la nécessité n'était plus la même et c'était plutôt une grande confusion qu'une efficacité... Puis il y a eu des jeux de forces et les choses se sont passées de telle manière qu'ils ont commencé à revendiquer, à se dire qu'ils pouvaient peut-être tirer plus de la situation. Et à propos de ça, Mère avait bien dit que c'était préférable de ne pas en dépendre, parce qu'ainsi le travail continuerait toujours...

...

D - ... En général il y a eu des projets qui n'ont jamais été achevés, qui ne correspondaient plus aux nécessités ou aux priorités du moment, qui devenaient trop superficiels par rapport à ce qui devait se faire d'abord...

FJ - Comment est-ce que tu situes le problème de l'école ?

D - Non, l'école, c'était toujours clair que c'était la « dernière école »... On finissait la boucle d'une éducation traditionnelle et on devait trouver ce qui venait après. C'était davantage dirigé vers un environnement, quelque chose de beaucoup plus réparti dans la vie, de beaucoup plus entier...

...

FJ - ... On dirait que l'essentiel s'est déplacé dans deux directions opposées : à un extrême vers des tâches concrètes presque de survie quotidienne et ; à l'autre, une tâche hautement symbolique qui est la construction du Matrimandir... Le mot « symbolique » te gêne ? ... Je vois bien que le béton est une réalité mais je veux dire que le produit de cette tâche est un grand symbole ; il ne s'agit pas de produire une habitation ou de quoi se nourrir ou se vêtir, il s'agit vraiment de produire un symbole qui est peut-être quelque chose de plus, mais quoi ?

D - Non, mais tu peux quand même parler d'habitation, c'est... c'est notre maison vraiment, je ne sais pas...

FJ - Oui, comme on dit dans d'autres contextes « la maison de Dieu », comme on le dit d'une cathédrale par exemple...

D – Oui, mais là c’est plus que « Dieu », c’est beaucoup plus proche, c’est beaucoup plus intime à chacun...

... Il y a la nécessité que, quoi qu’il se fasse, quelque organisation de vie qui se forme, ce soit l’expression d’une Vérité centrale ; il faut que cette Vérité centrale ait d’abord sa place, et c’est Matrimandir sa place matérielle ; parce que c’est Elle qui donne la lumière et la capacité de discerner, de savoir ce qui vient et de le vivre...

...

FJ - ... J’ai entendu un nommé Lapira un jour, qui était chrétien et le maire de Florence, dire « il n’y a pas de village humain quand il n’y a pas de source au centre »... C’est un peu ça aussi ?

D – Oui...

FJ – Et ce sera un lieu de recueillement, de méditation ?

D – De concentration...

FJ – Et tu insistais sur le fait que cela concerne chacun personnellement, ce qui semblerait vouloir dire que ça ne doit pas être considéré en aucune manière comme un temple ?

D – Non, il n’y a pas d’intermédiaires...

FJ – Et il n’est pas nécessaire d’y aller ensemble ?

D – Non.

FJ – Cependant vous tenez beaucoup à ce qu’ensemble vous soyez en référence...

D – Mais ça c’est une conséquence... comme l’unité des Aurovilliens est une conséquence...

...

FJ - ... Tout se passe comme si la communion, en quelque sorte, que d’autres vont chercher dans le fait de méditer, de se recueillir ensemble, vous la réalisez au plan du travail, de la pratique quotidienne...

D – Il n’y a pas de séparation... Il n’y a pas de moments où on est ensemble et des moments où on est seul – on peut être toujours seul et toujours ensemble à la fois... Il n’y a pas de séparation... c’est ce que l’on apprend ici !

FJ – Oui, mais il semble tout de même que l’accent soit mis sur le collectif quand il s’agit d’activités pratiques et sur l’individuel quand il s’agit d’une espèce de branchement spirituel...

D - ... Il faut apprendre à se référer de mieux en mieux intérieurement et directement, donc individuellement. Mais ... plus on le fait chacun et plus on est ensemble et dans tout, dans la vie, dans toutes les activités, dans le sommeil aussi bien... Il n’y a pas cette séparation ; c’est quelque chose qui grandit. C’est l’effet intérieur, si tu veux, mais aussi extérieur, qui résulte à la fois dans un contact plus permanent et plus réel et dans une unité plus grande et plus solide... On ne peut pas laisser l’une des deux choses. L’une demande l’autre, nécessairement.

... C’est sûr que la plénitude que tu atteins quand tu n’es plus seul mais que tu es beaucoup, est bien plus grande, bien plus entière que si tu es tout seul, tout seul parmi des étrangers, si tu veux...

FJ – Oui, mais il me semble – je me trompe peut-être – que quand vous êtes physiquement ensemble, ce n’est pas de ça qu’il est question...

D – Mais c’est ça la nécessité, la première nécessité, et c’est ça qui nous apprend à réagir mieux ; mais on ne va pas parler de ça, on va parler des choses auxquelles on doit réagir mieux...

FJ - ... Mais tu disais que, quand on est nombreux à se brancher, le branchement est plus fort... Pourtant, ce n'est jamais pour ça que vous vous réunissez, ce n'est jamais pour vous brancher ?

D - Ca peut arriver qu'on éprouve le besoin de se concentrer ensemble, mais c'est alors dans le sens d'un appel, d'un besoin vraiment pressant, quelque chose qu'on ne peut pas décider à l'avance, ni organiser, parce que ça doit venir d'un mouvement, d'une nécessité...

FJ - Oui, ça n'a rien d'une cérémonie rituelle, évidemment...

...

FJ - ... Si je te demandais de différencier les types de difficultés que rencontre Auroville, que vous vivez depuis que vous êtes au travail... ?

D - Je crois qu'on touche au fur et à mesure, autant qu'on en est capables - c'est toujours à la limite de notre endurance -, toutes les impossibilités, ce qui peut être perçu comme les contradictions de la possibilité du progrès... On les touche sur tous les plans et dans la vie, autant qu'on peut le supporter. Je ne sais pas comment on peut différencier... Mais on les touche comme à la racine, elles n'ont pas besoin de se développer, ce n'est pas spectaculaire, on les touche là où elles surgissent, là où elles prennent, à la racine... On n'a pas besoin d'attendre que les choses prennent de telles proportions...

FJ - ... qu'on est contraint d'en tenir compte !

D - Et alors c'est généralement trop tard, parce qu'on devient des victimes, ou on se révolte, mais on n'a plus le contact avec le moment - dans la conscience - où cela vient comme une contradiction...

... Ce sont comme des nœuds qui, pour ce qui en nous a l'habitude de traiter avec la vie, sont des impossibilités - qui sont stimulantes pour beaucoup d'êtres, pour chercher des solutions, mais ici on n'a pas beaucoup de foi en ces solutions, on va chercher quelque chose de plus... Et c'est difficile à formuler... On peut suivre des « lignes » quelques fois, on peut dire qu'on va suivre la « ligne écologique » par exemple, mais on est conscient en même temps que ça se passe plus profondément que ça, que c'est un nœud qui se situe plus profondément et que, peut-être, il y a un moyen plus simple : pas un moyen comme on l'entend, mais un pas de conscience, plus réel qu'une solution extérieure...

FJ - ... Mais qu'est-ce qui vous rend si attentifs à l'émergence des difficultés, à leur apparition, alors qu'ailleurs en effet, on...

D - C'est... le mystère d'Auroville... c'est la Présence qui est là et qui nous... « focalise »... On n'y échappe pas, c'est comme un faisceau... D'un point à un autre, d'un point à un autre, comme ça, il y a comme un faisceau qui se promène... On ne fait pas le progrès en une seule fois, mais il y a un petit peu de compréhension et puis on y revient plus tard... Et ce n'est pas une volonté programmée, ce n'est pas une décision de s'occuper de ça, puis de ça et ça, ce n'est pas ainsi que ça se passe... Et quelquefois ça va très vite...

FJ - ... Peut-on faire la distinction entre des difficultés proprement extérieures et des difficultés proprement intérieures, qui viennent de vous ?

D - Je crois qu'on peut seulement distinguer entre les difficultés qui viennent de la dimension plus complexe de la société humaine - le fait par exemple qu'on est dans tel pays et que les conditions y sont telles, nécessairement ça a une action, ça interfère, ou contribue... Ca, on pourrait appeler une difficulté extérieure ; mais même là, on a toujours des points de référence intérieurs, dans les choses de la vie, par exemple avec les villageois - on peut toucher la difficulté, la ressentir véritablement...

FJ – En somme tu veux dire que les difficultés des situations, qu'on pourrait appeler extérieures, se modifient selon l'attitude que l'on adopte à leur égard, selon le regard que l'on porte sur elles ?

D – Sûrement, oui... Je ne sais pas si elles se modifient dans les faits, mais dans les effets psychologiques, sûrement.

FJ – Est-ce que l'on pourrait dire qu'il y a des difficultés qui viennent purement de vos propres résistances, au niveau de ce regard qu'il vous faudrait porter... ?

D – Mais même là, même si tu dis « c'est moi qui résiste », tu peux sentir un peu d'où ça vient, et savoir que ça ne t'est pas particulier, c'est quelque chose qui est dans la substance – là non plus ce n'est pas séparé...

FJ – Est-ce que tu veux dire aussi que ce n'est pas considéré par vous comme une « faute » ?

D – On essaie de se libérer de ça, oui. Ce n'est pas facile. Mais on sait que c'est un piège.

FJ – Le jugement moral ?

D – Oui.

FJ – Il ré intervient ?

D – Tu sais... on en est pétri ! La culpabilité est déterminante dans le comportement ! Mais on est convaincus que c'est un piège, que c'est vraiment une fausse perception, une perception ajoutée... Mais il ne faut justement pas interpréter ce que je dis là au sens moral (« il dit ça, donc ça leur donne une licence ! ... ils ont rejeté la morale, alors ils peuvent faire n'importe quoi ! »)... Il y a cet aphorisme de Sri Aurobindo, je ne me souviens plus exactement, où il montre que ce qui était une aide, à un moment donné, devient une entrave, par la suite...

Le jugement moral, la conscience morale, peut être une aide, mais éventuellement ça devient une entrave. Mais il ne faut pas jouer avec ça. Il faut vraiment que cela corresponde à un besoin ; c'est comme un couvercle, si tu veux, qui tient quand même un certain nombre de choses relativement tranquilles... Il faut quand même être devenu capable de se référer à quelque chose de plus fort, de plus conscient, avant d'enlever le couvercle... Mais on s'aperçoit alors que ce n'est pas facile de l'ôter, ce n'est pas seulement un couvercle posé, c'est une sorte d'étreinte dans toutes les perceptions, quelque chose qui atteint très profond et très loin dans le passé et le vécu...

FJ - ... Mais alors qu'est-ce que vous faites par ailleurs de ce que nous appelons la responsabilité...

D – Il faut apprendre le vrai sens de... Pour un occidental, responsabilité et culpabilité sont deux choses très liées, très mêlées... Il faut apprendre à être responsable sans se mettre à la place de Ce qui fait vraiment...

FJ – Mais, pour moi, j'irais jusqu'à dire qu'il ne peut y avoir de responsabilité quand il y a culpabilité... !

D – Il y a un pas qui est facilité dans le Yoga pour apprendre ça : c'est l'expérience de ce qu'est le Service, de travailler, d'agir, dans un esprit de service ; tu offres tes énergies, tes capacités qui sont appelées à progresser, tu offres tout ça dans un mouvement de service ; et ça t'oblige aussi à développer certaines qualités de persévérance, de courage, d'égalité...

FJ - ... Il y a peut-être alors deux aspects : la responsabilité vis-à-vis du Service dont tu parles, et la responsabilité vis-à-vis de ceux qui sont engagés avec toi dans le même Service ?

D – Là non plus, il n'y a pas de séparation... Tu apprends à le faire avec respect, et en te libérant de l'ego...

FJ - ... Mais est-ce que l'un des dangers n'est pas qu'une espèce de dichotomie s'opère... ?

D – C'est seulement un danger quand tu n'es pas assez sincère, quand tu te racontes des histoires intérieurement...

...

FJ - ... Il y a une pensée, celle de Sri Aurobindo, qui est votre source d'inspiration...

D – Mais la « pensée » qu'Il a exprimée est l'expression d'une Présence... C'est la Présence qui compte d'abord...

FJ – Mais cette Présence, vous la connaissez à travers cette pensée !

D – Non. On la connaît par l'expérience. La base, c'est l'expérience.

FJ – Mais enfin vous n'auriez jamais, sans doute, vécu cette expérience s'il n'y avait pas eu le médiateur de...

D – Non, pas du tout. Beaucoup d'entre nous ont eu l'expérience d'abord, sans encore avoir jamais rien lu.

FJ – Mais alors, ils ont l'expérience de quoi, à ce moment-là ?

D – De ce qu'Il est, de ce que C'est, de pourquoi on est là, de Ce qui nous guide, de Ce que Mère est... Il y en a beaucoup parmi nous qui sont venus et qui sont restés et qui ont quelque chose, et pourtant ils n'ont toujours rien lu... Bien sûr, c'est souvent dommage de ne pas utiliser tous les cadeaux qu'Il a laissés...

FJ – Mais comment pouvez-vous communiquer, alors ? Comment peux-tu être sûr que c'est la même expérience ?

D – Mais quand tu l'as, tu l'as, et quand l'autre l'a, tu sais que c'est la même !

FJ – Alors, d'une certaine manière, vous communiquez d'expérience à expérience ?

D – Oui, c'est direct.

FJ – Sans passer par, disons, le mental ?

D – Non. Ce n'est pas mystérieux, c'est le fait de la reconnaissance... De même qu'on a reconnu Mère, on se reconnaît les uns les autres quand on L'a reconnue...

FJ – On peut quand même supposer que si chacune des personnes qui sont présentes à Auroville se mettait à formuler son rapport à la Vérité, cela donnerait tout de même des formulations bien différentes les unes des autres... ?

D – Bien sûr !

...

FJ - ... Prenons un exemple. Quelqu'un arrive et dit : « Moi, j'ai envie de vivre ici, j'ai envie de devenir Aurovillien ! » Est-ce qu'il y a des cas où les Aurovilliens qui sont déjà là disent : « Non, ce n'est pas son affaire, il se trompe... » ?

D – Oui, c'est difficile ; ce que représente Auroville, pour quelqu'un qui arrive, peut varier presque infiniment, et ça ne correspond pas forcément à l'expérience d'Auroville ici et maintenant... En fait il n'y a guère de raison valable de refuser le droit à quiconque d'être à Auroville, à moins que sa conduite démontre clairement qu'il n'est pas en état, actuellement, de vivre l'expérience...

FJ - ... Il n'y a pas de lois, évidemment !

D – Non ! ... C'est arrivé nombre de fois qu'il y ait des gens qui viennent et qui ne gardent pas l'équilibre, par exemple. Et là ; qu'est-ce qu'on fait ? On est tous concernés. On peut se dire : notre atmosphère, l'atmosphère que nous produisons, n'est pas suffisamment claire, suffisamment évoluée, forte, pour aider quelqu'un qui se trouve dans cette situation... On ne va pas essayer, tu comprends, de recoller les morceaux, il faut trouver vraiment ! Ou on peut se dire simplement : il faut qu'il revoie la chose en lui-même ailleurs, parce que c'est difficile d'être ici, de toutes manières ; c'est toujours mieux pour la personne, à ce stade, qu'elle ne reste pas...

FJ – Il reste le cas où la personne ne comprend pas et veut rester...

D – Oui. Ca nous est arrivé d'avoir à expulser quelqu'un... En général, si la personne insiste, c'est à ses propres dépens ; elle devient très négative et l'image qui lui est renvoyée devient aussi très négative; alors il faut vraiment une rupture, pour qu'elle ait l'occasion et le champ nécessaire pour se reprendre... Cela devient quelquefois comme une sorte d'hypnotisme : la personne se sent hypnotisée par le fait d'être ici et la volonté de rester n'est pas claire quant à ce qui la fonde ; et s'il y a une possibilité de déséquilibre, elle s'intensifie beaucoup ; alors ce n'est pas bon du tout !

...

FJ - ... Je vais faire un rapprochement un peu burlesque : on imagine des citoyens dans un pays occidental qui à un moment donné diraient : « Non, on refuse de voter, on n'est pas encore dans l'attitude voulue pour se prononcer, et donc même pour fixer la date des élections... » !

D – Oui, ce serait intéressant, ce serait certainement un grand progrès !

FJ – Justement, Auroville a l'air de fonctionner sans organisation, en tous les cas sans que l'existence d'une relative organisation s'accompagne de phénomènes de Pouvoir... Est-ce que je me trompe ?

D – C'est un exercice... Il y a la petite phrase de Mère : « Ce qu'il faudrait pour Auroville, c'est une anarchie divine... »... On est passés à travers toutes sortes de négations de l'organisation en tant que système et on apprend quelque chose qui ne peut pas encore se formuler...

FJ - ... Mais à un moment quelconque il doit bien y avoir une espèce de choix de décision... Il n'y a pas d'instance qui soit là pour prendre ces décisions, pour faire ces choix ?

D – Non, pas encore. Mais tout de même les choix se font... On n'a pas encore, justement, cette Transparence, elle n'est pas encore suffisante, pour que chacun trouve sa juste place, sa fonction, sa responsabilité... En fait, on ne sait pas !

FJ – Enfin, il y a une chose troublante, c'est qu'Auroville existe, depuis quand même un bon nombre d'années et que, pratiquement, il n'y a pas de gouvernement d'Auroville ; il n'y a pas d'Instance qui soit là pour trancher en cas de besoin...

D - ... Ce à quoi on voudrait arriver, je crois, c'est au point où peuvent se former des canaux, des organes qui canalisent, dans les deux sens – recevoir les informations et garder ou donner l'orientation et faire les pas en avant... On est, je crois, dans un processus qui tend vers ça...

FJ - ... Une espèce d'organe qui prenne conscience de l'ensemble de façon à pouvoir l'exprimer...

D – Oui...

FJ – Sous forme d'une Orientation, en gardant le contact et l'Orientation...

D – Oui...

...

FJ - ... Quand on touche à une dimension pour résoudre tel ou tel problème, ça retentit sur les autres. Il y a intérêt à avoir une saisie d'ensemble des différentes dimensions en présence... Est-ce que ce ne serait pas un peu le rôle que vous signaliez, que vous appelez la Coopérative ?

D – Oui, on voudrait que ceux qui en sont membres soient suffisamment conscients de tout ce qui se joue à Auroville, de tous ses éléments, et soient capables en même temps, dans le contact avec l'extérieur, de porter l'Orientation... Ce sont des

conditions qui ne sont pas faciles. Ce qu'on peut dire, c'est qu'il y a un travail psychologique intense qui se fait là-dessus... Jusqu'à présent, cela n'a pas fonctionné ; la pratique s'est réduite à voir comment on réagissait à certains problèmes... il y a tout un problème de vocation, de confiance... Il faut arriver à une confiance fondée, enfin... C'est tout un équilibre... Il ne faut pas oublier que toutes les attitudes sont représentées, toutes les peurs aussi, toutes les craintes de retomber dans ce que chacun a connu ailleurs...

FJ - ... Mais cette Coopérative joue tout de même le rôle d'une référence commune !

D - C'est très récent, ça !

FJ - C'est-à-dire qu'il y a eu une période sans même ce minimum ?

D - Oui ; du moment où on s'est séparés de cette Institution qui cherchait à administrer Auroville d'une manière extérieure et arbitraire... On a passé presque trois ans où le seul moyen qu'on avait de... rassembler nos énergies dans un sens de décision, de choix, c'était de se réunir tous ensemble physiquement... Tous ensemble, autant que possible, parce que les positions étaient très différentes et souvent divergentes, mais un nombre suffisamment représentatif pour qu'on puisse un peu s'orienter...

... Maintenant on est très conscients qu'il faut cette concentration, pour marcher en avant ; donc on cherche les moyens de cette concentration, dans la transparence nécessaire...

...

FJ - ... Je vous entends souvent dire, quand il y a des difficultés, qu'il « faut demander à Mère »... Il faut en quelque sorte se mettre dans l'attitude voulue pour que Mère puisse vous aider... Comment faut-il comprendre cela ? Tu vas me dire que c'est une...

D - Je ne dirai rien !

(rires)

FJ - ... Est-ce que vous estimez que la Mère est toujours, effectivement, en tant qu'elle-même, vivante, et en train de travailler pour vous, de vous aider...

D - De faire Son Travail, oui.

FJ - ... Est-ce que cela ne prend pas la forme parfois, plus ou moins, de ces invocations à la Divinité, comme ces femmes espagnoles qui s'adressaient à la Madone pour que leurs amants puissent les rejoindre sans danger, enfin tu vois...

(rires)

... Est-ce qu'on n'est pas tentés un peu d'utiliser Mère pour qu'il pleuve, pour qu'il cesse de pleuvoir ? Enfin...

D - Je n'espère pas ! Mais pour nous Mère n'est pas « morte », n'est-ce pas !

FJ - Par rapport à ça, quel sens peut-il y avoir d'aller se recueillir sur sa tombe ?

D - Ça, il faut le demander à chacun...

FJ - Oui, pour toi ?

D - C'est un endroit extrêmement privilégié ; privilégié dans le sens d'une atmosphère qui est libre de toute influence, si tu veux ; où tu es sûr que rien ne peut intervenir dans ton contact, sinon ta propre épaisseur, si tu veux...

FJ - Donc c'est vraiment une espèce de concentration... où le reste ne risque pas de faire écran...

D - Oui, c'est un endroit où tu peux le faire...

...

FJ - ... À l'heure actuelle, comment pourrais-tu situer Auroville par rapport à l'Ashram ?

D - Je crois que ça ne se situe pas par rapport à l'Ashram, je crois que ça se situe par rapport à Mère, par rapport à Son Travail. C'est une autre dimension de Son Travail, si tu veux.. La relation de l'Ashram est à Mère, la relation d'Auroville est à Mère, et le relation des deux est plutôt secondaire...

... il y a un aspect, disons d'inspiration, qui peut venir de l'Ashram, dans la mesure où des individus y ont beaucoup évolué ; donc ils peuvent apporter, s'ils le veulent et si la réceptivité est là. Mais Mère Elle-même ne souhaitait pas insister sur cette relation....

FJ - ... Mais comment, pourquoi Mère a-t-elle voulu Auroville, comment l'a-t-elle vu ?

D - Elle l'a vu... de tant de manières !... Comme un lieu où les hommes pourraient vivre en harmonie, comme un laboratoire d'évolution accélérée - comme une forge, comme une possibilité très importante d'éviter une catastrophe... Elle l'a vu comme une réponse à un besoin, comme un lieu pour passer, pour faire la transition à ce qui va venir... comme un moyen d'incarner un peu le futur, d'incarner ensemble collectivement, dans l'atmosphère terrestre... Comme un lieu libre de toute influence, libre de se donner entièrement à l'avenir, dans toutes les activités de la vie, dans tous les mouvements...

FJ _ Et sans aucune forme de religion ?

D - Sans religion. La religion dans le contexte d'une étude du développement de la conscience humaine, mais rien au présent et encore moins à l'avenir...

FJ - La religion n'est qu'au passé ?

D - Oui. C'est l'expérience du passé.

...

FJ - ... Je voudrais revenir sur ce terme de « rédemption »... Je me réfère à un texte de Mère où elle dit : « Au point de vue européen, c'est (ce que représente Sri Aurobindo) une immense révolution spirituelle qui réhabilite la matière et la création... »... Mais si cette matière à un moment donné a été créée différente du Divin et qu'ensuite il y ait eu lieu de la « reprendre », c'est bien un peu la même chose ? C'est une querelle de mots à ce moment-là ?

D - ... Quelquefois Mère a essayé d'expliquer pourquoi et comment il y a eu cette séparation, en utilisant des images des anciennes traditions ; par exemple pour illustrer ce qui peut advenir dans la conscience... quand Elle parle de l'Amour, l'Amour qui est venu faire le joint et rétablir le contact... Le mot « réhabiliter », là, c'est spécifiquement pour la conscience de ceux qui croient, qui ont cru à la chute parce qu'on leur a dit que c'était comme ça... Selon cette très ancienne tradition, l'Amour était l'aide et l'énergie du Suprême descendue tout au fond de l'inconscient qui a commencé un lent travail de « perméation », d'imprégnation de toute cette inconscience et qui peu à peu émerge à travers l'évolution et rétablit le contact... Et alors cela se passe aussi dans les individus, à travers ce que Sri Aurobindo appelle « l'être psychique »... C'est dans ce sens que l'on peut parler de rédemption...

FJ - ... Mais si au point de départ il y a l'Inconscient - s'il y a cette dualité...

D - Pour beaucoup de gens qui font le Yoga, on va chercher le Divin là où Il est « pur », c'est-à-dire tout en haut, là où ce n'est pas mélangé, où, en tous cas, on n'a pas de peine à Le trouver... Mais alors on oublie l'autre dimension du Divin qui est partout, qui est tout, sans Qui il n'y a rien... !

...

FJ - ... Il semble, d'après ce que tu m'as dit, qu'il y ait toujours, par-delà l'apparence de la mort, une réalité où la mort ne triomphe pas... Donc, à la limite, dans la réalité au sens le plus fort du terme, la mort n'existe pas... ? Et alors, qu'en est-il du corps ? Peut-on dire que le corps meurt, ou y a-t-il encore quelque chose... ?

D - Non, le corps meurt.

FJ - Le corps se décompose...

D - Oui, se désagrège...

FJ - Qu'en est-il alors du travail opéré sur le corps, du travail jusqu'au niveau des cellules ?

D - Mais personne jusqu'à présent ne s'était vraiment penché sur ce qu'est la conscience du corps...

FJ - La conscience de la chair ? En tant qu'organisation cellulaire ?

D - Non. La chair, c'est un concept. La conscience que le corps a de lui-même, de ses propres mouvements et besoins, non pas dans notre transcription mais en soi...

FJ - ... Mais c'est le terme même de conscience qui, alors, devient un concept pour moi... Pour moi il n'y a de compréhension que lorsqu'il y a un niveau d'organisation... tandis que si l'on passe à l'élément constituant, pour moi, ce n'est rien, il n'y a plus rien...

D - ... Peut-être que pour toi, la conscience est comprise plutôt comme un résultat, alors que je me réfère à la conscience comme base, que ce soit à travers une organisation ou un élément ou même un non manifesté, cela existe avant même le manifesté... c'est le Fait essentiel...

FJ - Ce serait quoi alors, une espèce de force disponible ?

D - ... Oui, en ce sens que sans la conscience il n'y a rien du tout. Tout ce que l'on peut observer, tout, ce sont seulement des expressions - observées depuis la séparation - de la conscience...

FJ - ... Moi j'ai été formé à penser qu'il n'y a conscience que « conscience de quelque chose »... comme une espèce de visée qui n'existe qu'en visant telle ou telle chose... alors que ce dont tu parles se situerait antérieurement à toute visée...

D - Bien sûr ! D'où la sortir, cette conscience qui n'existerait que par rapport à un objet ?

FJ - Mais justement, je ne suis pas métaphysicien, je n'essaie pas de la sortir de nulle part !... Je ne peux pas, je n'arrive pas à voir ce que pourrait être la conscience à l'état pur, qui serait conscience en soi, sans avoir besoin d'être conscience de quelque chose...

D - ... Prenons-le autrement... Pour en revenir au corps, qu'est-ce qui fait que le corps a ses propres perceptions, sa propre aspiration, sa propre foi, quelque chose qui lui est absolument unique ? ... Jusqu'à présent, même quand on se tournait vers la vie spirituelle, la tendance était vers le salut individuel, la libération des contradictions et de toutes les limitations, peut-être une certaine amélioration des conditions de la vie humaine, mais jamais la préoccupation du corps, de la matière, de sa transformation... Mais maintenant il y a la possibilité d'un devenir qui embrasse tous les plans, qui se reconnaît dans la matière et qui se FAIT dans la matière... Pas en essayant de l'améliorer le temps que ... ça dure, mais vraiment en s'y situant... Et par le fait que cette présence, cette aspiration ne se détourne pas mais au contraire éprouve le besoin d'une intégralité de la manifestation, il se produit quelque chose pour le corps, un contact s'établit... et il se révèle finalement comme le lieu même où les choses comprises vraiment se réalisent... Et c'est là que tu te rends compte que la mort n'a pas vraiment de raison d'être, essentiellement...

FJ - ... Il y a quelqu'un que tu as bien connu, Jean Genêt, qui disait tranquillement : « Il n'a rien compris à ce que je lui disais parce qu'il a pensé avec sa tête alors que ça ne devient vrai que si ça entre par les pieds et que ça aboutit à la tête... ! » Que les idées prennent corps, ça je le reçois ; mais là encore, pour moi, c'est le corps organisme, ce n'est pas le corps au niveau de sa composition élémentaire...

D - Mais la même chose se produit dans chaque partie de l'être ; quand il y a une certaine concentration et un certain besoin de retrouver sa propre vérité, cette vérité qui te fait exister, qui te soutient vraiment... il y a cette découverte intérieure de cette présence qui est là... et c'est la même chose qui se produit pour le corps, quand il éprouve ce besoin, il reconnaît cette réalité qui le soutient et l'habite...

FJ - ... Mais au niveau des cellules, des gènes, il semble bien, d'après les connaissances scientifiques actuelles, que l'organisme humain est programmé pour mourir. Génétiquement. Alors s'agit-il de changer quelque chose à ça, d'exercer une espèce de pouvoir là-dessus, de modifier ou transformer la base physique, la loi de la nature ?

D - Je ne me sens pas capable... Ce que je sens, c'est que ce qu'on appelle les lois de la nature, même les lois soi-disant observables, à tous les niveaux, elles sont à la mesure de la conscience incarnée, de son niveau d'évolution... Et que la conscience se développe, à travers toutes les expériences et il arrive un point, nécessairement où ces « lois », quelles qu'elles soient, deviennent caduques... Alors peut-être y a-t-il, à ce moment-là, un passage, une transition, où on ne sait pas si on doit se soumettre, si on doit continuer de se soumettre à une sorte d'organisation rigide, inéluctable, qu'on l'appelle « destin » ou « lois de la nature » ou « condition humaine » - qu'on l'appelle comme on veut, ça ne change rien -... Mais s'il y a une possibilité d'aller plus loin, que tout ça devienne plus vrai, que toutes ces limites et toutes ces lois se défassent dans une réalité plus vraie, plus plastique, plus proche de ce dont on a l'expérience dans la conscience ? Je crois que je préfère essayer de suivre ça plutôt que d'expliquer...

FJ - ... Mais on pourrait dire aussi que, d'une certaine manière, si la conscience individuelle progresse beaucoup, elle cesse d'être individuelle, elle ne réclame plus de demeurer subjective et elle a donc en quelque sorte triomphé de la mort...

D - Mais ce serait bien dommage que cela se passe seulement comme ça !

FJ - Mais je demande justement... Est-ce que c'est un changement de regard qui fait que les mêmes lois apparaissent différemment, sont vécues différemment, et n'ont plus la même importance, ou bien...

D - Mais c'est aussi ça à la fois ! C'est du fait que la conscience se développe, qu'elle atteint une plus grande intensité, qu'elle touche plus, que son besoin est plus grand, qu'elle accède... à une force plus centrale... Et cette force est concrète ! Tu peux dire qu'un « élément » nouveau est intervenu dans le jeu du monde, mais tu peux dire aussi que c'était toujours là et que la conscience, à travers l'homme, s'est intensifiée tellement qu'elle en a pris conscience et qu'à ce moment-là ça a pu agir. Il y a besoin et il y a réponse. Et tu trouves la même chose, qui s'ouvre aussi bien dans la matière, dans le corps...

FJ - ... Peux-tu me préciser ce que tu perdrais si l'on n'éprouvait plus aucun besoin d'avoir une conscience « subjective » ?

D - Mais la joie de la diversité, la joie de l'unicité de chacun... !

FJ - ... Mais il y a toujours une espèce de concrétisation dans un « moi »...

D - Ce qu'on appelle l'ego - avec le sens de l'obstacle, de la déformation, de l'opacité, de l'interférence - c'est une manière d'être surtout, un mode ; même dans la perception ; c'est un arrangement qui fait qu'on se cristallise, qu'on se durcit, qu'on se sépare et qu'on tient à cette séparation ou qu'on se reconnaît à travers elle... C'est très nécessaire pendant longtemps pour se donner le temps de

se reconnaître intérieurement, de se développer aussi, à l'intérieur ou presque à l'abri de ça, mais après...

...

FJ - ... Tu sembles considérer qu'il y a d'une part le corps avec cette conscience qui doit le traverser, le reprendre, resurgir de lui en quelque sorte et, d'autre part, une espèce de mécanisme aveugle qui serait la fonction reproductrice, et que ceci nuirait à cela... Je te dirais que pour ma part, je crois que l'homme a déjà de bien des manières assez largement déjoué ce côté mécanique...

D - Oui, parce qu'il y a trouvé une joie, un plaisir qu'il a raffiné, comme un moyen de se rencontrer...

FJ - Certainement ; mais ce qui m'intéresse, c'est cette continuité depuis le désir sous sa forme, disons, la plus humble, le désir d'une petite volupté passagère, jusqu'au désir de la béatitude infinie... C'est toujours du désir, pour moi : c'est la vitalité accompagnée de son manque d'être, la conscience de son manque d'être, en quelque sorte... Et je me demande, alors qu'on dit que le Divin doit « descendre » dans la matière pour la « reprendre », on n'est pas en train de renier ce mouvement même en court-circuitant ce qui est de l'ordre du désir, comme si ça devait nécessairement être mauvais, et se mettre en travers de tout cheminement vers davantage de conscience... Alors qu'à mon avis la progression même de la conscience est un désir et au fond c'est la culture de ce désir qui compte, ce n'est pas sa suppression...

D - ... En fait ce que tu souhaites, ce dont tu parles, c'est une transformation : c'est aussi ce dont on parle...

FJ - Oui, sauf que j'ai été un peu agressé, dans les textes que j'ai lus, par une condamnation massive de la sexualité...

D - Il faut que tu te souviennes, ou que tu saches, que si tu avais posé ta question maintenant à Sri Aurobindo, Il t'aurait répondu quelque chose qui n'est probablement écrit nulle part, il t'aurait répondu à toi, maintenant... Je crois que toi, tu vas te conduire sexuellement avec ce besoin de culture de soi vers une plus grande vérité d'être, et il n'y a rien à redire à ça... Ce qui fait la différence, c'est le besoin qu'on a, c'est tout... Mais le corps, dans mon expérience, a lui-même le besoin de s'unir plus directement, et il ressent comme un poids d'avoir à se soumettre encore à des processus qui ne sont pas directs - que ce soit pour la nourriture, ou pour le contact à l'autre...

FJ - ... Mais... ce qui me gêne tout de même, à travers certaines remarques, des textes, ou, comme ça, des réactions, c'est qu'on dirait que le comble, le fin du fin, le maximum de progression, c'est de se rendre complètement éthéré, en quelque sorte de se désincarner... Auquel cas je dis : on n'a pas sauvé la chair !

D - ... C'est drôle parce que, pour moi, ça va de plus en plus vers quelque chose de concret, tangible, immédiat, direct, solidement ou densément conscient... Mais je comprend et respecte ce que tu dis... et moi-même, où j'en suis, je sens encore la sexualité comme un moyen de s'oublier, de se donner ensemble à une certaine intensité vibratoire de rencontre...

FJ - ... Qu'est-ce que l'orgasme ?

D - ... Oui, d'où ça vient, quelle est cette énergie, où est sa survie... Est-ce qu'on peut s'unir à ça, est-ce que c'est conscient... Ce que je veux dire, c'est que, bien que j'en éprouve encore le besoin, je sais aussi que c'est une béquille - c'est parce que je suis, nous sommes encore infirmes, que l'on n'a pas assez de conscience et qu'on a encore besoin de ce moyen qui est presque extérieur à ce que l'on ressent déjà...

FJ - ... L'orgasme étant beaucoup plus une limite que LA chose à vivre pour elle-même ; là encore, c'est le cheminement qui compte... !

D - Mais c'est comme si tu montais un cheval ; tu vas le garder à un rythme pour qu'il dure le plus longtemps possible comme ça, tu seras sur ce rythme d'intensité le plus longtemps possible, parce que c'est ça, en fait, que tu souhaites, c'est cette intensité partagée... Et puis alors, dans le moment exact de l'orgasme, il y a cet abandon complet, il y a, juste là, une joie qui est d'une autre qualité... Et ça, ça reste encore un moyen de traverser, d'animer cette épaisseur, cette inertie dans laquelle on est habituellement...

FJ - Cette fulguration...

D - Oui... et aussi ce temps qui précède où tu maîtrises, où tu te donnes dans un effort et un souci de percevoir et sentir l'autre... Mais je veux dire que dans l'expérience directe, consciente, sans moyens, quand tu arrives à ce que cette même épaisseur s'anime, la joie que tu éprouves là est vraiment d'une autre qualité... On pourrait employer le mot « authentique », cette joie-là est plus authentique...

FJ - Quand ça ne passe pas par la voie sexuelle ?

D - Quand ça n'utilise pas de moyens, quand c'est direct... N'est-ce pas, il y a toutes sortes de variations... Pour toi, et pour moi aussi, il y a la dimension de l'autre qui est nécessaire, mais pour d'autres, si on parle des moyens qui sont à notre disposition pour atteindre une certaine intensité, il y a peut-être la nourriture, par exemple, ou l'alcool, ou des drogues, ou des sensations physiques fortes, je ne sais pas... Mais dans tous les cas, c'est indirect, c'est une intensité qui ne se suffit pas à elle-même, qui dépend d'un processus quelconque...

FJ - Mais pour moi... la sexualité n'est pas un « moyen », elle fait partie de moi, je ne peux pas en dissocier le désir... J'ai plutôt envie qu'on me dise « il faut en faire quelque chose, de plus en plus valable... », plutôt qu'on me dise « il vaut mieux la nier, la supprimer... », tu comprends ? Cela me donne l'impression qu'on est en train de morceler, de fragmenter ce qu'il s'agissait de reprendre en totalité. Pourquoi ne pas « sauver » la sexualité comme le reste ?

D - Mais il n'y a rien à « sauver »... Il y a un besoin d'être qui grandit, c'est tout...

... Toute l'histoire qui fait que tu nais, que ton corps grandit, se développe et se défait et meurt, moi je ne trouve pas cela satisfaisant. Il y a donc quelque chose à trouver, à réaliser, à moins que tu croies que c'est comme ça à jamais, que c'est la loi, la condition humaine ou je ne sais quoi... Mais si quelque chose en toi te fait sentir que ce n'est pas comme ça « à jamais », alors c'est un chemin qui s'ouvre...

FJ - ... Il me semble que cela consiste à nier cette mort au nom d'une vie supérieure à laquelle nous cherchons le moyen d'accéder...

D - Non... On peut dire que c'est de passer à travers cette « réalité » de la mort en restant vivant... Je me souviens d'un poème que j'avais écrit, quand j'étais gosse et que tu avais corrigé... Tu m'avais questionné, tu m'avais trituré pour me faire expliquer ce que j'avais voulu dire, il y avait ce vers « vivant-mort et mort-vivant » ; tu avais même voulu me convaincre que ce n'était pas ce que je voulais dire... Et j'étais incapable de dire pourquoi je l'avais écrit comme ça ; c'était à Rodnoï, je sentais que mon corps... que j'étais corps et pas par hasard, pas nécessairement pour suivre le chemin tout tracé - qui est de grandir, d'être fort et puis de se décrépiter et de mourir -, il y avait un besoin, là ; qui était différent... et ça, ce besoin, ça te fait tout approcher différemment, ça te donne des difficultés différentes aussi !

FJ - ... C'est quand même bien un refus... !

D - Mais non, je ne vais pas dire « Non, non, on ne va pas mourir ! »... A quoi ça sert de dire ça !

FJ – Ce que je serais tenté de dire, c'est que dans cette vie, qui se termine par la mort comme sa limite, ce qui est essentiel c'est de la vivre intégralement, c'est-à-dire de ne pas y mourir, de ne pas mourir DANS cette vie...

D – Oui, je comprends très bien, et c'est là que se situe ton besoin, d'être pleinement vivant tant que l'on vit et aussi vrai que possible, aussi authentique...

... Mais si on regarde simplement la question : pourquoi est-on matériel ? Peut-être que ce n'est pas seulement pour faire une expérience et puis s'en aller – qu'on croie ou non à d'autres vies - ; peut-être que ce n'est pas seulement pour ça, que ce n'est pas seulement comme une auberge, que c'est plus sérieux que ça, plus réel aussi, que ça mérite plus de respect... Et alors cela fait que les valeurs changent, la mort est perçue autrement quand le fait d'être en vie, d'être matériel est perçu autrement ; et l'enjeu apparaît différent aussi, et les difficultés... Ce n'est plus s'accrocher à la vie, c'est sentir et percevoir qu'il y a justement un sens... évolutif, qui est encore à découvrir, qui doit encore se révéler...

***1-8-1979, Auroville:**

Most of us are busy with the clearing and pruning of the cashew topes, and at work I find myself again in the position of a "team leader"; P is now coming every day, and M.B and his friend G, and UI, a guy from "Hope"... only C.E. is there for me, he has joined our morning team again...

***2-8-1979, Auroville:**

Tonight we listened to You speaking of the adverse forces, of their necessity for the progress upon earth as long as there is a single consciousness left to harbour positions or attitudes contrary to the Great Becoming... But, Mother, when I turn to physical suffering, to the body's suffering (and I also think of D.M still nailed to a bed after three years), I cannot see that there is always a lesson to be learnt from it, that this order of suffering is justified by the learning... What about these millions of bodies whose entire life is made of dulled pain, drudgery, drab suffering...? For what? What about the consciousness of the body itself? Does it learn this way? I can't believe it. I believe the body grows by harmony!

***3-8-1979, Auroville:**

We drove to Pondy. C.E wanted us to get a copy of the brochure SSJ had earlier made on Matrimandir, so he could do his painting from photographs, so we go into the office of the Memorial Fund Society and come right upon both SSJ and Madanlal – I had somehow not thought of that possibility at all! But I take the opportunity and address Madanlal a little boldly; SSJ leaves almost at once, but Madanlal has us seated and we go into the matter of the SAS having no intention to release their hold nor to withdraw their conditions... It becomes clear that he is himself unwilling to make a choice, and that is why he had not answered our letter. None of them is actually ready to make a step. We should not expect anything there and we should work at establishing new contacts directly. I found Madanlal to be a man of many words, despite his quiet appearance, and not above distorting things to his advantage... Other instruments must be found. But, as trust is not at present a welcome queen in our midst, I don't know what it will take...!

***6-8-1979, Auroville:**

There is an exhausting, relentless wind blowing, raging, and my head is a sieve of petty thoughts, nothing flows. Somehow we manage to prepare everything for the concreting, load the cement on the tractor and unload it by the mixer, just the few of us, and push all the sand into one neat pile; P.G is impossibly moody... We start at about 2.30 pm and, through the sheer rhythm of the work, little by little, some joy seeps in... and thus we cast the top landing of the second spiral ramp into the Chamber...

... Joss's open letter is passed around, on "Mother Earth Service"... It sounds very nice, but what is behind it? I do not know. I just know that, as You said, You "can work with us only if we do not say a lie and are at the service of Truth"... And, by now, I have found that many of us are indeed, sometimes, lying...

Our team finishes at 9 pm. There has been talk of another group that has formed, as an alternative to the Cooperative, which calls itself "ACT"...

***7-8-1979, Auroville:**

While our team keeps at its work on the structure, a « serious » meeting is taking place in the office, between the two groups... Passing by, at tea-break, I hear a lot of harsh judgements... Oh, we are so righteous, so full of ourselves, we the servitors of the Divine! It is better to just catch the funny angle! But in fact we are poor to the bone: we have everything to learn, we yet have to become!

The wind is fierce, it rages throughout the day, drying everything up, shrivelling, depleting, as if sucking the living sap, and where there are no trees, it is a sand-storm...

This afternoon we met about the brochure. C.E has come with me, to present his drawings; but D.W has brought another set of drawings by Johnny... Anyway it will take some more time before one is ready for printing and, meanwhile, Matrimandir must survive!

Afterwards, till dark, we help Mohan, John H and Mangini to pull up the pipes from the Banyan well along with the bore-men... There'll be no water for a few days, and there is also a power-cut, and everything is quite chaotic...

***9-8-1979, Auroville:**

Groping blindly... this day is ending and the next day will begin and... what about it? The same mechanics, the same lack of reality? I have no taste for life. The only thing that can always fill me with some joy is the sense of beauty, the possibility to express beauty here, to be one with the spirit of beauty...

It is so hard and crude and sterile to be a separate being, an entity moved by processes that are semi-conscious at best... I'd rather melt or merge into an impersonal consciousness of grace and beauty, abroad and around yet ready to fill those movements and things that are receptive... To this I belong, I know...

For what purpose am I bound to the individual? What is the living truth I am to express? Why am I left drifting, support less, unprogressive?

The world seems to repeat itself into a growing impossibility... and I am still on the shore, dull, barely existing... The fact of being physical and yet... empty! This is what is so hard!

***10-8-1979, Auroville:**

At work I miss Patricia so much. With her we could do any work, it was always balanced, unconditional, committed...

There is an increasing tension with the carpenters, who seem to be more and more bound to the SAS. But I'm uncomfortable with our attitude... We go on about "being together", but comprehension hardly flows; we do not listen to one another...

Al.B and Nard both insist that I must speak my mind; so I ask that we consider the issue as a human issue, take it out of the politics, ask ourselves what we can offer to the carpenters, what we really want, and whether we are really able to do all the work by ourselves...

***11-8-1979, Auroville:**

Another, larger meeting takes place in the office regarding the carpenters. P.G takes it up but is very badly treated and our friendship with AL.B takes a blow; the trend of the dominant attitude is implying that, by not turning against the carpenters we are in effect "betraying the cause"... Narad ends up with one of his solemn declarations on the adverse forces trying to divide us before the coming Darshan day... I don't know, it seems to me to be an easy way not to make the required effort toward a deeper comprehension and awareness; it is obvious to me that we are still doing the same stupid mistake of trying to get hold of unity by turning against common "enemies"; this cannot work, or it works only as a crutch and for a short time...

It is each one's awareness of the true that has to develop and flow among us as one perception attuned in so many points. Only then shall we begin to feel that we are together, not because of any outer difficulty or agency, but as a fact we experience...

When the meeting ends and we disperse, Narad comes to PG and me, but he is so priestly... I don't know!

***12-8-1979, Auroville:**

The atmosphere at work is not good. Today Phil refused to come and help, saying he will not work with us until the carpenters have been sent away... C.E hurts his hand while we are lifting a beam with the crane and has to go home. Later, while removing the shuttering

, I too hurt my finger with my hammer, the nail turns dark blue and it hurts!

And when I come home at the end of the day, C.E acts very resentful toward me. And when I struggle not to get depressed, he claims I look much too satisfied!

***14-8-1979, Auroville:**

Early morning, it all goes wrong! I was waiting to find out in what mood C.E would be, wondering; but he first said some gentle words and it seemed to be alright. Then when it was time to leave for work, he says he finds me strange, not available, that he cannot speak freely to me; then he adds "what does it matter to you if I come or not!"... on such a tone, it's like he's just pressed a button – all the accumulated frustration, the anger at his moods and his dark resentment, all the unease, it all rises up into one gesture: I hit him, Mother! I slap him, just once.

He gives me an ugly look.

At once I calm down.

I don't really regret it, but it shows me a weakness in me, the weakness of violence. It is a hard lesson.

Would I believe in adverse attacks, these last two days would have been rich: first our bodies have been hurt and now it is our relationship that is endangered... Then, I don't know what to do. C.E wants to walk down to Pondy: if I go to work he will take it as a betrayal of the necessities of our bond... I just see that I am not sincere enough! Finally we both go to work...! We find Jacq sitting by herself; she has a bad burn on her leg and can't work... And P.G has also got an infection on his leg... Later I realise that C.E is in some strange way quite pleased to have unhinged me, and I see that I need to be more vigilant! ... I don't know what I have to understand, what You want me to be. I feel like giving up all my ideals, offering them all up and asking You just to make me something! Something, whatever You wish, even if it is different from second to second, whatever, as long as it is... REAL! ... We seem to go from one extreme to another, more and more often. The good times are happier, simpler, sweeter, richer and fuller, but the bad times...: this couldn't get worse, we can't afford it...! And part of me refuses this play of alternate extremes, does not trust it as a path; I rather see it as a lack of centeredness. I don't like dramas, neither do I like great enthusiasms...

***15-8-1979, Auroville:**

I spent most of today in the house, working on a wooden beam, preparing and fixing it in the big room; C.E and I keep silent: monastic rule today, but it's good this way! ... Late afternoon I go alone to the Chamber. I have the impression now that You are resting near Sri Aurobindo, but a little behind Him; that He is more in the front, now, working, reaching, doing... ... The reminder comes to me that I must always look for each one's soul, never get trapped by the egos, always look for the souls, with humility and simplicity... When I return, I find that C.E has placed a photograph of You at Darshan on the post I have fixed... As we go later for our night-watch duty, C.E moves to my left and takes my hand with his good hand, without a word...

***16-8-1979, Auroville:**

Late morning I walked down to "New Creation" (wishing it would be more than a name!) to visit Jacq who is still "sick" and resting, using this time to recover from a period she has also found painful; I borrow her bike then, return here to pick C.E up... As we have lunch in Pondy, I try to open a dialogue: I tell him I do not believe in this "teaching" these contradictions in our relationship are supposed to provide, that I am seeking for the way to move past and beyond them... and I ask him to help me. But he merely grumbles back, sweetly refuses to talk, terming my insistence as disturbing. I find it rather suspect at this point, in the sense that it might be the sign of a confused perception and of a marked preference for the irrational... Not that I am hooked onto the mind, but I believe reason cannot be dropped unless and until there is transparency and unity in all parts of the being... For perhaps the first time since we are together, I kind of give up; yet I trust he will somehow come round, in his own fashion, because I trust in his aspiration, this is my security...

This evening, as I prepare the room for the audition of Your Agenda, I realise how beautiful it is, how well and carefully C.E has waxed and tended it, making it a happy place... I go to him and kiss him and tell him that I see and appreciate it...

***17-8-1979, Auroville:**

Picking flowers a little after dawn, I find a beautiful young cobra moving about in the emptied pond. Watching it for a moment I realise it is not able to climb out over the smooth plastered sides, it keeps sliding back down; I go and get a good stick, fetch the camera, call C.E; P.G has also come limping over. When I bring the stick near it the cobra raises itself and opens its hood and starts blowing... and I can take many shots! At last it deigns to catch hold of the stick, coils itself along its length and we pull it out and it moves regally to its nearby hole...

... Nearly all of my team mates are in bed... I work mostly with Kiran and P... The carpenters seem to rely on me to give them work, now...

***18-8-1979, Auroville:**

P and I thoroughly clean the Chamber. We empty it and hose it down, till it is as ready as it can be at this stage. It is harmonious and almost tender between us.

Narad brings a man from Baroda, Amba Prem – a penetrating and concentrated gaze in a small anonymous figure; I like the feel of his hands and the quest of his eyes.

I am reading Mona S's booklet on You, where he has recorded from memory, in his sometimes funny syntax, things You have told him... You speak about the true world You have built, for each and everyone to find their true place and movement of progress, the world into which all Your people will move as they overcome their egos... It gives me a different angle to look at Your Work, somewhat encouraging because, after all, it does sometimes look as if the will to change things HERE is, as You say, inadequate...! So perhaps there is some other, complementary process taking place simultaneously...

***19-8-1979, Auroville:**

These days the notions I still have on what I must be or become are scattering away and I realise, with a deeper intensity, this: "Let me be what You want me to be! Let me feel, perceive and express whatever You want me to feel, perceive and express...!" And with this I am content: a sort of eternal progress isn't it?

... Miriam comes to see me; she wants me to visit her in her new house... C.E goes pale and uptight; I don't know...

... Gillian comes about the whole confusion with houses here, due to G.M's will to move back here, using even his friends to get what he wants; it is obvious to everyone but him!

... Narayana comes to me about the generator; this triggers the thought that, perhaps, things would be better organised if I was in a position to attribute and distribute tasks and functions. This sounds like a crazy ambition... But I see that quite a few of us here have the ability to be organisers, yet our wanting to be "together" in all things tends to annul each one's capacities and to land us in the growing mess and waste we are in... There must be another way, which we are groping to find, what is it?

***20-8-1979, Auroville:**

What can one do in these conditions, without drawing on some vitality to bring in some dynamism and make things move? For so long now, for so many years I have been avoiding to use my vital being because I could not trust it enough, I knew it needed first to be purified, since it had the capacity to radiate and influence and this must be offered to You and made secure... And it is still not ready. So, what is one to do? Just to watch and endure, while everything seems to be dissolving, wasting away? Pray for a direct impulse and motion?

... I am working with a larger team nowadays: Bill S and Marcia, M.L, D.W and Sally, Andy, D.S... are now part of it as well; G.M, though, reacts heavily to D.S's suggestion that Dharman could also work with us. I have to intervene and remind G.M that it is not right for him to try and force others to agree with his positions, that he may take his own actions if he wishes to, but must respect each one's views...

***24-8-1979, Auroville:**

We spend the morning taking down the scaffold; it feels like kids playing, expanding, happy... When it is over, we look at one another, content. Abha, Pas and sometimes CL.A have started to come and help...

Late this afternoon I ride down to "Aspiration" looking for a beads weaving-frame that has ended there by "mistake", and locate it with Rhonda... After meeting with a few people there, I go over to Al.B's to change the Agenda tapes; he is still resting, the infection is not yet healed; he takes it as a time of introspection... I was a little apprehensive that some formations might have come between us, but he welcomes me and we have a quiet time together.

... Riding back I meet SSJ returning on foot from Matrimandir – his usual evening walk – and I am moved by something in his gait and his appearance, a fatigue, a sadness... I smile at him with all the affection I still feel for him... He calls me back, takes hold of my cycle and tells me, like opening to a friend with a need, that he is going on a pilgrimage to Amarnath... He is reaching for a sharing and I am touched. Here is a man whom everyone here now rejects and condemns and fears, and he is doing that simple thing that a man like Piero would be far too proud and self-imbued to even attempt to do... I don't care what people think, I want to be faithful to each and every inner contact that is given, regardless of formations and opinions...!

***29-8-1979, Auroville:**

This afternoon C.E decided to go to Pondy on his own. Since the day I hit him, we have both been most subdued! Sometimes it is helpful, but at other times it seems to widen the gap and let in more misunderstanding, but I am learning to offer it all with more honesty...

The whole place here is so graceful and alive and present and rich and yet discreet, tranquil; the trees growing, the orange paths, the forms reflected in the pond quietly waving across its great pink blooms and smaller, purple-blue lilies: a little space, a little time, a bit of love and gratitude in Nature's presence, the need of You, a little care, and everything can be born again!

***1-9-1979, Auroville:**

The first lorry load of bricks has arrived for C's house here, so it is indeed beginning...

I saw Toine and Daksh this afternoon in "Abri" and they seem to be determined to take care of our pump here, which is still lying "under repairs" in Madras; I'm relieved: not only do I have no clues and no affinities as regards mechanical things, but I am at a complete loss when faced with the practice of cheating, lying or stealing...

I felt today it was time for me to visit Miriam, as she has not been keeping well and may need more support. I found her lying in her hut, next to Ken's hut, with a rash of small infected sores; she burst in tears and let go... I tell her, quietly, how I've been feeling for her, thinking of her, the dreams I've had; that I feel, even though no one can tell another person what to do with one's life, that it would be better for her to go for some time; she listens and becomes calm... We spend some quiet time with Ken, later...

... On the tape we heard tonight of Your Agenda, You refer again to the Divine's play, amusing Himself... and again the same revolt rises and me, deep and sharp, a "no" even to You: I don't know for certain what it is, it does not feel just like some resistance in me or a weakness expressing itself in this way, there's more to it...

***2-9-1979, Auroville!**

I feel held. As if contained.

The "I", the "me", feels more and more hollow, inappropriate...

Yet there is "something" like a true, a real "me", but I am not ready; I see that clearly and it is not frustrating, on the contrary: to see it is to be aware of the Presence that enables to see...

O Mother, it is so very true that whoever was, is presented to You is automatically connected to the Supreme, to That! This is Your pure and absolute Gift, Your eternal Gift...!

***3-9-1979, Auroville:**

In the afternoon I cycled slowly down to "Fraternity" to get a couple of floor mats for the store-room here. The heat and the fatigue have combined to put me in a meditative state and everything is perceived with more depth... Rosewitha is there, her vibrations heavily mixed, and there is a family of wealthy North Indians, well-educated and refined; one of the daughters is hunched, a big, ugly hunch on her back; she is fashionably dressed and behaves very smartly and her people act natural with her... I begin to wonder, inwardly, what it is really that happens, that goes wrong during the formation of a body to allow for such an "accident"; what force on the subtler planes is interfered with and by what, and where is the individual's choice in it? And why is it still allowed? Hasn't that experience lasted long enough? Suddenly, Rosewitha shows me a blue lotus she holds in her hand and lets me inhale its fragrance: it stuns me! Such an absolute material perfection, direct to the Source! Living, manifest perfection! And then she moves away and goes outside and on her way she just tears off two shoots of papyrus in such a careless, callous manner... that I just have to sit down!

Where are we? Where do we stand in all this? And what does this "we" mean? Is there truly a "we"?

Yes, all of us human beings do share an appearance and a form but, behind it, what are we?

O Mother, the integrity of the manifestation seems to be so far away!

Yet, in Your body it has been there, tangibly there, and this I adore, more than a blue lotus, more than all the perfect things in all the worlds!

***6-9-1979, Auroville:**

I am physically weary and tired; and without much courage. But there is this sort of unsentimental will to persevere, to go on, and to turn it into something else. We remove the shuttering from under the first circular beam; the concrete is beautiful, powerful. These days at work it is almost silent and there is a feeling as if we were survivors of a kind, isolated from man's world...

At tea-break I watch our faces, our bodies...: G.M, under pressure, his hands trembling; D.S gossiping, inert; Andy, weak; Jacq fatigued, wondering; Gl wavering between quiet confidence and irrational tension... We are transitional beings, who could understand us?

Today again G.M wants to eat lunch with us at home: Ina has chased him away, packed off most of his belongings...! But he seems through it to be coming to terms with himself. P comes in to talk about the houses here, the garden, and the necessity to take down Mir's hut, and we all agree on that...

***8-9-1979, Auroville:**

It has rained most of the night. I gaze at the lotus leaves, their perfect open orbs, their stems erect, pearls of luminous, single drops on their green, the breath of grace, the soil answering, and I am transfixed... But the broom is waiting!

This morning, we unloaded a full lorry of cement at the workshop. Then I went to make cuttings and to plant seedlings for wind-breaks.

Toine has returned from Madras with good news: the company is giving us a new motor; he talks at length, shares his observations, assessments; I like his dedication – and am thankful for it!

In the night I had for the first time a long, detailed, vivid dream in which I experienced all the states and emotions I would go through if C.E decided to leave... That put me in a questioning mood! Is that a preparation for the fact, or is it a venting of a possibility on a subtle plane, a working out of this specific route? It makes me appreciate in yet another way the validity of surrender...

***10-9-1979, Auroville:**

We almost avoid each other, this morning. C.E has slept alone downstairs.

At work Jacq sees at once that something is wrong with me; I tell her a little about C.E and me; she says she has seen it and that for her and Kiran it has also been tough these last few weeks, to the point that they have considered separation...

***11-9-1979, Auroville:**

C.E is thinking of going away. His brother has sent him an offer – like a full carpet unrolled and laid out for him – of a plane ticket, a flat in Nice, another in Montreal with Patti, his ex-wife and a trip to Dakar as per an old wish of his...! I guess it may not be easy for him to know what he must do...

Beyond all the personal aspects, I know and trust this: the Lord has sent C.E here, has made us meet. He has opened us to each other, and now He is changing it, taking each of us another step and He alone knows what it means and where it leads.

Tonight I see the yearning to have his hand in mine, the tenderness of our bond, and I see the pain of not having it, and I am quiet...

I know that one must be taken into a state that is free from petty withdrawal, free from pain and attachment, from calculation and demand and claim, free for ever and growing in delight...

Yet, as it happens, most of me has a movement of recoil...!

***12-9-1979, Auroville:**

The light is a wonder, one drinks it from deep within, like an airy honey, regenerating; all the plants answer it with a budding life and radiance...

***13-9-1979, Auroville:**

Early this morning Al.M came to talk to P.G and me; he has to wait and sits quietly reading « Savitri » while we prepare and I go and call P.G; the 4 of us sit for breakfast then. He has come, on behalf of "Aspiration", to convey the "strong feeling" they all share there that Kiran must be asked to leave, that she is a danger to us all. He has been sent as he knows us well and "trusts" us... C.E. is quietly welcoming but soon leaves to go to work; P.G talks straight and simple, we both try to express plainly what our experience has been...

At work I tell Jacq about it; she just has had a long bout of fever; she feels that Kiran is being led from within to cut her ties with her family, gradually...

We spend the morning unloading trailer loads of crushed stones in full sun. At one point the carpenters try to enter our team-work, in a manner which is all wrong; I have to remind them that this is not their work, but G.M wants to take it further and it becomes a little ugly; they are obviously obeying some instructions... At noon, I go to them alone and ask them whether they would agree to meet quietly later; they seem to be happy about it.

On my way home, I wonder: what shall I tell them? I have no idea!

I can't help seeing several different sides to this issue, and it makes me giddy!

... Before 5 pm I reach the tea-room where they are waiting for me, along with Dharman: Narayana has agreed to help me with some translation, as this talk must be clear and explicit. I dive into it: I speak about the experience of Auroville and how their recent behaviour and position is unacceptable; I suggest that it is up to each of them to consider what he must do, without yielding to peer-pressure or other influences; I tell them of my respect for each of them and for their work... They listen with a grave attention... Then they tell me that, back in 1968, they had all promised to God, to You, that they would work for Matrimandir until it was completed, whatever they would have to endure through it, it was their oath... I understand this and they know that I do. But then it becomes a little tricky for me as they proceed to ask me to be the one who would give them instructions from now on, as a "friend"... I have to remind them that I have only come to them as an individual and that to remain at Matrimandir was necessarily going to require from each person the will to adjust to changing conditions as well as to change oneself, to make individual choices and steps, and that it may well take many years... We leave it at that...

I don't know what I can do, but I certainly respect their oath and I also feel that You have accepted it. So often during the past years I have had this impression, working with them, of having worked thus in other times, at the building of temples; and even, with some of them, as of memories of more recent times, such as the period preceding the French Revolution...

... C.E and I take our dinners separately these days; I go and do the work at the Kitchen by myself. There is now this formation between us of my exerting a dominating influence; I didn't know this could happen with C.E: I had been giving myself unreservedly and I had trusted this was the best safeguard against that kind of imbalance; and yet he now sees me as the obstacle in the path of his freedom... I shouldn't resent it, I should just keep quiet!

... I meditate on the issue of the carpenters... I mustn't fear others' judgements or incomprehension. Auroville has to include. A real change cannot be exclusive...

There is the truth of their commitment, and there is the falsity of their human ways, just like anyone of us! There is a supreme meaning and purpose in the presence of all these elements here, and a Grace that keeps it all together in a movement of continuous change, with the least possible damage... I just know that I must never fear...

***16-9-1979, Auroville:**

This trepidation spreads from my solar plexus out through my nerves into the upper part of my body, like something alien and disturbing which my whole system yearns to have plucked away. But I don't know how to pray, how to offer... It has been almost two full days like that!

... Only when one has become perceptive of the whole, in the whole, materially as well, is one beyond disorder...

***17-9-1979, Auroville:**

Wind and rain, wind and rain, gusts of it...

What are we doing? It feels so ridiculous, mutely pecking on each other... and "mine" and "yours" and being close to the Divine and what not...! I am upset at both of us, at the situation we create; I want to break it, to shake it and see what comes out of it... I want to roar about!

But I fear to be frank! But then I get to tease C.E, on our "nice sadhana" and all the good points he must be accumulating, and yet all the walls will not be enough to set one free! He remains quiet: perhaps he feels compassion for me?

... Mangini comes in to complain he's been beaten up by Narayana! Another blow-up ahead for me!

And at work it is a mess, Bhavani and Narayana go on yelling throughout the morning, accusing me of favouring Mangini, of worshipping Kiran, of playing politics... Jacq gets her share as well! G.M tries to calm Bhavani but she takes it out on him... Every movement one does is interpreted, used, there seems to be no way out...

At noon I try to talk to C.E again? Can't we find again our joy to be together? I am tired of his measuring his own progress against me, using me as a reference for his own autonomy... But what is best? I don't know!

... P.G shows me a circular that was passed around about Joss being asked to leave "Certitude"; he also tells me about M.KI using Auroville money for his own purposes... tricks and twists and warps... He is all set for war again, but it only makes things appear disproportionate, like a clown does!

... Worries assail me. There is no harmony, no organisation, no trust... And with C.E, I am snared in a formation and the more I move the more it tightens: that this is "my" place and the relationship has been set on "my" terms and, for him to fulfil himself, he must be rejected by me...

***18-9-1979, Auroville:**

C.E went alone to Pondy for the day. I felt miserable at first. But in the afternoon I began to recover and quietened, bathed in the magic of the September light, the graceful harmony of here – the house and the trees and the soft presence of Nat, Rad and Yel tending the garden with me...

This evening P.G came in to talk and share: he says he has realised he was not being true to himself when he did not respond to a deep instinct in him to fight out the falsity that is still around – and he means by this the presence of SSJ, of the takers of "Prosperity", of the carpenters' position... - and that he now felt liberated from a false humility and a dangerous unclarity; and that he would ask me and Jacq, and our little group, to do it together... I can perceive to some extent what seems to be guiding him and I wish to trust him and I can also see, in that perspective, what remains in me of fears, of desires to preserve old alliances...

We are still talking when suddenly Rakhil arrives, with L...! I had been told of her coming to Auroville and apprehended meeting her, the throw back to the past, to old identities, to the narrowness of it...

Tonight, C.E and I try and talk, for long; he has gone to enquire about flights to Europe as, he says, where else could he go if he leaves this house... I keep feeling we are missing something and we go on instead misunderstanding each other, not finding our base... I wish I could sincerely say "it is in Your hands!", but I still have a will of my own!

We actually seem to be undergoing almost opposite processes: while he needs to find his own individuality as defined against mine, I seek to be released from the limits of a well-developed "ego-creation"!

***19-9-1979, Auroville:**

At work, it all starts unravelling. G.M enters into a direct conflict with the carpenters, because he wants to do all the work without them. So I go to them and tell them it is not going to ease unless they decide to cut their connection, through money, to SSJ and the SAS; and then it comes out, what all was behind, the arguments they have been fed, the promises that were made to them, the support they have been told would be there, the violence they were meant to provoke, so as to call upon "dozens of paid men"... Seeing the hatred in their eyes, I feel it is lancing a boil, a necessary process of purification – and that our past insincerity is to blame for allowing such a situation to form and fester. Yet one is also very much aware of the necessity not to get caught in the vibration of violence...

... I believe that, to accept an absolute of enmity or adversity is to become its victim and to loose the battle that was to be fought; I believe that battles, in themselves, that enemies, or adversaries, are illusions, the outcomes of the condition of our consciousness, divided and limited still...

This is not easy. How far shall we be helped?

I have no certitude as to whether we are "right" or "wrong"; I just know we are obeying a need, which is not personal, for transparency, for a clear unity of aspiration...

***20-9-1979, Auroville:**

Early this morning, Yus comes: a full van of police has come to his and Piero's house at 2 am in the night, called in by the SAS to "keep law and order at

Matrimandir"...! The carpenters had gone to complaint there had been violence against them... Piero and Yus explained that this was totally untrue; that there was indeed a problem of harmony with whoever continued to be paid by the SAS in Auroville and that we had indeed requested the carpenters to withdraw from the work until a solution would be found... Yus advises that this is the line we must keep to if and when the police return here...

... Prem M has called for a meeting to discuss the visas situation. We all go, except Kiran whose presence there would only cause turmoil... Prem explains the need for a formal representative body for the Government and other outside agencies to relate to, but also to perform the necessary coordinating tasks within Auroville. Isn't it the Coop, then? It is a little ironic that he had earlier been advocating the dissolution of the Coop in favour of divers working groups; and now here he is, in "good faith" recommending the opposite!

Al.B suggests then that each of the work-areas or groups send one representative, an individual whose awareness of the collective is appreciated and who is willing to do the practical work...

... All of a sudden, C.E comes out onto the terrace where I have been working with the men, his eyes summoning me, intent and wide... I join him inside; he sits there, looking at Your photograph, takes my hand and says "I don't want to leave Auroville" He kisses my hand; I kiss and hug him. It is calm.

...The sub-Collector has informed us that the people of the SAS have declared their intention of coming back to work and meditate at Matrimandir, and that we are not legally in any position to prevent them and therefore could be accused of breaking law and order should we try...

***22-9-1979, Auroville:**

When I got to "New Creation" early this morning, to pick up Jacq and Kiran, Jacq greeted me with a copy of the last issue of "L'Express" featuring a long review of FJ's role and activities leading to Algeria's independence, of his "Net" in support of the FLN, replete with the stories and the atmosphere of that period in my childhood, the clandestinity, the fake identities, the women, the Algerian friends around me and C... Back at work, we all look at it together...

An hour later we see the carpenters arriving, in formation, escorted by... Jyotiprem! The whole scene is at once sad and ludicrous and we say between nausea and guffaws... He has come along, all skeletal as he is, to "protect these good men from the hooligans"... P.G is beaming with pleasure at my expression!

A huge rain soon pours on all, till after 1 pm; but we manage to cast 3 more beams by the workshop...

We spend the evening on and around the structure, locking away the sawing-machines, sorting the tools, cleaning-up... John H is a little stuck, afraid of any "divisive" action on our part, but he relaxes soon enough and willingly helps; so does Mangini, cheerfully...

***23-9-1979, Auroville:**

A wondrous red she-cat has appeared two days back and seeks to be adopted, but, seeing our Gauri's eyes, as if I had betrayed her, I feel too bad : she may not be as beautiful but she is ours, joined with us, while this new one is merely using of her seduction to get shelter! What to do?

We have all come for the concreting; it is joyful, until Piero comes and there is a marked change in the atmosphere...

... I feel hemmed in by the mental projections of a "logical development"; adversity is well marked, and there seems to be so little room left for Your Grace...!

I yearn to perceive an open present, towards a virgin future, offered to the Lord...

And it is painful to hear, to feel, to think those formations already made, those reactions and responses all set and ready to be enacted...

... At night I walked slowly back to Matrimandir: it is so incredibly beautiful and present... A presence which remains, I guess, still intangible to many, being at once so rapid and so still, discreet, like a power generating plant silently active; no artefact and yet such fullness...

The entire world is strained, contradictions are being faced all over the earth... and we do not understand that we still carry the seeds of them until we break through, not in an uncaring super realisation, but in a truer materiel position and awareness...

... Having lit the candles, we turn to each other, part the new shyness away and, gently, with much care, we meet again...

***24-9-1979, Auroville:**

We are doing a general clean-up of the site, split in two teams; the carpenters arrive and sit back in the store-room awhile; then, Joss and Cristl join them, and it all begins! G.M goes to them and requests them not to worsen the situation by imposing themselves; Joss replies "You cannot legally prevent me, but you can try to do so physically", provoking and evoking violence and at the same time making it clear that he has now joined the side of the legal owner of Auroville, the SAS, with all its rights... We realise then that Joss has brought more men along, mainly members of "integrated families", but also Ravi and Jayaram. And we soon see them all moving towards the structure.

We move quickly ahead of them, avoiding the trap of physical confrontation; but for once in my life, I do feel ready and willing to get to that if need be... G.M goes at once up onto the ramp and begins to remove the temporary planking, in one big burst of energy: it is brutal, but it is also beautiful, and I feel he is embraced in Matrimandir's arms as he throws the planks over the side... Andy and Phil help me to remove an entire ladder from the access tower...

By that time people from "Aspiration" and "Jaïma" have come to help, we remove all the other accesses, put away all the planks; we work all day. Till I find myself again squeezed into the French atmosphere - noisy, uncontrolled and yet irresistible...

When C.E and I return here at the end of the day, we are soothed and uplifted by the queenly radiance of the eve, the fields spreading the youth of their green all the way to the low hills in the distance, the living transparency of the air kissing the budding life all over in a sweet game of light and shade and colour - the delight of being here, come home, to its peace and welcoming secrecy, sheltered in Your Grace...

... I go to P.G, determined to see now that his leg heals; I clean it thoroughly, apply ointments, and ask him to give me 3 days of doctoring him and making it go right...

... We are paying for our mistakes, for our own little lies, taking the lesson of it.

Perhaps the first such "mistake" dates back to that time when Piero, prodded by SSJ, made the carpenters "Aurovilians", just so that they would remain at Matrimandir under his control...

... When I move upstairs for the night, I find that C.E has laid some tiny roses and some jasmines on my pillow...!

***25-9-1979, Auroville:**

The police arrive, two inspectors and a dozen constables. We answer their questions, clarify our position, letting them see "the other side", and we go on with our clean-up. Jyotiprem comes to tell me that it was not he who had called the police; we believe him. Later, when Piero comes, we all agree that we'll start dismantling all 4 wooden towers as well as the bottom platform, which are not needed for the work any more.

We learn that the SAS's intention is to bring their own engineers and take full charge.

I understand that, at this point, fear is our worse enemy...

***26-9-1979, Auroville:**

Meditating on those issues, I wonder: what of having to push out brothers, like D.S? Yet this would be only logical, since they are choosing to support the SAS, siding with it and endorsing its claims. But I can't! Therefore, if this is not viable, what then is the point of rejecting anyone?

Ideally everyone should be able to work at Matrimandir, even the worst "enemies", even the meanest people, even those who most distort Your work because, working for Matrimandir, they would be working for a true design and serve a true purpose...

I don't know...

I cannot be seriously "against" anyone... What is this pretence at purity anyway!?

Each of us is as mixed a milieu as the next one! I feel more truth with some, less with others, more at home with some, more alien with others, that is all; but my work and priority is to see in myself what resists, rejects or distorts the Truth and to offer it...

Yet there are people who actively seek to thwart Your Work and Action, there are those who wilfully lie, who want power and control... But I had always felt that Matrimandir's presence was capable of dissolving... opposition!

What can heal the cause of lie?

Perhaps it is Divine Love.

But we are not ready: we would all be shattered! What to do?

***27-9-1979, Auroville:**

There is a good energy at work this morning; we work on the towers till 10 am, when P.G calls me to join the Pour Tous meeting at the office. When I enter the packed room, he asks that I chair the meeting; I cannot refuse.

There is a rather poised atmosphere, sober. We go through the topics, collect the information... Just then the postman arrives with a registered letter addressed to Piero: sent by Guru Prasad of the SAS, it is a letter of a manager dismissing an employee for having failed in his duty, a most gross and ridiculous letter, as if this attempt at human unity, called "Auroville", was a business venture or a factory and they were in-charge of its running! They thereby dismiss Piero from his functions as architect and engineer on-site and demand that he hands over his house key within two weeks, or else...!

After the meeting has ended, some talk goes on by the office, and odd bits of information fall into place... The matter of tantrism is brought up again, as practiced by SSJ and people close to him; there is a rumour that a piece of land near Matrimandir has been offered to some of them... All this reminds me of several dreams and experiences I have had in the last few weeks, particularly of the "attack" I had right after I had met SSJ on the road: it had happened in my sleep, I had found myself stuck into a narrowing space, something alien entering my nerves

and a pressure was put on me that I must begin to repeat SSJ's name; I had wakened up from the sheer pain of it, all my nerves crying, and C.E. had had to give me some milk and to hold me for a long while... And this seems to be a typical tell-tale effect of certain uses of mantras...

This review is like cold water on the head.

What is the point, then, of searching for a common ground?

Yet there may also be the possibility that these people do this in "good faith", that is, with some self-serving justification, seeing us as some obscure beings obstructing the advent of truth... But then I wonder: are they so undeveloped within?

We work all afternoon on the towers, dismantling them beam by beam; a weird land wind has risen, hot and tiring... The police are stationed under the Banyan tree, the group of carpenters and company nearby; a full busload of tourists are looking at us as at some monkeys or acrobats...

***28-9-1979, Auroville:**

Mid-morning we are called down to meet the sub-Collector again. He had got "information" that we were planning to take over Bharat Nivas and wished to give it confirmed with us; we tell him that we hadn't even thought of it, but yes, why not in future... He laughs with us... This man is smart and quite fine; there is a sense of integrity about him...

This afternoon, exhausted from the nasty wind and feeling empty, wrapped in a sticky fog, I stay at home, weaving beads: Jacq comes: she is so straight in her movements... and I am not! I fear she may get attached, even though I have come to treasure our friendship... This shows me how proud I still am...

We learn that the Pondy police, following a case of theft and violence, has caught a man who confessed to having attacked both Christiane and Rhonda; he is part of an eight-member gang; we do not yet know if they were also responsible for the attack on Piero.

Tonight, I cleansed myself thoroughly. C.E, I found, is waiting for me very tenderly...

***29-9-1979, Auroville:**

We are at work on the towers, in the afternoon, when something happens that calls back all the unease of the previous days...: we see red Peter arrive, just back from Germany; both P.G and G.M dislike him and they start commenting on his relationship with "SSJ's group"; I become tense when I see that he is heading for our tower and climbing it... P.G talks to him straight, though, in a fair and humorous way, to explain to him how and why we must refuse access to anyone working with SSJ, for the time being; red Peter makes a visible effort then, and says that he wants to stay and work with us... But then Patrice goes down and G.M grumbles and... the whole thing strikes me as dishonest... I do not want to belong to any group!;, I do not want to judge anyone by their friends! I have more than enough with my own ego! I burst out at them, saying what I sense and what I refuse; everyone goes quiet. We soon leave. I walk down to the Nursery to gather a big bunch of flowers...

***30-9-1979, Auroville:**

Early this morning I felt like drafting a few lines in answer to that grotesque letter of dismissal sent by the SAS to Piero, as I have found the reply prepared by the Coop too complicated and too focussed on Piero.

... It is Sunday; I am pruning young trees in the garden here when Mangini comes to call me and P.G: Piero is meeting with the sub-Collector at Matrimandir and needs us. Several others are already there when we reach. There are a few Inspectors too. We are told that the man who had been arrested in Pondy has already escaped (or bribed his way out, most likely). Then the Collector himself arrives, a fat middle-aged babu, unctuous and well-spoken and clearly unsympathetic! The message that is then conveyed to us is that we are to slow down on our work of dismantling the towers, so as to give them time to find "a harmonious solution"... Under the niceties, there is a distinct threat; Valya, the sub-Collector, is obviously ill at ease... We ask politely whether a similar message is handed to the SAS...!

***1-10-1979, Auroville:**

At work today, I don't know how, I fell between two planks; I caught myself in time and there are only a few scratches on my leg and cheek, but the nervous shock remains... I feel contrary pressures almost constantly... And I realise that I am clinging, clinging to Matrimandir, clinging to things: a smallness of being, a lack of self-giving and of joy, a lack of trust in life itself, a lack of simplicity... That I must learn to let go, to open, to give...

***2-10-1979, Auroville:**

C.E has been brooding and resentful and darkly separate. I have given up on any attempt to reach him; yet I also think I may be unjust – I can't blame him for projecting his own difficulties on me; I do the same, I suppose...! The problem is that he requires seeing me as the antagonist, the barrier; that implies that he cannot trust me and, therefore, we cannot take it all in our stride, as our common work. The only way that seems to remain open is for me to understand, to accept the conditions without rejecting him: this has to be my contribution, rather than seeking a living reciprocity...

... Some good things are happening, though: yesterday we received a donation of Rs 56,000/- for Matrimandir!

... This evening, E.B comes to sit with me here for a while; she reveals to me a dream-experience she had years ago: she had seen herself as a young man, fighting me in a duel, some time in the 15th century in England, near the cathedral of Canterbury; and I killed her (him) and she saw herself abruptly leaving her (his) body and rising fast above the cathedral... I found this interesting; it corroborates an experience I also had, fleeting but vivid, of this very scene – of the duel -, while meeting once in her eyes an kind of rivalry, an antagonism, that had nothing to do with our present lives and the pattern of our relationship; but I had not seen that I had killed her (him)!

... Th has returned from Germany and it seems that he has chosen his "side"; I am apprehensive and sad about it; I have always liked him; this hurts!

... Satprem has sent us all a one-page quote of a text of Sri Aurobindo on the need to unite equality with the will to fight those who oppose the Work; it refers to Sri Krishna's injunction to Arjuna...

Yes, it is true, it is true...! But, Mother; has it ever worked?

It was not able to transform.

It may have helped the growth of consciousness, but it hasn't really changed anything, has it? There must be something more truly helpful and conscious that can CHANGE us...!

The schemes are drawn; the course of action is thus made legitimate. But I don't know. I cannot explain away my unease with the fears I may still have – fear of losing this place, fear of physical hardship... no! I can work through those fears! There is more! I offer it to You.

... C.E comes late to help with the night clean-up; then he turns to me and with a forced smile says that tonight he will sleep at the Camp... A kitten ready to jump, a fledgling trying its wings? Is he ready to meet Auroville on his own?

***3-10-1979, Auroville:**

C.E returned to the house. There is a harshness in him. And I too become negative.

***4-10-1979, Auroville:**

Rod has returned after an absence of over a year. He shares with us all, with his fine quality, his poise and his mental clarity, some of his experiences abroad – he even worked for six months in a nuclear plant! One feels he has been aware of Your Presence all along; but, as before, I am not quite comfortable around him...

I return home ahead of C.E and look at his journal... and now I am quite confused! At 7.45 am, just after we'd had – to me – a silent and uneasy breakfast together, he wrote that we'd just had an experience, the walls were dissolved, divine love came down, tears welled up in his eyes and every movement became an offering... Now – I don't know! – I become truly worried! In a sense I'm glad I took the step of reading his journal, but now: what to do? Oh, please, PUT in me the right movement! This is all I can pray for!

This afternoon, we were trying to determine with John H whether to let Th work in the workshop: as usual he is unable to pronounce one way or the other... Then Th himself arrives, his face all open and tender; he holds a board on which he has pasted various photographs of us all at Matrimandir... Somehow I get the sense that it is up to me to make the step and tell him straight that, as long as he supports the SAS and SSJ we have to prevent him from working at Matrimandir; that he can change this by materially withdrawing that support...

***5-10-1979, Auroville:**

This morning Shradhavan comes to us, speaking for Th as well as for herself, and asks us to allow them to work. We explain that, by receiving "Prosperity" from SSJ and the SAS, they actually support and endorse all the actions taken by the SAS. She asks what the conditions are. We answer: "to have no material contact whatsoever with the SAS". She says she will give her answer tomorrow and leaves, quietly...

***7-10-1979, Auroville:**

I indulge in one of my day-dreaming bouts... What sort of measures I'd like to take, should I be given the task of leading a country...! Of course, it would take at least 2 or 3 years to bring about any substantial change, and this period could be very upsetting for everyone; all the values would be unsettled and each individual, whatever the social status and standing, would be faced with a tremendous challenge, but it could work, couldn't it? There would be no theories, no justifying

systems, only acts of common sense on one hand, and things of intuition and perception on the other; I see for instance how both the police and the army could be used intensively to help reorganise the whole country...

... Mid-afternoon, Th and Duraiswamy arrive here to see me...! An incongruous pair, and a statement in itself; and a snare for me as well! With deep pathos, placing Your Name every second word, Th tells me about working all together, then hands me a letter from Shradhavan, in which she claims to be too concerned with the plight of the carpenters and the "integrated families" to make any step on her own; there is also her proposal for a better organisation of the work, with two foremen to supervise the work under Piero's direction, myself and Ruud, with D.S as a replacement... There, the test for my vanity!

I hand the statement back to Th, cutting him short; I point out to him that his arguments are not only gross and inaccurate – to say the least – and over-dramatised, but they are also insulting.

I guess he will not try again. He almost had me through my affective unclarity towards him...

Oh, I don't want to sleep any more! How rotten and disgusting this all is! And this is profiting from our being in transition: as we try to get rid of our ego, to surrender it, we get to be the preys of this corrupt idealism...!

I yearn for the translucency of a simple rivulet flowing among clean rocks, for the whiteness of a curling wave... I need silence and renewal!

... C.E has left some roses by my bed...

***8-10-1979, Auroville:**

Today a mason has come to begin work on C's house.

When I reach Matrimandir, I find this: the policemen are standing in ranks, wearing their helmets and holding their sticks; Jyotiprem stand before them, erect...

There is a humorous atmosphere all over the site, and the Inspector in-charge appears to share in it, with a kind of rough friendliness...

When Th comes and heads for the structure, we stop him. To our amazement, the Inspector intervenes and firmly asks him and the people of the SAS not to insist...

People from "Aspiration" have come now, there is quite a confusion, and a lot of jokes are made, and I feel uptight again. But we manage to keep on working through the morning.

... Today we helped Kiran and Jacq to move into the Camp, their room is ready.

***9-10-1979, Auroville:**

I am tired, depressed and ill-tempered. I have a headache. Jacq weirdly sits like a stone; Gl is too sweet... I don't find You anywhere, neither within myself nor in the others; I am fed up with this whole spiritual circus...!

... C.E is very optimistic about our relationship, saying it is reaching deeper and becoming truer... Perhaps I am just too thick! Perhaps he is right and it does not matter whether I am aware of it as long as I don't make any blunder... But what about conscious reciprocity? How about objectivity?

For instance he says that when I played at the harmonium this morning, it was vast and glorious... I do like to draw sounds out of this thing, but... I don't think there was such a... I don't know! It's just that everything is so damned subjective and we're all, everywhere, just a collection of mis-communicating realities, or unrealities! What is the way?

... P.G and G.M are working themselves up to address Kiran and challenge her claim that there must be "a better solution" to this conflict... In the evening I go and visit her and Jacq in the Camp and I try to clarify things for her, in the space allowed by our friendship; John H joins in...

***10-10-1979, Auroville:**

As I reach the workshop Kiran calls me sweetly. She tells me my talking to her has helped her to perceive more clearly, that something has changed in her and she thanks me... I am so scared of vanity; I want at once to offer it to you: "this is Yours, take it, please!"...

Mid-morning Th tries again to join the work; Andy and Bill call us down: Andy has been moved by Th's pleadings and suggests we let him work; this opens the whole discussion again! I feel there will be no end to this, so I move alone to the workshop and tell Th that, by insisting thus, he is pushing us to respond physically. The others come nearer; there is a strong influx of vital resistance in Th and everyone is white with the tension; but each one makes the effort to collect and concentrate oneself and be calm; we firmly lead him away, till he gives up, saying: "okay, we loose!".

But he has not understood, this is not about win or loose...!

There was for a moment the sense of a grace, of a concrete learning: that one could not cheat.

From a distance we see Th joining big J who is lying on a mat under the Banyan tree, near the policemen, in a kind of demonstration of her own, excitedly talking... The tension has gone from us, replaced by a sense of wonder, and the need not to pretend...

***13-10-1979, Auroville:**

As the morning goes, the fatigue increases. There are only just a few of us. It is discouraging again and again to be faced with so much work and so little participation... So seldom have I felt carried by a flow of energy, at Matrimandir; it has almost always been a tedious effort of drawing enough energy by sheer will-power, developing a capacity of perseverance or, more exactly, a kind of blind, stubborn obstinacy...!

... I have been trying to finish these beaded head-bands for P.G and G.M, their respective birthdays being tomorrow and day after, but it is a small struggle, there is a poor atmosphere around me, a kind of suffocation... But I finish it all during my night-watch (I had first to chase the police away!)...

***14-10-1979, Auroville:**

Sunday at home... Along with tea, Ven brings me a bunch of these golden spherical blooms, "Supramental Sun"; one of our trees has started flowering: this is such a vibrant perfection, so certain, so filled with promise...

Ramalingam comes, just to be together with me a moment; I'm glad he is able to be in Auroville again, without resentment; he is dear to me, with an echo within of past sharing, past strivings...

... I do not know any longer what it is that C.E wants. The time when I felt to give myself unreservedly seems now almost like the story of a dream... I do not know whether we can still make any progress.

At dinner, before the clean-up, I look at an issue of the "Auroville Lien" – they rather ought to call themselves the "Friends of the French Aurovilians"! – and I read the text of an interview with Satprem in which he passes on Your Mantra for everyone to use... This is still not clear to me, Mother! I had not trusted the way he had had it passed on to Auroville, in all that secrecy, with all that elitism, the whispered invitations to go to Luc's house... And now it is all in the open! And I am still unsure: is it valid for every person, for every body?

***15-10-1979, Auroville:**

There is so little joy left in our living together. I say to C.E that I feel like a transparent wall rising between our bond and this new indifference, or a distance that keeps filling with thoughts of separation; that I do not know any more how to break through it, when he does not appear to mind it...

... The task is huge and we are ridiculously few. It makes me flinch back, today: the waste, the misunderstandings, the absence...

P.G, Jacq and I go up: when we three are together, there is an interesting ground, a sort of positive alchemy, a basis for something else, each being effortlessly aware of each other's place.

At tea-break we all agree that we will use, for storing the wooden beams taken down from the towers, the shed where the carpenters nowadays spend the day-time playing cards, dozing and joking, all this inertia and dark weight becoming habitual, with the police hanging around day and night having nothing to do either... So, by 5 pm, when the carpenters have gone home, we begin tidying the area around the shed... and life's humour winks at us...! Bit by bit we discover, hidden and hoarded in every corner and cranny, a treasure of tools...! Like a surprise gift made with a great gentle irony... we find not only all the tools that had disappeared, but quite a few more, brand new! The police are bemused, till they begin to understand what is happening and to see the fun of it too!

***16-10-1979, Auroville:**

We have all become saturated with the ugliness of this situation which cannot honestly be ignored: this entire group of instrumentalised people, paid to merely sit there day after day; the police's continuous presence ; the loose waste around, the papers flying, the radios playing, the poor jokes, the hostility, the teases, the inertia... and no resolution in sight! We are about ready to take any action, out of sheer frustration...

So we are agreed that tomorrow morning we shall block the access to the area, and come what may...!

We managed to do good work today! Being upset sometimes helps; we have done in a few hours what might have taken a few days... I don't know about the yogic value, though!

... This evening I tried to tell P.G of an action I have felt we should initiate, from a deeper perspective: to call for a kind of truce, a moment of concentration for everyone to call, to offer, to present the entire question before You, an offering to the Force of Change... But he rejects it: never will he sit, he says, with such people! And this is my friend, who usually understands me! So that gives me the tune of the others' reactions to such an "idea": no point in trying!

... This question of "spiritual unity" is tricky and treacherous; everyone's ambition is solicited... In the evening P.G tells me that Sj has approached him and Jacq – I had specifically warned Sj not to get carried away – with a thick written proposal for

"reconciliation" with the SAS... Here is someone who, I am afraid, is likely to lose his balance...!

... Tonight I try again to talk with C.E: I admit that the way I have believed in complete sharing is not working; I ask that we try and find together the next step; even if that means to part from each other, we can still help one another in that... His response is a little more positive...

***17-10-1979, Auroville:**

A few of us have met early at Matrimandir. G.M and Marcia, P.G, Pas, and we move towards the hills in the Gardens and select a spot; it is funny, because we have really no idea how it is going to work out. A few others join us.

Then the carpenters begin to arrive, one by one and by different routes but, there is the thing: it IS a process, and it must happen in one spot, almost like hypnotism, or like a magnet... Fairly soon everyone, including the constables, has gathered on the hill...!

Once in the morning I go out, down to "Aspiration", to retrieve my parcel from the Post-Office; my copy of the Agenda 4 has come and I bring it back...

At some point the inspiration comes to us that we should move away suddenly, and we shift all the way back to the Banyan tree, and the police stays behind, preventing the carpenters from following...

Then the Inspector Thomas and his colleague come to meet us: they are quite taken by the humour of the whole scene and agree to issue orders so that the carpenters stay over there...

... It seems that the Coop members did not quite approve of our action; we sense a kind of moral reticence towards our "behaviour"... Later on, M.D comes to talk with us: there is some tension and he has obviously a "superiority" trouble, but what he has to say is interesting. He says that now is not the time to take further action regarding SSJ as new contacts are being established at different levels of officialdom towards an actual recognition of Auroville...

... Today is Dadu's birthday; there is a warm and generous feeling at dinner...

***18-10-1979, Auroville:**

Riding together, P.G tells me something that makes me ponder: he says that he often has to struggle with himself not to go away, not to leave Auroville; that he'd be so relieved to find a good pretext to go out for some time... And I sense that this is exactly what makes him so noisy, in such an extroverted manner, just as it used to make F.S noisy until he could find a justification for going out and leave for a while, released... While for me it is almost the opposite experience: I find that it is only here that I can breathe and feel at home! And somehow it makes me feel like withdrawing just a little, not relying so much on P.G any more, and also paying a little more attention to what I really sense, regardless of any influence, including that of friendship...

***19-10-1979, Auroville:**

I have had enough of this in-between, paralysing, simmering, unhealthy stand between C.E and I. We have to choose, one way or another. Do we trust our staying together enough to give it what it needs, or do we find it is now time to part and to move independently from each other...? When I talk to him, before work, I

see that he takes my impatience as another egoistic pressure on him, a claim... So I write it all down as clearly and briefly as I can and leave it by his bed...

... Mid-morning Valya, the sub-Collector, and the DSP come to meet us at the office. Valya tells us he wishes we had informed him before our little "action", as he himself has several times prevented the SAS from coming "en masse"; we explain ourselves as best we can and tell him that we have come to respect him and we appreciate his position and his concerns, but that this situation simply has to evolve and the issue must be faced...

Finally we agree that another place, away from the working-area, where a few carpenters can come and sit, will be found...

... I drive to Pondy to do all the "Deepawali" shopping and to get the medicines for Ar I stay a moment at the Samadhi and put my questions... And the impression I get is that it is better that C.E and I part; and that, regarding the more general matters, I am learning from the process...

Back home in the evening, the signs are that C.E has come to the conclusion he has to leave the house: he tells me later that he finds it a natural evolution; I understand, with an inner sadness; that he perhaps has never given as much value to our bond as I have, almost as if it had all been in spite of him. I understand too that my own experience of it overwhelming, the gifts I received through our relationship, the answer it gave to my own needs, the force of it all perhaps made him to share in it, but it was never founded in him in the same way... And out of my fear of losing him, I have blindly held on; and now that it is being undone, I am aware of a relief from a line of progression that was not central enough...

***20-10-1979, Auroville:**

I remember a little sentence You once wrote to Huta:

"It is the Lord who gives the friendships; it is the Lord who takes them back..."

C.E has moved to V's house – she has been staying in Pondy for some time –and he says he will only move to the Camp if she insists that she wants to move back in. There is sorrow in me, but there is also an ease, and the sense of a new stage in our lives opening.

A soft pressure has been there all day, reaching for the inner tears and deepening them, quietening, allowing me to offer...

***21-10-1979, Auroville:**

Everyone seems to be aware of our separation. When I see it in people's eyes, it makes it worse; the sympathy makes me feel swallowed in sadness. There is also a kind of fear: if I am now alone, it means some availability, and I am not yet able to have any contact that would be free of the possibility of desire, sexuality is so strong in me...

Sometimes I feel that the only way I can ever come out of this impasse is that You would send me my "shakti"; but I only half-believe in it... Of course, supposing there is a soul close to mine, in a woman's nature and body, beautiful, centred and awake, it could probably work things out for me...? What makes me doubt it, though, is that I have tended to identify within myself the two things, as if set there, the "shakti" side too...

What I must become able to do is to turn to the Lord, with real and complete sincerity, and say "Thy Will, Lord, Thy Will...!"

As it is, there are still those parts in me that ... keep to their different purposes!

***22-10-1979, Auroville:**

We started the work earlier today, and agreed to hire 3 men as watchmen for the entire area, to be coordinated with our own watch-duties...

... A small silly drama: V returns with her bags; C.E refuses to vacate her house, saying that this will teach her to know what she wants; P.G doesn't welcome her either; she has lunch with me; she rests; she is aware of her own unclarity, that she must sort it out in herself before she can really choose to be in Auroville; but she is sober and poised as regards her bond to me. The obvious logic of the situation would seem to dictate that she can now return to live with me, and to some extent this appears to be guiding her... But I feel the need, more than anything, to be alone for a while...

... Annappa wrote to me from his farm, a sad letter...

***23-10-1979, Auroville:**

As the rain keeps the few of us in the office, bits of news are shared. There are warnings from AB Patel about the SAS's intentions, in connection with some RSS fascist youth; there is the matter of Sj going out everyday to meet with the SAS people and getting circulars signed...

... I walked down to "Toujours Mieux" this afternoon to pick up Jacq's bike and met A.D who is here to see her daughter; she gave me news of Shradhalu: he has renounced his name and turned away from You; in her own face and eyes, there is a kind of fear and impoverishment...

... I appreciate the solitude, in the self-contained harmony of the house; it is full and vibrant... But most contacts are uncomfortable...

***25-10-1979, Auroville:**

J and G have returned to Auroville, after three years. This morning J surprises me at work; it is near, it is open.

***26-10-1979, Auroville:**

We have not been able to collect the cement in Madras, as the SAS has written to the dealer not to issue cement to "those unauthorised foreigners who claim to represent Matrimandir"... This is sick, and evil...!

P.G keeps reminding me that this is a war, we have these enemies and they treat us as such, it is only natural...! And I keep insisting, like a stubborn child, that we are not "against" anybody, we do not want to be anyone's enemy; we are struggling, striving, fighting FOR You, for Your Life to manifest here...!

But I can't help feeling sometimes that these people are like zombies, with the obstinacy of malevolent suckers, fed with the worst distortions of Your Truth... I would want, then, to stamp them like bugs...!

***27-10-1979, Auroville;**

J distracts us most of the morning with his projects on how to use the "Delta" wings he and G have brought with them, and telling us some of their experiences while they were gone. And G comes as well. And when our eyes meet, it is direct: it has never left me, it has never left him, this affection...

***28-10-1979, Auroville:**

I have read an interesting book on "Findhorn" and the relationship they have developed with Nature and its subtle entities...

I am reading Your Agenda... It is Sunday, I do my afternoon watch-duty at Matrimandir; E.B comes to sit with me awhile.

This evening V comes. We sit by the fire, quietly. There is tension in me due to the contradiction between openness to her and the inner perception that I must be and remain alone and not venture into another relationship, even one already known and intimate, at least for some time to come. This is like moving blindly through the thick of a forest, knowing that my true path lies beyond its limit, yet still attached to the known and experienced...

***29-10-1979, Auroville:**

Patricia has come back to work! That makes me happy! And both J and G have also joined and V also wants to come every morning: that gives us 4 more workers!

... There is constant unease about me, as if there was some opacity between where I stand at present and where I should stand truly, there is a weight dragging me or clinging to me; I'd like to punch a hole into that barrier...!

... I am seeking in myself the capacity to make an offering for Satprem's birthday tomorrow, as if to arrange some substance with my inner being that would be delightful to him... I feel so grateful for his very existence...

***30-10-1979, Auroville:**

At night tall G who is on duty at Matrimandir sends for us. Police has come and there is also a SAS car parked near the Banyan tree, Indra sitting in it, while several carpenters are posted around... Some "information" has gone to them that we intend to sell old used-up steel panels and some steel scraps collected in our clean-up, and they have come to prevent us from transporting it...

***31-10-1979, Auroville:**

This afternoon at the Samadhi, I watch for a long time an older man: he stands straight, meditating; he is very thin, with a noble face, but not imposing; he stands there as if he was under a vast arch of a great forest, drinking with his soul the sweet sounds of cascades and the songs of birds and the tremor of the high branches and the honey of the light filtering in, and he loves You, I can tell...!

But, in most of the others I can only see the knots and the difficulties, the dry struggle, unnatural, going on within them, or else imitations and mechanical devotions...

***1-11-1979, Auroville:**

This evening we joined the Coop members for a meeting with Valya, the sub-Collector, in the office. We're all quite fond of him now; he has become like a brother to us, even though he must still fulfil his duties; he is well aware that the SAS intends to continue harassing us by any means and he points at the actions it would be useless for us to take at present, while he suggest, through general

statements on various issues such as land-taxes, house-taxes, etc, what we could do in order to reinforce our position...

***2-11-1979, Auroville:**

The carpenters have lodged formal complaints with the Police against a whole bunch of us; I am of course on the list! It is agreed that Yus will go first and find what exactly we have to do...

It strikes me again that part of me is merely waiting, waiting for circumstances or for some pressures to make us progress and move forward and grow more conscious... And how wrong that is, this passive waiting...! One ought to be at every moment at the maximum of one's openness, giving oneself...!

***3-11-1979, Auroville:**

I may be looking more squarely now at sexuality; it is still very acute in me, but there is a slow movement of offering it, or perhaps just letting oneself be emptied of it... Rather than risking more confusion in my relationships, I have begun recently (after the separation with C.E) to practice self-relief, whenever the need is too dominant... But one question remains: am I to procreate once?

You know that I have often dreamt of, or wished for, a being who would be my daughter... But I do not yet know of any woman I would trust enough to do it with...

***9-11-1979, Auroville:**

I rains and rains... E.B has come with me to the house for lunch and rest. C has sent me the prints of my last photographs and I start arranging them in albums, E.B looking at them carefully; there are many of flowers and leaves, but quite a few striking portraits as well; E.B is fully appreciative of the shots of stones, of fire, of wild grass and weeds; she admires the portraits of Patricia; and then she sees her own face...: the way I usually shoot is precise and may seem pitiless, but these are, I think, beautiful pictures; yet they show her face very lined and torn by her own contradictory feelings, like an open book, and it is a blow to her pride, as she constantly dreams herself other than she is... She refuses it at first and wants me to destroy the prints. I try to explain what it means and shows and what she can do about it – beginning with trusting herself more... As I talk to her, she seems to open to the help and significance through the words...

***10-11-1979, Auroville:**

Between the showers, we pull down the rest of one tower, all of us pulling and hanging on the rope...

...John H tells us that Ruud has now realised he had been trapped in his own image of a "sadhak" and wants now to come back to us and resume work...

... These nights I have been sleeping for longer hours and my dreams are, it seems to me, more interesting, although I still cannot recollect them past a certain level.

The reading of Seth's last book helps me also, perhaps, to focus...

***11-11-1979, Auroville:**

There's been some trouble near "Certitude". Chris and B.B were first prevented from ploughing the fields by the SAS's hired gang; many of us then went to the spot, it calmed down and Chris started sowing the seeds; and again the SAS sent their men to plough it all back...!

***14-11-1979, Auroville:**

Returning at dawn from my watch-duty, I make a round of all the bunds. Most of them have held, this year; only two have given, and I find Tess already at work fixing them; the canyon is now in full spate, a speedy red torrent; the dam is undamaged...

... P.L has put a shortened version of my article in the AV News; Patricia also tells me that the Coop has been very positive about my draft of a collective letter that could be sent to the Central Government; and that Prem M has even declared he was ready to bring it personally to Karan Singh... perhaps one is stepping into the next phase of Auroville's growth...!?

***18-11-1979, Auroville:**

This afternoon we met in the office to work on and finalise the draft of the proposed letter to the Government. It is clear that the main thrust of it must convey that we do not seek to become the "owners" of Auroville – this would be nonsensical. What we do ask is that the Government of India holds the land of Auroville in trust before all the nations and people of the earth and stands guarantor that it will remain at the disposal of all those who feel called to serve the purposes of Auroville according to its Charter. There would be no need of legal ownership; the land and assets would be protected within safe boundaries and the Aurovilians would collaborate with the Government according to terms to be mutually defined regarding admission, projects and, generally, all relationships to "outside" agencies...

This letter would be addressed to the Minister for Education, with copies to the President and the Prime Minister as well as to UNESCO, to centres abroad and other friendly organisations...

***20-11-1979, Auroville:**

Savitra comes to ask whether he could stay here with me while he finishes his book – he had once done a lot of writing; staying with me in the old hut; but this space is not meant for two separate individuals, it is more for a couple or for two friends who choose to share the daily life. Yet I must stand by my principle of hospitality, so I offer him to spend as much of the day-time as he wishes, so he can do his writing in an atmosphere he likes...

... Krishna my love comes and spends the afternoon here with me...

... P.G and I have become interested in Garaudy: he seems to be a good promise for France...!

... The new pump-motor has come: this time the company has given us a Crompton...!

***21-11-1979, Auroville:**

Without any "personal" reasons I can trace, I find myself empty of energy, as if I had become lazy... I work with the others – these days Arjun is also coming regularly -, but I feel almost uninvolved; perhaps it is the magnitude of the work that arrests me, and the worry: the concrete must not remain exposed the way it is now, completion of the sphere must be speeded up, but... we are just so few!

... There is a movement towards purity, but, more and more, purity means to me a sense of wholeness, and cleanliness – not in the moral sense but in the sense of cohesion, of unified, wholesome response, free from tension, keeping nothing suppressed or hidden away...

Sometimes, the fact of inner awareness combined with that of my inability to "live", makes me turn toward a condition more like that of an ocean, inhabited with a gaze – a deep, endless gaze...

There is this constant struggle between the belief in linear time, the limits of physical time, its duration and the inevitability of the wasting away, and the sense of the timeless, or time-transcending power of consciousness... There is a groping for the way, the material way...

***22-11-1979, Auroville:**

At the PT meeting in the office, Prem reads the final version of the letter. He has "indianised" it a bit and "adjusted" it, so that it has, it seems to me, lost some of its force and charge, but the main trend is there; I guess it is alright...

The SAS has been patrolling across the plateau and its people have been collecting, forcefully, whatever tools they could seize from workers hired by us to make bunds. The intent is obvious: to provoke a physical response, so that they would have more leverage...

***24-11-1979, Auroville:**

Yesterday Rakhil has brought a very large photograph of Sri Aurobindo that has been placed in the office.

It goes on raining and no work is possible on the structure.

... It seems to be a fact that human stuff; left to itself, will never aspire to anything else; it is satisfied with routine, with small greeds and small needs and a small use of little energy; it needs shocks, it needs pressure, it needs adversity...

***25-11-1979, Auroville:**

... Sunday, near the fire; wind-lashed rains; Krishna comes, Ramalingam comes...

P.G tells me that the "Aspiration" people have refused to sign the letter, saying it is not the time to issue such a statement, one must rather wait till another Government comes into power...

***27-11-1979, Auroville:**

I had three consecutive nightmares last night.

In the first one V sexually assaulted me and, once satisfied, began to sing like a sort of sick child, weird...

In the second one, I was trying to help Shradhalu to come out of his negative condition and he was responding for a while; but then I made a gesture which released an energy that had been hidden... And this turns into the last and most striking "dream": this energy takes on the form of a monstrous insect spreading itself huge, made of so many jaws with metallic-like teeth all over its body, moving at a very high speed and breaking down the nervous system... And, as it comes to me, I realise it is... H! This comes from H...! And the shock of it wakes me up...!

This last is very puzzling. Is it connected to tantrism?

I am sure that I have never associated H, in my mind, with any such ugly entity; and I have not thought or even heard of him for quite some time. What then is all this?

I did the watch for the second part of the night; it rained much of the time...

In the morning I have a heavy scene with Piero: he refuses to give the drawings I had asked him for the work of the new carpenter, Vellapani, and insists that we must keep to the casting work so as to use up all the cement as per his applications; that we must make it look as if we have used the cement exactly the way we declared we would. When I say that I believe it is always better to tell the truth and to hide nothing from anyone, whatever the consequences may be (and there is nothing to hide, we are here to build Auroville and must take care of everything), he gets very upset...

... Noh is sad and tired and has only served some bread and jam for lunch; she complains of the lack of participation. I suggest to her to simplify and not to depend so much on others... till she smiles and laughs again...

This evening the air is crystal-clear and the light is a feast.

V is staying in the house for a few days; she behaves as if she knows that her place is here with me, but will not press for it... Yet I do not have that sense, not now, or not yet...

P.G comes and we talk more about the collective matters; I represent to him the sense of initiating services – for instance, that permits for cement should be sought on the basis of a service for all the works...

***28-11-1979, Auroville:**

I have this question to You – it has been there for long and surges up now and then; I can formulate it approximately: "What is really possible, in this the Lord's world, as a relationship with You...? How can all of us and each of us at the same time have a true and unique relationship with You, each of us uniquely and all of us harmoniously, AT THE SAME TIME? Is this not beyond the reach of physical possibility? Is this not partly the reason why You had to withdraw?"...

These are questions behind questions...

With it I kneel at the Samadhi.

And this is what I feel: the first thing is to be related strongly, firmly and unwaveringly, to the Force...

And then, once that base is established, there would be moments given when physical contact could be expressed, in plenitude, with the absoluteness of the relationship.

And thus the true hierarchy would occur naturally, each one being guided and moved by the rhythm and breath of the Force...

In It is the intensity of That Love...

And I also got the sense of how imperative it is to be rid of any sense of "I-ness", that nothing in oneself derives any self-importance from the experience of the Force...

... Today I could have several times a taste of a fullness and freedom past and beyond sexuality, freer and fuller than sexuality itself... One tends to be afraid of becoming dry and downcast, but, on the contrary, it allows for a much richer play of vibrations...

***29-11-1979, Auroville:**

I remember a little more easily, nowadays, the different kinds of activity I have in my sleep. In one part, last night, I again saw H: we were all gathered in a large meeting; a young boy was chairing; H came in, sat and wanted to speak, to give some explanation; but the fact that he was wearing a golden SAS symbol on his wrist made everybody upset and most people wanted to throw him out... I would have let him speak, though!

Another activity involved V again; we were visiting a very beautiful place, on top of a high cliff; the access path I was following was quite difficult and I had to carry V on my shoulders, but it was so beautiful; then as we approach, we see that the others – we were a group before – are already there, having found a much easier route; as we step down some stairs cut into the rock, V becomes C...

In a last activity, I am undergoing a sleep-cure and friends are looking after me; in this place there is a kind of oven-like thing, enormous, that sends formidable heat down long, long ducts to a far place where things are melted and transformed, and I become apprehensive because at some point I "see" that some of the screws or rivets are not tight...

... It is only this afternoon that I learn of C.E's accident this morning at Matrimandir: he fell from the base of a tower down into the pit, not a great height, but he got two deep wounds, in one thigh and one arm, that had to be stitched in Jipmer, and he will have to stay immobile for a few days. This I learn from Jacq and Kiran who were on their way to visit him. Why did no one tell me? I send a message with them, as I must go and prepare the dinner with Phil.

Later Jacq brings me his answer: he is alright, I must not worry, it is not too bad, and we are together more than ever... Perhaps he is more psychically aware than I am...? But I am a little angry: he has stubbornly wanted to work on his own...

Seeing how anxious I am, Jacq and Kiran gently tease me...

***30-11-1979, Auroville:**

Early this morning C.E sent me a message through Nat that he needed me to change his bandages. I stay with him to attend to his wounds, on my way to work. The tear on his thigh has been brutal, and may leave a strong scar; there are about 9 stitches on it. Besides the stitched wound on his arm, there are several minor cuts and a lot of bruises. It takes me an hour to clean and bandage it all. He tells me that he had not even been aware of falling: he just all of a sudden found himself in the water of the pit and got up at once...! (His disregard for minimal safety had always made it difficult to work with him in a team...) He seems to be happy that I came and took care.

... Piero has finally brought me the drawings for the shuttering of the circular beam; he has now decided to give away most of the cement to "Jaïma": that is a relief!

... Today we have called Meenakshi to help us translate with the villagers who still want to use the amphitheatre as drying and threshing grounds for their crops: it has grown out of proportion, particularly as they have also taken to graze all their cattle around Matrimandir and it has become unmanageable... It becomes apparent that they have no wish for a solution to which we could also agree; but when they are told that the Collector may be called in, they seem to be impressed enough to reconsider.

... The news is confirmed that our new carpenter has indeed joined the "enemy" and is now itself sitting with them... This is all like ashes in the mouth...!

***1-12-1979, Auroville:**

At noon, emptying my pockets after the work, I find a good-size yellow live scorpion! It must have spent the whole morning there!

I feel the need to write to Satprem. It is slowly formulating itself – about this letter we had wished to send to the Government and this whole question of “timing”: who is to judge, and on what basis, when the time is “right”... I put it on paper during my afternoon watch...

***2-12-1979, Auroville:**

My foot is so swollen and painful, I can hardly walk. It is puzzling. Yel prepares a poultice of crushed neem leaves; I clean up the house, then, and I am late for C.E’s bandages...

Amma came and began to lament when she saw my foot...

... J.G came by to study with me the structure for the roof of C’s house, so we can have a blue-print and apply for the cement; he also showed me his latest study for the city area, it is interesting... In it there is a kind of residential garden, a crescent-like feature that corresponds on the map to our place here, just as it had earlier been projected when I started work here...

... Narayana’s two daughters are here on vacation: every time I see Lily, growing and maturing, I find her more interesting, with more depth to her...

***3-12-1979, Auroville:**

I have limped over to work. Late morning, we all have a meeting in the office, agreeing that we must have one every Monday to see all the works: there are Narad, Piero, Yus, Myrtle, John H, Sally, Bill S, G, Phil, P.G, G.M, Marcia, F.Gr, J, Jacq... We have a little clash while discussing the Gardens, as F.Gr is willing to take some responsibility this coming year: there is talk of demolishing the built slopes of the cone of the Urn and replace them with grass and I firmly object, on the principle that it is absurd to destroy anything and seeing that the eagerness to do so only shows that we are not centred and do not have the right attitude yet... For I have watched people doing just that, or wanting to do just that, demolish, destroy, and I feel it is wrong... But there is a general openness for the possibility of further landscaping and planting wherever the land is available without getting too inhibited by plans and designs that are too abstract and rigid for us to agree on...

... This afternoon, P.L called us to gather at the Camp for an “interview” on Matrimandir which he wants to publish in the Review; it is interesting to see how each one responds; I see once more how G.M’s and my own experience of Matrimandir are deeply united; Piero is... equal to himself, a strange mind...! And there and then he shows us another letter from the SAS he has just received, one more intimation to surrender and return to the good path and be forgiven...!It would make anybody else laugh, I believe, but it does affect him!

... My foot is getting huge, it is awful; there is no pus, but a light liquid oozing and the skin is bubbling and blistering, it looks more like poisoning than an infection...

... V has come back to stay here another few days...

***5-12-1979, Auroville:**

C.E’s wounds are healing well; it may be possible to have the stitches removed tomorrow. My foot is returning gradually to its normal size, but there is a strange blood clot.

... J.P has come to confirm that I do object to the setting of telephone poles all over Auroville; I explain that I have nothing against "modern technology" and do not expect that we'll have mastered telepathy so soon, but that I see no need to imprint Auroville with these big ugly cement poles and thick overhead cables when, in a few years time, it may become possible to lay invisible underground cabling... He wants that we issue a common statement...

... In the office I find G helping F.Gr laying a protective coat over his model for the Gardens; I ask a few questions; I yearn for something which I have not yet quite met in any of those who have delved into this work... F.Gr, like most of the others so far, refuses any defined over-all pattern, seeing any definition as a crippling limitation, and I feel sorry about it. It reminds me of all the resistances and projections one had to repel so that the inner Chamber could be done as You had actually described it... No one seems yet able to receive gratefully ALL the indications You have given and respect them as definitions and boundaries, charged by You with true meaning, within which one could then draw from an inexhaustible source of creativity... Instead, everyone seems to be imposing another vision, arbitrarily selecting from all that You have said and wished for... We are not mature enough...

I would like to find someone with whom to assemble ALL You have said about the Gardens at one time or another, incorporate what has actually been already done on the ground and see how it can all harmonise; and then, from that basic simple organisation, to allow ourselves to be creative.

There are three elements in this, which must be mutually attuned: there is the higher consciousness that is to manifest in forms, here; there is the consciousness within Nature, that will materialise these forms; and there is our consecration, creativity and care...

I feel the NEED to do what YOU wish.

For instance, no one here at present even considers the possibility of a place for Huta. Yet one has to, simply because You have promised it to her; and that is sacred. One thing alone could annul that promise: that Huta herself would choose to withdraw out of a clear inner urge – which she has not done. On the contrary, she has been most faithful, persevering and attentive and she has known to support Auroville. Yet, were I to say this openly, I would incur all kinds of sarcasm, scorn and contempt or, at best, sheer indifference...!

... I take V back to Pondy in the afternoon; it is quiet and harmonious between us. She asks me when she can come again; I can only commit to this rhythm of two days a week, for now, and she seems to understand and accept it well. Where it leads, I don't know...

***6-12-1979, Auroville:**

At the PT meeting, Dee and Dennis report on their visit to "Findhorn". It seems to be, depressingly, the same everywhere, here included: groups clashing, conflicts between individuals and groups, not practicing what one preaches...Five of us met with the President yesterday, while he was touring Pondy; various reports... The same ill plaguing us: lack of commitment...!

... Once everything is set for dinner, I leave Phil do the serving and cycle down to the Nursery to meet with Narad and M.H; Krishna accompanies me part of the way – whenever he is with me, happy, I feel a fullness, real, right...

I tell Narad and M.H how I feel one should proceed regarding the Gardens of Matrimandir, what one ought to try, regardless of any "position" or opposition: to collect ALL You have said at different times and to different people... I find them to

be quite keenly aware of all the obstacles and conflicts! In Narad I find a sort of rigid mental orthodoxy, while M.H seems to be much more plastic and directly intuitive, without ever losing the key-points, more psychic and more perceptive than he is despite his emotionalism...

***7-12-1979, Auroville:**

Savitra has started today to settle himself in the big room and do his writing...

***8-12-1979, Auroville:**

I am too extreme. As I cannot bear anymore all this useless talk, this endless verbiage, this noise we make, this incontinence, I withdraw; and I withdraw too much and with too much feeling; and then I am stuck! I don't know anymore how to share, how to rejoin the others...!

My own lack of consecration glares at me most painfully!

It is ten years of this life since I first saw You!

***10-12-1979, Auroville:**

Emerging from my afternoon nap, I find that V has returned... Savitra is at work... I spend the afternoon working quietly with the trees, seeing the mason's work, feeling grateful for the harmony that is rising along with this new house for C.

V goes to see C.E and when she comes back, she is holding a painting he has just finished, the most beautiful and dense he has ever made, I think, incredibly rich and luminous...

***11-12-1979, Auroville:**

The postman brings us a bundle of registered letters from the SAS, addressed to each of us by name. They list all the points that make us undesirables here: not obeying them, nor respecting them as the owners of the land and the holders of the Auroville Project... and we are asked to explain in writing, within ten days, why we should not be expelled from the country... I tear off mine at once...

... We talk about Iran: both P.G and I have been very moved by Bani Sadr's intervention, by sincerity in it...

***12-12-1979, Auroville:**

Annappa, my dear Annappa, has come! He has brought two friends. He tells me of his new life on his farm with his wife and their two children... I insist that he must come every month for a few days and he seems to see the good sense of it... V takes care of everybody, and her assuming this role so naturally makes it kind of official, yet... I still do not know!

... V and I have a late lunch in Pondy, at "La Maison"... Not far from us, H is seated with his eyes closed; I first feel that there is a possibility of friendship there; then I become aware of a certain influence acting on the way I feel, on my sense of security in my experience of things and of contacts, as if it all became distinct, even alien, to the point of dissociation; it is a subtle movement, most difficult to put into words...

... I walk down to the sea and sit there on the low wall, at my usual place, watching the waves and the sky, the dark dense masses of clouds arriving slowly from the

horizon, led by great slow silent whirls of smoky shapes intermingling, advancing into the empty sky, the sea intensifying its colour, with white rearings here and there and white bright fish leaping out in flashes, white and brown birds playing the evening, in and out, in and out... V joins me... I experience the extreme joy to be in the body, whole, materially situated, the sweet delight of it... There is a perception of a dimension of natural awareness that would allow beings and forces to play consciously, in offering, a delightful and meaningful continuum of being embracing all forces manifest...

... We meet with Krishna and Annappa: a good moment of tranquil tenderness...

When I ride back, alone, my body is buoyed with that joy that is filled with gratitude... and I realise how slight are the movements that can draw me back into the condition where difficulties become again so dense and slow to work through, where judgements occur and formations weigh and obstruct...

***13-12-1979, Auroville:**

When I reached Matrimandir, early this morning, I found the carpenters all squatting near the structure. But, as the PT meeting was to take place in "Aspiration", Jacq and I decided to leave it...

We all meet in "Last School" – this building is quite overwhelming, a rhythmic breathing form wedded to the light... it is a pity that these buildings have been so neglected, but Bhaga now seems determined to save at least this one... At once I tell Prem about the carpenters' move and ask him to inform Valya on the phone and find out the position...

***14-12-1979, Auroville:**

About half an hour after we've started work, Ed calls up to us that all the carpenters are on their way, dressed in white. We rush down and split in two teams to block their access, between the Banyan tree and the workshop. The provocation is obvious. One of the carpenters slaps Dor on the arm; G.M who is right hear her, reacts at once, butting his head into the fellow's head, like a bull retaliating, it is just funny! Slowly, as if reluctantly – perhaps bribed already or hoping to be – the constables walk over... Jacq meanwhile has run to fetch her bike, she rides in and picks me up and we drive to "Auromodel" to ask Prem to ring up Valya.

Perhaps because I was up for my night-watch, I feel as if it is all a dream... The police have finally halted the carpenters and the Inspector Thomas arrives later with a few more constables, lying to us as usual, but ordering the carpenters, in the end, to go back to their appointed station in the hills!

... Prem has come over here; he was not able to contact Valya. Savitra is here already, writing; we three sit together awhile, it is an occasion for Prem to see the house and to "relax"...

... At J.G's desk I read through the correspondence between Jeffrey Cook and the "Aurofuture"'s staff, and I am impressed: this man seems to be very perceptive and finely balanced... J.G shows me his studies for C's roof, I like it; it fulfils my requirements...

***15-12-1979, Auroville:**

It takes me longer, every morning, to write down my dreams... When R comes to pick up the money for the "Envelopes", I tell him of the proposal I want to present : that each person who receives funds for building an individual house puts a percentage of it into a special fund reserved for the construction of housing units for those who have no personal resources...

At Matrimandir there is today a quiet and positive atmosphere of active and purposeful energy... Arjun brings me... a letter from Satprem...!

At noon, I also receive a letter from Jane Roberts. I keep both letters unopened until I have come home.

Jane Roberts's is frustrating: it is cordial and friendly, but also dismissive; she says she has no time to look into Auroville with Seth... Perhaps their work is only concerned with America?

Satprem writes:

« Le 11-12-79, Divakar, Les forces qui vous assaillent à Auroville et celles qui assaillent l'Inde vraie sont en train de s'écrouler – elles vacillent ailleurs aussi. La transition sera peut-être bien chaotique. Auroville est un symbole du reste. Le monde est en train de passer dans une nouvelle ère, on l'a assez dit. Ecrire des 'lettres' aux vieux monuments croulants ? Je crois que c'est très bon pour vous, si vous êtes tous d'accord. Mais l'important est cet accord. Et dans le chaos des consciences, ce seul Phare – il n'y a que ça qui peut traverser. Si Auroville veut vivre CA, c'est la meilleure aide qu'elle puisse apporter au monde et la meilleure façon d'accélérer le mouvement de libération. Cette pureté d'aspiration, cette sincérité d'aspiration, cette flamme simple, pure, que l'on promène partout avec soi, c'est ça qui traverse tout. Avec vous. Satprem »

Satprem's answer leaves me, as usual, dissatisfied! He keeps saying about the falling apart and the chaos... I don't know: I feel that You and Sri Aurobindo always work with means and forces that are inevitably harmonious, that You seek always to establish a new balance, a new equilibrium of the world forces... Perhaps I tend to relate Satprem's words to the old apocalyptic trend, which I dislike and distrust; perhaps he means it differently. But I feel You would have answered my question more directly... Yet I am happy anyway at his answering at all, because of the love I feel for him...

***16-12-1979, Auroville:**

Both J.G and H came to work with me on the reinforcement pattern for the roof of C's house and, with H's suggestions, it gets further simplified...

...G.M and Marcia come in with their lunches through one door; P.G enters through the other door...

... I had another striking dream of H: I am cleaning "my house", but it is another house, which is at once a garden and a house; bushes are "objects", immobile yet growing; I am at the same time steward and master of the place; I have to go out for a moment, perhaps looking for a missing piece of a "mah-jong" set; when I come back in, I find a huge cobra, extremely beautiful, brown and golden, lustrous, coiled and still; after the initial shock of surprise, I concentrate so as not to send any vibration, and slowly I move around it; and I realise then that the cobra is resting on the head and shoulders of someone standing there; I turn full circle and I see that it is a man, dressed with a black mantle, and this man is H; he had come in to pray and offer his pranam before a photograph of You and Sri Aurobindo which I have there; on the other side of his breast a cat is also resting... This gives me somehow the measure of his progress in tantrism; I feel no fear but an odd mixture of disgust and admiration, along with respect for his path; I can also feel that there is no aggression in the act of entering the house to pray, but rather a strong confidence, and it is alright...

These dreams are very charged, not exactly vitally but, I think, more in the way of the subtle physical. But the thing is; I cannot be absolutely sure it is actually H... I do not know enough!

***17-12-1979, Auroville:**

We are all at work; some of us up on the structure, when we see the entire carpenters' crew cycling over at full speed. We laugh: it is too late to stop them; they've got us this time!

A moment later, behind them, come the Inspectors and some constables in a jeep, who have obviously been bribed not to follow Valya's instructions. They all gather under the Banyan tree...

I get the idea: I consult with G.M, we all go down and each of us takes one of their cycles and carry them on our shoulders back to the hills...

The Inspector Thomas comes to us; I burst at him, asking him whether he is working with the

SAS and calling him a liar; Arjun stops me from going further, while G.M is very pleased!

Finally the police drive the carpenters away and some helmeted constables remain at the Banyan tree and we go back to work...

Later we collect in the office and have our Monday meeting: we have received from Bombay a letter that refers to offerings being withheld by Madanlal; solutions are needed for Ponnu, for Mangini, for Narayanswamy and Kanyappan – I seem to be the only one to support Mangini!; a proposal for solar cells has come, in connection to the discs design for the sphere covering...

***18-12-1979, Auroville:**

Last night, in one of my activities, I gave birth to a baby boy! And, as the day grew, in the dream, the boy developed and became a spiritual man, with a powerful sense of authority about him... There was some deep recognition between us...

... We are all waiting for Valya to arrive with the DSP; Piero shows us a letter he has prepared for the Police: it is so far the most stupid letter I have seen for, in it, he is twisting every fact to make it appear as he thinks it should... It takes all the persuasion of Jacq, P.G, G.M and I to make him see there is simply no way he can give this letter in our name...

When Valya and the DSP do arrive, it becomes even more confused - there are all those legal issues, complaints and cases and stays -, till Valya's message comes through: he cannot hold the SAS back any longer, unless we make an appeal for a stay-order; otherwise, things may escalate and either the Police will have to take over the site fully or we'll all be arrested...

It is all very depressing...

It seems that we do not fulfil the conditions to be able to receive Your Guidance...

***19-12-1979, Auroville:**

The whole day I am thinking of drafting a statement we could all support and stand behind. V understands it and is very encouraging.

After parting from her in Pondy I go and sit in the Ashram library for a while, reading an old article of Sri Aurobindo on "Boycott": such a straight, luminous and healthy statement! I feel quite revigorated by it!

Later, kneeling at the Samadhi, seeking some indication, I get a sense of a very fine, gentle humour, of a smile, as if saying there might come an unexpected turn of events...

... Jacq has received some French cheese and she and P.G have decided to call a whole bunch of us at the house here, after dinner, to partake of it! It is fun to see all these people gathered in the house, suddenly, even C.E has come, for... cheese!

***20-12-1979, Auroville:**

After the PT meeting, I ask Diane to open a "Construction Fund", to which I would contribute immediately, to start it; I also ask her to bring me the tapes of the next Agenda from A.I.B...

Yus has gone to Tindivanam to try to get a stay-order; he returns a little dejected; everyone he has met there seemed to have been brain-washed or bribed already... We agree to gather in the office after dinner...

... About a dozen of us are there: M.D, Savitra, GI and Piero, Phil, Bill S, John H, P.G, G.M, Dor, Yus, Ruud, Marcia, Jacq... The choice that seems to be left to us is to either let the carpenters and all the SAS agents enter the area unrestricted again, or to stop them once more and be arrested, without bail... Moreover, if more of us persist in this direction, the Police will then have to fully take over the site and no one will be allowed in...

G.M voices the choice that most of us seem to be leaning for: that Prem and Yus first try our luck at the Madras High Court tomorrow, although there is little hope of any success there and, failing that, we will stop the carpenters, get arrested for it, and come what may...! But, even though I will stand by G.M and go along with it, this wouldn't be my choice; my choice today would be not to give in but not to pursue any contact with the police either, or with any of the officials or legal agents but, instead, to broadcast everywhere, in the country as well as abroad, our position and the reasons for it, with a clear statement of what Auroville needs...

***22-12-1979, Auroville:**

As expected, Yus has failed in Madras. So, as we all say with a good laugh, we now have only You...!

There have been several small "accidents" lately, such as Phil getting his fingers in the sawing-machine...

... Diane comes, with her children, to bring me the Agenda tapes; the communication is good with her...

Jacq and Kiran gave returned from Pondy with armfuls of gifts for Christmas; they want to bake a huge cake as well...

***24-12-1979, Auroville:**

The 4 of us walk over to the Kitchen in the evening; it is fully lit with a hundred candles, everyone is dressed-up; Jacq and Kiran are calling names and distributing presents, there's hand-clapping... and all the demonstrations I most dislike in "collective life", but I can't run away, these are my people! I swallow it all, cake and sweets included, I can't always be a loner... People start leaving and Jacq and Kiran join us and it is calm again and one can enjoy the jewelled flickers of the tiny candles and all the ornaments and the myriad of flowers...

... Every time V comes, she seems to be more determined to share my life, but... I still do not know! P.G has now decided to move to the Camp and has offered the hut to her... We'll see...

***25-12-1979, Auroville:**

I have finished writing the report on the carpenters' issue. (Everyone had agreed that I should prepare it). I type it up in the evening, and I wonder about objectivity, about honesty, about "sides", and whether such a report can serve any true purpose at all...

P.G is insisting heavily that both G.M and I must attend the Coop meeting tomorrow to express how we feel, together, about any further legal action, and about the need to collect and gather more consciously all our energies around Matrimandir, as the best, safest and surest "action"...

... Today I learnt that Patricia has gone to the States! She hadn't told anyone of us! This is not easy; her going away weighs in the balance of things here...

***26-12-1979, Auroville:**

This afternoon P.E comes, on my request, to help me finalise the details for the roof of C's house; he gives me good technical advice; it is interesting and friendly; yet I find his physical atmosphere confused, almost unclean and it lingers with me a while after he has left...

... We all meet again in the office after dinner. A few more have come this time, such as Marc A, Ed, Noh, Toine... There is good humour, but for a peculiar heaviness of mind in Rod... The general trend of agreement is that, for the sake of clarity, we must prepare a comprehensive dossier, including all relevant reports and documents on the one hand, but also all such essential elements as the Charter of Auroville, and key-messages and statements of Yours, along with available evidence of betrayal of these basic tenets and laws of Auroville on the part of the SAS and its supporters. And this dossier should be constituted in such a way as to be self-explanatory. We also agree to try and obtain a reconsideration of the case in the Court on the 5th, yet not to worry if that fails too...

***27-12-1979, Auroville:**

16 of us were supposed to show up and sign at the Police Station to day. We ride down there on several bikes, like a raid - to maintain our reputé -; it is fun, but all in vain; the Inspectors had gone away and nothing could be done. This is the absurdity and the grace of India, where everything seems possible at every moment, the best and the worst alike...! We by ourselves put our names on a blank sheet of paper and leave it there...

***29-12-1979, Auroville:**

Russia has sent 10.000 troops to Afghanistan; toppled Amin's Government, sentenced him to death and killed him! It has also declared its support to Iran against the US. What next?

I still remember all the dreams I had earlier this year about Iran! What shall I dream now?

I feel that Russia needs a second revolution; these old mummies at the top have to be taken off their marble pedestals...!

... I am reading "Dialogues avec l' Ange"...

... I dreamt of Sri Aurobindo, steering peoples and movements, containing their effects into one inevitable direction, the growth of the awareness needed for the next collective step for the whole earth...

***30-12-1979, Auroville:**

C.E surprises me at noon. Yet it is fitting, as I had dreamt of him last night, of us naked. He wants me to come inside the house; he says he will make another embroidery for me; we meet, slowly, with much care and the tender wish to relieve each other...

***31-12-1979, Auroville:**

This morning, M.D brings us the work he has done. He has been able to put together most of the elements we had agreed should together form the comprehensive document we wish to have ready for our communications. I find it excellent, flowing and precise and quite complete. There are some unnecessary and tedious comments made by some of us, but in the end we manage to all welcome it.

... The matter of the amphitheatre is raised again; F.Gr and Piero's respective positions are stated once more. The issue goes deeper, of course: what we must find, eventually, is the place, the inner place, wherein conception and action are both secure in Your Sense and one with Your living Will... We decide to give it some time, a week, to try and see more clearly. We are only one of the terms and; as such, what is required of us is transparency, honesty and... living souls!

... Late afternoon we all go to thoroughly clean and broom the amphitheatre for tomorrow' dawn; Cl and Martandar join us happily...!

Towards dusk we see a group of visitors led by... Madanlal! As Madanlal walks nearer to the structure, Jacq, P.G and I overtake him and tell him, very quietly but directly that, as he has now joined the SAS, we can no longer recognise his work. Here is a man of great personal value, who yet could not take a firm stand for Matrimandir, who could not be clear enough to remain free from these influences that seek to control and to "own"...

... Quite often today, from some wakeful inner vigilance, I picked on my own vanity – not from a forced mental decision – and it was good...!

There is a secret! The wise don't know it; the careless don't know it; those who criticise, those who resent, those who are bitter don't know it... And yet it exists and it is our Guide...

***Note:**

This is what I would have wanted to happen, in this year of 1979.

That everyone, "friend" or "enemy", everyone who has ever pledged themselves to You, gather in one place, silently, freely, for a moment of consecrated offering to You, whatever has already happened, whatever may happen, whatever will happen...

The invitation was formulated thus:

"All those who have worked, prayed and aspired for Auroville,

All those who love Her,
 Are invited at a silent concentration, around the Urn in Auroville,
 On the 17th of November, 1979
 From 5.30 pm to 6 pm.
 The one condition is that everyone arrives well in time and silently,
 Concentrates silently and leaves silently.
 To offer oneself, to open oneself to Her and Sri Aurobindo."

"Tous ceux qui ont travaillé, prié et aspire pour Auroville,
 Tous ceux qui aiment Mère,
 Sont invités à une concentration silencieuse, autour de l'Urne en Auroville,
 Le 17 Novembre 1979,
 De 17h 30 à 18h.
 L'unique condition est que chacun arrive à l'heure et en silence,
 Se concentre silencieusement et reparte en silence.
 Pour s'offrir et s'ouvrir à Elle et Sri Aurobindo. »

This could not happen.

***Note on a text:**

It was probably sometime during that year, 1979, that I wrote the following short text:

"To communicate:

Everyone, every human being is concerned.

It is the first time in the history of the earth that a large number of people choose consciously to gather in one place in order to progress together, to have the experience of the true Reality together.

Regardless of any creed, religion, national or cultural situation, political or even moral and ethical ideals.

Seeking no gain and no fame, having nothing to preach or to teach.

With only one aspiration and one need: to grow conscious, to become aware of the true Reality and able to serve it, to manifest it through life in Matter, together.

To discover the inner means, and their outer expressions, of realising a harmonious and conscious earthly existence, beginning with what they are and where they are, pretending nothing and claiming no right but one: the right to make the experiment, now.

And yet the same old story is repeating itself and the experiment is harassed, attacked and undermined by the same forces of the old world.

Under the same guise: a society of self-righteous beings founding their strength on the power of money, legality and influence.

We do believe that the time has come for the experiment to be lived openly, on the earth, now.

We request all of those who do have power, material or political power, and respect it as a force to be used in truth, for the sake of Truth and before the Truth, to help protect that little spot of the earth so that the Experiment can take place and grow and be manifest.

We ask from everyone material and moral support, and above all, understanding.

We do trust and believe that what we shall find in the course and movement of our progress will be of direct help for all of humanity.

But we need the time and the space to make that progress.

India has welcomed Auroville at the time of its conception and birth.

Now too India must welcome Auroville at a time of its growth most delicate and requiring most attention and care and loving comprehension.

We wish to work in collaboration with India, with all men and women who share our aspiration all over the world and we ask for their support to help preserve the possibility that Auroville represents, and its existence.

For, if this could not happen, and if Auroville could not be allowed to live, it could mean that this world is bound to its self-destruction..."

PART THREE

-1980 -

***1-1-1980:**

I get up at 3 am and write my dreams. In one of them I have already lighted the fire, sweetly blundering at it with a few others, too late and too close to the trees...

I put on some music to gently wake up V, go out and awaken my neighbours, start a fire at the Kitchen for those who will prepare the cocoa for everybody, go to Matrimandir and wake up Mangini to get paper and kerosene; while I wait for him, the moon slowly sinks between the raised arches of the structure... Later Ed and Mangini join me at the wood-pile and together we light the Fire; it starts large and fast, huge flames whooshing and whirling up into trails of coloured smoke...

What I most wanted to offer to it was: self-consciousness; this self-regard that prevents genuine self-giving...

The children soon come closer and now and then we throw more wood into the Fire.

... Later we see the tractor rolling in, with P.G, Noh and Pas on it to distribute the breakfast to all...

... D.W and Yus hand over to everyone copies of the new Matrimandir brochure – I am still upset that they have dismissed C.E's drawings and chosen ones that I find much less interesting...

... Most everyone has gone to sports events at "Aspiration"; I keep watch at Matrimandir.

... To night we begin to listen to the tapes of the Agenda 4; the house is full, there is a good concentration, till 9 pm. Jacq, though, has a bad stomach, she is under stress: Roger A is arriving for a visit! She is so sweet and funny!

***2-1-1980, Auroville:**

The magic of dawn: white silvery dew, the air is vivid and pure, light, light, light, and the answer of the earth, union, cool, crisp air and light, light playing the greens, the smoke of the incense in the silence and the caress of the first sun' rays...

The hired watchman tells us that 15 big casuarinas have been cut and stolen during the night... What to do? We do not have the money to hire more guards and it would be useless anyway, just as we can't fence the land as it is not of a piece, lots of plots here and there being still owned by villagers and local landlords...

... Mid-morning B.B asks G.M to call us down to help unload... a beautiful mare! It is a race-horse that he has purchased in Bangalore; she is very skittish and nervous from the journey and nearly breaks her leg while coming off the lorry...

***3-1-1980, Auroville:**

This morning we had the PT meeting in the office. I volunteered to chair when it became clear no one else was willing...

... Phil and I have spent the afternoon preparing the dinner; people like it and line up for seconds...

D.D has come to Jacq along with Roger A; she will stay a few days; I had some gladness at the thought of seeing her again, of feeling again that friendship, frank and straight and homely; but, when I actually saw her enter the dining-hall I was, for a moment, overwhelmed with a massive unease, which killed my smile and shut my eyes and I felt helpless; it was awful! It lasted probably but a few seconds, and I was able to welcome her and it was over... But I saw Jacq's face and it was greyish...!

... D.D came with everybody to the house to listen to Your Agenda... Sometimes, it takes me a while to sort out the mental atmosphere, once everyone has left... What we heard of Yourself, back in 1963: I find there has been such a great change in You since then, as if You had become even thousand times more ... Real... and freer, too... How to say?

***4-1-1980, Auroville:**

Suddenly, at work, I became very depressed, almost in tears.

How can we build Matrimandir, just the few of us?

We make "meetings" after "meetings", we have the "experience of growing together", but what about the Soul of this adventure? There seems to be so little interest and yet, one way or another, everyone is relying on it...

I do not want to turn negative. But sometimes the mind wonders: does the Lord still want this to be done? For, if He does, why are we so few to feel it?

***5-1-1980, Auroville:**

At noon, I prepare the payments. This week I have decided to raise the men's wages. I have not told them about it; they certainly need it! I had some hesitation, because they have lately been rather negligent, but it is up to them to feel what they ought to feel and to straighten up... And a funny thing happens: Ven comes to me after my bath and tells me he had a dream of You last night where You told him

that You liked this garden very much and that he should work well to make it more and more beautiful...

Oh yes, how I feel Your Presence here, and how that helps me!

I am being given everything, constantly, profusely and lovingly, on all levels; and a beautiful environment and complete freedom, health and support... And what do I give? What am I able to give?

... Krishna comes; and with him the delight, as if an intense but tranquil ecstasy is released when we are together...

G.M and Marcia come too, and P.G, as if to let me know everything is alright, we are together... Krishna helps me to set things in perspective, to learn to wait and to trust and be patient – without despair, without hope either, but with the trust of that inner certitude: the Lord will grow, in us, in Matter... And not by our will or our sense of duty, but after His own fashion...! Our "weakness", our "smallness", who but He can change it, heal it, fill it...?

At night, we listen to Your voice, we hear You say those words:

"Seigneur, manifeste-Toi!"

with such a force! YOU ARE MOTHER!

Your words are summons, are commands!

You are who knows absolutely, intimately and directly the TRUTH OF HIM!

You are who has called and borne Him throughout the ages, in all the worlds, and KNOWS!

***6-1-1980, Auroville:**

Once again P.G asks me to replace him in the Coop. And once again I say that he must first check with all the other members... He does not seem to understand why I don't just say "yes", but to me it has to be clear that You want me there and, if so, the others will feel it is right for me to join; because it is a work that I consider as difficult, and significant...

... This evening, Phil tells me of his trip to Gingee with about 30 of us to accompany J and G in their first trial of their "wings" since their return to India, and how beautiful it was to watch J fly for an hour... And I observe once more this silly negativity in me, this puny will that everyone should concentrate on one line of action and commitment, excluding the rest of life... At the same time, there is also a deeper concentration seizing me, and like tears within...

... Oh, to hear Your sweet irresistible laughter, at night in the house...!

True life, I feel, is so very different from what we think, even from what we hope...

There is a silence growing in me. And, at times, an intense recognition, a widening and deepening gaze; and gratitude...

***8-1-1980, Auroville:**

Last night was agitated; I had to take notes several times, and Gauri the cat kept crying. When I got up I discovered she had given birth, or rather, she had delivered a dead kitten. I can't help feeling somewhat responsible! She has become so attached to me, always sleeps near me or on my chest. Now she refuses to eat, she is so upset and disoriented...

... Indira is back into power; all the results of the elections haven't yet come, but the victory of the Congress is clear...

At noon I find that Gauri has eaten her kitten; she rests against me...

... Jacq is down with hepatitis. Whenever I visit with her in the Camp, this situation, her being ill and lying in bed, makes it somehow easier for us to express the closeness of our relationship...

... We listen to You... Mother, You are the most honest being of the whole world! Your Honesty is integral and constant... It is such a teaching!

Mère, je T'aime! Tu es si belle!

***9-1-1980, Auroville:**

Since a few days the mosquitoes have become a major nuisance... Some solution needs to be found if Auroville is to be inhabited! I don't understand this world! Who the hell is looking after it?! That is really asuric! Does one have to pay for every loveliness? What a mean management!

This afternoon I had to ride over to Koot Road to see about the cement application that now requires some kind of stamp; it is a comedy; corruption is there so... natural! But also in the sense that these so-called moral values have been imported along with much of the administrative systems still in use, and the entire lot remains there as an oddity, not something arrived at, but something grafted...

***10-1-1980, Auroville:**

At the end of the PT meeting Al.B arrives with news from Valya: the SAS – Guru Prasad, the carpenters and others – intend to come tomorrow to Matrimandir and work; and Valya cannot help us; he will send police but, if we answer to the provocation with some "action", we'll be arrested...

I can't see clearly... The past years have shown the poor measure of our sincerity; warnings have come, which we keep ignoring... I'll be there tomorrow, but I have no wish to be arrested... I'll stay... I feel that even if they "win", they can't win for long, because the work is primarily in the consciousness. I have come to the conclusion that it is meaningless to fight "together against the enemy" if and when we are unable to strive and fight FOR the work!

... Noh helps me to finish preparing the dinner; it seems to be appreciated by everyone, but Allan gets upset at me because I didn't tell him there were oily seeds (which he can't assimilate) in some of the dishes; it was not a lie on my part, merely an omission... but these days I often find myself slipping, little failings to truthfulness – truthfulness is not yet spontaneous at all times; it disturbs me, bothers me, it must change fast...! This is a priority!

***11-1-1980, Auroville:**

Early this morning, Mangini comes to tell me that the SAS has already posted the carpenters, along with some villagers, by the structure, and 6 paid watchmen in the Gardens... There we are...!

When I reach Matrimandir I find a police van parked near the structure and about two dozens constables standing close by; Dor and Bill S are just removing the lowest of the ladders; the carpenters and some other men are squatting by the shed and, in the back room, like a presence of gloom, Jyotiprem and Guru Prasad are sitting...

We go to work; some of the "Aspiration" people have come, called by M.D, and are working with Arjun and Andy, joyful, laughing... I don't know what's wrong with me

that I can't be that joyous in any circumstance...! Is it always and only insincerity that opens one to depression?

... At night, listening to Your Agenda, I hear You say something which strikes me as precisely the program I must follow: You say that there must be...

« ... une acceptation totale et joyeuse de tout ce qui est, comme condition indispensable pour participer pleinement à ce qui sera... Un refus de ce qui est n'a pas le pouvoir de changer. Il faut accepter le monde, avec compréhension et joyeusement, pour que ça puisse changer et devenir ce que ça doit être. Il faut devenir le Suprême de ce qui est, pour changer avec le Suprême en ce qu'Il veut être... ! »...

At first I feel a strong resistance to it. Then I begin to perceive how much love is contained in it; and I understand that it is only the limits of my capacity to assimilate the contradictions that prevents me from experiencing this position... And then, in a sudden moment of lifting the veil, unexpectedly, I experience the atmosphere of Lord Krishna: His unique atmosphere... His own self-built offering of being, the quality and the vibration of this Presence... I don't know why it happened...!

Later on You happen to explain the significance of the number 9, which is my number:

« La gestation dans la Matière. »

***12-1-1980, Auroville:**

Gauri has remained the whole night where I left her, immobile. Her moaning and meowing is softer when I caress her, quieter; she is healing herself and her body must be feeding on its own milk... Truly, "all life is yoga"...!

... Satprem has sent an extract of Your Agenda of 1972 in which You say that the only way to get rid of "undesirable" elements is the very force of our sincerity: such people would find it unbearable to live in the atmosphere that the sincerity of our realisation would generate...

***13-1-1980, Auroville:**

It is Sunday. After the clean-up of the house, I cycle down to "Douceur" to see Cristo about bricks and cement, then to "Auromodel" to change the tapes of the Agenda at Al.B's; he has just received his copy of the Volume 5 and shows me the 2 pages of warning Satprem has written as regards Panditji's tantrism which, according to him, is now turned against Your Work...

... At noon Krishna comes; he brings music tapes of Middle East and Arab songs; our bond seems to be effortless, motiveless, given, purposeless, timeless, both of us here for You, for the love of You...

P.G comes to ask that Laur and her children may come and have their afternoon rest in the house; we all share coffee... Krishna and I rest in the inner room, his head on my feet, Gauri asleep on my lap... He reads the papers; his physical presence is always like an environment to me, in which I feel sheltered and at home; it is not two distinct, separate bodies, but two milieus that freely intermingle, with a kind of gratitude...

... When I am finished doing the laundry I find that Laur has left the room in a mess of pillows; it strikes me as odd: she had been repeating the mantra all the time,

loud enough for me to hear, and then just took off... I can't grasp it... Perhaps she assumes I have servants?

... This evening I ride over to "Dana" to G.M and Marcia's; G.M tells me of two dreams he's had this year with H acting in a very similar way as in my own dreams; G.M too is very affected by the present conditions and it somewhat reassures me that I am not alone to feel so bad...

Before I leave the house to go to my night shift at Matrimandir, I give Gauri a little water and she consents to sip it, for the first time in 4 days and nights...! I bet she'll be alright now; what a feat!

***15-1-1980, Auroville:**

Last night, Jacq and Kiran, on duty at Matrimandir with Mau and Valya, came to call me, out of deep sleep: the SAS had posted 5 hired men to stay in the office through the night and they were behaving very provocatively; I got up, went to wake up P.G, V also woke up and we all went back there; P.G and I recognised 3 of them; all of them, we soon saw, were quite drunk. Arguments went back and forth among us as to what to do with them; I went to these men, asking myself within what to do, and as I stood before them, the answer came that I could take them out, it was alright; I started pulling them out by the shoulders; they did not resist much; Jacq, seeing I was alone, called the others, but that didn't help, as then there was a possibility of violence, which had not been there... Only V and Jacq were a help... The guys all left.

... M.D has asked me to translate myself an article I had written some time ago, published in the Review; looking at it now, I am impressed by the vibration of certitude that the text carries, and I wonder! Because, at present, I feel sure of nothing...! But it often happens this way, in retrospect... I doubt and question... Was it then an ego thing? Is it at all possible to express anything true and direct when one is still, in one's "natural being", such a mixture...? Perhaps it is, at certain points, at certain moments.

***16-1-1980, Auroville:**

Last night, Bill S came to call! The SAS has sent 10 men, fully drunk...! There were more of us around, this time, but we had to send those people out twice during the night...

... The flavour of the days to come is not quite enchanting...!

.. I feel insincere, and this is due to V's presence, as I allow for her to settle more and more and for a sharing between us to take on more and more substance, and yet I do not have the movement of giving myself to her; there is unease in me about it all. I do not wish to be the centre, it is wrong; and yet, something in me still allows it...

... M.S arrived to day; it is a surprise, after 7 years! I have to arrange for her to sleep here too, after our watch at Matrimandir with the new, "invincible Guard"! (More of us have joined, including Ken, Allan, Dennis, Larry, M.L, M.D, Hervé, Jean Cl....). We are tired. But V is resting against me, it all mixes up... and we meet, and have only a brief sleep...

***17-1-1980, Auroville:**

Late morning, I drive M.S down to "Aspiration", to find Cyril. No one knows exactly where he is, perhaps at the village festival – it is "Pongal". We end up visiting at L

and Nath's hut... I wouldn't want to live there, it is too neglected, another way of life... L seems to be playing a role, I do not trust it. I suggest that M.S stays over for lunch, waiting for Cyril, and I get to go but, on my way across the village, I find Cyril and take him back there, to... his mother! After 7 years!

Now this could be the subject matter of a novel; yet, somehow, within Your Work, with the action of Your Force in our lives and on our natures, these feelings and their dramatic value are finding much less room; our responses are already different... I soon leave them together, in Cyril's hut...

... Today we got our copies of the Agenda 5!

***18-1-1980, Auroville:**

Today is the day the SAS had announced they would come back "en masse"... We have all agreed to be there early, there is an atmosphere as for a concreting, light and lively...

But it seems that, informed there would be many of us working on the structure, the SAS have not dared! Only some police have come and, mid-morning, Valya's replacement arrives and asks to talk to us. Most of us gather in the office and Piero, M.D and Al.B act as our spokesmen: the whole issue has to be explained all over again, since the fellow is new to it...

What comes out clearest today is that whenever we are collectively determined to stand, concretely, these people of the SAS can do nothing...!

... I take V down to Pondy and we eat lunch at "La Maison". I am looking at this yearning I have for a relationship with a person, a woman, whose soul I would know and find in her eyes, with no barrier, no opacity, and pondering the fact that I would accept no less, having found You, Mother... And right then and there, walking past us and heading for the stairs, comes... Purna! My eyes meet her wide deep intense eyes and spontaneously I enter them and at once she closes herself and assumes a mask, this beautiful majestic mask of hers... This leaves me brooding...

... P.G greets me with the news: the authorities have sanctioned section 144 for 15 days; it means that no one is allowed at Matrimandir, or at Bharat Nivas, except for 2 persons on watch-duty at any time, and both places will be manned by police... Sealed documents have been posted to that effect. This has happened apparently because the SAS declared to the Police they would come after 5 pm, once we have all gone home; the Police couldn't condone it, so they decided to stop everybody...

My first thought is that this will give us time to sort things out in Auroville, to do our clean-up act – those who take drugs, those who insist on following various gurus, those who just hang around and do no work... But of course the question arises at once: which is the way, the way of self-reliant action, or the way of surrender and dedication, or is it an attitude we yet have to find, that includes both?

***19-1-1980, Auroville:**

We have to organise, to catch the workshop boys before they reach, and to distribute the wages... Communication with the Inspectors seems to indicate that a few of us will be able to spend the day there and even do some work... We lock all the tools away. Myrtle sits in the office at her usual work, to see whether she will be allowed to continue...

... I drive Kiran down to Pondy; on our way we enter into a talk that is interesting to me because the aspiration Kiran expresses is quite close to one I still have but could not live up to, so far... Again these two ways of responding to the challenge of

Auroville, and I have not yet experienced the union of the two, but for rare glimpses, not as an established thing... In town we do the shopping for Jacq and, as we pass some of us here and there, I see the faces closing up, immediately altered at the sight of Kiran with me... But I am glad to stand by her and to be seen with her... We are all so limited!

***20-1-1980, Auroville:**

During my afternoon rest upstairs, G.M and Marcia call me to come down; I am struck by the dramatic condition they both are in; Marcia talks very fast, her eyes filled with tears, tight and distressed, of splitting up, of moving away from G.M, while G.M himself is silent, looking lost... I only have my own perceptions to go by, I don't know what goes on between them, but I appreciate a beauty and genuineness in their relationship and I pray inwardly that they will not have to part. After a while, Marcia calms down, she makes a loving effort... and they both return to "Dana"...

... This afternoon, we sit at "Tapoloka", Myrtle's house, for this special meeting to which both G.M and I have been invited, devoted to the orientation we wish to take with M.D's coming trip to Delhi: what it is we wish to obtain from the Government, what suggestions we have as to the role it ought to play.

This is followed later by a general meeting. Many of us are present. Al.B and M.D explain the situation. The atmosphere, though, does not invite deeper sharing, and there is a resistance to bring out certain issues... So, Al.B suggests we end the meeting with a moment of silence...

And somehow the silence lasts. No one moves. Till it becomes obvious that we are being KEPT there!

There is a power of concentration that takes us deeper. After a moment, I get a calm and firm impulse to speak and I break the silence: I draw attention to the need we have to look at those things that interfere between us all as a collectivity and You, the Future; I mention three things, explaining that what those three things have in common is that they veil our receptivity and dedication to the Force: one is the allegiance of those who stand in the shadow of the SAS's legal claims over Auroville; the second is the practice of tantrism and/or the following of other gurus; the third is the use of drugs... Everyone seems to be listening very gravely... M.D follows up on it with more "information"... The meeting ends after 6 pm; several people come to "thank" me; but, by then, I have to deal with my own vanity!

I saw, at the meeting, that V had come with C.E to attend and, again, I felt glad for both of them, and wished they could match each other...

***21-1-1980, Auroville:**

This evening I pick up Kiran in Pondy. I appreciate her more and more. Something is tranquilly growing between us. As we ride away from the Ashram, she slips into my shoulder bag a large packet of incense sticks which Champaklal, whom she sees a lot and relates to strongly, has given her for me...

***22-1-1980, Auroville:**

When I pass P.G in the garden, early this morning, I feel a little embarrassed because he saw me, yesterday night, giving C.E a kiss as he was leaving after the Agenda session. But, so what? Why should I bother? Am I not free?

In this tape we heard You say that You have taken this body, this time, being completely free from attachment and desire, with an asexual vital being, like a warrior fearing nothing, desiring nothing in all the worlds but the Truth...

Sometimes I have this feeling that I was born almost free, but some influence seized on me when a small child and tied me to the most suffocating desire, one least admitted in human societies, and sought to make me a slave of it for so many years of hell, forcing me to touch the roots of obscurity, until I could begin again to learn and rely on the Presence within and slowly recover freedom, but with a centring and a comprehension... And now fears are melting away, trust is developing...

... With P.G we talk of the Olympic Games... It is the first time, this year, that the Games are to take place in a country fulfilling none of the conditions laid by the Olympic Charter, and it is also the year You had appointed for Auroville – India – to host the Games... It is interesting to note that this year in Auroville everybody has become involved in sports... Perhaps it is time for Auroville to initiate a process and offer itself as a location for future Games and to propose that the black disc should be replaced by the golden one, as You have indicated...

***24-1-1980, Auroville:**

I still lack the confidence needed to pull the entire thread of my dreams; Instead, I jump from one to another, in a hurry, and must be loosing a lot of it... I have also the impression, more than an impression, that activities, "dreams" take place or happen simultaneously on different planes (or that different parts dream different activities, at the same time); so, it is actually quite complex...!

... Gauri is being courted all night, it's been that way for several nights already; in the morning when I feed her, she makes a big show of queenly indifference...

... Marcia has left G.M and moved to the Camp and I am upset on G.M's behalf... But this morning, Marcia comes to me and very gently tells me she had a dream where I was furious at her for leaving him, and she offers that we talk quietly about it, soon...

... Abha and Radhika come in a rush to call for the Guard: the SAS has sent a bunch of people to occupy the "Amba" gardens at "Auromodel". The police are already there when we reach, ordering the SAS people away; I feel bad for Ram Singh; as Al.B puts it, we have no cause to be proud in this particular situation, as Ram Singh has not been treated well by us... I like the guy; I feel he has a big heart, and an awful wife, as "Fate" would have it...!

... We are told that SSJ, on behalf of the SAS, has tried to gather all the village elders and village chiefs and have them take position against us, at a meeting specially convened in the "Mother's Centenary Guest-House" (Jagdish's fiefdom); but that they have refused and even expressed that they would rather support us...? What has happened to SSJ?

... I find G.M waiting for me in the house. I settle him and go prepare the big room for the Agenda session... When it is over, I make him tea and let him speak... He says he has gone to the wall, and felt there was no way but suicide... He is afraid of loosing the sense of direction; he felt then that the only opening was to come and stay with me, concentrate on our work at Matrimandir, while being nearer to where Marcia is... I try to make him see that he must come to terms with himself, that he must also appreciate what has been given to him through this place he now has in 'Dana', and listen for what his inner being is leading him to; that he must have trust and think no more; that of course he is welcome here always... I talk to him of other things, then, of "collective matters"... He walks back to "Dana" quietly in the night...

... I miss wakefulness, an alertness of perception; I am still so heavy with inertia... The whole Lord's infinite world of being is there, available, and we are asleep, drugged in torpor... Oh, the power to exist...!

***25-1-1980, Auroville:**

Marcia spends most of my afternoon watch with me, telling me, very candidly, of all she has been through with G.M... In the evening, I go to him, taking his laundry which she gave me; as he'd found me late in coming, he'd gone to fetch Krishna and I find them together, Krishna playing guitar for him... sweetly, my two brothers! From the very day we each came to You, almost at the same time, we have known this bond...

... Returning, at night, I decide to go to C.E's; I have been missing him too much, the physical given ness of it... He is surprised, but looks happy; he is shy, at first, then he relaxes; I lay my head on his arm folded around me and, suddenly, something in me lets go, a whole tension drops; all appearances loose value and cease to matter, I only know that I feel at home there and free; slowly and gently we make each other climb the energy of pleasure and safe release...

***26-1-1980, Auroville:**

I read Your Agenda, during my afternoon-watch... One passage makes me extremely happy: when You relate how You declared, after a particular series of experiences, that You are having NO POWERS whatsoever; and the realisation it brought about and the breakthrough that occurred and how Your body was freed from the tension and things were sorted out in everyone around You; a Victory, in the sense of an illusion crumbling apart, leaving only the naked sincerity of those few who really know who You are and what is meant in You...

And somehow it fits with Auroville today, the sense of helplessness and yet, within it, the awareness of a process of realisation that is still so foreign to mental notions...

***27-1-1980, Auroville:**

There is guilt in me for "hanging around", not doing any "useful" work; especially when I eat – because the things I eat are not only the fruit of Nature, they have required much labour from people who have no choice but to work to earn their living... I wish all these scientists out there would have already come up with a simple energetic food, computerised to suit each body's needs, so that everyone would become free to concentrate in whichever way one feels inclined to and physical work could assume an altogether different value and meaning, released from contradictions... How devilish it is that these scientists and governments do not direct their energies into this kind of research and processes but go on inventing, devising, perfecting and manufacturing more sophisticated weapons and instruments of control to hold sway over people and Nature, to dominate, to cultivate fear...

... On watch-duty I hear G.M's bike; he gets down near the office, enters shouting my name "come, come, it's over"..., his face desperate... I am frozen for an instant; he bursts in tears; he is at his limit, he cannot cope with more pain... I move to him; I am calm and I hold him; he is sobbing and sobbing... I close the office, return the key to Narayana, pack G.M onto his bike and we come home; I bring him inside and hold him while he weeps and weeps; all is silent... I slowly piece it together: unable to bear it any longer he had come to the Camp to see Marcia, found her with Bill S, begged her to give him a few minutes and was coldly refused;

that was the blow...! I felt I was to hold his naked need, his raw pain, with a deep calm, the deep secret harmony that could quieten him, embrace him past the pain; for long, no word was said, I just shared his pain, without any sadness, aware of the Grace in his life... After a while Yel, who had been silently waiting near the house, perhaps understanding, brought us two cups of tea and moved away...

***28-1-1980, Auroville:**

A few of us, discreetly, managed to do some work this morning – C.E, G.M, Ruud, Ed, Myrtle and I – while the police were asleep !

... Tonight, Krishna brings me two tapes of music he has composed, for me to listen to before he erases them: the tremendous energy he gathers into the making of his own reality! To most, I presume, it would be felt as sexual or mental stuff; but his inner field is always available to me and I know in it a warmth of energy, a search for material ecstasy, the realisation of delight in Matter, a wideness and an intensity where, to most, lies the domain of the "unconscious"... And it IS Energy, after all, it is always and only Energy, moving, ascending, and deepening, touching, reaching, flowing, growing, a conscious fire... And behind it there is that... love...?

***29-1-1980, Auroville:**

R called us all this morning to harvest the field of varagu near the Kitchen 'this field was purchased 9 months ago under Narad's name with money channelled by SSJ). It is a little tricky, as the previous owner is trying to claim the crop, but, with the help of the Guard, we harvest it all.

... During nap, I have yet another dream involving H: we are all holding a meeting and there have been several kinds of troubles... At the end of it, as I move slowly from where I sat, I see, among others, H preparing to leave; it surprises me that no one has objected to his presence; perhaps he has done something that shows that his position has changed and he is now "with us", but it doesn't feel that way... I keep quiet. Suddenly G.M is there, right behind H, his shoulders bunched up and his head down like a bull about to charge; the scene shifts right then and H is being tracked down a nearby field; I am immobilised in the crowd, I want to shout at G.M to let go, to let go, or to let me take care of it, but he is now too caught in the vibration of violence, like in a dark mantle... I cannot help... Later, C.E. finds me and tells me, with an unnerving smile, that H hasn't been too hurt, and that both G.M and Chr had to vomit...! But I feel so bad, because I see that the force using H has won, by drawing violence from G.M, from "us", making of H a victim, all the more justified to pursue his ways without having to question himself...

I take this as a lesson and a warning to be alert...

***30-1-1980, Auroville:**

G.M spends the entire day with me. He clearly needs it and it is quiet, open and poised; we do our shopping in Pondy, have his bike serviced; we are both grateful, driving back in the evening light, for this, Home on earth...

... P.G tells me in the evening that the Coop meeting was good and that, regarding SSJ, Al.B has made a proposal: that a large number of us go in complete silence to his house and delegate one of us with a written statement and withdraw in silence; I am relieved about that – I am more inclined to this type of silent action, as more offered and more receptive...

***31-1-1980, Auroville:**

We prepared the dinner and baked the bread early today, so that we could attend the PT meeting at "Tapoloka". I sit in a corner of the room next to G, who is still heavy with his thoughts of Marcia; the meeting works its way through many topics, till it comes to the main one: what to do about SSJ... AL.B's proposal is finally agreed on; Prem, M.T, Rod and AL.B then sit separately to draft a statement; they read it to all; it's alright, but there is hesitation, and it feels a little too much like the kind of statements that the SAS has been issuing! We all keep quiet. I try to concentrate; Ken has just made some brutal comments and I have to deal with the released vibrations... I ask for the right words to drop into my awareness; I don't get a ready sentence, but an impulse that is clear and quiet enough for me to get up, cross the room and join the 4, ask for a pen and paper... I write this:

"To SSJ. The present community of Auroville sees and knows that you have betrayed the Truth which Auroville is to manifest and therefore that you are to leave Auroville." I show it to them. They let go of their papers and adopt it. It is read aloud. Everyone accepts it.

It became very intense for me afterwards. I felt like I was getting the return vibration of an event... I became very cold, as if frozen, and aware of a whole play of forces; I couldn't mentally make sense of it... I felt the need of someone, of the presence of someone who would be truly compassionate, of a real and powerful compassion, a being in whom would be joined the ends of consciousness...

Myrtle came gently to offer a warm cup of tea, gave me a blanket to wrap around my shoulders...

... G.M sat with me and told me about Marcia... I said that he must not pull her, but respect her and let her make her own choice... It is getting late and still SSJ has not returned from Pondy, and I ought to go back and serve the dinner...! G.M and I are just about to leave, when we see some of us running and laughing: SSJ is on his way! And here we are, rather cheerful, far from being the silent assembly we had planned to be! Just then Krishna joins us, he who never comes to any meeting, and it is for me like a confirmation that this was meant to happen...

SSJ comes down his blue car, turns to G.M, and asks: "Do you wish to see me?" G.M nods mutely; P.G answers for him: "Yes, we have a statement we wish to give you, Fred is bringing it." Fred walks in with the typed statement, signed by all of us, in his hand and gives it to SSJ, who reads it, and repeats several times: "I'll see, I'll think over it..." Fred looks straight at SSJ and says: "Don't think. You must go."

I didn't feel there was any hatred in us. I felt there was a Grace there that would take SSJ back to the real Auroville at this very moment, if he would only let it...!

There was this Grace and this Love and, at the same time, an exigency, a demand for Truth, like a sword cutting through. None of it was pleasant or gratifying. It felt real...

We all moved away. And I served dinner in time!

I feel the need tonight to be back in my own atmosphere, to assimilate and to offer. During the Agenda session, I have a difficult moment with my breathing; I have to concentrate and call, and it comes as a strong utterance: "I belong to the Mother!" And that semi-paralysis of the breath begins to recede...

***1-2-1980, Auroville:**

I finally managed to pull G.M to work. Mid-morning, Marcia comes up on the structure to see us, obviously to show G.M that she is not building any wall but going through some necessary adjustment; she tells us that a few people at the Camp - Tiz, Yamini, AnneM... - are horrified by what "we have done", saying that it is "a vital thing"...

... M.D has written a very sweet letter from Delhi to us three – P.G, G.M and I...

... For a couple of days I have been feeling the pain that G.M is experiencing, as if I had been identified with it and had to know it fully – the aching need of someone's presence to fill a void, the terrible pull to suicide... -, but with the distance and perspective of a non-personal involvement; I woke up from my afternoon nap invaded by it, and I just hoped it meant that G.M would find it a little easier... And this evening, I have this strange moment: the whole thing is filling me again, as I sit listening to Your Agenda, the whole intensity of it, when I sense a slight movement of the Force touching from above, with the clear intent to pluck it out; and instantly something in me calls out "okay, but You must not take it back to G.M!" This was a bit comical and also puzzling... the movement froze, sort of mid-way... I do feel better, though, lighter and more objective; the weight of it is gone... But I have to wonder! I am so little aware of what goes on "above"... Have I defied? I have reflected on this and tried to analyse it, but I only came to a reading that is perhaps simplistic, yet it is one with which I feel content: out of our inner "community of experience", G.M passed on to me an experience he could not cope with on his own, could not offer well enough, so that I would do it alongside and the Force could pluck it up once the teaching was done; and that is all there is to it...!

Yet the fact that I have not fully trusted reminds me of Your statement that men cling to their suffering and their ignorance, refuse to let go of it... And I see, tangibly, how much we fear this vacuum in our lives, this emptiness that is nonetheless an indispensable passage before we learn to open to the true Presence, the One that does not fail...

Human beings are scared of emptiness; even when they know it is a necessary basis, they remain open and eager to be filled with some intensity...

... A little later, I have an interesting experience: I am following shapes, forms and volumes, as if through a gap into another plane; and I enter a sense of substance, like a dancing flow of substance, material, breathing in and out a consciousness of unity, and it becomes more solid, homogeneous and compact and completely fulfilling... I still remember vividly, almost physically but with a deeper sense to it, a vault and a doorway arching, like a smooth wave of substance, like beaten or pressed clay, and the tone of it a deep quiet unified orange brown, a continuum of substance...

... P.G has decided to move to the Camp – this is a decision he kept postponing... I feel a little deserted; I like to have him as my closest neighbour...

***2-2-1980, Auroville:**

Ram Singh comes to find us, G.M and me, at Matrimandir and asks us to attend a meeting at "Auromodel" in which his situation is to be decided upon... We both feel for him and agree to go...

We reach there after 2 pm; Diane is there; she tells us that SSJ's reaction to our "communiqué" was to get all the carpenters, all the SAS paid watchmen and all the men of the "integrated families" to watch over him and guard his house so as to prevent us from taking any "violent action"... Clear!

Soon the others arrive: Kam and K.T, Deepti and Arjun, Al.B, F.G and Eliane, Aster and Prem, and a young woman names Barbara... This is a thick résumé of a chunk of human misery: there is caste and social class, pedagogy and "spiritual reasoning" and moral leadership rights, with a blend of the new "jet society" thrown in, and Ram Singh, generous and crooked at the same time, straightforward and frustrated... K.T has, I feel, the soul of a child, but he is surrounded with a kind of clannish formation that doesn't allow him to verify directly the validity of his own

assumptions and feelings; I meet him, for a very moving moment, as we get up to leave, and I feel his genuine and deep yearning for progress and truth...

... Yus has come back with good news from the Tindivanam Court: we have won! That is, the Court has set aside the ex-parte Order, the SAS cannot legally prevent us from stopping them and there is no further cause for the Police to maintain the sanction of the section 144, unless a law and order problem occurs; but this is only valid till the 5th of March, when the entire procedure is to start all over again...

... Al.B and Diane came to the house; Al.B reads a letter from M.D and another from Luc V... it is that funny tone of those who stand "under the Truth's wing"... but it's alright, I guess...!

***3-2-1980, Auroville:**

I am walking back home from "Dana" in the evening. Approaching the last turn I see, coming in my direction, a woman; as we get closer, I recognise her: A.R! After 8 years! We begin to laugh... I see in her eyes that the contact has remained alive, unaltered... But her atmosphere has now become foreign to me; nothing stirs in me, it is immobile and quiet. Her anxiety is vanishing, her apprehension, having decided to come all the way... In her vibration and demeanour I can appreciate the ground she has covered, a certain poise... She tells me that J.Cl is due to arrive also, in a few days... I welcome her into the house...

***4-2-1980, Auroville:**

For once there is some good news in the papers! Bani Sadr's election in Iran, the boycott of the Olympic Games, Indira's meeting with Giscard...

... A.R talks to me, simply; there is no imitation, no pretence; she is quite articulate about her own progress and necessities...

... C.E has disappeared since 4 days; Pas thought at first that he was staying with V in Pondy, and I was glad of it, but now this seems unlikely, so I begin to worry...

... A.R talks to me again; she tells me of those years and of her relationship to me, of how she sought to have that absence filled and could not, not in that way, till she came to a state of acceptance and detached clarity; and how she found herself on her way here...

***5-2-1980, Auroville:**

Gillian and Tess come to ask for P.G's hut to be turned into a workshop for the hired ladies of their unit; Gillian is quite vindictive and questions my "right" to determine the usage of the hut; but I stay firm and repeat that the priority will be for V to move in; Marcia has also indicated that, if V wouldn't use it, she then would like to...

***6-2-1980, Auroville:**

Gauri's behaviour is getting to be harassment; she is so demanding, her attachment to me is abnormal; throughout the night she will go on at me, pulling me out of rest, and I don't know what to do, I would need the knowledge of these energies which I do not know how to obtain... I keep hoping that this time around she will have healthy kittens and will be occupied with that...

... A.R talks to me, with much honesty, of her experiences with various "mystic groups", when she was badly in need of nourishment and yet never able to comply

with the rules and limits set by any of those groups out of the smallness of their faith, and she began to see how "sects" operated and to become very cautious and wary about following literally any "message" or "revelation"...

... While in town, I check once more at V's: this time, although the shutters are still closed I find the front door unlocked and a woman answers to my call and ushers me in... I see V there, ask her if C.E is also there; she leads me into her small room, steeped in a greenish penumbra; C.E is lying there, on cushions laid on the floor; the atmosphere makes me uneasy; I am upset that he wouldn't even send a word to us... He is sweet, but I find an unsettled depth in his eyes, and vagueness... This makes me angry and I leave, a little shaken...

I don't quite know what it is; perhaps they have had some positive experience, but to my sense there's something wrong, as if they were trying to return to a womb-like state, and I just feel like breaking it...!

... Krishna says he has been wanting to be with me alone all these days, as he has been feeling unwell, but has hesitated to add on the weight of G.M's needs... We agree that he will come and spend the night-watch with me... He and A.R resume a brief contact they'd had when he had come to join me in France...

... A.R comes to me. I had offered it yesterday, as a friend and to honour our friendship, but she had then been afraid; now she comes forward and I give her as much tenderness as I can... But I don't know if I'll ever find a human woman in whose reality and substance I'd become whole, to whom I could give myself really, who could receive me really... In You I am fulfilled, Mother...!

I get a little scared that we might have conceived, even though I have learned to be prudent – it happened 4 times in the past, with two of my friends, and there were 4 abortions, and I still feel bad about it; but I do not want to conceive "by accident"; and I still haven't met the woman I would want to...

We talk quietly. I tell her of friendship, of the inner contentment to recognise one another and to care; she tells me how my attitude has helped her and what she now understands are her priorities, without fear... I find her observations very precise and an expression of her own courage and I am thankful for it...

... Krishna joins me at the night-watch; we sit together out in the open, alone with Matrimandir. Communicating with him, my own questions regarding the man-woman equilibrium become clearer... There are two things that I do not accept: one is that there seems to be inevitably a plunge into unconsciousness at the moment of "union" between man and woman; there is some gulf there that ought not to exist... And then there is the sense that to give myself to a woman would automatically split me, deprive me of my own completeness; because I actually do not believe in this "complementarity", in this "law" by which a man cannot be a complete person and neither can a woman, without meeting "the other half"... What I do believe is that, on the contrary, each person must, whether a man or a woman, find first one's own completeness, then only can any meeting begin to make sense, and an infinite richness of life be released...

***7-2-1980, Auroville:**

We start preparing the dinner very early, so we can all attend the PT meeting later. There is a bit of confusion around me; I drop a pan of boiling water, it splashes all over me, and it hurts! I then go into an active silence, not accepting, not letting any suggestions work, and the pain recedes, the effects neutralised...

... Jacq takes both A.R and I on her bike, over to "Tapoloka". I have taken a sweater this time! I am nursing a cold and I sit on a chair. Cl.B arrives and sits right against me on the floor – both G.M and B.B are in Bangalore for a few days

about horses, and she feels freer in her own expressions...; she rests her head on my arm throughout the meeting...

I introduce A.R; this moment is interesting for me, as are also present M.S and Cyril and Rakhal and L, all of whom were part of the community experience in France...

After many topics, the "Auromodel" matter is brought up again; K.T is most touching with his caring seriousness, yet it is also obvious that he is not taking into account a whole side of the issue, while Ram Singh is plain stubborn with that legitimate pride of a good peasant, having little else to show in order to be even considered...!

... The Inspector Thomas has come with summons for 32 of us to explain before the Magistrate tomorrow why we shouldn't sign a "peace-bond" with 28 of the SAS agents, valid for 1 year, with a penalty of Rs 500/- per individual...!

... Al.B and Fred make a suggestion which I feel is right and happy: that each of us signs individually a statement to the effect that we do not have any claims over any assets in which we may have invested or which we may have created in Auroville; and this same statement would be signed later on by every newcomer to Auroville...

... Noh, Phil and I are half an hour late serving the dinner, but no one is upset, the children are running and fooling all over, crawling among the pots and under the tables, it is all a cheerful mess...!

***8-2-1980, Auroville:**

After visiting with Krishna for an hour or so, I attend the Coop meeting at "Tapoloka". We all sit at one table; after a while I offer to take down the points we wish to articulate into a statement for the Court and the officials; we work on it this way, until it feels fairly accurate and inclusive...

... J.Cl has arrived: another one of our "community" in France... He has not changed much; his language is still the same colourful, prolific, elaborate and funny flow...

... P.G returns from Tindivanam: the whole thing is postponed to the 26th.

... Dadu is quite taken by J.Cl, his generous nature, his humour and good-will; it is sweet to see that...!

***9-2-1980, Auroville:**

Looking to borrow a bike, I walk down to the Nursery in the afternoon. M.H and Narad greet me warmly and Narad makes me sit and tells me, all jubilant, that Poppo has come to him with a broad plan for the Gardens, with all of Your indications in it, and they are going to detail it together.

... At dinner M.S and Cyril join us: it is a comforting joy to see my little boy all bright and lively next to his mother, here in Auroville, at last...

... C.E had returned to his hut the evening of the day I had found him in Pondy, without V. I needed today to find out whether A.R could then move into the empty hut... C.E looks happy to see me; he makes it clear that he'd like me to stay on and, quietly, slowly, carefully and tenderly we enter together into our intimate home-space, each relieved to find it again, each happy to be able to give and receive, in full trust and freely. When it is like that, I wish it would be gold or some luminous substance that our bodies would secrete...

***10-2-1980, Auroville:**

G.M drives me down to the bus-stop at dawn. I have to go and get all the steel mesh for the roof of C's house... On the ride, I meditate... on the very first time a human being caused another to die, on the first "murder", that first interference, that first breach...

It goes well; I order the mesh, do all the purchases for Matrimandir; I meet Prem and an Indian lady at the station... I am back in time to sit and gaze at the ocean before dusk... G.M is already waiting for me at "La Maison" and we have a quiet dinner together, telling each other our day...

... How can this world be "understood"? When beggars come to me now, I feel angry and want to tell them, to ask them: "why do you cling to life if you cannot believe in anything else than begging?!"... But, of course, one can't say, one can't even think... What is God's Will? What is all this about? Is it all, every part and moment of it, for everybody, a teaching, the right teaching? It seems to me the worst human devil is... guilt!

... When G.M drops me home, everyone has just left after the Agenda session, the last of this series of tapes... Yel is gently waiting for me with some fruit...

***13-2-1980, Auroville:**

Valya, the sub-Collector, has been transferred somewhere lost near Ooty: our only friend...!

... During my night-watch, I finish reading "The Island" by Huxley. I was not taken at the beginning; I found it rather mediocre; but now I appreciate it a lot: it shows very well how, implicitly, in order not to fail in moving ahead to a truer life, into a future of conscious change, one – especially if one is a group, a collectivity – must not break too soon from the usual known terms of communication with the rest of the world, lest the false Manichaeism one may have transformed in oneself and in one's life may regain substance and power in the form of an external aggression against which one is now left vulnerable...

***15-2-1980, Auroville:**

... I am at my leather work in the evening, silently; Yel is sitting near me, his friend has also come, the house is quiet; I haven't heard him but, after a moment, I realise that C.E is also there; he has come to spend the night here with me...

I send Yel to sleep, C.E puts on some music, makes us a hot drink; he tells me then his proposal for housing for everyone! He has worked out a multiple shift so that everyone is lodged where it fits best, including he and V together in Pas's hut, and A.R having her own too! It's funny that it now comes from him! We retire upstairs; and very gently we move into another time, a few hours of delightful and quiet and tender giving...

***16-2-1980, Auroville:**

Yesterday P.G had told me of the decision taken by the "Certitude" people to throw Joss out of Cristl's house and he had asked me to join... I had not felt any joy about it but had left it open, thinking that if G.M wanted to be there, I'd probably tag along... So, this morning, I was waiting to see whether he'd pick me up, offering this as a sign... And he didn't, which was in a way a relief... I do not like the strategy Savitra has used on these people, moving into their house, misusing their good faith and playing an unfair trick on them; I do not like either the idea of our "occupying" that house; the experience of "Fidelity" (Jagdish's group) has been

lesson enough, it would seem to me, not to repeat it! Yet I also feel that what is in our hearts, in any of these situations, is alright: it is genuine...

Later, though, I begin to get worried; I cycle over to Matrimandir and find Ruud alone in the office; then Yus comes and tells us the news: Joss has refused to move out; the "Certitude" people, along with G.M, Pas, P.G and Claudine have moved into the Kl's house; then Th came in a rush, wanting to fight, and hit G.M and Myrtle, then proceeded to issue on of his "sermons", while Shradhavan went and called the police, which was later received by SSJ; afterwards the SAS called the carpenters and Dietra and Navoditte; and now everybody is packed into that house and the police is at a loss as to what to do next... I take it that You didn't want me to be there, but I feel bad too, out of a sense of solidarity... although Yus assures me no one was hurt...

... The men ask for half a day leave, because of the sun' eclipse; they were afraid it would get fully dark...

... C.E comes to inform me that the Guard is called to "Certitude"; I still feel that I am not meant to go, but here is a matter of principle: I am part of the Guard, so it is my duty to go wherever it is called... C.E and I go to the Camp to get Jacq, who hadn't wanted to go there either, and we ride over and reach the Kl's house, a huge house with a large courtyard where everybody has gathered... After a moment I see where G.M is, but there is a distance, I cannot reach him and he does not come to me. The entire scene strikes me as silly and depressing, although there is some humour in it too...

Then the eclipse happens, just as Jacq and I return to Matrimandir: there is still a bright light, but the shadows are weird, as if they'd suddenly acquired a third dimension and a substance of their own; the air becomes like liquid ether, with strange colours...

... I feel so distressed by the whole situation we are in; there comes an ardent call for that in me which is love and understanding, freedom and awareness, for that in me which sees and knows and is compassionate...

I withdraw inside the house, take up my leather work all evening, while concentrating and, little by little, I begin to breathe again and to trust, to know again the meaning of trust, in the Lord, through everyone and everything and every event...

... And it is past 10 pm, and... G.M comes. I am happy he has felt the need to come! He says that today' move was wrong, that it belonged to the Mechanics and the monster, nothing could come out of it; it was a nightmare... He has seen those people: he has seen Shradhavan full of words on You, full of Your Name, call 20 carpenters and hired men to beat him up wildly, 20 against him alone, and he fell unconscious for a moment; he has heard Th declare contentedly that he himself had worked at drawing the list of those of us who must be expelled by the law and the police; and he has also seen that, by going out of our way, we lost protection; that the force and protection were with us only when we stood for the space that is given, in response to an attack...

We are able to laugh again... And G.M says that, whatever happens, the two of us will resume our work on Matrimandir; this is our strength and our secret...

***18-2-1980, Auroville:**

I am wondering, again and again, how to be useful, in which activity to direct energies and be of service... There is still that sense of guilt whenever I do not feel "used"... But what is a truly useful activity? Does it exist? I see that, in fact, most things human beings do are somehow related to their survival and sustenance on

the physical level, with the inscribed, in-bred understanding that it will end, that it must end, with the death of the body... It is all a system of debts and pay-offs, and there is only a thin margin left for pure creativity... But, there too, to be creative and to remain honest in one's self-giving to the Lord... is not an easy thing to achieve...

So far the field of human activity I can best attune to is that of the crafts, with the artisans, wherein the balance between practical usefulness and creative care is acquired and integrated, without too much of a compromise...

I do believe I belong to Matrimandir; yet I also feel I could function in other ways: setting up an industry, organising an administration, taking care of a guest-house or creating a whole environment... The real question: how does the Lord want me to give myself – whatever that may be? That answer alone would free me from the unclarity, from the guilt and the compulsion to be somehow "productive", not to be a weight or a parasite...

***20-2-1980, Auroville:**

Today we were determined to go back to work. G.M picks me up early; we reach Matrimandir, climb up the structure, P soon joins us and time, like a rubber, erases all the days we have been away... Our condition is a little different, though: G.M is happier because Marcia has returned to stay with him in "Dana" and I'm happier because he is... We are just recovering our rhythms of work when the Inspector Thomas rides in, calls us down and brandishes an official paper from the Tasilhdar: another 10 days of section 144! John H, Phil and Bill S join us; we tell the Inspector that we've had enough, we shall work... He says that he will then have to arrest us. We reply that it is not our concern to know what he has to do, we are only concerned with what we have to do... and our work is here!

Jacq soon joins us as well... I work out in my mind all the arrangements for "Sincerity", for C's arrival, the wages, all the practical things, in case we are taken to jail...

Then P.G and Gupi ride in, straight from the Coop meeting, with a tense expression... They have come to stop us! Gupi gives us a long speech on the need to step back and learn the lesson from all these obstacles... We leave it at that...

What do we know? I am reacting; I am annoyed at these speeches that seem to be made up with entire sentences lifted from Satprem's books... But, alright, we do have to agree on how to respond...

... I get an official letter of refusal from the local authorities: my application for cement has been found "unacceptable"; no explanation is given. Thus, after several weeks of delays, this now smells like interference from the SAS people... Now, I would rather go to the black market than slip a bank-note under the magistrate's table!

***21-2-1980, Auroville:**

Noh, Phil and I prepare a special dinner today, for Your birthday, with lots of good things in it, and a sweet dish of my own invention too; others come to help, hundreds of flowers are arranged on the tables; double the amount of people expected show up in a rush and it goes on till after 8 pm, but we manage to feed everyone and all are happy, in this disorderly, noisy, raucous and careless way that seems to be the rule in collective life... It is a kind of satisfied disharmony, or jarring

harmony... It lands me, as usual, in the glue; my senses feel an invasion of mixture – and all the talking, talking, talking...: I shall never be able to cope with it!

Yet, monasteries are no solution; so, what is? How is a truer atmosphere ever going to manifest?

Children grow, we get lines on our faces, our teeth rot, we change bikes, read the Agenda, we argue, now and then we feel a bit of tenderness, or gratitude, and we'll be getting old and... what?

***22-2-1980, Auroville:**

Krishna and I spend most of the morning on the beach playing, delighting in the materiality of it all, the waves and the birds and the warmth of the sun rays and each other's presence... Sometimes that sort of mental superstition intrudes, as if, having reached this ease and security of communication and contact, open and offered at Your feet, basking in Your Grace, it could then go no further and was bound to get contradicted in some way... It takes an active movement of trust to repel these suggestions...

We part near "Certitude"; A.R has been staying at his place for the past two days, and we laugh at his embarrassment...!

... Ruud, John H and Bill S, at the Camp, call me to share their thought with me about a process we could learn to follow together, something like entering together an altered state, trance-like, so as to become able to "consult with You"...

***23-2-1980, Auroville:**

Last night Phil slept here so we could get up together before dawn and start the baking of the bread, with Pas and J.Cl... It is a happy time and a happy work...

***24-2-1980, Auroville:**

C.E comes to say that both V and he wish to accompany me to receive C at the airport; I refuse: it makes no sense to me, particularly when E.B is also arriving on the same plane and we'd then be all 5 of us squeezed in a hot car, for no evident purpose...

Then R comes and asks to travel with me up to Madras where he plans to stay for a day of purchases... We leave at 5.30 pm. It is comfortable between us; both talk and silence are free of tension... Before we left, Marcia and G.M had come for a while and it made me think again about... who could be the woman I would be ready to live with, to give myself to... I keep drawing so many conditions...! And I wonder: "Divakar", is that not in a way a lonely star, lonely in the human sense, a thing of the Lord, like a tool, or a body or vehicle for an aspect of His...?

... C and I return after 3 am...

***26-2-1980, Auroville:**

P.G comes with Juanita; he is leaving for Delhi on the 29th with the Exhibition team and he asks that I replace him on the Coop – this time, how can I refuse?

***27-2-1980, Auroville:**

In the morning the Guard is called to "Revelation " by Hervé, as the SAS people are trying to prevent our people from harvesting and picking the fruits and nuts in the cashew topes; we make a good show of presence and eventually they all leave...

Oh, would we rid ourselves of reasoning, opinions and arguments and would there be enough of us ready, at all times, always ready, for whatever it may be...

... C has brought me her "Memoire" (her Thesis); there is such a deep poise and profound balance between us, always progressing, quietly... She walks with me over to the amphitheatre; we meet John H there; others soon join us and we start building the wood pyre for tomorrow' Dawn Fire... And later in the Kitchen, we prepare everything for the breakfast that will be served to everybody afterwards...

***28-2-1980, Auroville:**

At 5.20 am, Gopal and P.P help me to light the Fire; it catches well and all the beams remain upright within the high flames till they crumble and collapse upon themselves, ashes... The "Aspiration" people have brought the sound equipment and we listen to a composition by Igor in which he has recorded Your voice as You utter the mantra for Satprem: four times You say the mantra, and it is such a total offering, such a complete, utter reliance on the Lord...!

... Late morning, I am at work preparing for the big dinner sweet which I want to serve tonight, when G.M and Marcia arrive all tense and wound up to call me...: about 15 men, paid by the SAS, armed with sticks and "cutties", have come to "Dana" to take over the cashew topes there and, when they found G.M walking his puppy dog and he tried to make them leave (he had a dream last night of being attacked and injured), more men appeared and incited the others to beat him up... He somehow managed to run away with the puppy, returned to his house to call Marcia and they both immediately drove over here... These guys have torn off from G.M's neck the locket he uses to wear with Your blessings in it: this is too much, I want to get it back from them!

When several of us go there we find that these men have already run away, dangerous cowards that they are...

As we move around the area, drift over to "Samriddhi" and the P's place, wondering what to do, I become aware of a distance... between all this thinking, arguing, discussing, rejecting and... what it is to be just a little conscious, in a receptive silence, turned toward the right perception of the moment, of the act...

The suggestion comes up that, this year, rather than try and fight back all over the place to hold on to the harvests – the topes are scattered over a very large area -, we could consider the radical measure: to remove all the flowers, so that no fruit and no nuts will be further yielded; this might be more sensible than to keep running after the fact, when we are isolated and we are bound to reach always too late...

... C walks with me down to "Tapoloka" for the special general meeting on Matrimandir; it is packed; P.G offers to chair, but he is so unsettled that soon Arjun has to replace him... Many things are said... Kiran's presence in Auroville is again questioned, but there seems to be, underlying, a genuine wish to communicate... F.Gr surprises me with a surge of emotion akin to hatred, something dark, violent, resentful and exclusive, and it is clear that he considers me as a kind of symbol for what has to be swept away at Matrimandir; it is quite unexpected... Is it because of Patricia's absence? I can't help seeing some measure of dishonesty there...

... I walk quickly over to Kannan's house to ask him to help locate the men who had come to "Dana" – I haven't seen them, so I can't tell from which village they came – and try to trace G.M's locket...

... Two gifts come to me tonight: A.R has made an embroidered bag decorated with beads; and C gives me a wonderful rock-crystal sphere, which I place before Sri Aurobindo...

***29-2-1980, Auroville:**

Several of us gather in "Dana"; it is soon agreed: we go out in the topes with long bamboo poles and start beating the flowers off the trees... Joan, who has come to help, gives me worrying news: Krishna had to be taken to Jipmer Hospital this morning, due to severe pain in his side...

We work there till 1 pm and, afternoon, R asks me to replace him at the "Envelopes" meeting; so I have to change my routine and to ask C.E to do my watch-duty at Matrimandir... Then I collect the monies all around and cycle down to "Abri": Diane is the centre of it, accounting for all the monies in and out, while Pete helps her checking the amounts; there are the representatives for various areas, about a dozen people in all; at first I find it so confused and undisciplined that I can't help commenting on it, to which Diane readily agrees... Then I watch and listen, sitting quietly by myself, and writing a note for M.D in Delhi... Later, I talk a while with Al.B about starting a "hydroponics" experiment in Auroville...

On my way back, I go to Krishna's; he has already returned from Jipmer, diagnosed with a weakness in the kidneys – he'd been passing blood... A is there, looking after him...

... Kannan tells me he couldn't find any of the men who had beaten G.M, as they'd all gone to Cuddalore, perhaps to file another case...

I stop by at Rod and Kirti's: their baby boy was born yesterday night: I see him in Kam's arms, healthy and strong, "Aurorishi"; but there is tension in their atmosphere and Rod's eyes are tormented...

Later, when I bring their money to Narayana and Bhavani, I find Alok lying with a high fever...

***1-3-1980, Auroville:**

We all gather at Matrimandir. The Inspector Thomas has come with his constables; he is sitting on his new motor-cycle, smugly chewing on his sandwich, relishing his role... He has orders for another 10 days of 144!

We all decide not to have any further discussion with the police and to move away to "Tapoloka"...

But nothing clear comes out of a tedious two hours...

... The Guard is called at "Samriddhi"... but we are not really welcome there: the people of "Samriddhi" are contemplating some sort of compromise directly with the SAS' hired men... I walk back through the fields and find C quietly sitting under the "Service" tree here; soon she tells me more about her work and her experiences...

... Ramalingam comes to see me; I feel a call to be attentive to him: he is rather desperate at the moment and I must be available... He is very near and dear, within; it is always, with him, as if we have known each other already...

... G.M asks me to prepare a written report on the latest incidents on the land, to be communicated to the Collector so as to counteract the propaganda made by the SAS...

***2-3-1980, Auroville:**

Whenever I follow the clues of a "collective process", I get pained by the heavy contradictions, distressed by the lack of perceptiveness, soberness and honesty... Whenever I keep to myself, I soon yearn for ways to verify and apply what I experience alone into some collective being or life... Back and forth, never settled, never fulfilled...

... J.P of "Two Banyans" has been badly beaten up by a group of villagers from Bommayarpalayam, but he was able to escape... G.M thinks we should organise a night watch there so that he and his family are not left alone so far from any neighbour...

***3-3-1980, Auroville:**

The Guard is called to "New Creation" early this morning. G. picks me up and we reach there at 6 am. Soon, the entire Guard is there. Subrayan, who is an SAS agent, has bought a piece of land right next to the Auroville settlement and has made a wild connection to the water-pipe which is the main supply from the "Auroelectronics" pump to the village, provided by Auroville; our position is straightforward. A couple of us start digging; almost immediately Subrayan, Damodaran and Dharman, accompanied by two other men, all armed with sticks and bricks in their hands, rush in and push through our circle violently; we try to tighten the barrier by holding arms and hands but a few of us are soon pushed to the ground and a young German guy is hit and hurt; G.M too gets hit; I see that John H. is in a weak position and make towards him... Many villagers have gathered at a distance... Then Al.M and I both insist that this surely cannot be the way, and everyone cools down... Talks begin; the German fellow is taken to the hospital...

In-between two of the shuffles, G.M told me of a dream he had last night: we were both with You and You had a letter from Satprem which You wanted us to take; then You decided to come with us and we supported and carried You, holding You with our love for You...

... We are waiting, waiting; as we have been waiting since months... It makes little sense to me; but I am quite blank... This time we wait for the Tasildar and the Marakanam Inspector... But I stay: solidarity is perhaps all we have...!

... We draw a list of all the plot numbers where we will not accept any interference nor any lease made by the SAS, and we send it to the Inspector...

... Back home I find C very upset that she couldn't be with us; she makes me promise that next time I'll let her share in... she is wonderful...!

***4-3-1980, Auroville:**

C and I walk over to "Tapoloka". So many of us are there, it almost looks as if everybody has actually gathered in one place, even those who never attend meetings are there today... Arjun chairs...

We are getting to the main topic of the Coop membership when Pete suddenly marches in shouting to us that Yaap, who'd stayed behind to watch the Kottakarai Farm, has just been attacked by people of the SAS... We all start as one: this is a moving moment because, just prior to this, we were unable to come together in our talks and mental approaches and here we are, rushing to protect one of "ours" without a single thought...!

Those men have run away towards Bharat Nivas... Some of us are now quite angry; I myself feel it would be a pleasure to drive my fist into that fat smirking SAS contractor when I come upon him...

We catch 5 of these men and pack them up into an empty jeep that's parked right there, waiting for the Inspector to come and "take delivery"; others go on chasing after the remaining guys who have fled, some running, some on horse-back and some riding their bikes across the fields, it is a real fiesta...! C has got a ride on Jacq's bike! We get hold of one more of those guys and hand them all over to the police, having no illusion, though, as to what measures will be taken... We are merely making a point! There is a rather joyful energy flowing...

... Walking back home with C, I start telling her what happened in 1973, what was done to You... and I begin to cry...!

... I cycle over to "Dana" to bring Marcia's mail, and also to let C.E. and V visit with C here without me... G.M is groggy... We sit quietly, the 3 of us, when J of "Two Banyans" comes in... After a while I ask him straight how he feels about some of the Coop members wanting him to resign if he does not stop taking hashish; he is a little surprised at my direct question but answers with a fair measure of honesty, I think, although he's obviously been very hurt by the attitude of the "Aspiration" people and is still in a reaction to it... However I find that communication with him is very limited, or veiled...

... I ponder what I have seen today: this part of Auroville which is like a "Farmers Association; people who, out of their own interests, reach some sort of mutual agreement or contract so that each one gets the minimum trouble while supplementing one's life-style with a bit of collective ideal and a vague orientation towards a simpler and better earthly existence... And that seems to be it...!

And here is quite a gap! Some of my illusions got shot today... I was taking certain things for granted, which are actually not real at all...

With whom and how is Matrimandir to be built...? Who wants it? For its own sake, and not for... other reasons?

How are we ever going to meet in an active and committed movement of building which is at the same time a receptivity for the foundations to be laid of an entirely other Being...?

Is this "we" ever going to manifest, to happen...?

***5-3-1980, Auroville:**

Back to "Tapoloka" this morning to resume the general meeting that was interrupted yesterday...; this time, I chair. I introduce the main topic as a token of our search together for a certain transparency and security... Then I am fully busy keeping the meeting together; there is no fatigue... I try to bring people who do not usually speak up to express themselves... The main trends or focuses are, once more, tantrism, the use of drugs, allegiance to or collusion with the SAS... Some agreement is obtained on a few topics and the rest is to be seen again on Saturday...

***6-3-1980, Auroville:**

J.Cl is shaving a very hard time here. Despite his generosity and friendly humour, he doesn't find his place... M.S is also in some difficulty: she has hepatitis and is very unsure as to whether she must stay or leave; her attachment to Cyril pulls her one way, but she is very disappointed and hurt by what she has seen here, by the behaviour of the people in "Aspiration"... Somehow, none of my old friends seems to adjust well to the situation here; there is bitterness and incomprehension...

... In the night P.G wakes me up for my shift, out of an interesting dream – experience or activity, I don't know how to call it -; it has a character of illustrated,

or animated, or "live" meditation: there is a subject of study and there is a demonstration... This time it is about our conditionings as "colonisers" and how these beliefs or values subconsciously influence or colour the way we understand Your Work of Transformation: we project into it that sense of a colonising and of a subsuming, or making subservient and, a step further, of establishing an "elite"... It is an ingrained thing and this is not specifically western or "white"; it is quite universal! In this "dream", the issue is connected directly to the body's well-being and harmony – and to its weaknesses, such as loosing hair as an expression of an erosion of trust, or one of guilt...

***7-3-1980, Auroville:**

When I return from Jacques the dentist, I find Krishna sitting with C, in a very companionable mood; it makes me happy that these two are able to find one another directly... We spend the rest of the morning quietly busy with our respective handiworks, Krishna and I with leather and beads, C stitching pillow covers, in a rhythmic repose...

Krishna does the afternoon shift at Matrimandir with me...

***8-3-1980, Auroville:**

It is the continuation of the last general meeting. It begins with a long silence; everyone seems to have done some "home-work", the atmosphere is calm and rather serious... M.Z chairs; we all agree that: as a collectivity we disapprove of the use of drugs; that we disapprove and wish to discourage any occult practice or guru ship that would aim at providing "intermediaries", as these in effect only veil or obscure our direct relationship to You and Sri Aurobindo; that we disapprove and object to any collusion with groups or organisations, such as the SAS or the SSJ's group, who claim ownership or seek to establish "leadership rights" over Auroville... Toward the end of the meeting I go and sit by myself in Myrtle's kitchen and try and draft it all in a clear way, to "capture" the spirit of it as it has been expressed...: "The present community of Auroville needs to make the following statement to express its aspiration and will to progress towards the Future, free from confusion, pretence and imitation..."... I hand it over to the few – M.Z, Savitra and P.G – who are working on it... I feel there is a tremendous importance in this step we are being led to make, not only for Auroville but for the progress of consciousness anywhere...

***10-3-1980, Auroville:**

C and I spend most of the day in town. We have to get a ticket for me to accompany her to Delhi, as she has insisted so much – I just pray I can be of some use while there... The ring I have designed for her is ready and surprisingly well-made, the two stones are well set, an emerald and a topaz and it fits her hand perfectly... She is very pleased...

... Piero has called a meeting of all Matrimandir workers this evening, to decide whether we can accept the presence of the carpenters again and resume work, or we must refuse and then be prevented to work for a longer period...

... Prem tells me of the meeting that took place yesterday with the S.P and the new sub-Collector in which he, Dor and Fred stood for us, while Guru Prasad, Indra P and their lawyer stood for the SAS. It seems that the SP and sub-Collector have had signals from "higher-up" that are not favourable to the SAS and they made it clear that we are actually within our rights both at Matrimandir and on the land...

That has infuriated the SAS people who very much want the 144 sanction to be maintained as they hope it technically deprives us de facto of our "possession"... Both Navajata and Kishorilal have rushed to Madras... It appears that Prem and Piero are now of the opinion that we should accept the resumed presence of the carpenters rather than courting further application of 144...

... We meet Udar near the Ashram, and he gives me the references for this soil-less cultivation method that seems to be so promising...

... As we climb up the stairs inside "La Maison" for a late lunch, my eyes fall upon a young woman's eyes: tranquil, beautiful and lovely... Throughout the meals, across the tables, our eyes keep returning to each other, with the hint of a smile... When she leaves, I get up and move to the balcony to watch her; she turns, raises her face up toward me and gives a simple wave of her hand and walks away... This encounter has touched me...

... Lindy is there, with Schubert; she wants to talk to me, to try and convey what she was not able to express in the large meeting... She has, she says, a gift of clairvoyance, and she feels very concerned with the situation in and around Auroville, as she is able to "see" what many people are "doing" and being also often under attack for that very reason... I try and tell her how to get the proper distance so as to remain protected... I don't know how I can say that, but she seems to be the happier for it...!

...We finish our work quietly and ride back in the evening light and find everyone just dispersing, no decisions reached and another meeting scheduled for tomorrow morning...

***11-3-1980, Auroville:**

At 9 am we all gather at Matrimandir. A police van is stationed near the Banyan tree. We all move into the room behind the office; Narad chairs. This is a difficult one... P.G and I are soon labelled as "extremists"; we are backed by many of the "Aspiration" people and quite a few here, but the "majority", represented by Toine and, more subtly, by Andy, Bill S and Ruud, is opposed to our stand, and so is Piero... I feel this is a sickness that keeps us forming factions, opposing one another and, at the other end of the range, a kind of fog, a pretence at unity, a disregard for obvious distortions and half-lies... But there is no point in fighting, no point in trying to convince anyone... One can only observe, appreciate the balance of the moment, learn from it and keep quiet...

... Back home with C, I put on Keith Jarrett's music... and C weeps! From the intensity of all she has heard, felt and sensed these last days, and yet the harmony and beauty of the place... And later, in the evening, we walk together to Matrimandir, very close to each other...: such a gift for "mother and son"...!

... The unease grows in me, the sense that this cannot be right.

I try to formulate it as a question which I feel to put to Ruud and Bill S and John H; I write it on a piece of paper: "Do you really, sincerely believe that Mother Herself would put to us, as a condition to serve Her and Her Work, the acceptance of the physical presence of falsehood...?"

But as I approach the Camp and enter that atmosphere, the answer already comes to me... that the carpenters are only human beings after all, just as we are... and that, yes indeed, You have put such conditions by allowing the contradictions to enter, for them to undergo the real Change... and so the only way open to us is to become so completely what we are meant to be, to do so sincerely what we are meant to do, that they will either be bound to change or they will want to leave...

I felt, then, silly with my question...

Still I went ahead and handed it to Ruud, saying that I did not expect a reply...
 And now the two things are there before my mind, in a kind of balance...
 The tension is gone. There is a yearning for trust.
 Help me to be honest! Help me to walk the steps!

***12-3-1980, Auroville:**

Early this morning John H comes to see me. He has not read my question; he wants to tell me that he now feels it is wrong to resume work in these conditions and that he wishes to keep quiet for a few days and see... It is a smile, really; his heart is so alive!

I receive a message from Ruud, later. It is signed by him, Toine, Bill S and Ed and it says: "Your perception of the situation and my perception of the situation are false. Mother is certainly up to one of Her plays. Let us see what happens!"

I stay quiet. I do not feel it is real. I sense Toine's mind behind it, organised, efficient, "apolitical", advocating a self-sufficient hierarchy of dedicated workers, intolerant of any other considerations... And to this we should surrender...

Discipline is fine, I am all for it... But not at the cost of our inner commitment!

... I walk to the Nursery to borrow Narad's bike; he is not there. While I wait, and as every single time I have been there, I experience this crushing inertia... It is very odd, I don't understand it: here is a place filled with human activity and with Nature's exuberance, well looked after and yet, every time the experience is the same, my legs go weak; a weight pushes me down... Narad arrives; he talks to me almost in whispers, so solemn, about what he has felt and understood these last two days; it is alright and perhaps we do share a little, but this solemnity of his makes me cringe and be vigilant and... sober!

... I drive down to Pondy. G.M and I have agreed to meet for lunch; it is a little calculating of me, as I have been hoping to meet again that young woman we saw the other day, and that small "adjustment" of mine disturbs me; it contradicts my rule of offering it all to You, and I have to make an effort to withdraw from it... There are quite a few of us at "La Maison": E.B is there with Cyril, even A.R is there, and others, but G.M and I find ourselves a corner and review our understanding for a while... and the young woman comes in! It is obvious that she has made the same "calculation" and the scene is rather humorous, as both E.B and A.R are jealously watching me!

Later, when that first wave of attraction has dissolved, I go and sit near her, meeting another person, perceiving bits and parts of a complex, imperfect, evolving human being... Her name is Pnina, she is from Israel... Another Jewish woman for me! She has a small daughter there and is going to bring her soon. I leave before the connection becomes too strong, to give it its own time...

***13-3-1980, Auroville:**

Around 2 am this morning, P.G woke me up urgently. He has been very unsettled lately, endlessly arguing, uncertain; he has changed his mind about going to Delhi... But he has just received a letter from M.D who is still in Delhi working for all of us with official contacts, addressed to the 3 of us again; and, reading it, he became even more disturbed by the "decision" taken here as regards Matrimandir... He felt so alarmed that, at midnight, a strong urge woke him up and he went over to Matrimandir and found Ruud there on duty and shared with him and told him exactly how he felt, what he had sensed and how this was all a trap and M.Z had to now be stopped before he files that Injunction in Court. And, he says, Ruud realised

and understood and agreed with him...! So he came to tell me all about it so we could see together what the next step is...

And as I pluck flowers, after dawn, he comes again to tell me that M.Z has also been feeling too uneasy about the "decision" and does not want to go to Court anymore...! So!

... C and I drive down to the beach and Krishna meets us there and, later, Phil and Chr; C's stay is ending and I want her to be as happy as possible every minute of it; we swim and rest in the sun... Phil gets bitten in the water, probably a sea-snake, and I have to suck out the blood from the wound, we all laugh over it...

... We are working in the Kitchen preparing the dinner; two young visitors are also helping... Pnina walks in! She had no idea she'd find me there, so that was sweet! She intends to stay at the Guest House for a few days...

... The general meeting takes place behind the office today; it is so crowded that people stand in bunches outside the windows, leaning in... Diane chairs and brings some working order by focussing first on various practical matters that require our attention... Then a fresh statement of our "4 points Policy", which P.P has re-worked, is read out and eventually accepted by all. Thereafter, regarding Matrimandir, it is also agreed that we would at once communicate to the authorities our refusal of the status quo they sought to impose on us... Everyone goes along except Piero who becomes enraged at all of us and threatens us with the direst consequences... The "Aspiration" people try to calm him down...

G.M and P.G take off to Tindivanam to communicate our position to the DSP, and I resume the dinner preparations with Phil... They return late and tell me that our statement was received and accepted without discussion...

... Then, in the night, I have once more that kind of dream in which I become aware of a group of "magicians", Indian men and women, practitioners of the "black arts" on a tantric line, who are focussed on some of us; Jacq and I are among the targets; it is taking place both in Paris and here in India; I get this time to identify their faces; there is a huge sort of courtyard in one place, like a medieval open market, surrounded with covered lanes or arcades, crowded and bustling, and "they" work there; they look rather ordinary; but, once they realise that I have seen them, the whole thing takes on a different character: the more I pass by, back and forth, while actively withdrawing from any fear, and the more the distance loses its role and the less their power is able to act... It is very interesting...

***14-3-1980, Auroville:**

At Matrimandir this morning a few of us get to work, while an odd assembly has collected under a neem tree on the Gardens hills – SSJ, Jyotiprem, Guru Prasad, the carpenters, Gabrielle, and a cold-looking German fellow...

I drive down to Pondy and collect the new passport and the notarial papers from the Consulate; then I go over to the Park Guest House where Pnina has asked me to meet her and drive her back... With her it is open; I feel at home, with depths waiting; a little apprehension is there, of course, before another relationship and the changes it is bound to bring to her... She is vibrant in a quiet and poised manner; there is electricity almost crackling when our hands touch... It is not sensual yet, more of a mutual approach with open eyes; there is validity to it...

We ride back. She has chosen to stay at the "Fraternity" Guest House; I get stuck there, the bike refuses to start and I am confused and uncomfortable in an atmosphere which I find compromised, foreign, deprived of light... A.T gives me a lift back to Matrimandir...

... Miriam comes to see me here; she is leaving to the US in a few days and needs to confirm her experience and bring it into perspective...

... I collect the monies and go attend the "Envelopes" meeting at "Abri"; I am impressed by Diane's way of working and it makes me want to help her; it is an interesting mix of notions at play there, about how Auroville is supposed to develop, what are our responsibilities and what are the efforts required of us, what "self-sufficiency" means in the context of Auroville, and the limitations of categorising our activities, and the need to rely on... You, practically, physically...

... The authorities appear to be in a bind, now that we have stepped away from their trap and called their bluff...

***16-3-1980, Auroville:**

Krishna sends me a copy of Satprem's latest book, "Gringo".

... Diane comes to bring some documents and letters to be taken to M.D in Delhi and she stays with us quite a long while; I have come to trust her a lot...

... Everyone comes, throughout the day, to bid farewell to C...

I am a little worried that, all at the same time, several of us will be away: P.G is going to Bombay to join the Exhibition team, Fred is also going to be out, and so are Arjun and Deepti...

***17-3-1980, New Delhi:**

We left "Sincerity" in the middle of the night...

M.D has welcomed us at Juanita's. He tells me how it has been for him in Delhi and what we can reasonably expect and how we have to be patient and persevere; about various threads and contacts being followed; about Navajata's influence at different levels of officialdom... The communication with him is good and promising.

P.A is also in the house, a beautifully furnished residence, and he tells us how the Exhibition has been going so far, in his sensitive manner...

At night, after a dinner of meat and wine – one had to accept – with Juanita, Tapas, F.Gr, M.D, P.A and Rakhal, I took C back to the airport for her flight...

There is a whole confusion over the bookings, several names have been "forgotten" including C's; people get angry, tempers fly; we keep quiet and, in the end, C is given a First Class seat...!

... I get down the taxi by Juanita's house just as F.Gr is getting down another, with... Patricia! She has just returned from the US... She is all clad in green and, in a flash, she is in my arms and we are hugging, hugging each other, and laughing, our eyes singing with it...

***18-3-1980, New Delhi:**

M.D shows me his documentation work. He tells me more on how he is proceeding with Kireet's help and shows me Satprem and Sujata's letter... There is no doubt that he is doing an excellent job, effective...

***19-3-1980, Auroville:**

All the way back, in the plane and in the buses, I read "Gringo"... Coming home is like returning to that secret place in the rock, hidden behind the water-fall... it fills me with a silent gratitude...

***20-3-1980, Auroville:**

The atmosphere is diluted; newly risen understandings get swallowed, as if defeated by inertia... The general meeting ends in a vacuum... It is distressing, but there is indifference in me today...

... Pnina has come; she has moved to the Centre Guest House; she has met Noh – two Israeli women here! – and is quietly waiting for us to go deeper into our meeting; there is no tension in her. She comes to the house and is happy in it; there is something essentially reliable in her; I feel I can trust her and be a little abandoned... I offer it to You and I call You... She stays the night. I am thankful...

***22-3-1980, Auroville:**

Trouble is brewing again in the topes. The villagers from Kuillapalayam, to whom the SAS have leased some of the cashew topes, are moving closer and closer to P's and Drew's; Marcia and I go there ahead of the others... I have to explain the position to Drew: either we accept that the SAS has the "right" to lease land that we are looking after and collect the monies from it, in which case we just try to protect ourselves and our little gardens as best we can and avoid any trouble; or we stand by the principles of Auroville and deny the SAS's rights of "ownership" and arbitrary rule... Whether on the land or at Matrimandir, the position is the same... But what is the sense in preaching...?

***23-3-1980, Auroville:**

A has asked to move into A.R's hut while A.R and Krishna go for a small journey... There are interesting permutations! A does need the distance and the rest, though! I spend most of the day studying "hydroponics" or "soil less cultivation", having to struggle a bit with the technical jargon, but feeling enthusiastic about it...

... This yearning is there, like a flame, an ocean flame digging its way into the substance, all over, soundless, an intensity burning... it is not in any particular point and yet it is centred...

... Pnina has come; she tells me of her life in Israel – and who her father is...! She asks questions of me; and she asks whether I'd like us to live together for some time; I say that I do not feel ready for it. She is direct and self-contained: she says that, in that case, I will have to come to her; she won't come to me... It is right, I think. We can laugh. I find myself more trusting than I have ever been...

***24-3-1980, Auroville:**

G.M had decided we would try and resume work on Matrimandir, giving up on the possibility of a unified stand for the time being, offering it through physical work...

Marcia, G.M and I climb up on the structure and John H soon joins us, happy. Then, little by little, Bill S, Andy, Gl, Phil... But we cannot ignore the presence of that group sitting under the tree, it is sickening, like a wound that does not heal... And it is like it will not heal as long as the whole body does not react and affirms the harmony of health and integrity...

... Pnina stays in the house during the day; she has begun to read Sri Aurobindo and she is happy...

... Al.B tells me, with good humour, that he, Prem, Piero and K.T have received another summons to be part of a "Peace Committee" with Guru Prasad and Indra P for the SAS; and that, fortunately, K.T's reply has been rather... rough!

... There is now a "Permanence" for the Coop at the office; it makes communication easier and invites useful contributions; this way I feel more inclined to participate...

... A comes to talk to me: she fears that the difficulty between her and Krishna may have affected our friendship, that he may resent the fact that she has confided in

me, and she is sorry about it... I did notice a change, a little unease, between us, but I trust our bond to be free from such effects...

***26-3-1980, Auroville:**

At work, GI tells us that Al.B and Yus had an accident yesterday night on their way back from Tindivanam; they hit a pile of pebbles and got thrown off their bike; Al.B was unconscious for a moment... Nothing more serious but... one doesn't like it! It seems also that a new list of Quit Notices has been issued by the Tamil Nadu Government – I am on that list, along with Al.B, Jean, B.B and a few others...

... Late afternoon, waiting for Pnina on the low wall by the sea, gazing at the waves and filling with their material joy, I have the experience of You and me, of "our" safe space, our home, You and me, this timeless "Douce Mère... Mon petit...", unique, uniquely ours, more alive than anything else...

... With Pnina, the energy is positive; there is a good and lively communication; we share moments of hilarity, and of silence...

... V has shaved her head a couple of days ago; she is much more herself, as if washed from her personage, warm and funny and simple; and, Noh tells me, she is now pregnant, by C.E...! And they have now moved to a hut in "Existence". Both Noh and I feel happy about it...

... It is my night-shift at Matrimandir; two young policemen are on duty and insist on talking with me; one of them is very interesting, a graduate who could not find yet another job, filled with a lucid humour, and that living devotion of the heart that knows the madness of the world denying, ignoring the Divine... In him too is reflected or manifests the inalienable India... Later, Krishna joins me there...

***27-3-1980, Auroville:**

Krishna and I went to the beach. When I return to Matrimandir later, I find Thomas the Inspector with a bundle of new summons; I refuse to sign mine and go up on the structure to join G.M and Marcia at work... it all begins to feel nauseous, ashy: going on and on, relentlessly...!

***28-3-1980, Auroville:**

It is difficult to be a human being, to be, to be prisoner of a separate consciousness... Sometimes it is almost unbearable; one feels crushed by it, everything becomes a single hostile mass of inertia pressing from all sides against that tiny awareness that holds a body together in order to ... experience... to grow... to change...?

The mental will, the vital will, the individual powers or capacities seem to be mere tricks to temper down and make reality bearable, or even challenging; but when one gives up these means, one is left with the sheer fact of the separation...

... We all laugh about the photograph that has appeared in a Bombay newspaper, showing G.M holding two children, one Western and the other Indian, with the caption "The Spirit of Auroville"...

... Piero comes up and, with him, the tension of the situation is back with us...

... R had asked me to try and get more money from the "Envelopes" for Narayana and his family, but it didn't work and Diane advised me to see directly with the Kitchen... In the evening, I go to the office and wait there for Narayana to return home – his hut is right behind -; and I get well and truly caught! In two seconds all my "good intentions" are turned into the standard image of master to slave, white

to Indian; he goes berserk with rage, hatred, rancour and bile, and no matter what I say or if I keep silent, it fits exactly with his assumptions, like some devilish plot... And in a way I can't fault the logic of it; it is indeed hard for Indians who are neither "coolies" nor highly-educated upper society to find their place in Auroville at present, at least economically; and Narayana, so often ranting and venting his upset at the world, is getting too close to a nervous break-down... and all this he projects right onto me and I swallow it all...

***29-3-1980, Auroville:**

Gauri has delivered. I find her hidden in a basket inside the house, sitting over two tiny kittens, content...

... Before 7 am G.M arrives with the news that J.M has handed "Samriddhi" over to the SAS... There is a sort of reverse perfection at work here, with the SAS waiting out and pressing on each of our weaknesses, pressing on until it gives, and rushing in... But now we must find someone to move in there at once...

I ask Pnina to stay on and take care of the house and G.M and I go to "Horizon", the "new" community that P.V and D.P have just started, splitting from "Revelation", and we try to make them see that the priority is to guard what already exists, without splitting into more places; but it goes in vain...

The problem with this "battle" is that, resisting, one focuses energies on to them and they become stronger by our resistance, more motivated, as if legitimised by it... It is an absurd mechanic.

We should instead find ways to RESPOND, to act unexpectedly – not just to react and to resist...!

We must be FOR, not "against"...

But how to actualise this understanding? We have to laugh, also!

... We are sitting at the Coop meeting in the afternoon, when P.V comes in: he and his friends have thought long and hard and have decided that they would move tonight itself to "Samriddhi" and try to see how they can be most useful there... These are moments in our life together here that are so comforting and encouraging...!

... I feel it is only now, after these many years, that we are getting close and ready with a real "Yes" to Your call, when You invited all of us to join the adventure of Auroville, to take a leap towards the Future You heralded... As if only now our "Yes" could begin to be real, to be significant, to actually carry meaning...

***30-3-1980, Auroville:**

Pnina needs that I clarify my part of our relationship. I explain again that I am not ready for a full commitment, that she shouldn't expect it, as it would only cause misunderstandings... Just to talk helps and we can laugh; I trust her centeredness, her self-respect and her awareness...

***31-3-1980, Auroville:**

There are so few of us at work today that I don't even try to force myself and "do" something, out of plain obstinacy. I just help here and there and watch.... Piero comes up to see the work... I have found a new way to deal with it: I centre into an awareness of a Piero who is wider and happier in his body, freer in his movements yet retaining that wonderful care and precision of his, a Piero who would naturally express his own beauty and harmony, who would be a friend and a brother... It is

interesting and also a little embarrassing because, in the process, I touch upon fears, blockages and "shrinkages" that are very intimate to him...

... Violence, blind violence, seems to be gaining ground on the land of India...

... I have started to help at the "permanence" for the Coop, afternoons, answering letters, filling forms, gradually becoming aware of all the aspects of it; the atmosphere is good, everyone is focussed...

... Narad enthusiastically helps me select special shade trees to plant on both sides of the road here...

***1-4-1980, Auroville:**

There are only Bill S and G.M on the structure... How are we ever going to build that huge sphere? I don't know...! If what matters is only the growth of consciousness, then we might as well be doing some handicrafts... This makes no sense... We are stuck: the cement is blocked, the money is blocked, there are no people to work with, and the SAS is dogging each of our steps...

... Krishna shares a late dinner with me in the house; I spend a long time braiding his hair, in many small braids...

***2-4-1980, Auroville:**

The thing with Narayana and Bhavani has now gone completely out of proportions. And the target now of all their grievances is... me! And I don't see what I can do about it...! But what I see is that along there has been this show of false humility: being Your servants, ready for the most menial tasks, while, inside, they have been seething with resentment and bitterness... For years I have been uncomfortable with Narayana seeking "instructions" from me, and now it has all come out... To my sense, the main trouble is that there are not enough of us around Matrimandir and so there's too much room left for frustrations, projections and formations to lodge themselves and fatten and thrive...

... Piero, GI and Christiane have been called to identify their common aggressor, at the Villupuram jail, yesterday: it is Abdul's son, Mohammed... He is likely to get a two-years imprisonment...

... Muthu's gang has tried to occupy the topes at "Sharnga"... We go there; the Inspector Thomas arrives and tries to strike a bargain with us: he will drive that gang away (he's got to do that anyway!) and, in exchange, we sign our summons and behave cooperatively... We laugh!

... Pnina says she feels that we have a work together... and that the connection reaches deep and far and she is ready to give herself fully to it... But I am not! I appreciate and trust her more and more, but I cannot commit to one single person; it is better that I stay alone; I must obey the sense of joy and gratefulness in all things, for all things... We talk openly, hiding nothing from each other...

***3-4-1980, Auroville:**

Diane brings us news from Delhi: it seems that in a few days an order will be passed to quash all the Court cases and to withdraw all deportation Notices; M.D asks that we do not go into any heavy scene during the next few days...! We jump like kids...!

... Tapas, Rakhil, P.P and Renu have returned from Bombay; they tell us how it has been with the Exhibition, how many people they have met, some of whom had,

many years, earlier given money to Navajata for their house or bungalow in Auroville...

... There is a sense that things are about to take another turn...

***5-4-1980, Auroville:**

I am too feverish to try and go to Matrimandir. Everything is a little blurred...

I measure the spaces between the future trees, and go down to the Nursery to see Narad about the planting... His secretive, charged-with-meaning, "evolved" manner, makes me a little sick but, what to do, we must trust and go on...!

***7-4-1980, Auroville:**

Krishna and I spent the entire night on duty at Matrimandir. It has been a wonderful, fulfilling time, sharing within our domain...

... I wake up Pnina; she is going to Pondy for a few days; I respect her and am thankful for her, for her integrity; she has not tried to shun the difficulty, she has regained her own poise without rejecting the relationship, without resenting me, and she remains available to it...

***8-4-1980, Auroville:**

I cycle down to town to see for the wood for C's house. This is a good ride for meditation... I understand more and more that we must come out of the limiting mind if we are to enter a truer consciousness, but this does not mean merely (!) to come out of the mind, it is much more complex and radical, because there is not a single movement in us, in our very substance, that has not been mentalised in the process of the ages... I look at it from the perspective of moving towards a "divine anarchy" in our experience here, since all of our fumbling for some sort of collective organisation has proven self-defeating, if not plain aggravating, and all of our striving seems to amount to just a lot of pretence and little self-giving...!

... We fear our own natures... There is but one way, the way of unity and oneness with the Presence within and without... This has to become a Fact. One cannot pretend...!

... I wanted to buy a carpet, an orange one I'd seen some weeks back in Gautam's shop, to replace the one that Gauri has thoroughly spoilt... When I reach there I find, standing right next to the carpet... Pnina! She is happy, I am happy; there is humour in this gift...!

***9-4-1980, Auroville:**

Marcia and G.M have prepared dinner for me at "Dana". Noh has baked a cake with Pas, Pnina has brought a huge garland of jasmine...

... Krishna is waiting for me at his place, he has prepared it for me, it is filled with a loving presence; I brought him food, he makes us tea; we lie together, at home in one another. Today he has received the Agenda 6...

When I return, Pnina has left everything ready for me, Jacq and Kiran have brought me a beautiful clay symbol of You... We hold each other quietly into sleep...

***11-4-1980, Auroville:**

I cycle down to Pondy and go to the "Yezdi" dealer. I have finally made up my mind to order a good, brand new motorcycle. I bring flowers to Al.B at Dr Sen's Nursing Home, where he is resting from surgery on his knee cap; I hadn't seen him since his accident; I am struck again by his linearity: he is of one mood, of one track, while I keep shifting, within seconds, from one state to another; it makes me almost ashamed, because my awareness includes what to him is subconscious... In fact, it is so with many people: they talk on, focussed on their thought-process and delivery, in a smooth continuous way, while I am often overwhelmed with all the other "things" that are active in them...! It is often very awkward! But I like the friendship between us...

***12-4-1980, Auroville:**

I go to Krishna in "Certitude" this afternoon. A couple of days ago, to outline the absurdity of a certain collective egoism (while A had been away no one had remembered to leave his food basket for him), he had gone and grabbed hold of the entire supply and locked it in his room and gone out... As I had seen it, he had packed in that one action as much humour and aspiration for love as he could. But it now appears that no one there has even suspected it could be so, and every one has taken it very seriously... This settlement of "Certitude", with the split between the SAS residents and the Aurovilians is almost suffocating... Today I find people posted, waiting for the arrival of the food baskets, looking very self-righteous – no trace of humour there! It is as if they are all against him... What shocks me most is the attitude of Patricia, she whom I cherish so much: she has not had the slightest intuition of Krishna's meaning and call, and now she and F.Gr go up to him and threaten him that his supply might be cut as a punishment... This is all a little sordid... This is, I think, what a "couple" association often does: it creates an even stronger egoism, each reinforcing the other and both feeling a little superior, and more accomplished... I cannot reach Patricia anymore...!

***13-4-1980, Auroville:**

Sunday at home, resting – Gauri has been so restless, soiling my sleep every night of this past week...

... Twice the Tasilhdar and some officials come looking for G.M, to convey the Governor's invitation to another "Peace Meeting"... This is too weird...! In the evening they come again and head for "Dana" with their jeep; I feel very uncomfortable about it; it is clear that Navajata and Co are trying to get some of us ensnared into the pretence of a dialogue, so that they can tell people in Delhi that they are working it out and there is no cause for concern... But this picking of individuals is sickening... So I make everything ready for our night-watch at Matrimandir, leave a note in the office for Krishna, and cycle over to "Dana"... Both Marcia and G.M are very tense; the Tasilhdar has just left; their entire day has been very tight, G.M hurt his hand, fruit was stolen from their orchard, they felt invaded by strange vibrations and waves of unease... I feel like watching closely over G.M these days...

... Krishna joins be a little late; he is exhausted: he had no sleep last night and had to cycle to Pondy and back, carrying a whole bed! He lies down on a mat near me and soon he is fast asleep...

I pray that I can be what my friends truly need me to be...

***14-4-1980, Auroville:**

We are up on the structure. The Inspector Thomas rides in, calls us down holding his perpetual bouquet of summons. We refuse to come down. He pastes them all on the outer wall of the office...

... Yaap calls us over to Kottakarai: the SAS men have come to forcibly collect the Palmyra leaves... We all cycle over in the noon heat, chase the men away, gather all the leaves, load them onto Yaap's cart and send them over to dry safely...

... I don't know...: are things ready for... Auroville?

Can one open to the Future while fighting the past?

Isn't some genuine self-offering necessary before the Future can be welcome into the present?

... Afternoon, Yus and I finalise our letter of reply to the invitation to those "Peace talks", M.T and Prem have already prepared a draft, which we fine-tune; I type it up; then... someone has to sign it, and none of the usual Coop members is around; Yus wants me to sign it...

... Fred tells us of a strange rumour that Kireet would be meeting both SSJ and Navajata in Madras on the 17th...!

***15-4-1980, Auroville:**

The thing with Gauri is maddening; she will not let me sleep. I have now taken, I desperation, to throwing her out in the pond whenever it gets too much and that calms her for a while; but sometimes my nerves are so frayed and wound up that I am almost ready to kill her...!

I am really not fit to live with anyone, animal or human...!

***16-4-1980, Auroville:**

That's it, I did it. And it was awful.

Last night, I prepared the bedding on the terrace for Pnina and I; I wanted everything to be fine and at peace. I brought Gauri and her kittens up; I prayed for tenderness; and at first it was quiet. Then Gauri started again, behaving insanely, carrying her kittens back and forth and meowing, meowing... like a demented person...! Pnina got worried. Then there was a lull and we fell asleep. But a while later, Pnina had to get up; Gauri awoke and it started all over again... I tried to ask You "is it okay to kill her?"... I don't know whether I was truly able to ask You; all I got in response was a kind of surprise that I could have let this situation last for so long... But this is not a situation I have understood! So I took Gauri down to the pond and brought her under water... I was not prepared for what followed: she filled up with an incredible energy and managed to bite me so hard that she nearly got to the veins of my wrist... The wound was bad and Pnina got worried of blood-poisoning; she helped me to dress it... I concentrated, went deep within, reaching again for that moment when a first act of "killing" was committed, the law broken and the natural barriers of protection were breached and mankind began to grow by the dark side of things and to progress through suffering and disorder and violence rather than through psychological adjustment and trust and the development of perception...

I had only killed once before: two tiny puppies we could not keep; and that had been like sending them back, softly and gently, where they had come from... But now is a different matter...!

... This freedom of choice that has been given to men, to experience and grow from their "mistakes" and even from the edge of sheer self-destruction...

There is the sense that, long, long ago on this earth – long ago but somehow in an eternal present – there has been a natural state in which inner guidelines and safeguards were conscious and living laws and people were able to develop without ever endangering the balance of things or to face the contradictions we have come to know, and material harmony was effortlessly maintained...

When I made it into sleep, for an hour before dawn, it was to shift into a bad dream: there had been some betrayal and groups of very unpleasant people were entering all our houses...

... Pnina prepares milk for the kittens before she leaves to go to Pondy...

... P.G has just returned from Delhi; he tells us about Indira's solitude before the magnitude of the task...; regarding Auroville, Indira has asked Kireet to prepare with M.D a full report so that she may reach her own decision...

... Noh comes in a rush to ask us to help her get rid of "Auroculture" who has arrived once more with her "flower compost from the Samadhi"... When we reach there we have to deal with L.N who advocates her position with the same old "spiritual" arguments and it soon becomes so bizarre that we all end up in stitches, a general outburst of hilarity...

... I went again cycling to Pondy and back. Then P comes to me wanting to know what had happened last night, as he'd had a peculiar experience: just a moment before I shouted, from the pain of Gauri's bite, he'd woken up; he heard the shout and was plunged into a deep state; this was a cry of death in complete silence, and he felt the reality of death, as if in a second state...

***17-4-1980, Auroville:**

Last night Pnina and I slept separately, so we each could rest... In the middle of the night, I dreamt of Gauri: I have gone out to look at the pond; it has been overflowing for long and it is now wet all around in the garden and the water of the pond has itself become very clear; Gauri's body has risen and is gently floating; I approach, looking for something, a stick or a branch, to reach and hold it; slowly, with a kind of inevitability, it becomes animated and Gauri, like a somnambulist, moves out of the pond by herself and starts to walk away; I call her; I am amazed, but also grateful; I want to tell her something sweet and ask her about herself; she halts, comes back towards me; she tells me all the wrongs I have done in our relationship, the things I have done to her, betraying our connection, and how she has suffered and eventually become mad. But her tone is not at all dramatic; there is no heaviness in the scene, nor in her way of saying those things; it is also clear that she is aware of her own responsibility and that there is no rancour; there is rather a kind of clear sweetness about it...

... I "think" of Gauri a lot, and review the life we have had: her confidence, her abandon, her presence; whatever anger I expressed, she always returned trustingly...

... It rains, long, this morning...

... Tonight I bury Gauri's body in a small pot where I plant a hibiscus; I stay there alone, meditating and sending caring thought, welcoming thought, to her...

***18-4-1980, Auroville:**

This was my first night of good sleep after so long!

Pnina is full of questions, though. At first, I react; then, it becomes light and we laugh... Krishna comes to have breakfast with us...

... It takes us some time to shake off the heaviness and get into the work; G.M and Marcia, Gl, Bill S, John H, Yamini, C.E., AnneM, Nina, Andy and Piero are there... Around 11 am we see a police van drive in, filled with police and people from the

Foreigners Registration Office along with the Inspector Thomas... And we soon learn that they have come... for me! They have orders to arrest me if I refuse to sign a Deportation Notice, instructing me to leave India within 15 days...

It appears that the Madras Governor, Patwari, is disregarding the latest orders from Delhi to cancel all the "Quit Notices" that Navajata has been trying to push through, and may be acting on his own initiative... We are told that they have already gone to B.B and got him to sign... G.M tells me I better sign too; reluctantly I come down the structure and sign...

Yus arrives. It seems that Patwari and the SAS have been quite irked by our refusal to go for these "Peace Talks" and have decided on this course of action as retaliation... The others on the list are Fred, Al.B, F, Hervé, Jean and Savitra... This is actually 4 years old already, and the reason given for my being listed at all is that... You have refused me! This part is what hurts me the most: that this lie is reaching up to the present day...!

But there is nothing I can do, only trust, trust...

And the carpenters are there, sitting under the tree day after day, waiting, waiting for us to be taken away...

... I collect the monies around and go attend the "Envelopes" meeting in the office. Nothing has come from "Certitude"... I am learning about the different realities in Auroville... Diane, between topics, asks me whether I'd be willing to help her with the Visas work... I wonder aloud if I am presentable enough, and she laughs... This week is very bad, there is hardly enough money for the market, nothing for Green Work, not enough for milk or for wages...

... I spend the evening with Krishna at his place. There is that confidence that there is no level of our awareness where we cannot communicate, that it is all open and safe and surely oriented... Whenever we touch a point, in him or in me, where we cannot yet share, it comes as a sweet challenge, to goad us to progress...

... Krishna walks back with me, teaching me the Arab words for the different relationships to the Truth, to the Lord...

***19-4-1980, Auroville:**

G.M suggested I should add glucose to the milk for the kittens, and it works! They won't stop! But I am relieved: at least I fulfil one duty by Gauri!

... Pnina is upset at the distance between us; it is true, I don't seem to be able to relate to a woman, in this way she expects, in the daily life; I react to the sort of subtle environment a woman's presence becomes, enmeshing, owning... It is You that I want, Your Presence that I want as an environment...! And a centre!

***21-4-1980, Auroville:**

... The Collector is coming to meet us. But he is late.

Waiting for him in the office, Diane starts explaining to me the terms of the Visas work, its technicalities, its steps... She seems to feel relief not to do that work alone anymore...

... The Collector arrives. Rod does the talking. It is amazing how much energy these people are expanding in order to trap us. The SP and the Tasilhdar have also come, all are trying to convince us... But our answer remains: "No"!

... It is Pnina's last evening here; tomorrow she goes away, to Pondy, to Bombay, to the Himalayas and then to Israel... She tells me that my blockage is an ego thing that prevents me from experiencing simple giving and receiving... I don't know...

People often seem to believe that a "generous" nature will solve everything; this talk dries me up, it feels useless...
But, later, we meet and it is tender and funny and sweet...

***22-4-1980, Auroville:**

The time has come to part from Pnina. She tells me that whatever she has said came from her love for me. I feel quiet, a little distressed underneath; she is a real person and a real woman; ready to give herself completely, yet she is not demanding... I respect her!

... Diane comes to pick me up at the office and we drive down to Pondy, to the FRO... She feels secure now that I'm there with her for this work; the officers there insist that we must comply with the Governor's invitation... We figure that he is trying to stay in power, with the support of the SAS, while covertly acting against Indira; we learn that the orders for our deportation have gone quite a ways, as all Court cases against the 8 of us have been "dropped" so that we could actually be thrown out of the country...

... There is some anxiety; part of my mind has already worked out how I would run away and hide for some time, asking Noh perhaps to take care of the house and the work... It is ironic that at this very juncture I am getting involved with the Visas work for Auroville! There is the feeling that Diane and I can make a good team; beck in the office, we work for the rest of the afternoon with files and documents, with the help of Barbara and Rod...

***23-4-1980, Auroville:**

Diane calls us down from the structure. She has received confirmation from Delhi that the Quit Notices have been cancelled; she has us read the letter of appeal that has been addressed to the Home Ministry: it is a strong and beautiful text... I feel grateful and a little ashamed too for having allowed my trust to be diminished, for not always clinging to the Grace...

... G.M and I do our purchases in Pondy. We meet Pnina there; she wants and needs to tell me that she has been very confused by Krishna who, when she last saw him at the house, told her in his expansive way that, whenever she had been with me she had also been with him, that we were one... but with a particular meaning which left her feeling disoriented; she couldn't take it and wanted me to know... Perhaps that is why he didn't come to see me yesterday...?

When I return home, Yel shows me what Krishna, who has waited all afternoon, has left for me: a beautiful leather cover he has made for my volume of the last Agenda...

***24-4-1980, Auroville:**

We have to chase again the SAS hired men, this time from around the Pump-House. We collect the leaves and load them all and send them over to Vijay who needs them at his place. I talk to Narad about posting a watchman there to help Stream, on the Gardens budget since the main Pump is right there; he seems to agree, but wants me to talk to Patricia and F.Gr about it, as they want to hire two men already for their work at the Banyan tree; but I refuse: I do not wish to be submitted to that weird energy in F.Gr again; better to bring it up in our work meeting...

... We are all a little fed up with these endless tussles and petty fights over boundaries and nuts and leaves...

... Cl.B rides in on her own new black horse, Grita; I find myself a new role: I help her down this beautiful, tall and shiny beast and take it away to drink from the pond and graze in the fields around the Gardens, till it is quite satiated...

... Today Hervé and Jean C have decided to bring me 6 chickens for my cooking: the first time we have meat in this Kitchen!

... I am reading "Big Sur" by Henri Miller: this is a good man, deeply awake, and I enjoy the book.

... A visitor, named Boris, comes for the second time – I had no recollection of having ever met him, but he remembered very precisely about me, 15 years ago in Ibiza and about entire scenes he describes in detail, and he remembers O.B, and A.F, and others... How is that possible, I cannot tell!

... There is some humour in serving meat today, "Darshan day", 60 years after Your return to Pondichéry, having read in Your last Agenda what You have to say about meat...! But the 3 of us, Pas, Phil and I, had a very calm afternoon preparing this dinner and the atmosphere is good and clear and the children, as well as all the big eaters, are happy...

***25-4-1980, Auroville:**

This morning Ramalingam comes up to help with the work. And P.G, who had "decided" he needed to exert his revolutionary capacities in 'Fraternity", has come back to us, saying he was missing us too much... He is all tender humour and it is heartening...!

... I drive Christiane down to Nripendra's Dispensary in the Ashram, to have her ears treated...

... There is underlying anger in me, at my insincerity and the mixture of motives and drives in me; at the element of desire that tends to intrude between Krishna and me these days... And also, all a round, at the general atmosphere we all create, with its ambiguities and unclarity...

... When I return in the evening from the "Envelopes", I find Krishna waiting for me... he too had a mixed day; it takes us a while to climb back...

***28-4-1980, Auroville:**

The heat is so heavy, we drag ourselves to work. And it takes nearly an hour before energy begins again to flow. I have always disliked this dependency, these tricks we must use in order to open to and receive the needed energy... The yearning is for an opening, constant and safe, to the energy from above, that would take care of everything...

... We are all busy in the office, this afternoon, when M.D shows up; he returned in the night from Delhi... The news is not too bright: Navajata and Co are still able to get people under their influence on the power paths and Indira is terribly alone in the midst of generalised corruption. She has indeed issued a stay-order of all our Quit Notices, but between her and the Tamil Nadu State officials are a number of strategic spots where the SAS can still interfere indirectly... So there is still uncertainty in the atmosphere...

... Tonight we start again to listen to the tapes of Your Agenda: it is now Volume 5.

***29-4-1980, Auroville:**

Last night I woke up shouting from a dense nightmare: adverse people were making a powerful intrusion here, with the intent to drive us out, to dislodge us, and I began to yell "c'est à la Mère... it belongs to the Mother... it is Yours, Mother..." again and again, till it became material and I woke up here... Ever since these deportation orders have been activated in the atmosphere, this goes on...

And for me it has a personal meaning as well; it is not merely concerned with Auroville's battling to be free of the SAS's clutches, it also touches on the very formation that had sent me to hell for over 3 years, the formation that You had rejected me, condemned me, "for ever"...! And besides, insofar as one is open to the experience of "adversity", this threat is bound to a sort of mechanical karmic return of the action we had taken towards the Jagdish's group, pressuring them to let go of their "groupisme" and stance of exclusivism, or to leave...

... Diane and I spend most of the day working together, first in Pondy – Consulate, Bank, Gas supply, and the FRO where they grudgingly admit to a stay Order, which they qualify as only for a fortnight – and later in the office here, filing letters and papers and doing correspondence... A few of us come to help; Diane is tired: she has hardly any space, in her present circumstances, to ever be by herself...

***1-5-1980, Auroville:**

I am worried. Because I may have poisoned the relationship between Krishna and me by allowing desire to play, by allowing myself to desire. I want us to get past and beyond it, to have gained some understanding from this stage, but I have too much apprehension...

... It comes to me that trust and true consciousness are inseparable, but in a way that our mentalised, divisive, guilt-ridden, driven and motivated physical consciousness cannot comprehend...

***5-5-1980, Auroville:**

Everywhere one looks in Auroville today, there seems to be the question of lack of money. Pumps break down and cannot be fixed, wages are not paid, nor bills, housing is insufficient...; and for many months now the only newcomers to Auroville have been poor people, so that the burden has increased on the "collective"; in the Green Belt and in the farms it is the hardest – J.P and Colleen for instance, who work more than most of us, are not able to make it through the month...

One may sense that this is all a matter of attuning to the right vibration so that the required energies will flow in, but one has better become able to practice it, one cannot merely "talk" about it...!

There is a joy in channelling, in responding to needs, in steering the flow where it is most required for the whole... Whenever one is enabled to fulfil that function, even on a very small scale, it brings contentment: to relay and orient so that physical and material harmony may manifest...

... Late morning, Krishna comes to fetch me at work... Along with G.M and Marcia, we come here and have lunch together...

... I join Krishna in the evening, at his place in "Certitude"; the atmosphere in that community is so tense and tough and harsh; there is not enough water and people don't look at one another anymore, it is all fragmented and Krishna is there, lost in

it... He has spent the entire afternoon making a new bracelet for my watch: we finish it together...

The wind has shifted; the air itself is burning hot...!

***6-5-1980, Auroville:**

Today is C's birthday and Cristo and P.E's team have at last come to do the first cementing of the roof of her house. It was not planned this way – I had intended to do it much earlier, but Cristo kept postponing and delaying it – and now it is a sweet coincidence...!

This evening I want to be away for a while from the confusion and noise of so many people at work, and I go over to "Dana"; Marcia and G.M make the dinner... Compared to "Sincerity", "Dana" has that character of wilderness, a freedom and a force, while "Sincerity" is already more urban, more charged with vibrations...

***7-5-1980, Auroville:**

My connection to sexuality is still so strong. You have explained that it is only when one has come to feel and sense it as far too gross and too crude, when one's nature has come to feel it that way, that it can fall off and one can be altogether free of it and be ready to turn to what is to come next... Obviously this is not yet the case with my nature...!

***9-5-1980, Auroville:**

Angad comes to call us at work. The SAS people have been stealing the jack-fruit from the trees at Kottakarai... We don't find it funny anymore! So, we opt for going to the source! After all, it is Indra, from his station at Bharat Nivas, who send these men all over, hires them for the purpose... We all ride over to Bharat Nivas, but we find only Ramaswamy and that fat oyster Sampura, and Govind the ostrich... We try Indra's house at "Promesse", but he has been warned off... We end up leaving a humorous note pinned to his door, in the fashion of capes and daggers novels, signed "the Auroville Guard"...! We know, though, that it will fit exactly into their image of us, but we feel free of it – almost, in a way, unconcerned!

***11-5-1980, Auroville:**

It is Sunday. Tan, the Malay guy, comes to me: yesterday night he has been thrown out of the Kitchen by Noh, Pas and P.G. I didn't know it. There is something candid and straight about him, though, that I like, and when he is with me he seems to regain his balance; yet I can do little at this point... He tells me shocking news: it seems that, last month, Amal Kiran's wife Sehra hanged herself, in the Ashram...

... I learn that, a few nights ago, P.E – who has also got, it seems, a Quit Notice – woke up suddenly in the middle of the night with the imperious urge to jump through the window of his hut; and he did jump and, just a moment later, the whole hut caught fire! He has no idea what happened!

***13-5-1980, Auroville:**

When Diane and I reach the FRO office late morning, we find a friendlier atmosphere. Kireet has already informed us of Indira's latest written instructions:

"Why 15 days only? The deportation Orders have to be stayed permanently!"... So, that worry seems to be dissipating...

Diane then wants to stay in town for lunch; she wants to eat meat! I try, to keep her company, and I chew and chew, but it doesn't work!

There is a discreet and quiet harmony getting established between us, with moments of deeper recognition; it is simple and easy and I like it that way; only, sometimes, instead of being concentrated and a little effective, it tends to drift into talk; she loves to talk...!

... Mère, je veux T'offrir quelque chose qui ne soit pas misérable. Un être entier, non mutilé, réel. Pour Toi complètement, absolument, sans défaillance, libre du goût de la mort à jamais. Et que Tu en fasses ce que Tu veux. Douce Mère, voilà ce que je veux. Que cette vie porte ce fruit, et qu'il soit déposé à Tes pieds...

***14-5-1980, Auroville:**

I am upset about the tools situation again. Here we are once more, with only two bad saws and a few hammers, when a couple of us had taken so much care to gather all the tools and fix them and order new ones; now again they have disappeared – everyone just helps themselves and I'd guess most houses are well-equipped while, about the Matrimandir work, an aristocratic indifference prevails...!

***18-5-1980, Auroville:**

Cristo has sent me word that his team will come and do the second cementing of the roof of C's house tomorrow. But Murthy has not delivered the cement yet. So Cristo now suggests that I borrow cement that is kept in stock at "Certitude" for E.B and Krishna... This morning, G.M sends his cart over there and Nat goes along with the driver to help load the cement... I should have gone myself, but I was not yet ready to leave the house... Nat soon returns, tense and very confused: Krishna has refused to let go of the cement... It does not fully come as a surprise: there has been a kind of a lapse, or misunderstanding, in these last few days... But I must go and see him; G.M wants to come with me and we drive over: Krishna refuses to lend the cement and refuses to address me as well; I withdraw... I ought to feel hurt, but I rather feel responsible for this; also, I do not believe our relationship is really at risk, it is just a passing phase... But G.M is quite distressed...

... Noh has just fired Parvati... G.M and I have to see to it when we return here...

... On my way back from "Aspiration" where I went to exchange the Agenda tapes, I stop by "Sharnga" to return a book to Cl.B; besides Kripa and Kali, V's daughter Taranti is also there, and Cl and B.B insist I must stay for dinner... I do not regret it: I learn from it. They have reached, and are able to maintain, a creative balance between them; they talk to me very openly and honestly and I can appreciate once more how Your Grace supports each of us uniquely when one really tries to grow according to one's inner nature... Cl and B.B are "doers", they need to act, to move forward, to spend and receive energy and turn it into creative steps; they are generous; I see nothing to deplore or criticise...

And I wonder, of course, what is "my" direction, the process of "my" inner nature, and... I am not sure! I cannot define it; it is perhaps more solitary, and less communicable... I see more and more that, to condemn any thing, is a weakness: the world is infinite...

***19-5-1980, Auroville:**

It is early morning; I am watching the kittens play on the sunlit floor. P.E comes and has coffee with me; soon his team of masons ride in; together we organise the day' work. Then G.M arrives and I soon leave with him to Matrimandir.

... P tells me there was a heavy scene last night – I did not hear a thing! – with Tess, who apparently consumes a lot of marijuana, freaking at Gillian and beating her till she bled and then dragging her to Pala's and beating up Pala as well; Dennis had woken up at the shouting and gone over and managed to calm them all down but had to stay with them till dawn... And this is all connected to big J and her boys who are known thieves – and a host of unpleasant matters beside... But this is a situation that definitely requires attention and care...

... M.D has requested that a group of us gather at the office this afternoon. There are Diane, Hervé, Christiane, Fred and Prem, and Arjun and Deepti, and C.A, Marc A, Tapas, and D.W... M.D wants to share his observations, what he has seen and learnt in Delhi, what he feels about the situation, and to suggest that some of us should make ready to go to Delhi and meet directly with Indira... Fred speaks of the need for us all to clarify and strengthen our commitment to the work of Auroville, regardless of circumstances and current "battles"; he speaks of a pledge we ought to make, the formulation of it must be found...

... This is a scorching day; only some of the masons are willing to stay on into the night to complete this second coating...

***20-5-1980, Auroville:**

Today is even hotter: the air is of a furnace.

G.M and I spend much of the day on the road, between here, Pondy and Cuddalore, for his papers; we join Diane at the FRO for a moment; Shruti has also come with her, she sits with me by the sea...

... The cementing of C's roof is going on... 17 men in all are working on it; P.E has had to send for cement wherever he still had any stock, in a hurry – no news of Murthy; I enquired in several shops and could find no trace of him...

... I am doing the accounts. Someone knocks at the door. It is Krishna... I am ready to be happy, but I am not sure what motivates him... He tells me that he wants "all his things back" and his tapes: "we are at war", he says...! At once I say that I am not; it is up to him, it is his formation... He faces me and, suddenly, with all his force, he slaps me!

Oddly, I do not fall, only waver a bit, and I call his name, dumbly. We stand in front of each other. He stares.

I feel calm, without resentment; there is like a flow of tenderness pressing somewhere... But instead of opening to it, he tells me, harshly, that it is the "negro" I am looking at...

He leaves.

I must learn from this, as he must...

I must see how I have been made into a weapon against him and somehow, in spite of me and unaware, been identified with a force that disturbed him so much that he could only resort to violence...

***21-5-1980, Auroville:**

The masons finished at 3.30 am. I am tired. But I know I'll draw energy through the work...

... We're called down: Tess has flipped again; we come to his house: Dennis, P, Pas and M.L are holding him, waiting for us... There is no way but for us to take him to Jipmer Hospital... Gillian says "I tried my best".

We spend hours in that monstrous and absurd but necessary place... It is humorous, confused and tense, open, groping; we feel at times lost and at times supported; sometimes Tess has flashes of lucidity; he remembered on the way that the electricity bill must be paid!... Then we have to do the paper work and run here and there for money to cover the costs of his stay in the Hospital... There is, in this story, a connection to tantrism, to Panditji; it would seem that both Gillian and Tess had opened to it and that havoc followed; but she is clearer within herself, and there is with her recognition...

... We have one thing only: the need of You – You directly, You immediate, You, only You...!

Let others elect their intermediaries, and proceed in their wisdom towards the goals of their understanding... We want You; we find meaning in You alone...!

***22-5-1980, Auroville:**

I send for Tess's worker, a gentle fellow, who is still under the shock of Tess's behaviour. I tell him to continue his work and that we'll take care of his wages...

... Pala comes back from Jipmer, very uptight, and calls me down from work; she wants to talk... She has been too closely involved and part of the mess; she agrees that neither Tess nor Gillian should come back for some time and that their house must be cleaned and cleansed and that neither big J nor her boys should come there anymore... She doesn't want to go back alone to Jipmer to bring their things to Gillian and Tess, so I decide to drive her there; G.M is not happy with that, he wants we have nothing to do with Pala just now; finally he says he will come with me and we two will take their things with us... Then only we become a little happy again!

On our way, G.M tells me of an interesting little experience Marcia had yesterday: when she saw me first, she saw that half of my face was Krishna's! And only then she saw the bruise around my eye and immediately understood I'd had a fight with Krishna, but didn't dare ask me...

When we reach Jipmer, we find that both Gillian and Tess have run away early – probably just after Pala had left?

I feel quite silly: G.M was right in his reluctance to get involved, and I am ashamed to have kind of forced him into it... He teases me gently... In so many ways we help each other...

... While I am preparing dinner, Christiane comes to me, very tender; she wants to share more with me; she says she's felt me to be on the edge of my endurance lately and she wishes to help... Hervé too is very gentle...

... Pala comes to see me: Gillian has returned, letting Tess go on his own; she realises that she too has to move away for a while...

... There is no current; we serve at candle-light...

***23-5-1980, Auroville:**

This afternoon Ar. asks me to come to Tess's house: R comes along, and P, Dennis, Pala, Christiane and Hervé are there; soon Gillian joins us. I concentrate to be free of all the emotional charge; Dennis and I make it clear to Gillian that she must telegraph Tess's parents in Australia, contact Ajit as well, and get two plane tickets

sent urgently for Tess and her; also that she must go to Madras and look for him and keep him there till the tickets come...

... Ramalingam comes to see G.M and I: he wants to marry a girl against her family's will and plans to take her away next week, marry her in another place, and bring her to Auroville; and he asks us to find them a place to live...!

***24-5-1980, Auroville:**

Several people have asked for a "Centre organisation meeting" to be held at the house here: Dennis, Bill S, D.W and Sally, Ruud, Jossie, Noh, John H, Jacq, Pas, all gather here and I make tea for everyone... The general feeling is that a few of us should be given the responsibility for admission in the Centre area and in the Kitchen, and for contributions... Both Jacq and Bill S ask again that the men who take care of "Sincerity" (tend the garden, fill everybody's water tank, etc) should stop eating in the Kitchen... I have consistently opposed this move in the past, but now... I can't help thinking I might as well stop eating there too... But then, if I cut myself off from the "collective" life, I should also withdraw from the "Envelopes" as the Centre representative...!

... There are these moments when inner tears well up in me... Sometimes it is a terrible sense of my incapacity to love... There are so many beings – people – here, whom I am unable to turn to with love, even with tenderness...!

***25-5-1980, Auroville:**

In the middle of the night, I noted down a strange dream-experience, of a woman-divinity, a goddess, lodged within a mountain, fighting Death's assaults with the sheer force of true consciousness. I then felt so... terribly lonely! Was it the need, the absence of a woman's soul wedded to mine? There was this need to hold and be held, rightly and safely... I felt like searching for her to the ends of the earth...

***26-5-1980, Auroville:**

GI and Piero have returned from their journey. They show us two neat brochures, printed in New York, on this "twin" Auroville-city that Navajata has launched near Calcutta; there is also included a text on his new political party, "Auro-Congress" with plenty of quotes from You and Sri Aurobindo and a constitution promising equal rights, equal justice and equal distribution of riches to all the people of the world... The plan of the city-to-be shows a "Transformation Tower" at its centre. They also distribute Your Blessings...! As for "our" Auroville, it is to host and shelter the Presidium of their new World-Government... They seem to have been getting quite some funding already, while here we struggle for a single bag of cement or a bundle of binding-wire...!

... To crown it all, Yus now tells me that Narad, along with Patricia and F.Gr, have decided to split the Gardens from the Matrimandir and do separate fund-raising...

Alright. I gaze at that near-emptiness with wonder and a kind of despair that is... the kind of acceptance veering to insanity...: everything feels so miserable!

What does it mean that people like Navajata, using You the way they do, thrive and become successful...? I wouldn't be bothered if there were sufficient balance and cohesion here...

We should concentrate so that would join us only those who can make out the difference and detect all imitation... But we ourselves are stuck; we do not have the balance...!

If this is all to be just a battle-field, then let it be frank at least! "Good-will" does sometimes more to hide the truth than to serve it!

***27-5-1980, Auroville:**

I am sitting in a café waiting for G.M and Marcia, the purchases done. The same guy who said last time he'd met me all these years ago, comes to talk to me: he finds that Auroville is a failure, it is filled with "petit bourgeois" and petty colonialists, with no energy to break through and no will to move beyond the old known systems, and he wants me to explain why I am so determined to remain here and what is my experience... G.M and Marcia arrive and save me from having to answer... Yet, we can't pretend, Auroville does give such an impression at present... I am feeling very low...

***28-5-1980, Auroville:**

Yus asks again what we feel regarding the latest invitation by the Governor to a "Peace Meeting" as, this time, Prem and Fred are ready to go and are pulling him into it; we can only reiterate that it can lead nowhere but to the same old trap and none of us should go...

***29-5-1980, Auroville:**

There is this thing of making a big dinner celebration today; I have refused to help. What is the point of this show of unity when day after day and in all things there is so little we do share and Matrimandir gets only a handful of us to do the work? ... Gillian has finally located Tess: he is in poor shape and has burned his papers; so, even though the tickets have come, they can't leave as yet; I have to take care of his passport at once...

***30-5-1980, Auroville:**

I went to the Nursery to pick flowers for Jacq's birthday; Narad gets hold of me: he is very depressed and thinks of leaving Auroville, because of the heavy criticism he has received from several people. I try, as whenever I find someone in that condition, to be very forward and positive and strong; I tell him that many of us are going through an intensely severe period and that we must endure and learn from it... There is to be a special meeting on the Gardens tomorrow; we'll see...

... Today Diane asks me to count the monies, and it takes me till the end of the meeting; she tells me that Prem, Fred, Yus and now even M.D have actually gone to Madras, accepting the Governor's invitation... They have, it seems, Piero's full support, and that is what persuaded Yus. It has become clearer to me that there is absolutely no virtue in getting upset, bitter or resentful...! When given an opportunity to express one's views, either in words or in acts, one does it; otherwise one keeps quiet!

Diane tells me other titbits...! For instance, that Sujata has suggested, on behalf of Satprem of course, that the arrest of the 7 of us might be a good thing for "the

cause"... Being myself one of the 7, I guess I am partial, but I don't like it! This feels like one is feeding an unreal game...

... The cement has come at last, but only 20 bags... I can at least return G.M's lot, for his house!

***31-5-1980, Auroville:**

The meeting in Madras seems to have been rather grotesque. It has yielded only one proposal: to have a retired Judge investigate all legal matters – cases and litigations – between the two "sides"; but it was acknowledged that the "deportation Orders" must be kept in abeyance for the time being...

... Tess has gone berserk in Madras, running naked in the streets, burning things... Nico has gone there and returned already, helpless...

1-6-1980, Auroville:

Ramalingam comes. He still cannot make up his mind as to where he wants to be, nor what he wants to give his life to... But his heart is here, always.

... G.M and I have this plan to do our own fund-raising for Matrimandir – the whole of it -; we want to address people directly from Auroville, let people know that we are doing the work. We have prepared the text of an appeal and we need addresses to begin with... We do down to "Aspiration"; Marc A has collected a good list of interested people during the Exhibition tour... He tells how no one in 'Aspiration' wanted to have anything to do with that meeting in Madras, and yet M.D had gone... Others join in the talk, and it becomes lunch-time and they invite us to stay. As we stand in the line, M.D comes to me; I am happy to see him, and glad of the opportunity to tell him directly, with affection, what I had felt about his going; I find him open and candid in his response; we soon sit together and, as G.M and I are telling him more of what we have been experiencing, others listen in and it becomes soon a spontaneous, typical "Aspiration" gathering. It is the occasion for all of them to vent their accumulated frustrations of the past two years regarding M.D and Nicole's superior attitude and their play of secrecy between Satprem and Auroville... But, and this is really the mark of this collective realisation in "Aspiration", it is all very frank and honest, centred and free of resentment, devoid of bitterness, uncalculating, wanting to love and to meet without veils...

M.D takes it all. I speak for him once, to restore some balance, because I trust his sincerity. He is able to say, at the end, that he is happy this has happened...!

I wish this togetherness would manifest around Matrimandir; but I find it significant that this took place as a result of, or triggered by, our visit, from Matrimandir and for Matrimandir... We leave discreetly, a bit shaken, and tired...

... I see, at dinner in the Kitchen, that Krishna has returned from his trip; he is at the big table, in his expansive mood: I am ready for the least opening, the smallest sign, but he keeps shut from me and away... Perhaps he sees me as self-assured, in control... he doesn't know the tears?

***2-6-1980, Auroville:**

I am uptight and I feel lonely, as if at the border of a desert I must now cross alone. I have a heavy tachycardia, tugging at the arteries in the neck and left shoulder, and it is draining... G.M comes to find me in the office; yesterday evening he had a "talk" after the football game with P.G and others and now he wants us to act...! But I feel uneasy, finding him too much on the surface... He wants us – the

group of us who are always available and ready, for the Guard or for any other emergency – to assert our “right” to be part of such “events” as the meeting with the Governor... I understand how he feels, but this does not seem to be the right way to express it, nor the right time for it...

... Diane doesn't show up today and I'm left with all this paper work and this is not the first time... If there is no meaningful sharing, who cares to waste more paper with it all...

... I have to receive visitors, part of the afternoon; a French couple strolls over, not very interesting; then there comes a group of Indian ladies, both from the Ashram and from Bombay, and with them I find a psychic presence and it becomes easy and happy and, at the end of their visit, I realise that the eldest of the ladies speaks and understands not a word of English and yet there has been such a loving movement of communication with her, so very comforting...!

***3-6-1980, Auroville:**

G.M and I have to go to Pondy; first I must find Diane, about the Visas work: we look for her in “Jaïma”, and then we find her finally in M.H's hut in “Aspiration”. There is now and then a kind of negativity in Diane that makes it difficult to work with her, which I don't quite understand... We arrange to meet in Pondy... But she is so late that I have to go ahead and meet the FRO Officer: he's friendly today, which is ironical, as he has now got more charge-sheets against more of us and, as a consequence; less of us may have a proper Visa... Sometimes difficulties end up simplifying things...!

***4-6-1980, Auroville:**

A gang of thieves has again been operating in the area. Last night many valves were stolen from the Gardens and Nursery, all worth at least a thousand rupees; but the area is so large and we are so few and we have no resources; we are at the mercy of any persistent bad-will...!

***5-6-1980, Auroville:**

Christiane has been increasingly focussing on me, eager for an opening, a sign of willingness on my part... I respect and appreciate her as a friend, or perhaps a sister, but this is not the response she seeks; today she left me a message in the Kitchen saying that, if she could, she would put joy in my eyes... I suppose she means the joy of someone who has found “love”... But where is “she”? “She”, the woman-soul I could walk and grow with? Does “she” even exist? Is it even wanted? I don't know...!

***6-6-1980, Auroville:**

The realisation is now very tangible for me of the de facto solidarity that binds us all, human beings, into a single condition. And it is thus that, here in Auroville, we must face the same limits and contradictions as everywhere else – the opposite would be a monstrosity!

Yet, what makes a difference I some of us, whether here or anywhere else, is a little window within, that opens onto another consciousness... And perhaps there is

nothing that we can or even have to do, but keep looking and seeing through that window and; little by little, learn to let that "air" enter us...

... Yus tells me we have no money to pay the few wages at Matrimandir tomorrow, and I should try to get it through the "Envelopes"...

***10-6-1980, Auroville:**

Usha and Shruti have come with Diane to Pondy and they tag along as we do our work at the FRO office... I think perhaps it is a great strength and support to be sharing one's life with a woman and children, come what may... Am I meant to experience it in this life? Have I lived it already countless times?

... G.M and I finally mail these hundreds of envelopes... Whether anything comes of it, we shall see! As Christiane put it, we'll have only lost the stamps...!

We ride back at the end of the day. I drive; it rains all the way into Auroville, and it is sweet and restful to be damp and cooled, riding in the dusk, riding home on this free land, orange and soft and yet harsh and inhospitable, riding together in this very moment of the universe, being material, being aware of You...!

***12-6-1980, Auroville:**

Last night before sleep I had an intense physical experience: I was lying on my back, drifting into sleep, gazing at the stars above, pondering that hypnotism that ties us down to the earth-sense – and wanting to go out among the stars... I felt the pressure on top and around my head, and I began to move toward the opening; but each time I reached there, came a powerful pressure all over the body, as if it was invaded by current; it increased and the breath stopped and the heart-beats started to fade and there came a movement of withdrawal... And a last time it happened and I realised then that I was leaving the body through the head and that this was not at all good for the body: there was too much pressure and current, and something there was not altogether friendly, or else something was missing, the sense of communion was absent – I wasn't experiencing it as coming from You...

But it taught me this, concretely: I can leave my body whenever I want; I know how!

I had sometimes wondered about it: in the case, say, of torture, how to quit? Now, it is clear!

***14-6-1980, Auroville:**

G.M is in a poor mood; frustrated, off-centred and careless, ignoring the others; Marcia and Pas sit there not knowing what to do and he pays no heed to me either... GI comes up to see me: she is saddened by all the justifications people find not to participate in the work; then she tells me that there are those who say they cannot come to work because of... me...! That hits me hard!

I ask "who?" She mentions two names, Phil and F.Gr... I have felt F.Gr's violence toward me since some time, noted his weird attitude, and it seems to me this is largely due to his jealousy regarding my friendship with Patricia... As for Phil, his attitude has changed since what happened between Krishna and I, and I know his predilection for seeing "falsehood" in others and himself exempt from it...

... I turn to G.M and tell him directly, in front Marcia and Pas, what I think of his behaviour; Marcia is relieved that he hears it from me; Pas remains very quiet; GM calms down; in a while we four come together again and it is happy...

Then I tell them what GI has said...

... The mason calls me: the men have prepared the main door frame to C's house, laid it with garlands and done a small puja and they are now ready to set it into the wall; it is very gentle... Murthy has sent the cement...

... I sit by the sea; I am in turmoil... what to do when the division occurs between us? How then can we serve the Truth and become Your warriors?

... It is dark when I reach the Kitchen; as soon as he sees me entering, Phil leaves; Pas tells me they'd just been talking about me and that Phil had explained that he had to protect himself from my "aggression"...!

These projected densities, this mesh of unreality we keep weaving, this play of division we keep indulging in... how to locate the battle?!!! In this way Auroville becomes a sad farce...

As I reach in the dark for the handle-bar, I find a spray of "Service" flowers... Whoever has put it there, I am thankful and I receive it as coming from You...

Back here, Rad and one of the men help me unload the 40 bags of cement from the cart...

***15-6-1980, Auroville:**

Two houses were burnt down last night in "New Creation".

... Marcia comes to spend the morning here away from G.M, after one of their fights; she brings the two dogs. She is so straight and candid...

I take food for the 3 of us and we have lunch in "Dana"; then we work at bending the rods for their new roof all afternoon...

***16-6-1980, Auroville:**

A general meeting has been called at "Tapoloka" regarding the fires. It seems that the entire village suspects Dharman of having started those fires, or at least his brother Damodaran, who is in the SAS's pay... I had felt that we should simply ask for a collective concentration in the village of Kuillapalayam itself, but P.G pushes for a whole different line of "action"; he is dry and loud; I become uneasy...

***23-6-1980, Auroville:**

For some days now I have been helping G.M and Marcia to build their new house; Pas has joined us most days, all 4 of us cutting, bending and fixing steel for their roof... Today though, I have to stay longer by C's house here, as P.E's team of masons have come to plaster the high borders of the roof...

... Krishna comes by, smiling, but still enacting the same movement; I guess it has to be exhausted, or consummated...! He asks for his cassettes; just as politely, I indicate he himself may take them from the house; he leaves...

... Yus comes beaming up at me at the Kitchen, holding a cheque in his hand: Rs 7,500/- from an industrialist G.M and I had written to...! We are saved for two or three weeks, we're happy like children...!

... Sanjay Gandhi has died, in plane crash...

***24-6-1980, Auroville:**

We work in "Dana" all morning. Office work all afternoon; Christiane and Hervé come to help – Visas matters, lists and letters, receipts for donations...

... Ramalingam has been caught and put in jail and his "beloved" has been brought back to the village...

***25-6-1980, Auroville:**

Ramalingam has taken poison. There was a whole drama in the village and G.M was called very early this morning and had no time to come and get me... At noon he sends Narasingham for me, asking that Marcia and I meet him in Jipmer; Pas stays at "Dana" to see to the work...

G.M had picked Ramalingam right from the street in the village where people had left him lying and, along with Narasingham, taken him to the emergency ward in Jipmer, just in time... He is now asleep, plugged to IV lines, recovering...

... Giri, the President, died yesterday...

... We wait for the doctor-in-charge; he says that Ramalingam might need some new blood as the poison had already moved into his veins when he was brought in, but he is not yet sure; he asks us to come back in the night...

... Pnina has sent a big parcel of gifts for Noh and me, and for Pas, Phil, G.M and Marcia...

... The Inspector Thomas has come to Matrimandir this afternoon to renew the 144 sanction...!

... G.M and I ride back to Jipmer in the evening. Ramalingam is awake. I can see the resistance in him. We feel, we believe we know, that he is bound to us within, and yet he has not the opening, the experience or the clarity that he would need to take his stand and make his choice, and he can find no support around him either... Manavelan has also come and will stay there for the night... We have another argument with the clerks there with their "rules and regulations"...

***26-6-1980, Auroville:**

Ramalingam is better, more positive; he says he will come to us when he has cleared his mind...

... Jacq brings me my copy of Your Agenda...

***27-6-1980, Auroville:**

It is almost noon and I am resting inside the house; the weather is grey and heavy. With no reason, no cause I can trace, my whole system becomes at once very tense. It is not a pressure from above as usual: it is rather like a mass pressing from within "things", I cannot explain... It stays on. It does not move, nor fluctuate. It lasts till about 3 pm. Then it lingers, but now more localised, more like the normal pressure above the head...

This has kept me very centred, very gathered; there is a feeling of truth with it, which nothing can cheat... It has been so intense that I have some difficulty to stand on my legs and not to tremble... But all through, there has been this gratitude...

This is the purest and most beautiful thing I know, Mother, this gratitude! And I didn't want ever to be relieved of this pressure; I felt that my body knew that this was Grace, and proof that I am not abandoned, that the very process that alone can make this life worth living is continuing, is happening...

... There is a sense that something momentous is happening in the very substance of the world, and a surprise that everything appears to go on "normally"...

... I watch the "Envelopes" meeting from a different kind of poise, with an attention to the possible sources of confusion, and it is not what we are used to think... J.P.'s simple and generous nature, for instance, is a factor of balance, while from Hervé comes a confusing disturbance...

... Ramalingam comes; I settle him in the big room, make tea. He is completely taken with the girl he wants to marry... I am not very sure what G.M and I have to do in this, but he wants to stay with me here for a week or so, till he is sorted out... I guess it is alright, although I must be a little cautious there; on my part there could be a slip into physical attraction and, on his part, I sense a mixture of very selfish interests motivating him...

***28-6-1980, Auroville:**

I don't even have the strength to lift the bike onto its stand; I watch it fall sideways, as if in slow motion, feeling stunned and ashamed. I guess this happens when all vital forces are withheld (or all used up to maintain the balance?)...

***29-6-1980, Auroville:**

Mid-morning I go to Narad. We have to work together on formulating a project for the fencing of the entire Gardens area, to be submitted to "Auromitra"... We first make a full round, measuring. There is no central contact between us, but a connection that has become more easily enjoyable since he has started to accept me as I am and letting go of some of his rigidity...

... When I return home, the sexual need is so strong, I could have raped Nat there and then! What to do? I am still a prey, I still respond; no point in ever pretending otherwise, as long as there still is the smallest stirring of response...! And suppression, to me, is a dishonest thing!

At one point, years ago, I had willed to break down all mental and moral barriers and prejudices... I did it! And for a while I was flooded with craving of all kinds and all sense of measure was gone; I could identify with the weirdest and wildest desire or greed... In a way, I still can; that is, I know concretely that one can... But only one craving has still a hold over me, in all its crude, transparent and absolute beauty...!

And this is one of the Lord's own "impossibilities", or secrets; and I seem to learn that "I", my little "I", must not interfere, but just keep offering, never hiding, and never shying away: just offering...

***30-6-1980, Auroville:**

Last night I dreamt of O.P.'s arrival in very precise terms and details, of what had and had not changed in him, and how he was disappointed to find me less beautiful... This was followed by another dream with Krishna in which I lost again my discernment, fell under his energy and did again the same "mistake"...

... The FRO have received an official refusal of all 17 applications we had submitted for newcomers... We're not out of trouble yet!

***1-7-1980, Auroville:**

The 4 of us are working in "Dana". Marcia goes and gets our lunch from the Kitchen and returns with a ridiculous piece of news: it seems that, threatened of arrest by the Inspector, GI, Piero, Dor and a few others have devised another method of

work! They want to erect parts of the scaffold at a distance from Matrimandir and push them in later on...!

... The kittens are growing and... getting attached! And annoying too! So, this time, I must find the way. I ask Nat whether he could take them to his house, just trying my luck, and, to my surprise, he accepts! I too am attached: they are lovely! But I had wanted "independent" cats, and that species doesn't seem to exist...!

... Today I have seen so many things I want to change, things I do not want to manifest anymore... Lord! You have so many impossible problems! How do You manage?

***2-7-1980, Auroville:**

I go to John H, before work, to let him know we are not abandoning him, we are there, G.M and I, but we just have to finish the roof of the house in "Dana"... He says that finally everyone kept working, and it is alright...

... I feel dazed. I sit by myself in the Kitchen, unfitting, unable to "adjust"; I don't like people's jokes, their way of life, the noise they make; they are teasing G.M's dog and I don't like that; I feel nothing towards them: we just have this notion that we are all in Auroville for the same thing, but I do not KNOW that, except for a very few...

***4-7-1980, Auroville:**

Mid-morning I make the rounds to collect the monies. I go to M.T and ask him whether he and Val could, from their unit, try and contribute pocket-money for those at the Centre who don't have any...

... No cement will be available for a week; the work in "Dana" is held up...

... At the "Envelopes" meeting, Cl.B gives me news of J and G: it seems that G has gone off his mind a bit, he has turned even against J his own brother; I sense this is critical, that he needs help of a kind none of us can provide, almost an occult help; that there is something he has inherited from birth, a deficiency somewhere between his mind and his emotions... I pray to You: he needs help! Cl.B tells me that J seems to be coping well, to be centred; with sufficient clarity...

***5-7-1980, Auroville:**

When I go out for flowers, after writing my dreams at day-rise, I find...: O.P! His dear face, his being, right there: he had come in the night and, not wanting to disturb me, slept a little in the garden... Eight years have passed! I am happy; I take him inside the house and he lies down to rest.

Little by little he tells me of his life, now centred on dance; he has joined Béjart's company and is now also doing choreography; and I can see how much of a grace it is for him, for his own progress, and the cohesion it has given him.

He asks to stay here with me instead of going to the Guest House... I want to be careful, though, given the intense experience we had in the past, but it should be alright...

Later, when I go to see whether P is ready to come with me and check on that log of wood that is on offer, I find the children all intrigued and curious about this new friend in the house... They follow me back – Jyotis, Dayini, Ritam and Sukrit -, four adorable little angels chattering away, and their voices awaken O.P...

... Tonight I have to arrange the beddings for both Ramalingam and O.P... I have gotten used to be by myself, it seems, like some kind of hermit; but each day is truly unique!

***6-7-1980, Auroville:**

I realise that all circumstances are arranged so as to show whatever it is that contradicts the unity of the being.

... O.P's girl-friend has come; we found her easily in Pondy; she had travelled on her own; her name is Nathalie. They are only here for 10 days.

We go to the Samadhi together. I kneel there a moment; but these days I do not find You there as much as I find You everywhere, even in my most difficult hours...

There is so much hypocrisy displayed around a grave...!

Nath has rented a room for the night; she will cycle up tomorrow.

... O.P's purse was stolen yesterday, from the house itself it seems, and I feel very bad about it: a breaching of trust, a betrayal...!

***7-7-1980, Auroville:**

I attend the special meeting on "Administrative work" in Auroville. About 20 of us are present and two visitors, two brainfuls of Americans who are travelling over the world "to help solve problems"...! Everyone laughs a lot, but I just wish them on their way!

***8-7-1980, Auroville:**

This is the second depressing night in a row: I am struggling to grow out of a condition of crude, unevolved impulses, cravings and attractions, without rejection, without taking shelter in the "upper", elitist parts, without having to make a split in nature... Sometimes the obstacles seem to be telling me that I am cheating myself, that this is not the way to go about it and I should not keep trying on my own... Okay! But there are also moments when I know, when I am in contact with, or identified with an energy which, while it has no moral sense whatsoever is directly conscious of true, real purity: it knows what true purity and true balance is...

As long as these notions of "high" and "low" or of "shame" and "taboo" are playing in our substance, how can one ever be made whole?

Night after night I am absorbed by this grey, unprogressive condition...

But I need to find the Lord's Presence even in what is considered to be the crudest craving... That alone is the key to the real change...!

***10-7-1980, Auroville:**

I find G.M way off-centred again! P.G has worked him up over the latest "incident" at "Fraternity": it seems that A.T had house one of his workers on an unoccupied field nearby, which gave the carpenters the idea to take over another field... Now G.M wants to attend the general meeting... Whenever he gets thus agitated, it is as if he is losing consistency, and we communicate no longer; Marcia makes a point of showing him how different he gets according to the person he is with, how his behaviour is affected: it is indeed a worrying factor with him. It bothers me all the more because I too become one of the influences acting upon him, almost as in a competition, and I want no part in that...! I would rather withdraw! But then, I care for him...!

... I interrupt my dinner preparations and we go attend the meeting, mostly out of a sense of duty... But at least I can get some of my "paper-work" done there itself, instead of running after people... The meeting is uninteresting and repetitive... We need to find another way, but what?

And sometimes I wonder: it seems to me that perhaps each of us here is a little cracked, having lost some basic sense of proportion, or of relativity, and it is a bit scary... and somewhat sobering!

***12-7-1980, Auroville:**

It is O.P.'s birthday today. When I am finished with the pruning of the mango tree here, I take him down to the Ashram... We are allowed to spend about 25 minutes in Your and Sri Aurobindo's rooms: as soon as we are inside, the pressure comes and there is this powerful adjustment of all the parts of the being till a receptivity is obtained, an essential simplicity... This prayer arises, at the end: "Put Your Force on everything that is true; put Your Light on everything that is not true...!"

... The cheque that had been sent by the Calcutta industrialist for Matrimandir has been blocked; the man has actually stopped the payment! The SAS has got to him. Perhaps my impression that they had somehow intercepted all our mail is founded; we have also learned that they have hired the services of a detectives' agency. There is nothing much to do but to laugh...! My tendency would be in this case to take it as a lesson from the adversity: something in us was not sincere enough, perhaps some kind of boasting?

... I find Diane to be very ambiguous in her ways and in her feelings; for instance, on the one hand she complains and wants to leave everything to me, and on the other hand she goes on writing letters and appeals without even telling me about it...

... Ulla comes to me for her papers, and I see that Diane has taken them, without informing me. In the evening I ride down to "Jaïma" to check with her: she didn't take them; so someone else took them? I try to propose to her some better ways of communicating and coordinating in our work... I don't know why I keep trying: there is no personal interest on my part, except that I probably – surely – enjoy having some function, some use, in an organic fashion: channelling something useful, serving... But I do not want to fight for a bit of territory...!

... The world news is alarming...!

What can the mind grasp?

It seems that there is like a nervous layer all around where Death reigns, armed with its paraphernalia of torture, the most refined to the crudest – the material illusion, a huge screaming pain covering the entire planet... And, just beyond that, it ceases to exist... What, then, is the direction?

***13-7-1980, Auroville:**

Kamel and Laurence come to ask me for my old Japanese sword and tabi; but I don't have them anymore. They are preparing for a "bal masque" tomorrow to celebrate "La prise de la Bastille", the French Revolution... That formation is still very much active among the people of "Aspiration" of a group around You... I find it disturbing: there is a sort of narrow exclusivism to it, which I don't trust.

... Bhaga brings me the new cassettes of Your Agenda. Now that she has moved back to the Centre, I wonder if her old "crush" will resuscitate?!

I think the woman I need is not in Auroville... Will she ever come? But no beautiful woman ever seems to be attracted to Auroville, or not for long...!

... Clouds have been massing from the South for several days; and tonight it pours, for a long time, a good and steady rain...!

***14-7-1980, Auroville:**

I gaze and gaze at all the greens, all the many different foliages and textures against the greyed sky, I breathe the smells of the damp soil, of the wet leaves: the whole garden is revived...!

I thank the Lord for this little corner of earth where I can call a little more Presence with care, attention, quietly, thirsting for beauty and grace...

... With O.P, perhaps because we went through so much together in the past, there is a peculiar harmony, sure of itself, which needs no exterior means to know itself, hardly any sign or expression...

... I read the "Auroville Notes"; there seems to be some awakening to the reality of Matrimandir, an urge to attune to its living force... As G.M and I have been rather withdrawn, concentrating for the time being on the building of the house in "Dana" and waiting, it may have allowed for others to feel more directly concerned...? And too, for the first time, Your picture is on the cover...!

***15-7-1980, Auroville:**

I have taken to listen to the tapes of Your Agenda – which everybody listens to in the evenings – while doing my morning chores, Your voice, Your laughter filling the house, resounding in the garden, as I pluck and arrange the flowers, clean the house, feed the birds and the kittens (Nat will only take them when they are weaned), and it is the most delightful way to start each day...

... Tineke comes from "Forecomers" to call for the Guard: some villagers are trying to plough a field that hasn't yet been fenced... I don't feel a thing, almost as if I did not care any more...

... There is a van full of police patrolling Auroville today, as word has got to the "authorities" that the SAS might try some provocative actions, particularly at Matrimandir, now that the trial is going on at the Tindivanam Court...

... Grass is shooting where there was only baked red earth, every leaf shines...

... As O.P and I reach "La Maison", Krishna walks out; we do not look at each other... Actually I am not impatient to resume our relationship; I feel that a change has yet to occur, and that it is mostly in him, so that what made us separate will be seen differently in future, and for that he must first withdraw or undo or change these formations which he has made...

... Tonight the others tell me what has happened today at Matrimandir, and I am very proud of them: At about 1.30 pm Noh saw a whole file of people marching in, Jyotiprem at the head, followed by the now well-clad carpenters, the SAS watchmen, a few SAS people, Igor of "Hope", etc. They had come to "meditate"! Noh ran first to the Camp to call Jacq and John H, then ran over here and couldn't find me... Bill, Bhaga and a few others from the Camp rushed over as well and managed to block the line; Jacq it seems, was fiercely determined, and rode her bike alone toward those silly people, on and on, till they dispersed; some more help came, finally, to push back that whole troop, from the Marakanam Inspector... Our people had a rather happy time, it seems...!

While in Pondy, earlier in the day I had gone to the FRO for work; the officer, who is now quite friendly and offers me coffee, enquired whether anything had yet happened at Matrimandir... Everyone seems to be expecting some turning-point...

***16-7-1980, Auroville:**

Diane and I were to meet today for the Visas work. When I reach her house in "Jaïma", she announces that she has decided to withdraw from it, as it is all too much for her; so we'll have to bring it to everyone's notice at the general meeting tomorrow. In a way I feel I can go on even alone; it is not that much work and I can ask help for typing, from Marcia for instance; and I rather like to be of some use, of some service in the collective life... But I would need the confidence of the "community" so that no negative formations crop up...

... Annappa arrives, his sweet, simple and beaming face; he says he has come back to stay, that his family will follow once he is settled...

... Nath is sick, lying with fever and a sore throat in the house...

... The atmosphere at Matrimandir is affected again; like a brown thick wave has intruded, and it is chaotic. There are about 20 constables loafing around, joking, waiting, and vans riding in and out... The SAS had tried to take over the office this morning, but it seems that the police Inspectors pushed them away themselves. Section 144 is clamped again for 15 more days and more strictly so than the previous times... Perhaps it all has to do with the "information" that the SAS has got the support of some RSS fanatics, out to drive all "foreigners" away...

... I somehow manage to do the paper work, even to receive some visitors and prepare new letters...

Yus, who has to attend the trial in Court every day, is depressed because we are not even trying to defend ourselves while the SAS is piling "evidence" against us...

... It is O.P's last day; he will leave in the night. And I realise how dear he is to me, something that has been so kneaded into me over the years that it has become part of me...!

... When it is time, after midnight, for O.P to get into the taxi and actually leave, I find that I am quite sick: I can hardly move, from intense nausea, vertigo and acute unease; but I force myself to walk him to the waiting car and we part, with a quiet inner wonder: how much time will elapse before we "meet" again, we cannot know...

I return slowly to bed, but it doesn't work: I have to rush out at once and vomit; then I am relieved and the energy flows again...

***18-7-1980, Auroville:**

Annappa has slept downstairs.

... I cannot relate to what seems to be happening; either I get suffocated or else I feel foreign to it all.

... Around 9 am, about 10 of us, mostly from the Centre area, are standing half-way between the Kitchen and the Banyan tree and there is a whole regiment of helmeted police... Narad reads out the text of a telegram to Indira that he has prepared; I like it very much, it feels like it is within Your Consciousness... But then Rod also wants to read out to us the text of a petition to the Government of India, which he wants us all to sign, asking, imploring it to help us find a solution; and this I don't like at all...! But nobody seems to care!

Yet to me it is not merely a matter of wording, it goes farther and deeper, it is a matter of orientation: to seek help, external help in order to "solve our problems", or to stand sincerely, relying on the Lord's Will and Presence... Since months it is like that... Any incident triggers in us that response: we turn to the Collector, to the Police, we send letters - often pretentious -, but we never concentrate, act and call... How do we grow? I don't know!

... I persuaded Diane to call a special meeting on Visas work next week, of representatives from every community in Auroville...

... I take Annappa to "Dana"; Marcia, sensing I am not too well, has called us for dinner...

***19-7-1980, Auroville:**

It has rained much of the night, a straight and dense rain; the greens are vibrating, it makes the heart sing...! But G.M is angry at the "greenbelters" because the road to "Dana" is a mess of mire and new gullies are forming...!

... Rod comes with the list of signatures for the petition, so that I, who have not signed, may help adding all the correct surnames...! It is gently humorous and friendly; today is such a beautiful day, Nature is pulsing with new vigour and joy and one cannot be grumpy...!

... Narad arrives with a cartload of tree saplings for the planting along the road; Annappa joins. Later he and I take a round of the garden here, seeing possible spots for him to build a house; he wants to start a project raising silk-worms: that is what he was doing in Karnataka for the past two years; he says it can work on a small-scale, but it can also be adapted to provide for an entire village and make it self-sufficient...!

... The Calcutta industrialist has written a weird note saying he wished to support Navajata's activities alone and had been under the wrong impression that we were part of Navajata's team...!

We see all the logics fail, the worst as the best; leaving us sometimes nowhere and blind and lost and stupid, and sometimes bringing us closer to a Presence that tears off the veils and draws from one's whole being a cry of gratitude and recognition...

... It seems inevitable that, in the process, a lot of waste must occur...

***21-7-1980, Auroville:**

I walk over to the office; the police try to stop me; I ignore them and they let me in. I must type up these letters, to Kampani and to CPN Singh, on Visas and Quit Notices and such related matters...

... Mid-morning a boy rushes in to call me urgently to "Horizon": there is a fight between P.V and the SAS people; about 20 of them are standing in a field that P.V has let one of his workers to plant and harvest in exchange for maintenance of bunds and compost... But the situation, on closer scrutiny, is not that clear, and I get upset at Dom's chatting with Mohan of the SAS...

... I find A in the house listening to tapes of Krishna's music; this is a little unsettling: there is so much unexpressed on her part, which I neither understand nor feel comfortable with... It is a relief when she leaves...

... Nath comes; she is due to leave tomorrow; it is very quiet with her...

... G.M wishes to accompany me to the FRO, to have a sense of the experience I am having doing this work, to share it... He has also decided to try and push through the resistance and has sent his bullock-cart into town, determined to somehow get cement and have it carted home: he is a funny sight to watch!

My own tendency is almost the opposite, wanting the Grace to work it all out and acting only as a kind of link now and then... But his way, I have seen, often triggers movements that are revealing as they touch more of life, bring about more collective stirrings; while "my" way tends to concentrate into a subtler harmony. And both together, we are happy...!

... We have arranged to wait for the cart at the turn into Auroville, in case it is stopped at the Check-Post – obtaining cement has become a gamble!

It starts raining; we take shelter near a tea-shop on the roadside. Two SAS guys are loitering there, one of them quite drunk, who begins to tease G.M...

The bullock-cart is approaching; as it is about to turn, the bullock, exhausted, drops on the side of the dirt road – 25 bags of cement is too heavy a weight for a single bullock: we have to go and get a second cart and divide the load.

G.M wants to go, but the drunken fellow provokes him by standing in the middle of the road, blocking his way; G.M rushes past, but then he thinks of me staying alone, brakes and turns back, into another scene: it is like a magnet, energies get lowered... I pull him out.

Then the two SAS guys move towards the village intending to rouse a mob against us... I decide to go myself to "Jaïma" and get another cart and ask our people there to stand watch in the village and see both carts through...

Everyone responds at once, and Diane goes immediately to "Aspiration" to call more people.

We soon load up the second cart. The others insist that G.M and I must ride back the other way, via Bommayarpalayam and the Green Belt; it is getting dark; Gupi comes with us... All the others escort both carts across the village.

Rain starts again. We leave half of the cement at "Jaïma"; the two of us drive slowly along G.M's cart the rest of the way; in the dark and the pelting rain, the bullock falls twice more; in some places it is a torrent of mud...

We make it, drenched, frozen and tired, and the cement has stayed dry under the plastic sheet...!

***22-7-1980, Auroville:**

There is a fastidious meeting, all morning, about the allocation and distribution of a grant.

This afternoon, after exchanging the Agenda tapes at "Swagatam", I bring Su, holding her infant daughter Savitri, to the special meeting on the Visas work. Diane, Myrtle, Tineke, Joster, P.G and Daniel have come... Everyone seems to take it for granted that I will continue with the work; Diane is planning to go to Delhi with P.G; they seem to be doing well together...

... This evening P.V comes to tell me what has just happened to him: he's just had a fight with Joster, actually punched him to the ground! (I can sympathise: Joster can make one's teeth grind! Yet these things are not supposed to happen among us!)...

... I ask Barbara this evening to type up copies of the new, revised "Master-List"...

***23-7-1980, Auroville:**

Annappa and I spend the morning at "Dana" cementing the first coat of the roofs of the new house. Jacq and Kiran, Bill S, John H and Pas have also come to help, along with Godendan and G.M's masons and we all do a good job of it, happily... It is becoming a beautiful place, very simple but original, unique...

... I have made up my mind regarding Annappa's future house: it must not be in bamboo and keet; I want to experiment with a new method, a domed roof made of... ferro-lime! If it works, it will be very valuable for others as well...!

***24-7-1980, Auroville:**

When I see, early this morning, A collecting the hose pipe to water her plants even though it has rained, I go and ask her about it ; this gives us an opportunity – tense and charged but helpful, I think – to go over the events that have taken place between Krishna and I and between Krishna and her, and Phil’s attitude or role in it all; and perhaps this talk has cleared the air a bit...

... After I have prepared the dinner, I attend the meeting at “Tapoloka”: about 175 signatures have now been listed for the “appeal” to the Central Government; its text has been revised and refined and there is now mention of Sir CPN Singh as our chosen intermediary... But I still feel uneasy about it all, and I choose to abide by my own feeling: if there is no joy, then there will be no commitment worth the name, a simple law which I want to follow more and more...

Huta has asked Auroville to distribute her book, instead of the Ashram or the SAS: I find this a welcome step, meaningful...

Then it is my turn, to introduce the list of “Newcomers”, one by one; I feel centred and poised and it goes well... Myrtle tells me later that it had brought a tone of work and of sharing that had been missing for a long time... Several people offer their help, too!

***27-7-1980, Auroville:**

This morning for once I refused to go with the Guard to another of these scenes in the fields, with the SAS’s hired men trying to prevent our people from ploughing... Danny had just brought me that guy Helmut who has been flipping out in his room at the Pump House, so he could translate between us and we could try and sort out his situation... It is actually interesting: this fellow has very rigid ideas about sadhana and is therefore quite confused in the atmosphere of Auroville, but his heart is alive and he might yet find his way in the Ashram, perhaps...

... I am working, quietly at home, on formulating simple basic guidelines for newcomers, which I would like to present at the next general meeting, guidelines that would be complemented with the statement on having no claims on any assets created in Auroville, which every one of us is meant to sign...

... Savitra comes to ask whether he could stay here with me again – oddly he doesn’t seem to find his place – but, with Annappa already here, I feel it is enough at present... He tells me of his experience in Delhi, how he met with Indira, and with some of the top people in media, and about Kireet’s attitude and action there... For some reason I feel more and more uneasy and insecure whenever people here insist on talking about the Government’s possible “decisions” regarding Auroville, and all the more so since Karan Singh has proposed in the Parliament that Auroville should be turned into a Government Memorial to Sri Aurobindo...! I’d rather we were all very quiet and discreet and not attract attention for some time...

... This afternoon someone runs into the garden: it is Chris Cat... after 10 years! He is working as a tourists guide and has just come here for a moment; he is intensely happy with what he is able to feel of the Force, of the “Energy” here... He stays with me till evening; it is calm; he is, I find, inhabited with a living aspiration. He still remembers our time at “Beuvron” as the one strong and clear point of contact with that Future and the Force of it... It comforts me that, in at least that sense, my stay in France wasn’t altogether useless, that it may have served at least some purpose...

... Glimpses of understanding, of the supreme importance of “Now”, every single minute, and how, little by little, both Past and Future may merge into one integral and continuous Becoming... of this Act, kingly and free, of co-creation...

It is like every single moment that is saved from the mechanics of the usual conditionings and that is not swallowed in the bleak grinding of the "normal" physical consciousness, is a victory towards the true state of being...

Yet it is not a "fight", or a "struggle": the heroism required is of another kind...

There is urgency, however, in the sense that all that yields to the mechanics is unavoidably led from bad to worse; and, for the earth, the proportion of real progress MUST be made sufficient...!

***28-7-1980, Auroville:**

Annappa wants me to help him mark the foundations of his house, early this morning...

... We all see this afternoon how to repair and remodel the interior of "Eco House", which Al and Navoditte have left badly neglected, and turn it into an administrative centre; Savitra has agreed to stay there as the keeper of the place...

***29-7-1980, Auroville:**

The garden is in such beauty, everything growing lush and vigorous, rising together in one grateful movement of offering held in a single harmony, and the house is part of it, and... I too am grateful...!

... I study carefully with the masons all the ingredients that must be mixed with the lime, and their exact proportions, so we can try this special plaster in C's house...

... Noh sends for me urgently: a band of about 35 SAS hired men have gone and grabbed hold of Peter's tools and taken them away... Ed, Bill S and Patricia have been beaten up by those guys, who were armed with heavy stick and iron rods, and even tried to take Patricia's clothes off...

We gather near Bharat Nivas. The police haven't done a thing to stop these louts. Quite a few of us have had enough! I feel we ought to take the whole thing back to where it originated, in the Ashram itself... That we should load all these men in the tractor and take them down to SSJ's house in the Ashram, in full view... To do something straight!

A few of us catch Jyotiprem hiding behind the building and bring him over and into one of the rooms where we are already keeping most of those we have rounded up...

I have a hard time of it, though; I sense only confusion, and no beauty, or nobility anywhere, not in the bodies, or in the faces, not in the jokes, nor in the eyes; and no clarity... The SP comes. There is no chance of a free, a freely chosen action... I lose all connection with the scene and leave...

Back home, resting, I have to sort out my own ego-reactions... Soon G.M and Marcia join me, and G.M puts me back together with his tender humour... The police have taken all of our catch, Jyotiprem included...!

... I go and talk to Kiran alone, because I feel that she has somehow the possibility to do something; she feels it too, but is at a loss as to how to find its expression, to make it effective...

... After the rain, Annappa and Yel help me to lift some potted plants onto the terrace and, later, to place boulders under the tree next to the house, in the cool evening glow...

... I yearn for beings that are whole and grow harmoniously and transparently, holding a ray of light in their substance... Not this weirdness, this assemblage of oddities...

***30-7-1980, Auroville:**

Marcia, G.M, No hand I drive down to "Auromodel" and join the others there to watch and guard the ploughing of all the fields that the SAS is claiming through Ram Singh; he has gone to get the police and they soon arrive in large numbers, but they let us continue with the ploughing. There are many of us, some just quietly watching or talking; others are sowing the seeds in the furrows... Some of the talk veers again on the roles and attitude assumed increasingly by M.D and Nicole who behave, it seems, as if they alone had the "true consciousness"... The same old scheme and script, with different actors...!

The police tell us that up to 10 SAS cars had come to the Station to pick up Jyotiprem, their "hero" – when 35 of them had beaten Patricia with sticks and torn her clothes, an unarmed single woman... What is this?!!! What spirituality is that?

... Perhaps, seeing what I do not want, I become more aware of what I do want? I feel a great urge not to get eaten up by whatever is happening, to re-source myself, to be freed from any influences...

I look carefully, and I don't think there is any hatred in me; a kind of disgust, yes, and sometimes anger, or something akin to wrath, but no hatred...

Words like "pure" and "sincere" have been so... used...!

Oh, to be simple, to be one...!

And every time Someone, an 'Avatar", has taken a body, this has happened, this dangerous illusion, this misuse, this betrayal...

... Near the Samadhi, I talk with Amal Kiran a little; I respect his point of view. But we are alone, I think. And we must walk without fear and without reservation, honestly, in simplicity...

***31-7-1980, Auroville:**

Late in the night, two parallel dreams struck me with the intensity of the emotion they carried. In one, Th and Shradhavan and two others were stopped on the road near here, where the casuarinas grow, and I came upon them there and had to pass them to reach "our people"... And I was at once in a state of need, the NEED TO LOVE, and I wanted to communicate that need to them, there was an intense inner weeping...

In the other dream, Jorgen and Vera have come to the house where we are staying, G.M and I, determined to avenge themselves, to take it over, to throw us out... But, as Jorgen comes closer, he is deeply overcome by a completely different feeling, a sort of great attraction towards us and a movement to drop the whole thing and be with us again, to love and to flow in that tenderness...

I meditate on what those dreams mean for me, in terms of choice, of my participation to the "actions" that are more or less collectively elected, along with the rhetoric...

And it all leads to... love... "Love" being the closest word available: a force, an awareness that does not reject or ever seeks to eliminate, but has the power, the discerning and loving power to see and lead every element to its true place and function within the whole... And I realise that, within me, this is an orientation that is becoming more and more constant...

***2-8-1980, Auroville:**

Last night, while asleep, my body shifted precisely 90° so as to lie straight along the North South axis... Why now?

... Much of this morning goes into formulating a statement to be addressed to Indra P, attributing to him the responsibility for the 35 SAS hired men's actions on the 29th. At some point a few of us decide to go and talk to Kiran and ask her to participate – PP, G.M, Bhaga, John H, Arjun and I: it is a moving moment with her; there is respect and care; she does feel there is something which perhaps she alone can do...

... We ride away to find Indra and hand him the statement; he is not in "Promesse"; we move down to Pondy and find his jeep parked by the SAS' main quarters; people there appear to be protecting him... I meet Mona briefly...

I don't know, Mother... All this looks to me like sheer hypocrisy: it is difficult to accept the Ashram' collective attitude...

We end up giving the statement to Vijay P and Sushilla... Sushilla: the picture of self-satisfaction...; I wish I would be aware of her own true yearning: I cannot believe someone may be so closed and so satisfied at the same time, at Your feet!

... I have to pull G.M out of his own frustrated anger at this display of "spirituality"...

... I help Diane prepare the file of documents she will take with her to Delhi...

***3-8-1980, Auroville:**

P.G, P.M, G.M and I ride again over to "Promesse"; probably our bikes are too noisy, he has already gone hiding – Pippi tells us she'd just seen him a moment ago! People there seem to be scared, not of us directly, but of their share of responsibility for an action or a course of action that cannot possibly be justified. It is sad. We give the statement to Indra's wife and leave.

... This evening, as Annappa and I are returning from seeing the trenches of the foundations for his house, two men ride in looking for me: one of them is a journalist from "The Indian Express" who has been directed to me – I don't know how – to seek an interview on the situation in Auroville and the conflict with the SAS; this is a complete surprise, but I feel calm and attentive... We take them to the house. The interview lasts about 15 minutes; I try to make sure the man is getting my answers right. He writes his name down and they soon leave. Annappa says it was good, but I am not sure; it just happened...

***4-8-1980, Auroville:**

Since some time, Noh and Pas have been a growing part of the experience I had been sharing with G.M and Marcia at "Dana", building their house. Pas is very jealous and possessive of Noh, and it tends to become a set of two couples, plus me! I want to withdraw, but I also feel like a child that has been rejected; but I really only want to be with G.M!

... This afternoon G.M comes here, his face white with a kind of heavy and hurt violence; he has just received a letter from Ed, who found G.M's carpenter taking wood from the storage at Matrimandir; the letter is a long virtuous accusation, blaming G.M for taking advantage of the trust placed in him and calling him a thief... G.M is ready to go and knock Ed down...! I keep quiet. This is revealing of the actual state of our relationships here, when Ed can even think of G.M as a "thief"... I myself have used some of the wood reapers from the dismantled towers, and have then purchased a lorry load of bricks for Matrimandir, as a kind of replacement, considering the present needs of the work. But G.M; after more than 10 years not asking anything, truly needs a house; and I feel that Matrimandir itself is happy that some of this discarded wood can be put to that use.

Yet I am also aware that to expect this sort of free, mutually conscious sharing from all of us is probably unrealistic, and practically impossible...

I offer to go with G.M and speak for him. We find Ed at the workshop; it is intense; I explain to him how we have always proceeded so far, and I ask him to look at the ease with which he came to the conclusion that G.M could be a "thief", or me, for that matter!

He wants to apologise, but I tell him this isn't the point, there is a more important necessity there...!

I wonder if this is how narrow-mindedness and lack of depth so often get to preside over key positions in any organisation...

... At dinner Jacq sits with me; she tells me that Kiran has decided to wait in Pondy for the return of Navajata from England and to talk to him; that she is now determined...

... I am disturbed by my own affectivity, my "emotional needs" – which obscure and distort perception: a shrinking, a smallness of being...

***5-8-1980, Auroville:**

Annappa is depressed: he's just received through a friend some alarming news of his family, and he doesn't know what to do...

... People have been asking to listen to the tape of Your Agenda when You speak to Satprem of the purpose of Auroville. G.M and I set up the equipment in the back room of the office. We listen to You explaining how Auroville, the very effort to create Auroville, may balance the fallacy of the nations arming themselves more and more and even to some extent neutralise the effects of such a disastrous orientation... And it is as there is no time gap and You are speaking directly to the moment, now itself...

Yet at the end I feel uneasy, and I am not sure why... I have the need as if to break away from a spell: what people do, with their minds, of Your straight and simple words, this adaptation of Your words to fit the patterns of one's thinking... I have the impression that most people, even here, do not listen to You with their inner substance and experience, but with their minds, and it becomes narrow and superficial...

... Toine's brother has died this morning in Coimbatore, in a weird situation, after having fasted 45 days following the instructions of some guru-doctor there... Ponnu and Kan are going to meet Toine there, with Meenakshi...

***6-8-1980, Auroville:**

CI has been feeling increasingly unhappy and suffocated in the atmosphere of "Fidelity" and wanting to leave... because of the relationships there and the overwhelming character of neglect and dirtiness, as in a slum. G.M and I have encouraged her to speak her mind, to be frank about it with her neighbours there (P.E and S and their children and M and hers), for it is important in itself, for the whole area. So, today, she tries and talks to S, who replies to her that she can do whatever she wants and Auroville belongs to nobody, meaning that nobody has the right to tell her how to live... And here comes the clinch: she aims at me! She declares that she knows, from Ina and from SSJ, that You had forbidden me to be in Auroville... So!

Once I am alone again, I let this sink in, with all its unsettling questioning; I see myself through those formations: this image of "me" with a whole house and a whole garden to myself, a team of men at my bidding, taking "power trips" on

others in Auroville and pretending to know and see better and to have thereby the right to impose my will, when in fact I am not even supposed to be here at all...!
 ... I must have no fear, but no self-pity and complacency either...!

***7-8-1980, Auroville:**

Just upon waking, I "see" Krishna, and he is "my" Krishna again, open and given and real...

... At the general meeting Dennis reads out an 'open letter to India' that Bhaga has drafted; there are some excesses in it, but it has depth and it is straightforward... At first I was reluctant, as with anything that may resemble propaganda, since the plan is to distribute it during the annual conference of the SAS; but I also do feel that it is important to support positively whatever we can agree to do together.

... This evening Jacq, alone on her bike, stopped SSJ on the road and told him not to enter the Matrimandir area... He gave her a pat on the chin!

***8-8-1980, Auroville:**

This morning P.G and PP have been forcibly arrested.

Let it be Thy Way! Whatever it is, let it be Thy Way...

I can't relate well to any of this...

... We split into "action teams": 2 to Tindivanam, 2 to Cuddalore, 2 making ready for Madras, 1 to call Delhi...

... Rs 2,000/- is required, along with a certificate of No-Objection by the Inspector Thomas, who must be in the SAS' pay: he doesn't want to sign it...

... This evening a few of us stop SSJ on the road again; but this time he has brought 3 people along, Gab, Jyotiprem and Igor... fanatic idiots...! Sorry, Mother!

***9-8-1980, Auroville:**

Sincerity is such a vast thing.

The terms in which we form our awareness aren't the right ones yet...!

... We are surrounded with lies and cheats and tricks and deceit - at best, indifference...

... I am learning to stand by what the Lord IS in me...

***10-8-1980, Auroville:**

P.G and PP are released at 3 pm. We ride back in two taxis.

I had been hoping everybody would be gathered at Matrimandir, for You, for Auroville... We reach at 5 pm. It is crowded and confused and there is only talk and talk and more talk...

Perhaps things are telling me to withdraw...

***11-8-1980, Auroville:**

In Delhi this morning Diane, Radhika, C.A and Savitra have met with Indira. She has told them: "Yes we are trying, but they (the SAS) have a strong group, they have tentacles everywhere...!"

***12-8-1980, Auroville:**

Paper-work and more paper-work... most of the day is spent typing and filing the documents and letters Diane needs to be sent to her in Delhi.

... A.M comes to report on the experience he, Deepti, Arjun and K.T had in Madras with the Press, with Karthikeyan and with the IG of Police. This seems to be a time when things come together, a gathering of opportunities...

Yet, all day long, small disharmonies keep occurring – knocking objects, hitting a door, missing chances...

... Jacq tells me at dinner that Navajata had only come for one night, but Kiran was able to say to him what she had meant to say; he flew back to Delhi this morning – perhaps even more determined to try and stop the Government from taking over!

***13-8-1980, Auroville:**

We have roneotyped Bhaga's open letter and a team is already distributing it in Pondy, while another team is also there holding an Exhibition on Auroville...

***14-8-1980, Auroville:**

G.M helps me drafting an answer to the article published in "The Indian Express". He also tells me of Satprem's letter to GI conveying his pain at the treatment we are supposed to have meted out to M.D, adding that we deserve all these Court-cases, being so shallow in our judgement... I wish, Mother, that I could see Satprem, as I saw him again in my dreams...

... We have been receiving so many visitors... In the evening we receive a last group near the structure, truly refined people; among them is a wonderful little boy, named Sudir – a cousin of Kireet, apparently -, a living soul: our eyes meet and I experience once more this radiating thing, like a ray of Your Light, coming through my eyes and reaching for his inner being, and his response is so pure, so quiet and surrendered, so filled with its own integrity... And I get a measure of the mixture that is still there, of the purification still needed...

... We hear that the SAS and their cohorts are planning a collective meditation tomorrow at 4 pm at Matrimandir, for all those who feel "concerned with the Auroville problems"... I wonder then if we could perhaps all of us also sit there and just... watch, silently watch...?

We have prepared for this document to be signed by each of us "I lay no claims on any asset created in Auroville..." for Sri Aurobindo's birthday...

***15-8-1980, Auroville:**

One of my dreams was too strange: G.M and I have gone to look at those people who have already gathered in the Gardens, and more of our people soon join us so that each one of us has one of them in front, and we see men we have never seen before, who bear that weird and cold look or vibration, a kind of mad self-belief, that has been with the Nazis; it is chilling; and it is not easy not to respond to it, but to simply watch, remaining centred, calm and free...

... Sri Aurobindo, You are 108!

... The police are there from the first hour, two van loads, and the DSP and the SP...

... We remain at Matrimandir the entire day; many of us come to sign the document. We even hold our weekly "Envelopes" meeting in the office, as it is also Friday...

... The SAS people come, along with the SSJ's group. The question had been there, what we would do when they march in for their "meditation"... I had suggested we stand and watch it all in silence... And that is what happens.

Like ghosts and sheep they come in a file, sinister, grotesque and pitiful; they walk around Matrimandir between two rows of police, and us watching them; we have to contain and offer the frustration, and somehow we keep together...

I feel something was done and, perhaps, a great danger was avoided...

There were moments of such nearness, I could have wept...!

And when it was over, it rained...

***16-8-1980, Auroville:**

Today I wrote to Satprem.

I bring my letter over to M.D himself, to pass it on; I meet a few people in "Aspiration" and tell them about it, what I have tried to express, and they seem happy...

***17-8-1980, Auroville:**

I am suddenly very depressed, after one more evening when, because of the presence of No hand Pas as the second couple, I couldn't simply be with G.M, in that space we normally share. I look at it carefully. It is not jealousy, for I appreciate them very much; besides, I never feel "robbed" of that space in Marcia's presence. Then I look at all these small moments of unease, now and then, with so and so, the small movements of hesitation, of uncertainty; I still do not well understand the effects my presence bears upon others...

I feel thrown back, again and again, to the solitude of a force and radiance compelled, by a will not its own, not "my" own, to remain single, and to grow, or "be grown", by Hands that seem to my affective needs rather intolerant and exacting... And I find myself nowhere, groping in the dark...

***18-8-1980, Auroville:**

I go to Madras alone to try and give my answer - rejoinder - to "The Indian Express": four hours standing in a crowded bus, starting before dawn; hours of waiting... The reporters are alright, but the Editor is a most unpleasant man, and I can't be sure he'll publish my letter. But I did what I could, I believe...

And when I drive back from Pondy in the evening, I can cry and sing for gratitude... to be home!

... And I find a letter from Diane and C.A in Delhi; it has a positive tone; they say that Kireet is now in a stronger position to act...

***19-8-1980, Auroville:**

Last night I had again one of those oddest dreams, so precise in their atmosphere, as if from a past that lives on. We are on a natural platform, high up, near an old fort, about 10 or 12 of us. A big weight is to be lifted and a sort of flat entrance is to be unsealed, prying its flat safety bar loose; we try to do it by using a balance system, some of us holding and pressing a long wooden beam; I am on the lower part of the balance, trying to break the thing open when the others go strong; I think that G.M is with me; strangely I see Th going to help the others and it feels a little weird; one last thrust and they all go far up in the air with the handle: the

wood breaks. They all fall straight onto the rock platform! I am scared, feeling partly responsible, and I intensely want this event to be erased, that it HAS NOT TAKEN PLACE... And I see then that they are all lying on their backs, merely dazed; and soon they wake up!

... Narad tells me, in the office, of a new controversy with Piero over the planting of trees near to the Banyan tree...

... G.M sends for me urgently: it seems that Arjun and Deepti have been molested or beaten up in Pondy, in a restaurant held by some Ashram-related youth; but they have already returned and they're alright; and I can't accept the rush G.M is in, as if propelled towards violence; he gets upset at me and goes alone...

... Mangini comes to me to share his "idea" to... get married! This is so refreshing! He makes me laugh and laugh...!

... This evening I wait with Marcia for G.M to return. He drives back well after dark: he has met the youth, seen his blunt lying – the mystery of this lying...: this contradiction on the path, in the Ashram, in the SAS, in us perhaps...? It had been long since the 3 of us had thus been together: the tranquillity and security of it, a relief and a grace...

... There is this... "duty", of a growing directness and transparency, attentive not to lend oneself to whatever may contradict Your Presence...

***20-8-1980, Auroville:**

The day is spent in town, with G.M. At the FRO, the officers are every time gentler and more welcoming; today they even show me a letter written by Karan Singh to the SAS!

We have lunch with PP who gives us the latest news from Delhi, mostly encouraging. The UNESCO man, M'Bow, seems to be very helpful.

... G.M wants to go to the movies! This is my first movie in about 10 years! We see a recent "kumfu" film, which moves me unexpectedly; there is innocence in it and yet wisdom is also there... It was made by Bruce Lee just before he died and there is a striking purity about it, like a child who comes, learns to the utmost possible, and quietly goes away...

***22-8-1980, Auroville:**

"The Indian Express" has only published about a third of my letter, with gross distortions and even added sentences, along with the reporter's comments. It is sickening.

It is better to feel the love in the slaps one gets... So long as there is somebody there to be slapped, slaps are bound to come...!

... When I go to him on my monies-collecting round, Narad tells me of an offer he has received from the Sultanate of Oman to provide indoor plants...

***23-8-1980, Auroville:**

About 40 of us had to go today to the Tindivanam Court to hear the final judgement on so many cases; I didn't have to, as all "my" cases have been cancelled so I could be "deported", but G.M had to... A new judge has been officiating, who carries the naturalness of the deep spiritual heart of India; he said to everybody that it is for Indira to solve the problems, and not to worry; and everyone is formally released, under security...!

***26-8-1980, Auroville:**

I wake up weeping, quietly, in a semi-trance, from too vivid a dream: there is a whole group of us, in a street; I can't bear the atmosphere and I start behaving very roughly, brutally, pushing and shoving people aside, till they all get offended and demand an explanation; and I realise that those I was angry with are those who do not respect their own beauty, who are not harmonious; it deepens, and I know then that it was out of love for each of them: I wanted each of them to be beautiful and whole, I want it so much...

... I take V with me down to Pondy; lately I have seen that she is going to need more of my support in the coming weeks...

At the FRO today there is some inquisitiveness: it seems that more "Quit Notices" have now come...

... I have concluded it is alright for me to purchase this new motor-cycle – Pat and H, whose bike I have been using, are soon to return, and I am going to need one if I continue with the Visas work... However this is not the kind or "reality" I wish to contribute to – each one having their "own" bike... -, so I still want to wait for some sign of confirmation... from You!

***27-8-1980, Auroville:**

I am tired and confused, muddled with formations, with starts of acts that fail, with mental interpretations... And behind this, somewhere is inhuman silence... I don't know...

... "The Indian Express" has published a letter from Guru Prasad of the SAS ranting against us, and even against Kulkarni, referring to "free sex in Auroville" and quoting You as saying that we are all "living just like cats and dogs..."

... Edzart was arrested this morning and taken to the Villupuram Court: the Inspector Thomas had lured and trapped him in the Kottakuppam Station regarding his "Quit Notice"... I feel so bad that I had not guessed and warned him off, and I question myself: had he been closer to me, to "us", wouldn't have I guessed?

P.G keeps pressing for immediate action, but I need time to centre; yet I do go along with him. Everything feels too rushed and too constricted, as if a band of jackals was baying at us, there is no space to breathe... I feel that I should resign from this work, as I do not seem to have what it takes to operate well within that range of action...

... We decide that Pierre and also Lisa, who have both now got "Quit Notices", must stay in Pondy.

... I cannot believe that Auroville's existence may depend on just one phone-call at just the right moment, yet perhaps it does too?

... Marcia and I have to attend a meeting on the disbursement of some fund for Green work; I find it horrible: these people pecking on each other, mouths full of arguments, just to grab some rupees and plant some trees...

... P.G and I have a talk with K.T, whose view is that all 3 – Pierre, Lisa, Edzart – ought to surrender and trust the outcome, that no one will be actually deported... But there is a thin line between confidence and mere passivity...

***28-8-1980, Auroville:**

Arjun and PP have obtained from the SP in Cuddalore that he would put a stay on all arrests for the moment, but he in turn insisted that we must hurry things up in Delhi. Yus and P.M have been trying all day to get Edzart out on bail.

... "The Indian Express" has now published a letter from Udar, gentle and quite fine, coming to my rescue; and, alongside, another letter, from some Pondy fellow, quite

ugly... It goes on...! An article has appeared in Delhi on Savitra's book... I find it all a little frightening, this approach to Auroville in the public mind through a whole set of false values...

... Annappa and Krishna have gone to tear apart an old abandoned hut on the beach and plan to bring the materials here for Annappa's new house...

***29-8-1980, Auroville:**

One of my dreams, last night, was filled with energy: a group of us in on a vehicle that is moving very fast; whether it is on water like a speed-boat, or on a straight road, isn't clear. We stand very close to one another while the thing moves on like an arrow. Then an incredibly powerful wind rises, a huge, terrific wind, that uproots entire banyan trees and drives them down the road, their roots and their branches hanging; and yet almost none of it touches our vehicle, it all just rushes the other way, over us; the vehicle moves on ahead at a steady pace, while all this fantastic energy, these huge trees propelled with it, are going DOWN the road, THE OTHER WAY...!

... Today is one of these days when it seems several days are happening simultaneously...

... Edzart was released yesterday evening – another "coincidence" – exactly on the day, at the hour, that we were all released, 3 years ago!

... When I bring their "Envelopes" money to V and C.E in the evening, I am struck by the expression on C.E's face: something vitally unhealthy...

... Tonight, returning from "Dana" I find, stuck in the door jamb – a silent present waiting for me -, a letter from Satprem!

He writes:

"Divakar, j'ai senti l'affection de ta lettre. Auroville est un long chemin, ce n'est pas une ville. Il y a des creux, des bosses, des oui, des non mais on y va. L'important c'est de marcher – pas d'avoir 'raison' (ni tort). Les raisons, à vrai dire, on s'en fout, et les torts aussi – ni les uns ni les autres ne mènent là. Quelles que soient les excellentes raisons contre M, je n'approuve pas les raisons – ce sont des histoires et des raisons de bigorneau ou de n'importe quoi sur deux pattes. Mais nous allons ailleurs, n'est-il pas vrai ? Je crois d'ailleurs que les torts aident beaucoup plus que les raisons à aller 'ailleurs', tout compte fait. Pouvez-vous lire le cœur de l'homme ? J'ai horreur des juges, dans n'importe quelle langue, et si par-dessus le marché ils se couvrent des prétentions de l'avenir, alors ils deviennent nauséux – flûte, passons la porte, oui, et quand nous serons de l'autre côté, nous comprendrons mieux... et nous ne jugerons plus rien du tout ! Nous verrons. En attendant, allons-y, sur cette longue route d'Auroville et nous ne sommes pas trop de tous les frères pour faire ce difficile chemin. C'est simple, non ! Moi, on m'a jugé, dé jugé, diabolisé et angélicisé, mais je marche, diable ou ange ou rien du tout, je marche et je marche et jusqu'à mon dernier souffle je prierai et crierai : Mâ. Mâ, un peu plus de vérité sur cette terre. C'est tout.

Je t'embrasse,
Satprem"

I read it, and remain immobile for a while, watching emotions, and past scenes.

Satprem is not an easy person... But I am grateful for the closeness, the tenderness, even though he has not addressed my questions, actually, and only emphasised something each of us ought to know well enough...!

... I have a glimpse of the sadhana, or tapasya, necessary to reach and to hold a state of awareness where, materially, there is no more the possibility of contradiction... This must be the path to real perfection: integral and total attunement to the Becoming...

... G.M rides in: he felt the need to clear some heaviness between or around us; he reads Satprem's letter...

***30-8-1980, Auroville:**

Mother, I want to say "thank You, thank You", again and again, to say my gratitude for all that is given me, for this possibility to express materially a little harmony, a little beauty...: this place, vibrant and poised...

... P.V comes to ask me to be a "witness" to an "action" he and D.P want to take to teach a lesson to Hervé; I refuse to be rushed into it. Instead, later, I go with Dennis to find Hervé and we all go to the spot of dissension, a beautiful place named "Source", which would need constructive energy; we watch the scene: brothers turned enemies, but there is also, now and then, a lot of humour seeping in...

... Some local crooked-minded man has purchased for Rs 3,000/- a plot of land that cuts across the road near to Vijay's, so that Vijay would have to buy it from him for Rs 5,000/-... What turns me off, more than the fact of these varied blood-suckers who clamp on every deficiency and every gap in our collective body, is that Vijay has already gone straight to the Inspector Thomas, after all what this man has done against us...! Dennis and I both shrug, wanting to give up any hope of collective discipline...

Because there is also always this possibility, with its own appeal, to let go, to let each logic or determinism follow its own processes till... each person becomes capable of contacting the real Harmony...? Something that has never really been tried...

In this compromise between chaos and a seeming order, there is fear and resistance; from this perspective, chaos is perceived or expected to be inevitably destructive. But, if this fear would be replaced by a more conscious trust, knowing that it would take a whole spiral before one could reach a new awareness and a new "order"...?

... Murthy has been remarkably stupid: instead of following our instructions, taking the "Forecomers" road, he has gone and got stuck at the Check-Post and all the cement has been intercepted; it is like an active interference, as if intentional...

... G.M and I look for presents for Marcia's birthday tomorrow – a powerful weaving from Assam for her new room...

***31-8-1980, Auroville:**

... That formidable distance that can "happen" between beings, people, in spite of and under appearances of communication...

... I walk back in the night: Matrimandir's light is there, alive in the darkness, centred in our midst, our core and silent sign of Truth...

***1-9-1980, Auroville:**

I do not want to age, Mother. I do not want any of my beloved ones to age.

I want each of us to grow, to progress, to re-create oneself endlessly, in awareness, in harmony, to become... Never to age, Mother!

***3-9-1980, Auroville:**

I am putting away new albums in the book-case. I look through that old one where photographs of me at different ages since birth till now are kept; the change of appearance is striking in such a brief time-span, and this reminds me, with acuteness, of what I had to go through before I got hold of a central direction and began to collect my parts and unite them around the ... passage?, the work?...: all these beings and their possibilities and propensities...

... The work in "Dana" is progressing well, we are finishing the upper roof and we are also pruning all the trees around the house; there is good energy...

***5-9-1980, Auroville:**

There must be a tremendous increase of one's capacities to assimilate consciously the daily experience of this physical life, if most of it is not to go and feed subconscious layers, adding thus to the weight that pulls down towards the necessity of death... It is so essential to learn to offer, offer at every moment...

***6-9-1980, Auroville:**

Sometimes I can't stand it with the people here: the crudeness and the confusion, loud, satisfied, and so callous... It is like a cry! Why aren't the people here those who understand, who feel...?

***7-9-1980, Auroville:**

My bisexuality allows for a wider range of experience, in both an inner and in a psychological sense, and I have learnt and acquired a lot through it. But something is still missing, in the manifesting: the spark that fuses from the right relationship, the right balance, the right sharing... Wherever I turn and observe, I don't seem to find one example of someone who has walked Your path single...

... The FRO man rides in, visiting, with a beautiful and rather silly girl, and I have to welcome them here and "chat" with them; it is awful...!

***8-9-1980, Auroville:**

I don't know how to progress. I don't know how to walk!

Build me, Lord, make me real!

... That bizarre fellow François has been arrested... Pierre and Lisa are hiding in town, as their "Quit Notices" have been activated on orders from Madras... Diane has gone to meet Sir CPN Singh in Lucknow...

... I don't know what's happening; I am deprived of joy. I can't even feel this joy with G.M and that's the worst...

***9-9-1980, Auroville:**

There are those moments when I seem to understand, to begin to understand, where my "true place" is: to SEE and to love, wherever, whenever, however...

***12-9-1980, Auroville:**

It is the kind of "consciousness" with which we approach the needed changes, that is wrong and inadequate. And it is this very inadequacy that makes these changes to appear impossible.

I am quite certain now that there is, near at hand, available, an altogether other awareness that can allow us to make this step, undergo this change: to be freed from all patterns and formations...

... I believe that "falsehood" only occurs when people have persistently refused to examine themselves and their own motivations, assumptions and beliefs... This is a necessary effort that must proceed fairly constantly, and mental honesty is merely one result of it...

***13-9-1980, Auroville:**

This morning I go to help the teams at Matrimandir to carry sections of the new crane; there is a large group, disparate, and I feel blank and rather unrelated...

... Marcia and G.M are in Madras, as Marcia's brother is leaving, and I have to take care of "Dana"; I clean the entire place, put everything in order, calling for peace and clarity... Cl.B and M ride in on their horses and, with their coming, a kind of sexual and vital potential enters... The horses run away; we find them back in "Gaia"...

***17-9-1980, Auroville:**

Que chaque être trouve son chemin entier du Seigneur... !

***18-9-1980, Auroville:**

I want to be "alive" and to be "dead" at the same time, I want to exist beyond both, or where the two join, or where they both come from... This is becoming like a need: not to be "either" "or", not to be depending on this illusion...

... Diane has returned and she reports on her whole experience in Delhi at the meeting in "Tapoloka"; she is filled with it, there is sincerity there. Yesterday already she had come to see G.M and I and the 3 of us had gone together to the FRO; and I had felt more aware of her inner being than before.

***19-9-1980, Auroville:**

I have a kind of clear certitude that the actual key to this world's harmony is that each one must learn to find what one loves and follow that faithfully; that this the way for the truth of the world to be revealed... For everything, from the "smallest" detail to the largest "issue"... And this is an immense program!

... There is a fairly balanced, strong and healthy mutual attraction between Cl.B and I and today it felt like we were just about to make the step, but it would be for her more of a decision than for me...

***20-9-1980, Auroville**

I weep at Your feet, I kiss Your hands, I thank That for Your existence...

***23-9-1980, Auroville:**

I am learning, almost by the minute, how to disentangle the aspiration from all the negative pulls, bents and tendencies, to free it from all that turns it into a self-destructive thing... How to say? The same aspiration in its intensity, that can be a desperate suffocation, a yearning haunted with a terrible sense of impossibility, of hopelessness before a world that is basically unfit... can also be, and must be, simply, a Flame... But it is difficult and it requires a lot of courage...

***24-9-1980, Auroville:**

Noh runs in calling me. There is a freaked guy doing a number around the Camp, going about nearly naked uprooting young trees; he has been seen earlier in the beach area, probably drugged... No one at the Camp can figure what to do...

I go with her. And then, I have to follow it through!

I get upset at some of the reactions on display, though!

This is a confused fellow for sure, German or Austrian may be... He is crying now...

Oh! Where is that community of free and conscious beings whose mere presence would be a help!? I have to insist to get food, and soap, and I have to wash him up myself... Then it begins to rain; I end up taking the guy behind me on a bike, gesticulating while hanging on to me, all the way to Jipmer Hospital... What else to do? How ignorant, how separate we all are! What helpless distance there is between these innumerable solitudes...! And what purification is yet needed before one can become receptive, responsive...

... G.M was waiting for me here. Soon John H comes to ask us, more out of his own personal need for our friendship than for practical reasons, to come and help place the long arm of the crane on Matrimandir...

We go, climb up, and watch; the thing with Piero hasn't budged an inch but, somehow, G.M and I are different... It is not yet time for us to come back...

... I spend the evening working with the trees in "Dana", in an upheaval of energy as if fused, or melted with the living sap and the soil and the clouds and the damp air and the moon-rise... It is energy; we are energy, there is no segregation of "levels", just energy, each being responsible only for the coherence of what one must be and one's faithfulness to it...

***25-9-1980, Auroville:**

When I reach "Dana", late evening after serving the dinner at the Kitchen, I find that G.M, Marcia and Noh have been talking - playing with the idea - of G.M and Marcia going off to live in Brazil, and wondering how I would take it, how I would respond to G.M's leaving... I burst at them! How could they "wonder"? Don't they know? Is that a social game?

In the silence that follows, I ponder my role in all this over the recent months, my wanting for G.M to have his own place in Auroville, my giving of myself to it... Isn't this also an influence, even though it is "well-intentioned", just like any other influence? So, perhaps I ought to withdraw and let him work it out without interfering, be it in the most loving way...

***27-9-1980, Auroville:**

Tonight I find Noh waiting quietly for me. She tells me of the meeting with the SP and with the new Collector, who is a woman, determined to help Auroville in various ways, with cement permits, with land matters... Instructions have been issued to freeze all Court cases and stop all harassment against us...

***4-10-1980, Auroville:**

Noh has spent the night here with me. Even though there was no physical "fulfilment" as such, I saw that she felt happy and was at peace.

I get up at dawn, put on Monteverdi's music and go about my chores.

Pas soon comes, looking for her, trembling; I feel quiet tenderness for him and speak calmly to him, saying there is no exclusiveness, only friendship seeking for its expressions... I make coffee and the 3 of us sit together and it becomes tranquil.

... The "Horizon" group comes in the morning to "consult" with me about the difficulties they now have with P.V; I try to be available without getting influenced and to respond with a measure of clarity.

Later P.V himself comes to me; I tell him what I have said to them and he seems to accept it well, with a childlike sweetness that touches me... Whenever I get to feel a little bit useful, I am filled with respect for You...!

... This evening G.M, Marcia and I walk over to "Sharnga": it is B.B's birthday, there are lobsters and other sea foods; there is wine and beer... and the "friends"! I cannot fit very well, except individually, with P.G or with B.B himself. After a while I start to withdraw, trying to send signals to G.M that we should leave, Marcia also wanting to go; but I leave alone, finally, and walk back to Matrimandir across the fields, then home at midnight, and I fall fast asleep. At 2 am, G.M wakes me up, completely sick: he has vomited violently, with acute spasms, and has a splitting headache; he had a scene with Marcia, one of their dogs disappeared and then he couldn't find Marcia either...

So I go out in search of Marcia and Yappa the dog, followed by Nisha the other dog, and I find Marcia sitting near Matrimandir, quietly trying to recover, hurt by the selfish brutality G.M sometimes displays towards her...

I get them back to "Dana", as G.M is unable to drive, and soon we see the little Yappa, still a puppy really, running towards us in the field... And there we are, together, as if after some devastating storm, dazed and shaken, but there...

***5-10-1980, Auroville:**

J'observe que l'aspiration est plus comme un océan qui pousse de toutes parts pour se répandre et toucher que comme une flamme qui monte. Ça ne monte pas ; c'est plus comme un besoin, une prière vivante. Et, quand je ne suis pas assez calme et offert dans mes sentiments ou mes mouvements extérieurs, alors cela semble se fragmenter et l'intensité se divise en désirs, en désespoirs aussi...

La Force est là, toujours, mais je la perçois de plus en plus comme la présence même du réel...

***10-10-1980, Auroville:**

I have been wondering for some time, with a rather desperate sense of urgency, about meeting the woman who could make me whole and help me to manifest what I carry within. Is it wanted for me? Recently G.M said that I should remember Fabienne. And thus the question gathered itself with her as a symbol...

Knowing that she must still be here in the Ashram, living with Harit, I have sent her a message; but she has not answered. I know that for those who had known our couple, 10 years ago, whether in Auroville or in the Ashram, this remains vivid, unforgettable. Yet I had seen at the time that You had directed her to find her place

independently of me and that whole dramatic web of scandal around both of us had had to be dissolved...

This question I offer to You: is there such a sharing awaiting me?

Only You know...

... There is a turning in our relations with the Government. Srivastav has come down from Delhi for a visit. I attended only one meeting here with him and his retinue; Diane, Cl.A, Arjun and a few others had already met him in Madras.

Today, after the "Envelopes" meeting, I mentioned to Diane, as gently as I could, that it was impractical, and hardly workable, to leave me uninformed of all recent developments in matters of visas, etc. She admitted at once that she had been very incorrect and was wholly to blame; yet she did not respond to any suggestion of a work session together...

I am thinking that perhaps I should drop both my "Visas" work and my "Envelopes" work and hand them over to people who are more related than I seem to be to the "collective", even though I have prayed and still pray to be utilised, to be of some service... But this cannot be just for me to feel a little useful...!

... Sometimes I sense what it can be when a soul, not finding what it seeks, or being too hampered, slowly and gradually comes to the choice of withdrawing, a kind of reversal process in which it begins to gather what it has assimilated out of this particular focus, and then an illness may occur, or an accident, and the body eventually lets go...

... I seem to be aware that somehow my "path" lies at this very edge, and there is in that position, or behind, or above it, a secret delight, the freedom from the agents that cause "death" or, rather, use up the physical substance, making "death" necessary...

... All these titles - "Aurovilian", "Tamil Aurovilian" etc - appear more and more absurd and misleading to me...!

***11-10-1980, Auroville:**

Tonight I'm happy, listening to Sunil's music and whistling along. Everything went wrong, nothing worked, the bike broke down, G.M's bike was not ready, there were missteps and delays and wasted time, nothing was done, yet it didn't matter: Marcia and I, shopping for G.M's birthday, did not go under...!

... Mother, You seem to be keeping me from doing quite a few silly things these days! Most times, I'm able to appreciate the humour of that guard!

But... the sexual need particularly, is too raw, and I can't deal with it consciously enough; it is often too close to getting unhealthy...

***12-10-1980, Auroville:**

In the work, in the action, I am still unable to discern precisely between what would be mere inertia and an actual indication not to move. One must still follow the reason's rule, and that is also the measure of the distance to a viable "divine anarchy"...

***13-10-1980, Auroville:**

I seem to have gone in so many directions in this life. If I may find a Sense in all that, it is one of loosing, of letting go of one's personal structure, and merging into a gaze, a presence, unbound and yet, whenever possible, full and complete and unique...

... I met Fabienne today in the Ashram; it was direct and dear; with her smile, her eyes, her expressions, she listened; nothing was closed. But Harit was hovering and worried, knowing this was of importance to her as well... I cannot intrude into another person's life that way! I cannot for the sake of my own "path" and need, break another's path, deprive another person of the answer to his need!

So I wrote back to them both, gently and in trust...

This is strange, with the fragrance of a long, old story, even though some of the roles may have shifted; but its validity has grown in another way, a new way...

... There was tranquillity today; tensions were dissolved. Something like pride has fallen off me.

***14-10-1980, Auroville:**

Marcia and I packed all the presents for G.M here and drove to "Dana" loaded like donkeys and arranged it all in his new room...

I spend the afternoon preparing a hot rum punch on a wood fire outside; I leave in the evening before too many of G.M's friends arrive...

***15-10-1980, Auroville:**

Events in time and space may, if apprehended rightly and from one's true centre, help one to deepen one's awareness... but they do not help automatically! And a belief to the contrary is a self-delusion.

It is not because one has lived 10 years in Auroville, or 20 in the Ashram, that one is closer to You!

... Noh comes and spends much of the day here, resting and reading and listening to music and sitting in the garden and she seems to be happy, to draw comfort from it; and that is ironical: I'd have thought that, in my present state, I'd be the last person to be happy with!

...The Iraq-Iran war goes on; heavy destruction has already taken place.

... Harit has sent me a reply, also signed by Fabienne: a steel wall, the keeper of her prison; but she is possibly content, there...

***23-10-1980, Auroville:**

G.M and I drive down to Pondy to pick up the new Yezdi.

I drive it back. G.M is pressing me to be happy about it, but I am strained like a bow; I need to find my way to offer it...

... I am late to start preparing the dinner at the Kitchen; Noh is unnatural, too sweet, "instructing" me as to what I should cook... I give up and leave...

***25-10-1980, Auroville:**

There are hours when the harmony is so powerful and I want so intensely to offer it to You, so that You take delight in it... In this harmony that pervades here, there is an answer... The gratitude is sometimes such that it makes me sense, as if physically, the limits of my being: it rises, it is adoration, recognition, and a kind of ecstasy; it is also the essence of sharing: this beauty in Matter, this living beauty...

... Yesterday Jacq fell backwards from a ladder; today we have to get the jeep to carry her down to Dr. Sen's in Pondy...

... When we return, Marcia receives us in tears: Yappa the dog has just died, all of a sudden: she had screamed, fallen and died! This dog has been such a gift, such a presence... We bury her in the garden of "Dana";

... This morning, Auroson broke his arm, a nasty fracture...

***28-10-1980, Auroville:**

I believe that what we must do, ought to do, is to gather a momentum in ourselves – unified aspiration? - so that we may pass across the threshold, and so that Matrimandir can actually be the link between the condition we are in and the state we must reach, breaking through the stuff of formations that divide us... Until then we remain on the wrong side of an opacity...

... It is in the newspapers that all the documents hidden by the SAS have been seized by the CBI, documents that show the unofficial transactions and the mishandling of donated funds... Perhaps at last the needed energies will be able to come to Matrimandir directly?

***1-11-1980, Auroville:**

It is sheer joy to read Your Agenda – Volume 6... I laugh so happily!

I take it in, take it in; it is like greed, to erase the distance that seems to separate us from You, seeing more of a bridge revealed...

***6-11-1980, Auroville:**

Today is Deepawali. I drift with fever all day.

***7-11-1980, Auroville:**

I am given everything, constantly; I am surrounded with beauty, there is friendship, there is grace, and I just don't know how to live, as if I am un-able to live...! And I feel disgust and shame at the heaviness I have imposed on others...

I resolve to make it a discipline not to express this helplessness in my relationships, not to burden anyone with it...

***8-11-1980, Auroville:**

V's delivery time is approaching; it ought to be within a few days, and she is anxious: her body is so small and she is nearly forty... She doesn't find C.E attentive enough; she brought me the book by F. Leboyer "Naissance sans Violence" so that I read it now, as she wants me to be her helper at the birth...

... There is news in the papers of a Central Government's sanction to the separation of Auroville from the SAS, which must appear before the Parliament, from the 17th on!

***9-11-1980, Auroville:**

V's labour began last night, but C.E wouldn't call anyone; she had a terrible time of it... Early this morning, both Hilde and Myr were called, and finally petit G. came to get me...

***10-11-1980, Auroville:**

V's baby daughter was born at 5 am.

Myr, Hilde and I were with her since yesterday morning. C.E was all closed up till the last few hours. Only then did he begin to share in.

It has been terribly long but V has been wonderful.

I learnt a lot.

And somehow a strange lesson was given: that calling for help, by and of itself, is of no use, there is no answer! One can only find the Divine by... being the Divine!

Or: putting oneself up, or forward as a vehicle and letting the Divine be...

I don't know how to say... It started to ease up only when I finally told V to stand up, get hold of the rafters of the keel roof above her, hang on, and push... Then it went well...!

***11-11-1980, Auroville:**

Today the FRO Officer tells me all he knows about the Government's Ordinance for a Take-over of Auroville, and of the SAS's Injunction against it...

... I feel distant, remote, and incompetent to judge anything, even to feel!

... V and C.E's baby girl is still unquiet, as if still under the tremendous tension of this very long delivery; C.E has suggested that I take his place near V for a while, but I don't think that would be right...

***12-11-1980, Auroville:**

It is as if all these years of unease were now gathered in one single knot... I can't see ahead; I can't get any enthusiasm. Even this "freedom of Auroville" leaves me nauseous...!

... Today Sujata came to meet us all, on behalf of Satprem, regarding the Government's take-over of Auroville; it happens in "Tapoloka": I cannot identify with the words, or with the surface of these events; but it is something to be in the presence of someone of such quality.

***13-11-1980, Auroville:**

Auroville is free!

Karthikeyan was officially sent, this afternoon, to tell us.

And to order the SAS to hand over all "properties" to the Central Government of India.

And today is exactly 7 years since I came back to India!

Auroville must be the bridge You have wanted, Mother!

India must fulfil her mission in the world!

***15-11-1980, Auroville:**

I am unable to identify one single direction that would be free of death. I am good for nothing; I believe in nothing; I am sterile and uncreative, adrift on the surface of life without the keys to a conscious passage, no longer a man and yet craving still for a caress to give and to receive...

***16-11-1980, Auroville:**

C.E comes to fetch me this evening: V is unwell and Myr is growing anxious over her; I go with him and stay with them till late, looking after them, massaging V, helping C.E to set up his daily routine, comforting Myr and sending the baby to sleep, and somehow my body feels all the happier for it...!

***17-11-1980, Auroville:**

I have found the name for the baby girl...: "Jayaura"!

But I don't know yet whether V and C.E will welcome it!

... Today we have a general meeting with the new "Administrator"...

... Oh! To become one with the Need, of the fullness of the being, of the Presence, of That... To turn to that Need, more and more: this seems to be the sole activity that makes sense at every moment and in every circumstance... Not a need for one's little self, or for the others, not a need either for any "salvation" or "liberation", but... a need for THAT TO BE, for That to govern, and to fill our emptiness...

***19-11-1980, Auroville:**

The situation is far from settled.

The new Administrator was obviously not prepared for the scene here, and he is falling prey to all these "sincere and devoted smiles" delegated to him by the SAS or the SSJ's group. Meanwhile, on "our side", all kinds of secret and "confidential" messages go back and forth between Satprem, Fred and others: all the old competition, as if the past thrived on...!

... Hypocrisy, dishonesty, disguise and self-justification, like an ink thrown into the water, and all in the name of spirituality...: better the self-respect and dignity of an "ordinary man"!

... Today I dry the house with a charcoal burner and cleanse it with frankincense and sambrani...

***20-11-1980, Auroville:**

The house in "Dana" is finished; C's house here is also nearly completed. So, G.M and I have returned to work at Matrimandir this morning...

... This afternoon at the general meeting things become a little clearer when Diane and Cl.A, who have been following the Administrator since he came, tell us how they have finally managed to settle him in Aster's house, out of the clutches of the Pondy crowd... Diane brings to this a simple sense of being like a large family, and of solidarity...

A list of names is drawn and agreed upon, to form the body of the Coop that will relate directly to the Administrator and be his main contact to Auroville: Diane, Fred, Cl.A, Arjun, Savitra, Myrtle and I... P.G had earlier proposed that anyone could object to any of the names suggested without having to give an explanation; in this fashion, G.M objected to the name of D.W, and Cristo objected to those of M.T and Piero...

... I had been daily baby-sitting, but yesterday and today I couldn't get the time; tonight I find V very depressed and worried, as she is not producing enough milk; we have to rebuild her confidence...

... When I come home, I find Yel asleep in the big room, waiting for me; his body is half-bare, abandoned... I kneel beside him and hold him and he wakes up and remains in my arms, shy, unsure and wanting; I give him pleasure; it is a risk, but I choose to trust him, and I do need at least one such open possibility in the daily life... I have a sex, and no morals! But I love You, and I need the Truth of this world: His Truth, His world – not the one of bigotry, pretence and selfish calculation... I need Him, concrete and manifest...!

Yel is dear to me, and desire has been a long time between us, and today it began to happen; I hadn't planned it, it was given...

***21-11-1980, Auroville:**

Today, 7 years and one day after Your body was interred in Sri Aurobindo's Samadhi, the Central Government appointed Administrator, Justice Nigam, officially went to Bharat Nivas and put the locks on it...

The precision of it all!

The force of Your purity, Mother!

We are so very blessed to have been made your children...!

***22-11-1980, Auroville:**

Nigam has officially handed over the care of Bharat Nivas to Piero, as the Engineer of Auroville... The irony!

... I am... a man, a human being, borne on the breath of a Reality that ever seeks to manifest the Unmanifest, completing itself, undoing and recreating and fulfilling itself ever more, freeing itself from its own, self-created illusions into ever more directness, richness and plenitude of experience...

***24-11-1980, Auroville:**

After more than a year, we have a concreting at Matrimandir!

The people of "Aspiration" arrive in the bus that Nigam has recovered from the SAS!

G.M and I resume our familiar positions, he at the vibrator and I at the mixer.

It lasts the entire day.

... V is not well and she is getting more afraid; there seems to be some infection in her uterus. C.E's attitude is no help. I ride over to Kam T's to get some medicine and ask her to come by tomorrow morning...

... I am so... un-conscious, and it is consciousness that's needed! I can only try and call Your attention!!!

***25-11-1980, Auroville:**

The SAS has filed an Injunction in the Supreme Court of Calcutta against the Government's interference in the conduct of a "religious institution"...!

In doing so they are only exposing themselves further, this being such a weak argument in the light of Sri Aurobindo's Works!

But until its verdict, it seems the Court must impose a status quo and that Nigam cannot take over more than what he has already done...

***26-11-1980, Auroville:**

Fred has returned from Delhi in a rush, to have us all sign of Power of Affidavit authorising a lawyer to represent us at the Supreme Court.

The SAS claims to stand for the Ashram as well, and for all the sadhaks and devotees!

So, the fight has now shifted to that level! Is Your and Sri Aurobindo's action the basis of a religion?!!!

We have all felt a calm, a meaningful calm... This is a thing so vast and so central!

... About 240 of us, adults, signed the formal paper which Fred has now taken back to Delhi...

***27-11-1980, Auroville:**

Nigam's assistant, Ojha, has arrived yesterday. We finally found him a room in Fred's house, with Oma's agreement...

***29-11-1980, Auroville:**

G.M and I have been plastering the inside of the hollow beam on the structure, cold and wet, but happy enough!

... Ulrich came to see the hut here, which A has recently vacated; he came with his friend Alex who donated a big amount to the "Envelopes"; I like Ulrich's solid quietness, his gentleness...

... Arjun and Savitra drove us to hilarity with their report of their attendance of Ojha, his habits and queer demands... Arjun is to go to Delhi in a few days, and so is Diane; that will leave only a few of us for the Coop work here, with Barbara helping us with the secretarial work...

The SAS is making moves; Joss is organising some sort of seminar at Pitchandikulam...

***30-11-1980, Auroville:**

We are in a trough, I suppose, waiting... waiting for that joyful certitude to rise again and take us to the shore of Auroville...

... Bhaga came to talk to me about a formulation she feels is needed to welcome new energies, new people to Auroville, combining messages and statements of Yours with responses that have evolved and matured in Auroville over the years...

... John H is staying at Pala's during her absence; I felt he was having a hard time and went to see him alone; he let go and wept and wept, quietly opening up: it has to do with Jacq... I feel it is time for him to move out of the Camp and make his own place... I invited him for dinner here; I'm happy to be a friend and support for him, he is such a treasure...!

***1-12-1980, Auroville:**

Early this morning John H comes to say that he woke up in the night feeling happy and relieved... Whenever I find that I have been of some help, I place it religiously at Your feet: Mother, it is Yours!

... At Matrimandir this morning, G.M and I have to deal with C.Sch, who is an ardent follower of SSJ; this is quite a figure, far from an ordinary being, a very interesting individual, but obviously prone to a kind of blind exclusivism... He has gone to Delhi with Manju to meet Indira and show her Your hand-written statement appointing SSJ as sole responsible for Auroville affairs, in 1973... I liked what G.M expressed, out of his guts, his love for You, and I saw that the man had to respect it. I showed him around for a while and talked to him too, while Manju waited...

... Bill S has repeatedly insisted that I must attend a meeting on the Gardens this afternoon... I do; and seeing that there is a possibility of agreement on a few basic works, I stay on, and talk a little: the fencing, and the marking of the entire area with trees can proceed, and some of F.Gr's ideas can be implemented...

... Arjun comes to fetch me for a work session with Ojha...

***2-12-1980, Auroville:**

There is more and more often a discrepancy, uneasy, puzzling and uncomfortable, between the awareness one is given individually, the perceiving that could develop in oneself, and the grounds on which one has to move, work and act, according to the limitations of the collective. There is the sense of a compromise...

Whenever one may contemplate a little the very Fact of You, words drop like old leaves, and almost everything seems to be... besides the point!

***3-12-1980, Auroville:**

The Bill has been passed in the Lok Sabha, and is to go through the Raja Sabha any moment...

... P.G comes to tell me of the confusion over Ojha's housing, and that Myrtle, seeing the situation – and that Ojha might decide to move to Pondy -, has offered her house; but she is not clear where she and her two daughters might move for the duration... Without thinking, I say that Myrtle might find the house where I live an acceptable solution... P.G goes right away to Myrtle's and soon returns, happy: she and the girls, Aurienne and Durgaura, are enthusiastic...! So, just in an instant, what I could never have conceived of – to move out of this blessed place -, has happened!

I know it is temporary, but it still comes as a jolt!

G.M and Marcia are positive that I must come and live with them in "Dana"... But I know myself and I have made up my mind: I will stay in C's new room, and only take my meals in "Dana"; for one thing I do not want to spoil the balance and harmony of our relationship; for another I am needed here, this is my place on earth, and Myrtle will also feel more secure if I remain close by...

I feel a little like an uprooted tree...!

***4-12-1980, Auroville:**

One of these nasty nightmares last night: Noh or, at any rate her face, her name and some of her vibrations were used, is talking lies with Chris G, agreeing with him the same way she agrees with us, apparently insensitive to the distance between his commitment and ours; I tell her directly that she has no faithfulness; she at once becomes hard as a metal robot; she stands up enraged and pinches my leg on two spots and pulls, pulls, whispering with some hypnotic power that I shall die from it... The pain is acute and I feel the blood getting blocked and about to burst through the veins... And again I do not even "think" of calling You, I just shout "No!" on and on, till the shout itself wakes me up...!

Deepti and I spend most of today guiding the lady Collector around, under the rain... This is a dynamic lady, with a mind to support Auroville, and also to get us to collaborate in various training programs...

***5-12-1980, Auroville:**

I am still cleaning the house early this morning when Ojha just walks in, all by himself! I like the man; he is strikingly perceptive, and he carries with him some of that India I cherish and respect...

... A whole drama has been going on again with Narayana and Bhavani; this time it involves Piero, and his rigid principles; however much everyone has tried to ease and soothe it, Piero is not facing it – he never seems to do so! It is hard for me to support him in that sense, Mother! He never gives way...!

... There is a joy when one keeps trying to find the truest response to a difficulty, and there is that taste of ashes when sincerity is not there...

... Hervé rides in this afternoon, all upset, his face swollen and bruised, and his glasses shattered: he's just been ambushed and beaten up at his place by three villagers...

***6-12-1980, Auroville:**

A crisp, sunny morning: the cow at "Dana" has delivered a she-calf, so easily! We are all beaming with it: so simple!

... Today is my "last" day in this house for some time, as You will...

And, before You, to the soul of this place I offer my gratitude and my faithful and loving commitment...

***9-12-1980, Auroville:**

Saraswati and D.S's baby boy is born this afternoon...

***11-12-1980, Auroville:**

Returning early afternoon from work, I find that poor Danny, instructed by Piero and F.Gr, has set his men to dig marker pits right across the garden of "Sincerity", following some secret decision taken by them to modify and extend the radius of the central "Peace" area by 50 meters! About 50 pits are already dug. I get angry, in a sort of cool and firm way, and have the men refill those pits at once, having first sent away Danny's workers...

***12-12-1980, Auroville:**

These days, due to the different functions I am identified with, I am made to meet with a lot of people and to come in contact with more aspects and perspectives, and it is interesting. And You Know I am always grateful when I can be of some service; at the same time, there is this gently ironic look, as if from within, that prevents me from taking myself too seriously; it is keeping a discreet watch, and it makes me feel safe...!

***13-12-1980, Auroville:**

G.M accompanies me to Cuddalore today: he has to try and get his bike' papers, and I have to meet with the Collector: I have a whole list of topics to see with her; she is supportive and efficient, in her slightly dumb and enthusiastic manner, ordering her staff about like sheep, fixing appointments with her officers...

When we return, I am burning with fever...

... Our team in Delhi has met Indira yesterday, and held a Press conference afterwards...

***20-12-1980, Auroville:**

Since Diane has come back from Delhi, it is becoming obvious that we are both considering entering into a more intimate relationship. But as we both value the friendship and team spirit already established between us, neither of us wants to

push it; I also want to be sure that this would not make a drama with Jean and feed more formations and stories...

And today a letter from Pnina has arrived, announcing her return in two months' time – which is bound to mean something in my life here...

***23-12-1980, Auroville:**

The whole day in Madras, with G.M and Marcia: the dentist (my teeth are a disaster area and I don't know what can be done about it here), the meeting with the Director of Industry and Commerce for our Cement Permit, the meeting with the FRO main Officer, Manoharan... it all goes well. Then we see Nigam off at the airport, and return in his car.

***25-12-1980, Auroville:**

There has been some upset in the team at Matrimandir, following Piero's hiring of carpenters without consulting with any one of us – with his usual reasonable arguments to cover his inability to answer the need of the moment and his continued refusal or incapacity to share, to let go, to work with... Upset too with K.T and Fred's urgings, at the general meeting, for us to conform to the expectations and to fit with the image they are busy projecting of our collective existence, too moralistic, as if promoting a brand of hypocrisy, thus interfering in the work we have to do together here...

But more and more I feel the need for balance and proportion; it is so easy to loose this sense, which is yet so indispensable and must always evolve...

... I do believe that the Lord expects us to be transparent and honest at all times and never to pretend...

... I want to grow ever younger, truer and fuller!

... This morning at Matrimandir Kiran brought toys for G.M and flowers for me, as her Christmas presents!

***26-12-1980, Auroville:**

This morning G.M had to go to work ahead of me, as I still had to collect the monies for the "Envelopes". When I go to join him on the structure, I find him sitting with GI, looking quite lost. I feel distinctly uneasy, but keep quiet...

It is only much later, when we are in "Dana", that he can tell me of her words, of her attack against me: she, my friend, whom I love so dearly, is now feeding the same formations about me, as if she deliberately and purposely wanted to destroy the friendship between G.M and me, separate him from me...

It takes the two of us the rest of the day to work through this, wondering, wondering... And now we are both thinking that perhaps we must withdraw again from Matrimandir...

I know that in us too there is sometimes this careless indulging in giving life and reality to formations circulating about others; I know there is still this kind of dishonesty in each of us, and that it is thus we ourselves lay the obstacles in the path of our own progress...

... Fred and Savitra have formed a team with Sanjeev A, the lawyer friend from Delhi, to work at the presentation we will need to make at the Supreme Court, as we are now impleaded as a third party...

... Tonight C.E. comes to pick up the money for "Existence", as I had no time to get there this evening. But it was for both of us a pretext: we have both missed each other, this free and trusting tenderness abandoned and direct...

... In her "speech" to G.M today, GI called me "a snake" and reminded him that he himself had called me that once, years ago, in a moment of anger or frustration... I now suspect that what people sometimes, when touched, semi-consciously interpret that way, is my innate capacity to reach directly for the intimate being and ask for an unreserved response, while outwardly I do not even try to conform to the accepted norms of "communication" and social interchange... I am aware now of the dangers, insofar as I am still weak or exclusive, but I believe there is a truth in this, even though it may not easily be accepted in this world as yet...

... I love this path, Mother; I love the completeness it leads to...

***27-12-1980, Auroville:**

Many of us have gathered here this evening to listen to the 2 ½ hours long interview of Satprem. The energy is clear and joyful.

***28-12-1980, Auroville:**

Today is Aurienne's birthday party, and soon the entire garden is littered with sweets wrappings... I cannot manage to accept the ways of certain children; I have no patience with them or any desire to be close to them...!

... This afternoon Diane and I have to ride over to "Utility" to see the situation there; we meet with St, a British guy, and Nerguez and Clair; it is interesting, and I like the way Diane and I complement one another and can thus convey better some of the spirit of the way...

***29-12-1980, Auroville:**

Myrtle is thinking to move to the Centre Guest House as its caretaker, as R has recently asked her to replace him there. This would seem to suit her needs both for constant activity and sufficient comfort for her and the kids. She spends more time with me now that she is here, and we trust each other in a quiet and straight way; and there is also the possibility of a physical expression... But this is all so humorous! Either I find myself alone with no relationship that could include the physical dimension of nearness and sharing, or else there are several such at the same time, and it all becomes so embarrassing: the practical limitations forcing to "choose", when in actual psychological terms, each relationship counts and matters as much, each being unique, irreplaceable and invaluable... I find that most of these "choices" we make in life are not truly based, but are responses to rigid patterns and conventions...

***30-12-1980, Auroville:**

We have to complete the text for the Affidavit in a hurry, and see Savitra, Alex and Sanjeev off to Delhi this evening...

... I had to meet the SP in Cuddalore this morning too, and the Civil Supplies man for our stocks...

***31-12-1980, Auroville:**

Myrtle and I have to go back and work with Ojha after dinner; I like this man's company, and this quaint quality of quiet and wakeful strength that emanates from him...

... Back here Myrtle stays a long time with me; we have tea, talk and are silent, aware that this relationship is about to enter a new stage; she says she loves me and has loved me for long; knowing her, I can only respect her words... It doesn't involve sexuality as yet; it is straight and considerate and sweet at the same time, and it has its own atmosphere...

- 1981 -

***1-1-1981, Auroville:**

I did not light the Fire this year, but sat and watched from a distance; the kids soon made it noisy; Igor W's music was played: it was not very good, but at least it was unconventional enough to prick at the sense of mental ritual that tends to pervade...

***2-1-1981, Auroville:**

Myrtle is packing up to move over to the Guest House. As the children have gone to Bangalore with Pala, she is free this evening to come to me and stay. We meet, quietly. I find the young woman in her, the need and the unreserved self-giving; I find a sister too: there is that quality between us... I have wanted this experience to be for her a bringer of wholeness, of reconciliation with herself, before You...

***4-1-1981, Auroville:**

I have come back to the house!

I have for the moment left all the papers and office work in C's room.

... GI's intervention against me has affected and hurt me more than I could know and offer, more than I thought at the time... And now I think I shall not go to Matrimandir for a while and let G.M be joined there by his friends – and so perhaps this is the start of a new phase?

***6-1-1981, Auroville:**

The Supreme Court has postponed our case: it is now N° 6, due either in February or in April... It does not come as a surprise: a breakthrough there ought to correspond to one here, and... we are stuck!

Fred has instructed Diane that Ruud, Toine and Piero should pursue a contact with MGR in Madras...; there is an element of spite or contempt in Fred's attitude towards our "gropings"...

... I am still distressed by the attack made by GI on my friendship with G.M, and by his own passivity. He goes to Matrimandir without me now; we can hardly share...

***7-1-1981, Auroville:**

Today has been a festival of light and pure air, cool and clean and dancing...

... Half our Coop team is in Delhi and I am left with three women – Myrtle, Diane and Barbara -: it is definitely ironic!

... Tonight V comes to get me: C.E has been vomiting for days and is now very weak. I go there before my night-watch with Myrtle: he is relieved and comforted... I "diagnose" jaundice!

***8-1-1981, Auroville:**

Satprem has also become a party at the Supreme Court. I am quite happy about that...

***9-1-1981, Auroville:**

My copy of the 9th Volume of the Agenda has come!

***11-1-1981, Auroville:**

These days are fully busy, meeting so many aspects of this adventure, and assimilating. I have got a severe tooth-ache and had to take pain-killers; there was a kind of panic in my nerves, which clearly spoke of how long must be the way ahead of me before I can receive anything real or substantial in the body...!

***13-1-1981, Auroville:**

This tooth-ache is relentless, and I am terrified by pain...!

... I went back to work at Matrimandir this morning; I joined John H and Bill S...

***15-1-1981, Auroville:**

Diane and I went to visit with AB Patel in the Ashram. We had to let him sign some documents and we also wanted to ask his help for fund-raising... To think that he is the only individual there who could stand up and publicly state that Your and Sri Aurobindo's Work IS NOT A RELIGION...!

***17-1-1981, Auroville:**

In a sense it is a creative period: we have to learn to formulate our policies, we have to keep it alive and strong with the Administrators, we have to respond truthfully to complex situations...

***19-1-1981, Madras:**

I sit on the 7th floor of a concrete building before the darkening sky, above the noise and the dirt of this man-made creation, in a hotel room. I have an appointment with the dentist tomorrow morning...

I have a late dinner at Connemara Hotel with Jean. We see both Navajata and Kishorilal in the hall, but they don't see us: Jean is very talkative but, eventually, we seem to find there is a possibility of mutuality and are both happy about it. We part in the street at midnight...

***20-1-1981, Madras:**

Illusion, vulnerability, disintegration, death... the hollow madness, the corruption... the "impersonal Will"... the learning...: groping for truth in that huge tangle of snares, this perverted substance, this mass of contradictions... revolt, irony, desperation, humour... the same need that cannot find where to settle in this human, tricked substance...

... Diane and I spend a long time in Fort St Georges...

... Narayana came with Baby for her passport but, out of fear, she didn't bring her college papers as I had instructed her, so it is a waste of time...

... Diane accompanied me to the dentist: he pulled out the worst two... She stayed the night in my hotel room; there is this mutual attraction, but she is Jean's wife and I respect her choice to stand by that continued commitment.

... I had a nightmare, followed by an incredible series of dreams, at different levels; the atmosphere of this city feels so... insecure!

But things worked out: we got clearance for the cement. We met Chakrapani also, the architect of the Bharat Nivas: this man has loved You and been badly hurt by these rotten people...

***23-1-1981, Auroville:**

Diane has begun to come regularly to "Dana" and share our meals there, so there are now four of us. Myrtle has been upset, unsure about the status of our relationship; she says that Piero has been attacking me heavily these past few days

– he wasn't even happy that we got the cement Permit in Madras – and attacked her too, for being "under my influence"...

***24-1-1981, Auroville:**

I can't stand this hypocrisy, this artificiality, and these images that some of us have broadcast of what we are all "doing" in Auroville, this pretence... Diane feels the same; we keep bothering everybody, undoing these formations whenever we can...
... Arjun and Yus made us roll and crawl with laughter with their experiences in Delhi...!

***27-1-1981, Auroville:**

Early this morning Barbara brought me the typed copies of the introductions I have been preparing for the International Advisory Council...
... Sony, this Air Force pilot, disciple of Yours, has asked to meet me, confused: he still feels this is all a fight between "brothers". We sit a long time at one of the Ashram Guest Houses; he has, I feel, a good and honest heart, but his mind is clouded by the arguments he has been fed...
... Diane and I meet the Post-Office top man, a pleasant fellow, about creating a full "branch" at "Aspiration"...

***30-1-1981, Auroville:**

Tanmaya comes; we have lunch together here, the communication is good... It seems that, at last, Nolini has issued a statement that this is NOT a religion!

***3-2-1981, Auroville:**

Il est question encore de l'opposition acharnée de Piero contre moi. Ce n'est pas facile, car cela peut aussi compromettre l'établissement de la Coop. Je ne sais quoi faire. Je ne puis que prier, pour que nous devenions capables d'un vrai discernement, direct et simple, et qu'ainsi ces formations soient défaites et chacun soit aidé à trouver sa juste place...
J'aime Te servir, Douce Mère... Mais, si cela n'est pas encore possible, Tu m'aideras aussi à me retirer... !

***5-2-1981, Auroville :**

Constamment on se renvoie les uns aux autres l'image de ce progrès que chacun de nous est seul à pouvoir faire... !

***6-2-1981, Auroville:**

Today I took Tanmaya to "Aurogreen" to meet Charlie and Suzie; they are willing to let him and Veena build their house there; then I took him to lunch to "Dana"...

***7-2-1981, Auroville:**

This afternoon, once most topics were cleared, our Coop team decided to write to M.D and Nicole to say that the Coop ought to be entrusted with the sharing of

Satprem's letters, instead of this preferential divisive secrecy they continue to practice...

***8-2-1981, Auroville:**

I am trapped again in-between... I don't like exclusiveness, I don't like jealousy: each person is unique, there are no two contacts alike, there are no two relationships alike...

I don't want to "want" anything: let existence flow, let us become fully awakened within its flow; each moment too is unique, unprecedented and never to be repeated, in or out of time...

***9-2-1981, Auroville:**

Today is Diane's birthday; we have a small concreting at Matrimandir and, afterwards, I take her up to the Chamber...

***10-2-1981, Auroville:**

Myrtle est venue ; elle m'a communiqué son souhait de vivre avec moi. Elle est très impérieuse dans son expérience de notre relation, mais elle ressent aussi un peu de ce que je suis vraiment ; elle a cette intuition...

Il y a simultanément cette possibilité qui se développe avec Diane, où je me sens plus libre ; et pourtant, elle a sa vie, ses enfants, son « foyer »... Ce n'est certainement pas simple !

... Je ne peux pas dormir : je pars avant l'aube vers Matrimandir, et vais m'asseoir à l'amphithéâtre ; Myrtle s'est levée aussi et m'y rejoint...

Il n'y a rien à dire : mais être, être... Et que tout ce qui imite et prétend rencontre ses propres conséquences... C'est tout.

***11-2-1981, Auroville:**

This morning Diane and I prepare and print the AV Notes at "Pour Tous", and this afternoon we have our Coop meeting in the house here, till evening – Myrtle, Cl.A, Arjun, Diane, Barbara and I, and Prem and Yus... There is a number of topics, as most times; and we find that there is a growing number of instances where there occurs a betrayal of the spirit of Auroville, from small, "insignificant" details (habitual reflexes and practices), to choices that have consequences on many levels... And we have yet to learn the "trick" of communicating directly, adjusting or correcting as if within one being and substance, through the contagious force of the experience...

... Diane is thinking of going "to the mountain", to see Satprem; I am tempted to drive her over and spend a few days there, with her...

***12-2-1981, Auroville:**

At the general meeting today there is a strong opposition to Tanmaya; it is hard, but revealing... It is not easy for him, but I trust You are taking care of him and seeing to it that he benefits from the experience...

... Tonight, after our dinner at "Dana", Diane is divided as to whether to stay with me here or to leave...; she goes into an intricate exercise of formulation, and then she leaves...! And, later in the night, while asleep, I get stung by a scorpion...!

***13-2-1981, Auroville:**

It is about 2 am when I walk over to the Camp to ask for the black stone; by then the venom has already travelled to near the heart, as I hesitated a long time before I decided to do something about it! Jacq makes a small cut and applies the stone and she, Noh and Yann keep me company till the poison is drawn back...

***14-2-1981, Auroville:**

On impulse I write to Satprem regarding Tanmaya. I have been feeling a certain responsibility towards him, and I want this matter to be seen clearly and dispassionately...

... Another long Coop meeting at home here...; the hardest issue today is that of "Hexiade" and other such US funding agencies: P.L refuses to acknowledge, or even see, how perverted this thing of "Hexiade" is...

Satprem has sent a message commenting on our presentations for the IAC: basically that we should not throw at them too many technicalities but try and interest them in a living way; this is fine, but these very "technicalities" were only introduced because we were told they should be! So now, these reports will be reserved for the use of the Government itself – which is anyway a positive step.

... Diane stays behind, after everyone has left. She becomes nearly paralysed with her dilemma: to go "home" or to respond to the pull between us, and having then to face the drama that is likely to ensue... What is more important to me is to not lose the quality of our contact...

It is midnight when she makes the decision to stay... I arrange the room upstairs for us; we have our bath; and gently, we meet...

***15-2-1981, Auroville:**

Diane left at 8.30 am, and I have no more sign of her the entire day. It makes me feel as if I am standing on the other side of some transparent wall...

I am not aware of "wanting" anything for myself there; it doesn't really matter in that sense; but I wish only to be able to follow as truly as I can whatever experience is given me to live, at any time and in any way... All the rest seems to me only time-built and mind-constructed parts of the mechanics of ageing and dying – not the real life...!

***16-2-1981, Auroville:**

Since Ojha's wife has come to join him here, the work with him, which used to be joyful, has become unpleasant and tedious; he is only half-awake at the best of times, and complains a lot...

***18-1-1981, Auroville:**

Today I have received Satprem's answer to my letter.

He writes:

« Divakar, le 'problème de communication' c'est vraiment pour que vous trouviez la communication intérieure ! Auroville doit apprendre à trouver ses solutions. C'est d'ailleurs pourquoi je n'ai rien à dire au sujet de Tanmaya – à vous de sentir ce qui est droit ou ne l'est pas. Je ne sais pas ce qui s'est passé au sujet de ma lettre 'lue à la Coopérative', mais je ne pense pas, évidemment, écrire à tout Auroville, il y a trop d'ennemis encore et de mauvaises volontés qui s'empareraient de mes lettres à leurs fins tordues. Les esprits doivent s'éclaircir, alors tout sera clair. (Ta lettre n'est pas si claire !) Je suis avec toi, toujours et très affectueusement. Satprem. PS : Au fond, est-ce que l'entrée de T. à Auroville était simple ? C'est un bon critère. »

... Nous avons envoyé un télégramme à la Ministre Bulgare de l'Education, qui est membre de l'IAC – Satprem m'avait parlé d'elle dans sa lettre précédente, où il écrivait :

« 10-2-81. Divakar. Juste quelques lignes en hâte. Il y a beaucoup à faire. J'ai lu ce long document. Il me semble peut-être adapté au Gouvernement de l'Inde ou à l'administration d'Auroville, mais pas du tout au Council International auquel il s'adresse. Mettez-vous deux minutes dans la peau du Ministre Bulgare ou du directeur Africain de l'UNESCO ou du représentant Américain débarqué de New York, qu'est-ce que cela signifie pour eux ces histoires techniques de terrain, de passeport, de ceci et cela. Ça ne les intéressera pas du tout. Toute cette phraséologie technique et bureaucratique, excellente pour l'Inde et pour « ceux qui savent », va leur tomber sur la tête comme un assommoir. Il faut les intéresser. Leur dire en quoi cet Auroville intéresse leur pays et leur demander des choses que, eux, ils peuvent faire. En quoi cela intéresse la Bulgarie, l'Afrique, l'Amérique – et qu'est-ce que ces gens peuvent faire pratiquement ? On peut leur dire en 10 lignes comment ils peuvent protéger Auroville, et de quoi. Puis en 10 lignes leur dire en quoi ils peuvent participer à cette expérience et pourquoi. Je pense notamment à la construction des « Pavillons » et à des équipes d'étudiants de chaque pays... ! Fraternellement, Satprem. »

... We had an even longer Coop meeting here today; and besides our team, several others attended and participated on different subjects: M.T, Rod, Joan and Deepti; a team of film-makers also came; and a Dutch couple who are publishing Your and Satprem's books. The letter to the Council which I have prepared following Satprem's advice was read out, and everybody liked it...

... After our dinner at "Dana", Diane stayed here with me till late – we did some work; we met, learning to find our balance. Then I had to go for my night-watch at Matrimandir... I thought I'd be tired, but I went on working, and also wrote back to Satprem, enclosing a copy of the letter to the Council...

***20-2-1981, Auroville:**

Today I had twice the occasion to go to "Jaïma" for some work with Diane, and Jean was there; and again in the evening, the 3 of us had to work together with Ojha, and I drive them both home afterwards, and it was an opportunity for Jean to let go of whatever trend of jealousy he had been tuned into lately...

... This is a beautiful time, reach in learning and I receive it with gratitude...

***22-2-1981, Auroville:**

There is an atmosphere of secrecy again, which I find repellent, around the coming visit of the Bulgarian Minister, and her gift to Auroville of a thousand roses! Arjun and Cl.A wanted to have a meeting about it, but I had planned to do some pruning work at "Dana" and I also didn't feel enough interest; I just asked them to see what I could do to help, and to let me know...

... I have been reading "Shibumi", and it has mingled powerfully with the days here...

***23-2-1981, Auroville:**

Myrtle has not been keeping well, physically and morally. I try every day to let her feel that our friendship is enduring... But her health is not good...

***24-2-1981, Auroville:**

Diane, Arjun, Cl.A and K.T are to go and receive Ludmilla Zhivkova and Kireet at the airport, this afternoon...

... Satprem has written us again about the occult significance of Ludmilla's visit, as one opportunity to help prevent large world clashes and destructions, exhorting us to give ourselves to the task wholeheartedly...

The Guard is drafted to escort them tomorrow to Matrimandir and the roses are to be planted near the Banyan tree...

... I had to rush down to Pondy then, for my weekly trip with Ar. and Ritam for "Free Store", and also to do my "Visas" work...

***25-2-1981, Auroville:**

Ludmilla came accompanied by scientists, poets and painters...

This lady is a princess; her father is actually the President of Bulgaria.

She is full of energy and her orientation to a truer future for the earth is unmistakable. She takes many initiatives on her own, in her country, such as "The Banner of Peace", an international Fair for children... She is a small woman, very animated, harmonious, with a simple and direct voice and demeanour.

We escort them the entire day, first in Auroville, then in the Ashram... Near the Samadhi, we couldn't prevent Th from approaching Ludmilla, giving her a letter and delivering an ardent speech right there and then...

... Today Carmen came to me; she has been asked by Sujata to get from me photocopies of all the letters Satprem has written to me... I didn't like it one bit, and didn't feel good with Carmen this time...

***28-2-1981, Auroville:**

A couple of days ago the idea has suddenly sprouted in our team that we should take over SSJ's house in "Certitude", move his belongings to his house in Pondy, and get some quiet and committed people to occupy it for a while, as a "birthday gift" to Auroville... Somehow this "plan" has generated some joy and enthusiasm among the few of us, and a lot of humour... But it has blown out of proportions; it has done the rounds as a growing secret rumour, which has triggered by now a number of heavy reactions and condemnations of our team as being "possessed by a destructive force", etc... Even M.D and Nicole got into the act, focussing on me and my "unclarity"...

The funny thing is that this "idea" didn't originate from me at all; I was actually slow and reluctant to pick up on the energy the others were sharing... Arjun now feels like resigning, and I am thinking we perhaps should resign as a team; but on the other hand, it is a ridiculously dramatic step when there is so much work to be done and a good collaboration is most needed among us all...

***5-3-1981, Auroville:**

Lots of work, but... Diane is stunned: she too is being told that she is now "under my influence", and M.D and Nicole are saying all around that I am an "asuric" force influencing the Coop...

In the general meeting, petit Pas openly attacked me; but Diane spoke with much simplicity of what has been our experience as a team so far, and that has helped to clear the atmosphere a little. Thereafter, support for the Coop was reaffirmed and strengthened...

Towards the end I asked that if I must resign I ought to be told clearly; but no one spoke to that effect; rather, the whole meeting told me to continue and expressed its confidence...

Bhaga was asked to join our team...

After the meeting, the "Aspiration" people came to assure me of their trust...

I was feeling quite strange about it all, because in a way I am aware that there is some... what?... power?... force?... in me, which can be called names, and even feared, but only due to the smallness in people or to their dishonesty... Arjun has been so beautiful, so healthy, and so full of laughter and genuine sharing... He took me right out of it!

***6-3-1981, Auroville:**

This evening Diane is again of two minds, whether to stay or to go home to her family... And I can't help much! I feel more like a mirror to her; I am available to her, but I do not "want" her exclusively in the way she'd probably wish, that would make her feel more secure... I cherish our relationship: it is a creative one. But I also feel guilty, seeing that the difficulty there is about me is bouncing back on her and makes it all the harder for her...

***7-3-1981, Auroville:**

Diane has come to fetch me. The 4 of us – Cl.A, Arjun, Diane and I – have to go to Cuddalore to meet with the SP of Police, and also with the Civil Supplies man. We drive there on two bikes, after seeing Ojha. At last the instructions have come for the withdrawal of all our cases; the SP is very friendly, everything goes well and we make a good team; it has a happy and positive feeling...

... Noh and Alex are leaving this week to Israel; they come to ask me about their visas...

***10-3-1981, Auroville:**

The Governor's visit; preparing the list of those we – the Coop – recommend for visas; Fred has returned and gives us a full report, with P.M's help; Myrtle announces her resignation...; we learn also that our papers to the IAC have been entirely re-written by Savitra in Delhi and hardly anything of our practical proposals is left in; there is a pack of formations behind this, obviously, with "The Work" and its chosen, Nicole, M.D and Kireet, and the secrecy, and the battle for the world,

etc... This is more often like a jungle, and we go on inflicting pain, dividing and hurting... for whose sake?!

But it is alright among us, and I felt that Fred was rather surprised to find this solidity in our team...

... Diane and I go down to Pondy for some more work, and for her bike to be fixed, and also to let go and have a little break: we have dinner and beer!

I part from her at "Aspiration" and come home tonight to find Yel waiting for me, tender and open...

***11-3-1981, Auroville:**

I concentrate on completing this list the whole day. Barbara comes to re-order all my files. Diane comes to have dinner with me here.

I don't know what the near future holds, but I sense that there is a lot in the balance right now and the path is obstructed again, in a subtle way: a kind of bouncing effect where the basis was not sufficiently true...

... My dreams are very detailed, these nights, and very interesting, showing many different influences at work – and not all of it is pretty...!

***12-3-1981, Auroville:**

The Pressure is powerful, and there is like a cry in the body...; is it the nerves? I don't know... And yet there seems to be calm, and there is gratitude, constantly, gratitude for the Grace...

***13-3-1981, Auroville:**

For some days now I couldn't find G.M; there was some interference again. And the few times Diane and I went over to "Dana", he was not there, he'd gone to "Sharnga", or... And today Cl.B comes to me on his behalf, to ask for the "Dana" money, which I always bring myself, and her tone and manner are such a statement...! I feel lost... Diane stays near me...

I go, then, over to "Dana", to see G.M myself, but he is away. I leave him a note.

... Diane helps me: by her presence, she brings perspective. Then she leaves.

I fall asleep, and wake up in the middle of the night, and it is very difficult: there is a formation of such negativity, of such utter rejection – negating, actively negating, with no way out... It is the most frank and undisguised attack I have ever experienced so far... That thing which has dogged me since birth...

I felt I couldn't make it... It was so... tangible!

But one thing has helped me: it is the sense, the comprehension, that if I had no ego left in me, this simply couldn't touch me, it just couldn't... And so, in that way, it all makes some sense!

Do I have to lose my friendship with G.M too? I don't know!

In this life every relationship that has mattered has been attacked, and I can't blame anyone! It is so strong!

***14-3-1981, Auroville:**

I was still under shock this morning. But I wanted to be very gentle with everyone I would meet: it is in these moments that one knows the only way forward is in one's capacity to "love"...

... At the Bank today, there is Mir B, her face a mask of sickening hatred...

... Our Coop meeting here this afternoon: with Fred back in it and Bhaga having just joined, the experience we had of such easy communication is now veiled and complicated, as if we had to start all over again... Diane comes late, straight from Al.B's with the latest letter from Satprem; so we have now two letters, one "collective" and the other "personal", written by him respectively on the 9th and the 10th...

The first reads thus:

« A propos de l'éviction des indésirables à Auroville. Il faut d'abord que la Coopérative soit officiellement 'empowered' du droit de décider qui peut résider à Auroville, non seulement pour les visas mais de façon générale. Donc attendre le verdict du Supreme Court. Il faut que ce droit soit absolument reconnu. 1- Les Aurovilliens représentés par la Coopérative doivent pouvoir décider de la qualité des membres de leur communauté. 2- Ceci obtenu, et en vertu de ce droit, ils pourront envoyer une lettre officielle collective aux indésirables en leur priant de quitter les lieux dans un délai X. 3- S'ils se refusent, s'ils ne se conforment pas à la décision collective, des méthodes plus directes pourront être envisagées. 4- Le tout est d'obtenir d'abord de l'Administrateur d'Auroville (ou de son chef), avec l'appui moral du Council International (par exemple, Sri JRD Tata) une reconnaissance explicite que le choix des résidents d'Auroville, passés ou futurs, est exclusivement soumis à une décision majoritaire de la Coopérative, et que cette décision peut toujours être remise en cause si les résidents acceptés ont une conduite qui cesse de se conformer non seulement à l'idéal moral d'Auroville mais à son code matériel, pratique : a) pas de possession personnelle ; b) pas de manipulations financières en dehors des 'channels' reconnus ; c) pas de profits commerciaux destinés à un usage personnel ; d) pas d'activités préjudiciables à l'unité d'Auroville ni de collusion avec les anciens 'propriétaires' d'Auroville ; e) pas de drogues. (Note dictée par Satprem à l'usage de ceux qui veulent bien l'écouter, 9 Mars 1981). »

La deuxième lettre, adressée à Al.B, est donc datée du 10 Mars 1981 :

« Alain. Tu es souvent dans ma pensée, bien que je n'aie guère le loisir d'écrire. Même aujourd'hui je suis obligé de dicter cette lettre à Sujata parce que je ne suis pas en très bonne santé. Tu es proche de moi, dans mon cœur et dans ma conscience. Je me soucie beaucoup pour Auroville depuis bien des années mais plus particulièrement ces temps derniers, parce que maintenant ce n'est plus tellement un ennemi extérieur qu'il faut affronter qu'une difficulté intérieure issue des egos humains – et s'il y a l'ego, il y a la graine de la décomposition. Tout le monde semble dire 'moi, je pense', 'moi, je sens', 'moi, je crois', etc.... Ce n'est rien que du vent mental désordonné. Mère a tellement dit : 'Il faut se laisser aplatir jusqu'à disparition, il faut abdiquer la petite personne, sinon c'est la vieille ronde qui continue et continue...' Je comprends bien que cet ego mental est nécessaire tant qu'il n'y a rien pour le remplacer mais au moins, à Auroville, un premier effort devrait être fait pour tenter d'écouter l'âme d'abord. Au lieu de se jeter sur la première impulsion venue, on pourrait essayer, chaque fois, à chaque occasion, de faire un peu de silence et d'essayer de faire appel à Mère, dans ce silence, et de comprendre ce que, Elle, voudrait. Sinon c'est la vieille histoire sans espoir. Certainement, le vieux système démocratique et majoritaire est un pis-aller qui doit disparaître dans le nouveau monde. L'idéal serait évidemment un gouvernement de sages : quelques personnes avec la vision silencieuse et sans préférences ni désirs. Nous ne sommes peut-être pas encore arrivés là. Mais il ne faut jamais oublier – je répète, jamais oublier – que c'est le vrai but et le seul salut, sinon c'est la course au pouvoir politique avec des petits egos grouillants et plus ou moins bien

intentionnés, mais même les 'bonnes intentions' ne valent pas beaucoup mieux que les intentions ignorantes. Dans ses dernières années, Mère disait : 'Il faut, oh ! il faut que le règne du Divin arrive, je suis pressée...'. Hier soir j'ai appris les dernières bonnes intentions d'un certain nombre d'Auroviliens pour se débarrasser des indésirables à Auroville. Et c'est vrai, il faudra que ces mauvaises graines s'en aillent avant qu'elles ne contaminent les ignorants. En fait l'ignorance est la seule maladie. Si l'on savait, on comprendrait, on aimerait, et les obstacles fonderaient. Mais l'ignorance ne se dissipe que dans la tranquille douceur de l'âme. En attendant, hier soir, la note ci-jointe m'est venue et je l'ai dictée à Sujata. C'est seulement un premier jet tâtonnant et qui peut être amélioré. Mais je voulais le livrer à la réflexion de mes frères. En attendant le gouvernement des sages il faut qu'il y ait une voix qui puisse parler au nom d'Auroville et c'est notre seul salut pour l'instant, sinon il y aura cet Auroville-ci et cet Auroville-là et plus personne n'y comprendra plus rien, et finalement ce sont nos ennemis qui en profiteront. Il faudrait tellement, oh ! tellement, que cette voix essaye d'être un peu claire et forte dans son tranquille pouvoir d'âme. Je ne sais pas pourquoi, ce matin je me suis tout à coup demandé pourquoi il existait deux organismes différents bien que frères à Auroville : la 'Coopérative' et 'Pour Tous'. Excuse-moi, je ne connais pas très bien les réalités tout à fait pratiques et organiques d'Auroville, mais je me suis demandé, un peu naïvement, pourquoi il n'y aurait pas un seul organisme avec, peut-être, des 'sous-comités'... La meilleure manière d'intégrer les esprits c'est toujours de les mélanger à la pâte matérielle, car c'est dans la matière et dans les petites choses de la matière que les consciences peuvent se rejoindre plutôt que dans les rigidités abstraites des petits casiers du mental... Ainsi, les 'idéologies' s'useront et se froteront et s'adouciront au contact tranquille de la matière. Simplement je veux dire qu'il me semblerait fructueux d'avoir un seul corps d'Auroville, de quelque nom qu'il soit, dont les idées sortiraient non pas des fumeries du mental mais d'une simple nécessité matérielle. Les consciences s'uniraient mieux dans la matière que dans les idées – qui sont toutes fausses tant qu'elles ne jaillissent pas de la tranquille nécessité de l'âme. Tout cela est à considérer. Ce n'est pas une « idée » que je lance mais une sorte de matière à réflexion pour mes frères. Il faut, oh ! il faut que le gouvernement de l'âme naisse à Auroville, c'est plus urgent que jamais. Je vous aime et je peine et je travaille à vos côtés. Avec mon affection particulière à toi. Satprem. PS : Si ce corps unique devait prendre forme, peut-être vaudrait-il mieux lui laisser le nom 'Coopérative' qui est déjà plus ou moins accepté et reconnu des autorités officielles, mais chaque sous-comité pourrait avoir son nom particulier. L'essentiel est que le nombre total des membres de ce corps unique avec son ou ses sous-comités ne dépasse jamais douze. C'est-à-dire que chacun des membres doit représenter non pas une « idée » particulière (on en a assez des idées), mais une activité ou une nécessité particulière. Encore une fois, tout ceci est une simple suggestion venue de mon amour pour vous et de mon souci de la fructification d'Auroville. En fait j'aurais voulu adresser cette lettre aussi et plus particulièrement à Frederik mais j'ai écrit en français – tâche de le lui communiquer dès qu'il reviendra à Auroville. S. »

... These letters seem to confirm most of the orientations we have already taken; but they also show in what manner Satprem is being either misinformed or too partially informed...

... The acuteness and relentlessness of those negative formations that are thrown on me or hang about me... is really something! The only way I can take it as a Grace is by seeing and feeling how it helps me to get rid of the ego... But where it

affects me the most, troubles me the most, is in its effects on those who are close to me, even on those I work with... And I don't know what to do...!

... Diane is having a hard time: Jean and others as well, are blaming her for being close to me; and yet she finds herself happy when she is with me; she feels at home when we are together, and our relationship seems to be developing of itself, and I too feel happy in her presence...

... This place is so beautiful, Mother...!

***15-3-1981, Auroville:**

Diane comes here, mid-morning, to work with me; but she also needs to talk: she is planning to build her own hut near "Jaïma" so as to move out of a situation with Jean that has become too constricting and static, and into a truer relationship with him. I want to encourage her in this direction, to affirm her independence while keeping a balance with everyone who matters to her...

... For about two hours I have the experience again of that knot of ego that must be pulled out; the mind can offer it; it understands the need for it to go, but its effort remains in a tangent: it is not effective... More directly and more centrally to the outer nature, Your Help is there to take it out, to pluck it from my breast and leave "me" open and plastic and given to You...

***16-3-1981, Auroville:**

Diane, Cl.A, Yus and I have to spend the day in Madras, and its nightmarish character, as we have got an appointment with the Joint Secretary...

... On our way back I feel more fatigue than I have felt for a long time...

... Yel is waiting for me here: he goes and gets me some ice from the Guest House, welcomes me and provides the relief I need...

***17-3-1981, Auroville:**

B.B comes: JM.B, returning from "the mountain", has told him that Satprem has been in quite some difficulty, both physically and financially – for Sujata and him, but mainly for his work with the Agenda; B.B, PP and others are determined we must urgently collect at least a minimum amount of money and send it over...

This reminds me of my wish or yearning to go there myself, but I feel there is now too much opposition and too many formations: the time may not be right...

It seems that the SAS is trying to get hold of some of the Agenda, to publish it in an "abridged form", and at a cheaper price...!

... This evening, G.M and I are able to spend a quiet moment together; it is helpful and calming...

***18-3-1981, Auroville:**

I find that, since Bhaga has joined the Coop and Fred has returned and now takes part in our regular meetings, the living purpose and action of this team-work is somewhat blocked: subjects become issues, mental statements take the lead, practical adjustments become impossible and trust does not happen anymore... It just cannot go on that way; the simplicity and directness of the experience has gone...

... Arjun, Cl.A, Diane and I find ourselves sitting in the garden, bewildered and tired, wondering which way to go on... At least we are still in touch with the work itself

and there remains between us this sweet, frank and humorous relationship as a team...

***19-3-1981, Auroville:**

The relationship between Diane and me is drawing increasing antagonism... Shruti is strangely ill; Jean now denies Diane her "rights" to have her own movements; all her "friends" are upset with her and blame her...

... We are late for the general meeting. This community is so fickle, so prone to reversals and splits and swings; now, perhaps due to Satprem's last letter, the majority seems to be supporting our team and going heavy on Bhaga, while Fred, cleverly, just disappears before the topic comes up, when it was really he who brought the confusion...

... We are weak under the pressure... Our monkey-ego flips and twists...

***20-3-1981, Auroville:**

This morning I go to "Auromodel" to meet JM.B and hand him the money for Satprem and the Agenda; I stay with him for an hour or so and I like the contact; I feel a possibility of good friendship there...

... Throughout our work today Diane is trying, semi-consciously I guess, to make it impossible between us, so that it wouldn't be too difficult for her to break away from the intensity and depth of our experience together, and I let it be; I understand...

... This evening, after long, C.E. comes; he stays with me; I let him direct our coming together, open to the sweetness of it... He left when I was fast asleep...

... Diane isn't going to Delhi, because of Shruti being sick; Arjun, Cl.A and K.T are going without her...

***21-3-1981, Auroville:**

Diane comes, feeling bad about her attitude yesterday; I tell her to let it be, to just let it be; we can work together, happily, and we shall see...

***23-3-1981, Bombay:**

Diane took me to the bus stand yesterday; I travelled first to Bangalore, then took the plane to Bombay, and settled in a palace...! I am spending in two days what it costs to build a hut in the village...! These are vain comparisons, I assume!

***24-3-1981, Bombay:**

Colette is so given and so lovely, and so happy...!

Bombay, this city: lives into lives after lives, millions of lives...: I experience it with the body; the mind is nearly inactive; and the experience seems to have no boundaries, only the limits of my endurance...

... I call Cl.A in Delhi: the Case is again postponed, and there is the possibility of further delay and interference...

***27-3-1981, Auroville:**

It is more and more clear to me that, whatever the circumstances may be – happy, fortunate and favourable, or adverse, obscure and contrary – it changes nothing to the real progress: everything is used, according to the central need...

... It seems that the Government Solicitor General has been so dull and, Nariman W not being present, the Case has now been shifted and is to be heard by a Constitutional Bench some time in May...

***3-4-1981, Auroville:**

These days in Auroville feel hollow to me. As if we had missed opportunities to move forward and had now to wait for another chance to present itself... It is this dull emptiness, a mechanical time, of semi-conscious survival... I yearn for this gaze in our eyes, this Presence flowing, reaching and revealing, knowing... There is no way but an increase in consciousness...

... Late tonight I go to find C.E. at "Existence"...

***8-4-1981, Auroville:**

More urgent work this morning, as Savitra is going back to Delhi...

Dennis has returned from Kotagiri, with a long letter from Satprem to the Coop, along with a short note for me alone, saying he cannot see anyone at present...

I do not feel happy with his letter; he goes on as if no one here had been aware of the importance of the Agenda, as if no one could possibly have any direct experience and he therefore had to tell us to have it, to become conscious of it... It is somehow not real; there is always this "something" off...

To the Coop, Satprem writes:

"2 Avril 1981. Pour Auroville % La Coopérative.

Amis et frères. Jean-Marie m'a remis votre grosse enveloppe pour l'Agenda. Vous ne pouvez pas savoir comme j'ai été touché. Tout de suite, je suis allé mettre cela aux pieds de Sri Aurobindo et je lui ai dit : 'Tu vois, ça, c'est Auroville qui donne pour le travail de Mère.' Vous avez fait ça avec votre cœur, mais vous ne mesurez pas très bien l'importance du geste que vous avez fait. Il est très important. Il est aussi important que la pose de la première pierre du Matrimandir. Il signifie que votre être matériel a compris un peu ce que signifie la présence de Mère sur la terre. C'est comme un pont direct que vous avez jeté entre votre être physique et la Grâce de l'avenir.

Ce que vous ne savez pas, peut-être, c'est que cet Agenda, ce ne sont pas des livres, ce n'est pas un enseignement, ce ne sont même pas des expériences ; c'est au delà de tout ça, plus puissant que tout ça : c'est le corps de Mère. C'est la Force vivante pour transformer le monde. Sans ça, il n'y a pas d'Auroville. Sans ça, il n'y a pas de nouveau monde. Ce n'est pas un livre : c'est un puissant minéral radioactif. Vous pouvez le lire et comprendre, ou ne pas comprendre, ou un peu comprendre ce qu'il y a dedans, mais cela importe peu vraiment ; ce qui importe, c'est que vous touchiez ce livre, c'est que vous touchiez cette Force, c'est que vous entriez en contact avec la Force qui PEUT transformer. C'est ça, l'Agenda.

Et puis, Mère appréciait tellement le geste matériel de « donner », oui, des billets de banque. L'argent, c'est justement le repaire de l'adversaire. C'est celui qui va toujours à l'usage égoïste, même si ses apparences sont altruistes. Mais donner pour Mère, c'est un acte concret qui est plus important que toutes les philosophies, les discours ou même les sentiments plus ou moins nuageux dont on enveloppe les choses. Donner, ça veut dire faire participer son corps. Alors, je suis sûr que votre

geste a un sens profond pour l'avenir, et que c'est une promesse et une bénédiction pour Auroville.

Ce que vous ne savez peut-être pas, non plus, c'est que cet Agenda, c'est un peu (ou peut-être beaucoup) le symbole de la bataille du Nouveau Monde. C'est une formidable bataille, dont Auroville est seulement un petit reflet. Que pouvaient comprendre quelques hommes, il y a deux mille ans, autour d'un être qui s'appelait le Christ ? Que savaient-ils, ces quelques hommes-là, de ce qu'allait devenir la graine jetée par le Christ ? Que savons-nous, aujourd'hui, du sens de Mère et de Sri Aurobindo ? Et est-ce que cette graine, une fois de plus, sera pervertie, emprisonnée dans une religion, enfermée dans une puissance politico spirituelle ? Ou bien fructifiera-t-elle et rayonnera-t-elle librement et intégralement avec son Pouvoir vivant de changer la terre ? Cet Agenda, c'est toute la bataille de l'avenir. Vous ne savez pas quelle bataille vraiment...

Aujourd'hui c'est dans l'Inde que se joue la bataille du monde. Il est capital que l'Agenda se répande dans l'Inde et réveille cette âme endormie. C'est ça qui peut sauver l'Inde et Auroville. Vous ne connaissez pas tous les obstacles matériels et invisibles. Mais votre geste a une grande importance dans cette bataille. Je veux donc que cet argent aille au travail de l'Agenda en Inde.

Si vous voulez continuer votre effort dans l'avenir, je souhaiterais que votre offrande soit faite anonymement, quand vous le voulez, à la Coopérative, dans une enveloppe spéciale réservée à l'Agenda. Ce n'est pas du tout une question de donner deux roupies ou deux mille roupies. C'est la question de votre éveil matériel au sens de l'Agenda. Ce n'est pas un superflu d'argent que vous donnez, c'est quelque chose d'autre, qui ne se mesure pas numériquement.

Pratiquement, matériellement, cette enveloppe peut m'être envoyée ici, chez moi, si vous le désirez. Mais il faut que je vous donne quelques détails sur l'organisation pratique de la distribution de l'Agenda en Inde. Nous avons donc été obligés de constituer un organisme légalement enregistré qui s'appelle : Mira Aditi Centre. C'est cet organisme qui s'occupe de l'Agenda en Inde. C'est Michel D qui s'en occupe depuis le début et qui a fait du bon travail. C'est son travail à Auroville, comme d'autres s'occupent des jardins, du Matrimandir ou de la cuisine. Par conséquent, finalement, cette enveloppe, je la remettrai à Mira Aditi Centre, aujourd'hui et à l'avenir. La Coopérative peut donc procéder comme elle veut : soit m'envoyer ici ces enveloppes, soit les remettre directement à Mira Aditi, mais dans tous les cas, c'est là sa destination finale. Et j'insiste sur l'anonymat nécessaire des dons. (Parce que c'est une affaire directe entre Mère et chacun)

Notre but à Mira Aditi n'est pas seulement de régler tous les problèmes d'impression et d'édition des livres, il y aussi le problème de la traduction, et quelques êtres se sont consacrés à ce travail, également à Auroville. Et puis surtout, c'est le problème de la publicité et de la diffusion. Là aussi, vous pouvez aider, chacun à votre manière, à répandre ces livres parmi vos amis et relations en Inde. IL FAUT, il faut que ces livres atteignent des milliers et des millions de gens : c'est le salut de l'Inde. Il y a donc ce problème publicitaire, si je puis dire, et de diffusion. Il est évident que pendant longtemps, notre entreprise sera déficitaire, mais certainement, peu à peu, ces livres doivent représenter une source de revenus matériels. Il a été décidé que tous les profits possibles de la vente de ces livres iraient à Auroville, comme tous les profits des autres activités d'Auroville, et il a été décidé que les bénéfices éventuels de la vente de ces livres serviraient à constituer une imprimerie internationale à Auroville. Il faut qu'Auroville ait son imprimerie et rayonne son action à travers le monde. Ce serait si beau de voir cet Agenda publié et imprimé à Auroville.

Telles sont les grandes lignes de notre plan d'action auquel vous pouvez coopérer, chacun à votre manière. Pratiquement encore, je souhaiterais, si vous aviez des suggestions à faire ou des propositions pratiques, que vous les fassiez à Michel directement, puisqu'il est le responsable de ce travail. Je suis toujours prêt à vous écouter et à lire vos lettres, mais vous comprendrez que je suis très chargé de travaux et de batailles diverses. Je suggère que, de temps en temps, Michel tienne la Coopérative et Auroville au courant du développement de notre travail (dans la mesure où c'est possible sans indiscretions). Je ne vous quitte pas. Je suis avec vous à chaque instant dans la bataille – oui, à chaque instant, je peux le dire. Votre geste me fait chaud au cœur. Je suis très ému, vraiment. Je suis très content pour Auroville. Je sens que Mère vous entoure dans ses bras. Puissiez-vous vous éveiller de plus en plus à la perception concrète, matérielle, de son amour et de sa grâce si active, et présente. Je vous aime, je suis votre frère de toujours et pour toujours. Satprem »

Satprem's short note to me dated the same, reads:

« Divakar. Je ne peux recevoir personne, il y a trop de tâches pressantes et impérieuses. Chacun doit s'éclaircir et Auroville doit trouver ses propres solutions dans la limpidité tranquille de l'âme. Fraternellement, Satprem. »

... Tonight C.E. has moved back, alone, in the small hut here... just on the eve of my birthday...!

***9-4-1981, Auroville:**

Just after dawn, Johnny brought me a message from D.M: "To you who is me, from me who am you, love, always. D." I was happy. It is true.

G.M came, quietly. Diane brought me the Agenda 12: Your gift for my birthday.

... I make G.M a proper meal: since Marcia has left for Brazil, he hardly ever eats well... Myrtle baked a big cake, with all her love...

... Much of the day I felt a pull to lie down, immobile, and to let go – or to read Your Agenda... And once again I experience this tremendous vibration in the blood, as when one is about to go out of the body... There is also this soft ecstasy...

... Diane offers to give the Coop report herself at the general meeting, so as to leave me free...

Late afternoon, I feel the need to go down to the Ashram; I kneel at the Samadhi, alone... And I experience this intense physical gratitude, not that gratitude that rises, but this gratitude that thanks, everywhere in the body...

... This evening Jacq and Kiran come with beautiful presents... Barbara has brought roses... John H comes, others...

It has been a very calm day...

***11-4-1981, Auroville:**

The Tamil Nadu Chief Secretary has signed the clearance of all our cases... In the coming week, several long-drawn processes are coming to a close...

... V and C.E are having difficulties; again V wants to leave, to go back to Italy...

***12-4-1981, Auroville:**

C is going through some deep changes; and there is something we can still hardly talk about as yet: here she is, 70 now, and I'm 31; and there is this impossibility to

accept that... she isn't any longer what she has been, her beauty and physical harmony are no longer what they were; and her love is deprived of that expression, while she continues to feel it, to feel it is hers by right, to express the love and the progress and the understanding that are growing in her... And, just within, just there, in our awareness of one another, there is no discrepancy, and it is very strange: it seems to point to the almost ordinary simplicity and reality of the subtle physical – the true physical, the physical that is us truly, that we are truly, in a continuity of progress, of fullness and harmony and beauty, evolving in quality and depth of experience, but never wasting...

... I am almost through reading "the Executioner's song", the story of Gary Gilmore written by Norman Mailer... This being feels very present, very near; I still remember his face and his eyes, in a newspaper photograph months ago, and how it struck me: the closeness, the deep sense of familiarity... This is a psychic drama that has a long and deep-reaching action in the collective consciousness of the Americans...

***13-4-1981, Auroville:**

A baby boy is born to Hilde and Tency...

***15-4-1981, Auroville:**

It has not been flowing well with Diane since two or three days, and it shows in our work; we keep getting late, missing chances and wasting energy... Today also we drove to Cuddalore, for nothing! The SP was gone and the Collector was too busy! But we had time to talk! Whenever there is disharmony between us two, I feel like quitting: it isn't creative; it isn't interesting any more... But then we begin to laugh, and it becomes alright again...!

***16-4-1981, Auroville:**

It is C's last day here this time, and it is hard.

She comes with me to the general meeting and today the atmosphere is heavy; there is a sense of the grotesque, with these fat heads talking, talking, and mouthing big words... I do not wish to work with Fred: it takes us backward...

... The Supreme Court has adjourned the hearing to the 27th, on the Government's request, so it has more time to gather evidence of the SAS's mishandling of funds...

***18-4-1981, Auroville:**

There is a wave of thefts again, like organised raids. I must learn from Ojha how to formulate a "complaint" properly...!

... Today I have been under a massive pressure, that leaves me blank, immobile and unable even to smile – not out of unhappiness, but from sheer lack of feeling; and yet, an aspiration is there...

***20-4-1981, Auroville:**

I said to You: "Mother, take away the shadow of that truth, free me from it! It will be beautiful! Let me be lighter and available to Thy service!"...

So many times what soothes and helps me when everything else seems to fail, is the beauty of here, of the atmosphere, of the trees, the house... And then the gratitude rises again...

***21-4-1981, Auroville:**

I had to take Ar. down to town early, for "Free Store", and I only had the "Visas work" to do and a few errands; I waited, in a state of helplessness, feeling useless, lacking any clear purpose, as if in a void, or a noisy emptiness... Diane came, and I suddenly lit up: it was not in any affective or emotional way, but it was as if there was purpose again; sharing had sprung back to life, and there was someone there, not just a show; one could move with aspiration, act with meaning...

... I am tired when I come home, and I find... Pnina!

Her gracefulness touches me, the harmony of her presence... but it remains at a distance... She had just arrived...

... Soon Diane comes, and Barbara and we have work to do...

And this evening Myrtle comes, obviously wanting, needing to have time with me alone... And, without transition, I am thrown from one situation to its opposite...: three women at the same time! What to do? What is one to do?

At this point in time, Diane is clearly the closest to me, the one with whom I am naturally the happiest; yet with Myrtle there is a wholeness in the contact which goes deep, even if it does not find expression in our lives; and here is Pnina, sitting quietly and deeply wondering what she has got herself into and what is my position in relation to her...

I leave the house to Pnina and go with Myrtle to the Guest House and stay there the night – and it is good and full and happy between us...

***22-4-1981, Auroville:**

I get up before dawn, leave Myrtle and come over to the Kitchen to do my duty: preparing everybody's breakfast!

... G.M comes and we have our morning coffee with Pnina at the house; G.M is once more himself, natural...

... Diane comes, for our work... She is evidently affected by Pnina's presence, and it is revealing of the importance our relationship has acquired in both our lives...

We have work to do in Koot Road, then, with the local authorities – an inert shapeless bureaucracy -, and in Pondy, with taxes, etc. The sky is gloomy as if before a storm, there is wind in the air and the sea is grey, moving in slow heaves, and we have time to sit and watch it and be cleansed by the sight of it, and we have dinner in town...

When we return, Barbara is here with Pnina, talkative and funny...

Then, Pnina and I are alone; she needs to know what I feel; I can only say that now what matters most is for her to find whether she wants to be in Auroville – as only them could we both know how this relationship is meant to develop...

***23-4-1981, Auroville:**

G.M has breakfast here with Pnina and I.

Diane comes to pick me up: we have plenty to do, and it goes well. In Cuddalore we have a long, fruitful meeting with the SP...

We are back in time for the general meeting, although we'd both had wished to be exempted... Whenever we collect together without a purpose that is central or

practical enough, it turns into a ridiculous and exhausting poultry scene... There is one good surprise, though: Krishna is there! Our eyes meet; and it so happens that he, G.M and I each express spontaneously a position that is identical on the matter of "Utility"...

... We have time for Ojha tonight; whenever we do not go to him, he resents it and begins to feel left out...

***25-4-1981, Auroville:**

Diane and I return from our Pondy work just in time for the Coop meeting here. Apart from our team, several others come in on various topics: June M about her work in the US; Vikas, Cristo and Bill S about 'Utility'...

And Charlie has come to participate; and, after quite some work is done, it all suddenly opens to a big chasm: the ghost of racism, like a deep abscess, suddenly bursts between Charlie and Arjun and Yus... Yus particularly, is carried away on a mounting tide of painful, bitter, poised hate and resentment and despair...

It needed to be washed out...

I go out after Yus and Arjun, and they calm down...

Eventually Charlie leaves, and we can resume our work, but... this is the most effective enemy of the very existence of Auroville! At certain critical points it shows its head, rearing up again with its malevolence, and the condition of Auroville then appears so precarious...!

... Once everyone has left, and only Pnina is here with me, a necessary clarification must be made: I realise that, during the months of her absence, she may have invested much more than I have in the possibility of a settled relationship. Given this imbalance, I do not wish us to be intimate as before, as she would only feel more hurt... This is a moment of decision...

***26-4-1981, Auroville:**

I have just finished my morning work and I am drifting into half-sleep. Diane arrives, intense, straight from a decisive scene in "Jaïma": Jean has asked her to leave; he would keep the children, of course!

So, the whole issue is being pushed...

We look at the options. As Krishna is shifting to "Utility", she could perhaps move to his place in "Certitude", and try to establish her own base. She could also come here and stay in C's house, having a sort of semi-independence; or else she could move right here with me...

We both feel the need to go slow, not to be rushed, to seek within us for the right thing...

... Ramalingam comes: this time he has brought... his wife!

... Pnina has decided quietly, softly, to move to Pondy for a few days and, later, to stay at the Guest House...

... I find Diane at "Dana" this evening; she is weeping from the stress of seeing her children's faces and eyes filled with a mute question... We both sleep in "Certitude"; we both needed this time together...

***27-4-1981, Auroville:**

It is only late tonight that we can get a clear line to Delhi; even so, Cl.A's words are jumbled; but we understand that our case is now postponed to the 7th of May...

***28-4-1981, Auroville:**

Diane has slept here last night, and when Myrtle comes, early this morning, to see me and get the news from Delhi, I have a moment of chaotic feeling...!

But somehow the two of them make it simple, and we soon are sitting companionably, happily enough... Yet I do not ignore that the very way I share and work and live with Diane now, is the way Myrtle had wanted us to be together, with all her love and strength and will...

And then, Krishna comes...! He brings me a bunch of passports for the people in "Utility" so as to get their visas regularised; he is sweet and calm, almost as if nothing had ever interfered...

***29-4-1981, Auroville:**

This morning, G.M, Diane and I drive over to "Utility" to meet Krishna there and, with him, everybody who stays there as well as the workers... This is a situation we have inherited from Mali and his separate ways, and it is very delicate, and Krishna is there with the "mission" to bring it all into Auroville... We meet with Nerguez and Amparo, and with the workers; and we meet the group of foreigners and explain to them the basic guidelines of Auroville...

***30-4-1981, Auroville:**

Everyone is late for our Coop meeting here this morning. There is tension because of the problem with Fred. I decide to jump in and I tell him clearly and quietly what I think and feel about his ways of working and his disregard for relatedness; and then each of us in turn tells him more or less the same, and he has to take it and work with it... There is hardly any time left for our current matters, and each has to go to their tasks...

... Diane and I have to work with Nigam and Ojha till very late, and it is rather exhausting; we decide to stay the night at Krishna's house, and barely sleep: we laugh and talk and keep quiet and laugh more and we meet, comfortable with each other, at ease...

***2-5-1981, Auroville:**

It is 6 am and I am lazing in bed, when I hear calls... Nigam, Ojha and Ojha's wife have come walking to visit with me... and, I suspect, for Ojha to check more closely on my "private" life – as he'd seen me driving away from "Certitude" the day before at dawn...

... Fred is more precise and cooperative at our meeting today; but with him and Charlie participating nowadays, there is less of that spontaneous joyfulness we had become used to share in our work...

... Pnina comes to have coffee with us, and it seems to be alright; but, afterwards, Diane acts weird and resentful and it carries over in our team-work, with her opposing me... It takes the rest of the day till late into the night for us to wade through it and find our way, and our meeting is all the more intense for it...

And, right after that, in a flash of recognition, I see for the first time her inner being, complete and whole, with this smile on her face, of trust, so... forward...!

***3-5-1981, Auroville:**

There is so much directed against our living together, coming from others; and on my side I can see that, perhaps – being true to myself – I do not really wish to be... fixed, or defined, by living in the one and same place together...

... Myrtle comes to see me. She notes that Diane has stayed here last night, and she has a little face, suffering; and I feel so close to her, and sad... The way we are made, the way we function, the way our substance is arranged, organised... how can anything be true...?

... Before going to bed, I have to wake up Yel for the night-watering of the garden, and I stay with him a moment: his quiet sweetness, simple...

***4-5-1981, Auroville:**

We had planned to bring some of Diane's things into C's house today. She comes late, depressed. She has got a letter from Jean saying that she and the others in the Coop are all under the influence of a force that is acting through me...

I can never be sure, Mother, that I am not simply bringing more difficulty into Your Work...

... Upon returning from our work in Pondy, seeing Diane's state, I decide to ask Arjun and P.M to request every one who feels that way about me either to find someone to replace me and take up the work I am doing, or else to accept that Diane and I are together... But both refuse to even consider my withdrawing from the Coop... So I am left rather confused...!

***6-5-1981, Auroville:**

We have a misunderstanding today: Diane is late, very late; I leave alone and drive to Cuddalore and do the work there; when I return to Pondy, Diane is there, angry – she had come the moment after I'd left -, and I am angry too. And I feel quite lost: without it flowing with her, I find myself unrelated, as if she was my "door" to Auroville, to its collective dimension, and then I want to pull out...

I come home, wanting to be alone. And Krishna comes!

And together we close one spiral, and are ready for the next, quietly; it is open, it feels real...

Huge masses of black clouds drive down the sky from the North, a puissant wind rises, stirring up columns of red dust from the ground, and a huge rain breaks out...

I go out to shut all the windows in C's house; faintly, through the tumult, I hear Diane's bike riding in; I receive her out on the porch; fully soaked, we embrace...

She had tried to resolve to take a distance from me... and here it has just melted...

... This is a dead end. People won't let us be.

They keep throwing on her the same formations; she carries them in; we both go under it...!

There is hate, there is jealousy – I think, because people do not examine themselves sufficiently...

We meet; we let go, we give in... Why? I don't know... Our bodies at least can find their rhythm together. It probably does not make things easier, but it is a sweet part of the balance...!

***7-5-1981, Auroville:**

The entire day there is this Pressure: the whole being, the whole body feels it, constant; and beyond, or deeper than the strain of it, there is gratitude...

... I am about to go to bed, it is late; Diane and P.M come in to tell me the news: it has begun! Our case has come up, and it will be heard again tomorrow; the Judge has already shown some anger at the SAS, and things seem to be moving decisively...

After they have left, I experience two successive "attacks": it comes from behind, like a mass falling on my back and shoulders, in that intermediate zone... It takes two hours; I sit up, waiting, till the passage is cleared... This is tough!

***8-5-1981, Auroville:**

The Pressure remains all of today. There is calm, but also a sense of precariousness.

This evening, the news comes that, at the last moment, Nariman was found and has been able to give a full blast of a speech which has somehow saved the situation, and the Court has taken a decision that involves the lifting of the Injunction... Cl.A and Savitra express great enthusiasm over the phone...

But here I feel something is still blocked, and there remains much tension...

... Arjun just had a spectacular fall from his motor-cycle, but he got away with a scratch or two only... We decide to all meet at Kamala's, where he has gone to rest and recuperate... It is truly good with Arjun and we are both, I think, happy to be close to each other – for surely we have been that close in "the past"...

... Diane has been staying at Al.B's house in "Auromodel" while he is away. Tonight I try to stay there with her, knowing it would be difficult, given the formations AL.B holds against me... And it is, indeed, difficult! We each have nightmares, repeatedly, heavily loaded and quite disgusting... When I am fairly sure she will be alright, I decide not to insist and leave her there, and drive back home...

***9-5-1981, Auroville:**

"All self-consciousness must be replaced by the consciousness of the Divine..."

... Sometimes I feel like a musical instrument: being tried, and left alone, and tried again, and left again – some blows, some touches, silence, some tuning, and blankness...

... A lot of attention has come lately on the issue of income-generating activities in Auroville, as well as personal income, and the challenges implied for the true growth of Auroville; our team is attempting to formulate a position, a collective stand...

... Krishna has dinner with Diane and me at "Auromodel"...

***11-5-1981, Auroville:**

Douce Mère, il n'y a pas de limites à l'intensité ou à l'expansion de ce besoin... ce besoin de la Présence, ce besoin que CE SOIT... et dans ce besoin est la seule force vraie...

... This evening Diane comes back to make peace.

As people are still listening to Your Agenda, here in the house, we go out for a walk; we end at the amphitheatre, sitting under the stars, facing the sphere, tranquil... And the rain starts, slowly at first, then more densely, gentle and

abundant, and we run, laughing happily, filled with energy, cleansed... Diane stays the night...

***12-5-1981, Auroville:**

People start coming even before 7 am today, for one reason or another, or just to visit. And V brings Jayaura. And Pnina brings her daughter Galli.

... We have a long meeting with the Administrators, the RDO, the SP and their entourages... The Court Order has been clarified and it gives a lot of power and authority to the Administrators, if they wish to make use of it for the right action...

***13-5-1981, Auroville:**

Today is both Ojha and Deepti's birthday...!

We had prepared a big cake and many presents for Ojha; it is too much of a social event, it leaves us exhausted, but Ojha is happy; he is a beautiful man, and the Court Order has made him even more determined to fulfil his mission here...

... Arjun and Deepti had insisted that Diane and I must come for dinner; there are lots of people, but in "Aspiration" there is that directness of contact and that simplicity which I appreciate... Myrtle is also there, wholly turned to me... But the context, the occasion, the setting, all contribute to formalise, make known and accepted the fact of Diane and I being together, and this seems to reassure Diane, to make her feel a little surer of herself (earlier today we had passed by the gate of "Jaïma" and Diane's kids had seen us and called her, and this had brought her to a difficult emotional state)...

... It is for me to focus, to gather myself, to pull myself back from so many directions and to acknowledge this situation with Diane...

***14-5-1981, Auroville:**

The Pope was shot yesterday inside the Vatican.

Barbara brought her radio early this morning, so we could listen to the news; he has been operated on for hours...

***27-5-1981, Auroville:**

These past days have been so intense, so loaded with experience and beset with conflicts and traps and misunderstandings and... dangers, I couldn't find the time or the quiet self-gathering necessary to write a single word...

There has been alienation, and the existence of our team has been heavily contradicted, both from within and from without...

And today, after another awful night, as Diane and I were returning from "Forecomers", on the road an end came to it all: I burst in tears, and wept and wept, till it became completely calm inside me and I could clearly see but one step I had to make: to withdraw...

Diane tried to prevent me... But Krishna came by, later at the house, and took my written statement with him... Diane still couldn't accept...

***29-5-1981, Auroville:**

G.M was angry at me when he learnt of my decision, and said that this withdrawal would solve nothing at all... But I only knew there was no more space for me...
 ... At the last general meeting, which I did not attend, one of the "decisions" taken was to ask Kiran to leave. And today, the "Envelopes" meeting broke up mid-way, so that a group of about 12, I think, would go to the Camp and ask her directly. I wouldn't have done that, she is my sister; but I also understand why the others feel so much that this has to be done, for she has been weak; she has not served when the opportunity was clearly there... And I feel the presence of a love there...

***30-5-1981, Auroville:**

Barbara and, later, Arjun, come and stay with me to persuade me to come back to the Coop. I delight so much in Arjun; he is such a fine being... They are so determined, that it makes no more sense for me to resist...
 ... I go quickly down to Pondy to get flowers for Jacq's birthday and bring them, along with her visa papers, to the Camp, and stay with her and Kiran for a moment. Then, with Diane, I join the Coop meeting, which takes place at the office... I only try to say that, to my sense, we had lost track of the spirit of service... but it may not have been understood...
 ... Later, I go over to see Krishna: he comes hard on me, very hard, on the falsity of the position expressed by the Coop, the attitude it represents, etc. I take it in: it could have come from me as well...

***31-5-1981, Auroville:**

We were supposed to meet again this morning, so as to re-distribute the work among us, re-centring around the real purpose of this Coop. But there is only an image of that, an echo, none of us is natural. It isn't working. It's as if a Presence has left.
 I feel freed. And Diane, on her own, felt it too...

***1-6-1981, Auroville:**

Diane and I spend the day catching up with our work, in a mess of papers and letters and accounts, each one at a type-writer, till it gets cleared.

***3-6-1981, Auroville:**

Marcia has returned today from Brazil, sweet Marcia...
 ... I have seen people lying and manoeuvring, and apparently hiding to themselves their own motivations and the root of their resentment...

***4-6-1981, Auroville:**

Formations fed with jealousy; lies; how much of the Pressure and the Light is distorted by the mind, how rare is the straight cry from the very truth of the being...!

***5-6-1981, Auroville:**

Everything seems to be on the verge of collapse.

Krishna made a call to let go, to accept a freeing anarchy, a soothing release, allowing the real quality of each person to stand and to create...?

***6-6-1981, Auroville:**

I have handed over all the files to the new "government" of our lack of being... It has taken me just two rides.

Barbara, Diane and I have coffee here, measuring the extent of that change...

***7-6-1981, Auroville:**

Left unused, working out the poison, trying not to get sucked by depression; Krishna, Diane and I stand together, blank, assimilating...

***8-6-1981, Auroville:**

I have gone to bid my farewells to the FRO people in Pondy.

Diane and I meet on the beach; we swim and rest and have dinner with J.C there, and we sleep in one of the tiny huts...

***9-6-1981, Auroville:**

The anguish, of there being no path, of having nothing to share, no meaning and no purpose to sustain life...

... Kanyappan's prematurely born baby died today...

***10-6-1981, Auroville:**

Krishna tells me that "someone" from the "community" has come to warn him not to remain my friend; that I am an adverse being and he must get away from me... Even with Krishna they try...

... I shake myself up, out of this passivity... And then Hervé comes to bring me the Volume 11 of Your Agenda...!

... Diane and I go back to the beach, with our copy of the Agenda, and rest there and swim and look at the sea and read...

You have suffered so much, Mother...! It is hard to accept...

***11-6-1981, Auroville:**

It is tough for Diane, perhaps tougher than for me, to be left inactive...

***16-6-1981, Auroville:**

I have taken up exercising the body with E.B; she gives me daily classes and it helps me in re-organising energies, and to focus on progress and simplicity. I feel like a baby again...

Diane and I spend much time on the beach, where Jacq often joins us, and Krishna...

... Lately, a lot of my dreams activity has been taking place in the US, where I meet a good many people...

***17-6-1981, Auroville:**

I sleep and sleep and sleep, letting go; little by little, tensions disappear; I do not believe in "my will": separation is so painful!

Perhaps I am sinking, but I know that the same Presence, as tangible, is also... at the bottom...!

... When I go to E.B's for my class, she tells me she has been "instructed" by Al.B to lay "certain conditions" before me... People turn away from her, now that I come to her place every day...

***18-6-1981, Auroville:**

We attend the general meeting this afternoon. Financial guidelines are read out; but now I wonder: no guidelines can ever replace consciousness – individual commitment, honesty and transparency...

... I dreamt that the "Army" had come to "Sincerity" to take me prisoner, and I was kept in a sort of loose jail for a long time: it was so vivid and so full of details and so concrete that, when I woke up, I couldn't believe that I was free, and at home...!

***19-6-1981, Auroville:**

Mother, I have got nothing to give! I am poor, empty, and incapable of joy!

I don't want to be a weight on anyone, Mother!

It is a cry of emptiness, a terrible need for Being, for Conscious Being...!

... This is the absurd, terrible status-quo: left hanging, forced to live, and to endure the absence... I want to let go, to sleep, to sink until I do touch Something that wants, that Wills, that Can!

Nothing makes sense, and yet... people keep moving, picking up scraps of awareness... Is it worth one more life, one more waste of Matter...?

Nothing is yet truly born!

***20-6-1981, Auroville:**

I am reading this wonderful book, "Timeless Way of Building", which develops with real intelligence an experience which has also been mine since I ever can remember, about building; it is very sensitive, balanced and well-poised. This reading, along with simple physical effort and discipline, helps me... Otherwise, sometimes... I think it'd be cleaner for me to live in some big city, as a prostitute...

***22-6-1981, Auroville:**

I have started running; the body is happy...

***21-6-1981, Auroville:**

I didn't know this morning that it would be my last class with E.B...

She came here this afternoon to tell me she didn't want to continue: one more door is shut... I keep quiet...

Am I false? Am I bad?

It's like everything, everyone I touch, eventually hardens, rejects and closes against me or attacks me angrily, with jealousy, and with hypocrisy...

I don't know...

... Tonight, I go to Yel before his night-shift in the garden: I needed that embrace, straight, that is not the soft, envioning one of a woman...

***24-6-1981, Auroville:**

Today I decided to go to "Last School" – which is by general agreement reserved for body-work, dance-classes, hatha yoga, etc – and see whether this door was also shut... I meet A.M there, who is not direct, but makes me understand I cannot just join the group-work... I persist quietly; he and J.Cl agree that I can come and work alone early mornings... E.B is also there, and will not look at me...

... I feel almost like a visitor in "Dana" nowadays, and in Auroville in general; it is a peculiar experience...

... These nights, since I have started to exercise daily, there is a tremendous energy flowing, and my body seems to be opening to it from inside, enthusiast... It centres me in a new way, a way that had been missing all along, joyful and simple...

***25-6-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is probably pregnant. For the moment I feel like leaving it to her inner wisdom to "decide"...

.. We attend the general meeting; it feels frighteningly hollow, everyone voicing opinions, extolling morals, and no inner response, no ground to share a Need and to grow together within It... And yet the majority seems to be satisfied...

G.M felt this too and he has come with us here and Barbara as well, and Krishna joins us, and it is good to be here...

I am careful not to open mentally to depression, to remain centred and concentrated in that physical sense of harmony and progress...

... I have so much energy in the night; it took me to New York again...

But Diane is feeling oppressed, and heavy...

***26-6-1981, Auroville:**

This morning, after my lonely work-out, I go to Coni and ask her if I could join her dance class, at least once a week, so that I can correct myself... She appears to take it well...

***27-6-1981, Auroville:**

I wept in my dream, before the lies of those people who have received so much from You...

***28-6-1981, Auroville:**

Diane has chosen to stop the pregnancy.

I have wondered a lot about this.

Tomorrow I am to take her to the hospital.

Sometimes I experience this contact with "Home", with a region of consciousness wherefrom I could call, with love, with all my aspiration...

But I would want to be surer that, in the formation of this body, there would be the least possible interference from our own unresolved contradictions and the stuff accumulated in our subconscious parts...

And what is missing here is that there was no shared choice at the moment of conception...

***29-6-1981, Auroville:**

We go to the Hospital; we have to wait a long time; Diane is only examined, and the operation is scheduled for Friday: 3 days to wait...

While we were there, another fight broke out at "Amba Gardens" with Ram Singh and the SAS watchmen; the Guard was called, and Craig was badly hurt and taken to the hospital...

And this morning also, Willy died, in Jipmer...

... I don't know... I can't say that, yes, I want to live with Diane; and so, I can't say anything...! I love her companionship, her aspiration, her quality; I love the friendship we have, her eyes, her comprehension... But she is not the full woman for me. I need beauty too, the power of care and beauty, not as of an empty shell, but as an expression of the soul...: I can't help it!

... Diane went on her own to "Dana" this evening; she ended up with a drunken Coop at "Auroson's Home" and returned very late, confused...

***30-6-1981, Auroville:**

Both Ramalingam and Barbara come and have lunch with us here.

I run down to the beach, where Diane meets me later.

Little by little, the days fill up with a progressive routine of physical exercise: the early morning work-out at "Last School", the running, the swimming...

... We're having an early dinner at "Auromodel", as Diane has been hungry; she tells me then of another letter she has received from Jean, urging her to get rid of me; that I am an adverse being sucking her up, and she must secretly use the mantra to free herself from my clutch... This from an Aurovilian! I keep silent...

... I started to walk back... Ojha gives me a lift part of the way, in his car...!

... I feel I must withdraw from all relationships, including the one with Diane. This thing dogs me, always, and Diane falls prey to it; I can't blame her...

***1-7-1981, Auroville:**

We have to go again to the Hospital for some tests; it is at once awful and funny; we are both feeling rather lost and poorly, and that scene loosens our tensions and we begin to laugh and to talk freely again and to tell each other what we have been through, the questions we each had... and how to choose in the truest way...

***4-7-1981, Auroville:**

We haven't gone back to the Hospital. We kept quiet about it and went on with the daily life...

***8-7-1981, Auroville:**

I am making an effort to reorganise the house so that Diane's needs are taken care of; today I purchase a small gas stove and a small gas cylinder; I am apprehensive about the mechanics of this domesticity and what these may engender, but it seems like a positive step at the moment...

... Diane and I have been working at Matrimandir with G.M in the afternoons, but it remains, so far, a little tedious...

... Today someone asked us, on the road, if this was our first visit to Auroville...! I guess that is somehow how we feel these days...

***9-7-1981, Auroville:**

This morning for the first time I boil milk in the house, with new utensils, on a new stove.

I look around at what practical improvements can be made soon: a tap for running water, a shelter over the side entrance, a counter, a stool...

... When we ride back from "Dana" tonight, I have sharp pain all along the spine, as if all the nerves were bursting, and I have to lie down... It is difficult for each of us and for both of us together... No progress seems to be made...

***11-7-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is not feeling well; she isn't happy. Today we are both sick in the stomach, and dizzy... It seems she only has the strength to move away from both Jean and me and to be on her own... And I feel it best for the time being.

***12-7-1981, Auroville:**

Diane comes back this afternoon, looking much better and finer; she has put on that dress I like, she feels free and more present. I have spent most of the day arranging things in the house, waxing and polishing and ordering; and now I cook us a nice dinner... And tonight we meet, quietly and softly; I wish to tune in to that growing life within her womb; we talk a little, and sleep long...

***13-7-1981, Auroville:**

Early this morning when G.M comes, Diane makes the coffee for the 3 of us, and she looks good... Then she has to leave to pick up Aurassi, and I do my exercises.

Later, I have to drive down to "Abri" to pay some bills and then to the pottery in "Aspiration", and I meet Diane there; and she is very depressed, saying we cannot go on; she has received another letter from Jean telling her that, if she moves with me, he will prevent her from seeing the children; and she is caught by it, not realising the nature of this blackmail...

Somehow I feel quiet, seeing it as some unsubstantial drama, and I can laugh at it... She almost relaxes for a moment, but then dives back into it, and I see that she is giving it power by giving Jean the "right" to act this way; I see that, despite all she has said, she is still divided...

... Barbara comes; she has all along been trying to support Diane as best she could to grow free from all these formations and to trust her own experience...

I feel that none of this is mine to claim; that I can only try and prepare myself to live it if it is given me to live. But I can't help worrying for the child...

... I have little esteem for Jean; but by now, anyway, I have seen enough in Auroville...

***14-7-1981, Auroville:**

I am exercising at "Last School". Flore is there, exercising too. For once I feel to ask her to show me one of the movements she's been practising. She refuses: I do not belong!

I have no love for smallness; not for the one I find in myself in my own nature, not for the one I find in others, least when they are satisfied with it and justify it...

People call me names; they say I am an "asura"; that I haven't "surrendered", that I am a danger... But they cherish more their own images than the real knowing... Morals ride on top of everything here...

... Diane comes to pick up her things; it is distressing... She says she is following her own need... I do not ask any questions.

... But tonight I feel the urge to go to her, at "Auromodel", knowing this is her last night there. I find her there. We stand outside a long time. She has tried to "cut"; she didn't reach anywhere; but she had needed to know for sure, within herself, what to do, because of the child...

***15-7-1981, Auroville:**

When I walk home tonight, I find... Pnina, awaiting me!

I feel rather as if she had thrown her feminine energies around me like a net, all this time, awaiting this opening, and now here she is... She wants to tell me that she has not played against me, that she has continued to believe in our relationship...

And then G.M comes, to insist that Diane and I ought to move to "Dana" and he and Marcia would move here... To show... what? That I am willing to relinquish, to let go of... my own universe? To assuage Diane's fears? To be "one of them"?

***16-7-1981, Auroville:**

Gradually I begin to trust again my love for this place and my need to go on growing with it, making it like a living poem dedicated to the Presence...

... This afternoon I walk over to Matrimandir for the general meeting; Diane comes there with Marcia, and both sit with me...

... Later Barbara asks to have tea with Diane and me here; she is very concerned with Diane's possible decision, but in this she mixes her own uncertainty and I don't know that it helps very much...!

... Nath arrives, straight from France, simple and fresh, a sweet little being...

... Diane and I talk till late, with a slow intensity, trying to understand... Yes, perhaps I am not human enough, perhaps I am not meant to touch people too long, perhaps it is I who should leave Diane... I must ask...!

***17-7-1981, Auroville:**

While running down to the beach, it all became a little clearer, and I felt happier: I felt my way to give of myself to the child who is coming, to share in the process and follow it with Diane, letting her be free in her own rhythm; we would build something together for her...!

And Diane was already on the beach, waiting, brooding, heavy with all the contradictions, all these formations, from all these "pure Aurovilians" who want her to cut away from me, who threaten her they will turn away from her if she doesn't...

... I walk alone over to "Utility" and stay with Krishna there; he is like a child, so absorbed and engrossed in his experience there...

***19-7-1981, Auroville:**

There are moments when I feel a sort of healthy revolt surging, and something straight affirms itself; but most of the time the mess of these formations lays on me unmoved, unchanged...

But I want to make this place more and more beautiful, with a silent rhythm and harmony of its own, a living poem built in Matter; even if at times it may feel like a prison, still it says something I need to say, and it gives me a space to wait in, to wait for You to change what I still am, to fill it up with consciousness and the capacity to radiate...

***21-7-1981, Auroville:**

I want to kiss Your feet. I want to serve You...

I so much miss the presence of conscious beings here! I suffocate in this morality of the heart, in this transitional state that is so satisfied...

***22-7-1981, Auroville:**

After the class with Coni at "Last School" I go, mid-morning, to join G.M, Chris, Larry, Phil and M at "Aurodam" for weight-lifting... I didn't know whether I'd be able to do any, but it goes rather well...

Nath comes and spends the evening with me; she is lovely, but she lacks inner stuff, and it feels a little pointless...

***23-7-1981, Auroville:**

At the general meeting I hear, from Savitra of all people, that Diane has gone to a hospital as she was "not feeling in good health"; this way I get the news: she has decided for an abortion...!

... It all has a taste of... misery...

... G.M had known; he was angry at me for stepping back always, for shutting myself in...

... In the night, I am struck by a dream-experience: I am pregnant; I deliver a baby, smoothly; I am still a man, and there are people around me, astonished and helpless; I do it all by myself and take the child in my arms, and our eyes meet with love... Is it a boy? It has blue eyes, rather like mine, but a face of its own...

It upsets me very much: I feel all the weight of that rejection...

***25-7-1981, Auroville:**

This morning at "Last School" I have an easier work-out with M.S and A.A; no one else comes, and we feel free and joyful...

... At the Samadhi in the evening, I have an impression that the Two of You are mostly concerned with the protection of the earth...

***28-7-1981, Auroville:**

Sometimes I fear that Auroville is becoming a "cul-de-sac", a dead end, an impasse. Our humanity, built as it is on formations, turns against itself when, having fully exploited and misused the "riches" and "resources" available, it is faced with the imperative necessity of shifting into another consciousness... And the help seems to have withdrawn...

There is the lack of any beautiful movement between people: things like loyalty, truthfulness, tenderness, these jewels of human experience, seem to be denied here, or negated...

Perhaps spirituality is the last, and the meanest, of all resistances, and the most persisting poison...!

There will probably be other times ahead when I will feel attuned again to some shared movement, there will again be simple joy and the flow of energies, but it is in these dry and empty periods that, I believe, the situation is perceived most objectively, bare of the clothing lent it by those very energies that merely pass and leave us unchanged, but for an added nostalgia..

***29-7-1981, Auroville:**

I have been reading "The Persian Boy"... I had not been aware of how near and deep and endearing was the figure of Alexander the Great! But this was a real living soul! You both must have been somewhere around! There's much of Sri Aurobindo in him, I feel, and the relationships that his presence and his fire wove and elicited were so beautiful...

... Is there still a Will to change us, to turn us into sparks of the Real, into powers of the Being?

What is the meaning of a few great stars leaving but burning trails on this crowded planet, if what remains must go on unchanged...?

***30-7-1981, Auroville:**

This afternoon, on Larry's request, I pick up Thera at "Aurodam" and take her to Pondy to see the magnetos copy of Satprem's interview at the "Alliance Française". There are about 30 of us gathered in a small room before a TV-like screen...

The door re-opens and in the daylight entering I meet Diane's eyes... so wide and deep and straight from her to me and from me to her, after the inner storm... And I know we are together...

G.M and Marcia are with her: G.M has arranged it, with his love for me and his friendship for her, and he is watching me with a childlike pleasure...

***31-7-1981, Auroville:**

G.M has asked me to bring Nath for dinner at "Dana"; but he'd planned to invite Diane as well! He is laughing at it, a mischievous kid; I don't know whether I am angry or happy, but he, my friend, has every right on me...!

Marcia arrives then, with Diane. We both feel awkward and glad at the same time, half hiding it, half giving it out, saying nothing... G.M makes us laugh, then, with the story of the latest fight at Matrimandir, between Phil and Piero (a general meeting has been called about it for tomorrow)... Before taking Nath back, I just manage to ask Diane to come, later.

And she comes.

She has tried to return to her "normal life", being "saved" from me... But she has been missing me all the same... After the abortion, she had a tough week, with constant pain in her spine due to the anaesthesia... She has moved to a hut in "Protection", alone...

She says she will make it clear to people that they must stop harassing her with these formations about me...

***3-8-1981, Auroville:**

Barbara comes with Akash; Diane soon arrives and Barbara cooks dinner. Later we all drive down to "Aspiration" to watch the last performance of the theatre play on "Illusions" of Richard Bach: Marc A has made such a lovely thing of it, offering it with his whole being, harmoniously, and with such a gift of sweet humour... We sit near G.M and Marcia, Diane and I for all to see... Diane stays here the night: we had needed it!

***4-6-1981, Auroville:**

It has become clear that Diane is moving in with me. We arrange things quietly, and drive down to "Protection" to pick up her things. People want her to go to Delhi for the legal work there. I am not against it; I love it when she does things for the whole of Auroville; but what is around that particular trip is very mixed and there is much game-playing and hypocrisy... ... V comes to ask me to take her down to Pondy to purchase a ticket to France; she tells me of the mess with C.E...

***6-8-1981, Auroville:**

Diane had gone to see Chr about us getting a "basket"; she returns ten minutes later, holding her ticket to Delhi, which Fred just gave her on the way: I sense the old game upon us, her own past being thrown on her, and she not having the discernment to see it... I was prepared for her to go and do real work, if there is any, but this is different; my own reaction forces her to analyse it, and she acknowledges that it is not so very clear... ... Diane has started to run with me; at first I had to push her, but then she has relaxed into it and is now happy... We have dinner at "Dana"; some of G.M's "friends" have now turned away from him, for having supported Diane and me...

***8-8-1981, Auroville:**

The Supreme Court has outright rejected the SSJ's petition to be impleaded. ... Diane did well not to go to Delhi: there was no point actually, and even Savitra will now have to come back here... ... My nights have been poorly occupied, crowded with grey and complex activities, very close to Matter...

***10-8-1981, Auroville:**

We have learnt of Panditji's death.

***12-8-1981, Auroville:**

We are seeking for our balance. Diane has been resisting what she thinks as my allotting her a definite place in my "ordered universe"...

***18-8-1981, Auroville:**

Another letter from Jean has reached Diane here, regarding my supposed "attacks" on him and the children, and forbidding her to come and see them. She broods on it, passively... And it then breaks into a fight between us...

It is as if I must against all odds demonstrate, with such a show of love, that she has been right to come to me... But this isn't the way I feel; I feel the need for time; that in time the trust will build up that will allow for true affection to develop. I have more confidence in that than in a blaze that is then quenched and only leaves crumbling embers...

... I work a lot in the garden these days, the sun, slanting at a slight angle, pouring a soft, transparent, radiant light onto the damp leaves and grasses; there is a breath of joy and I breathe along, it is like a wedding lighting up an otherwise pointless universe – that of man's reign...

***20-8-1981, Auroville:**

Now "Pour Tous" sends us a good basket of food-stuff twice a week, and every time it feels like Father Christmas has come...

...Today Ojha makes us a surprise visit; in his own way, he misses us; he keeps telling us that we mustn't give up "our work"... It is funny...!

***22-8-1981, Auroville:**

Diane resents my involvement with Coni's class; perhaps she feels that I would grow into it if nothing else pulls me, and it is too unfamiliar to her; we need to find something we can do together, as an expression of our relationship – or as a demonstration of its validity?

***29-8-1981, Auroville:**

We attend a meeting on a new construction project to begin soon in "Dana" – for collective housing -, with the intention of proposing ourselves as coordinators... We put it to the others. Let us see...

... Since Diane has moved here, we have really seen very few people: G.M and Marcia, Barbara, John H sometimes, Krishna...

***1-9-1981, Auroville:**

We attend the general meeting. It seems to me that we are slowly and steadily strangling ourselves, within the freedom given us, into a condition which is in no way superior to the current, worldly one...: we are re-creating the limitations each of us had had to struggle out of individually, negating or ignoring the call to an awareness that no external means can ever produce...

***5-9-1981, Auroville:**

Diane and I have our first big fight; it happens on the road as we are going for our run, and I have to put hand prod her a little, and she provokes me, and I slap her, twice... She is stunned; and I am desperate!

I want her to be beautiful, to manifest her own harmony, to take care of herself, to trust and respect herself, so that I in turn may honour her and relate to her as a person... But she expects me to start from the beginning and to help her reach that strength she needs; and I can't: it is too passive, it almost repels me...

Yet I do want to help her, and to give her what she needs...

... We are called in the night to a field nearby where the SSJ's group, through its new German recruit, having purchased it, are now trying to start a new settlement; 4 carts have just come in and unloaded some materials; a few of us go over there I

the dark: these people are such liars, it is clear we must prevent them from going ahead...

***6-9-1981, Auroville:**

Lots of us have collected at Matrimandir this morning, as the Home Minister, Zaïl Singh's visit, is expected; but he doesn't come...

... The tractor has come from "Auro Orchard"; by 10 am, about 60 of us walk over to that field, along with the tractor and trailer, and load all the materials that had been delivered in the night by SSJ's group, granite pillars and casuarinas poles mostly; we work well and fast, with a clear energy...

***7-9-1981, Auroville:**

C.E's father has sent plane tickets for the 3 of them; they are getting ready to leave...

... Diane is tired when we walk back from the beach and her feet are sore from the running; I carry her part of the way...

***8-9-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is more at peace, more confident; we need less talk; there is more time...

***10-9-1981, Auroville:**

At the general meeting the matter of Volcan comes up again. The terms are odd, but the decision is reached to go at once and remove his belongings from "Existence"; at Diane's and my request, Volcan himself comes along; when the cheap jokes die out, there is a long moment of quiet and the atmosphere becomes more transparent, and Volcan's problem can be seen with more simplicity... It is clear that he needs to leave...

***14-9-1981, Auroville:**

Diane has a small accident on her bike; P.M brings her home, with a bruised and swollen foot...

***15-9-1981, Auroville:**

C.E has gone ahead to Bombay already; and today we take V and Jayaura to their plane at Madras Airport...

***16-9-1981, Auroville:**

When I run, practice, exercise, even if otherwise I am unwell, I become one: it is all simple and there is that joy that has always been in the body, a joy that knows that a living and progressive perfection IS possible, a joy that loves and understands far more that it can ever appear to the mind...

***17-9-1981, Auroville:**

For the second time this weird "thief" comes into the house, in the middle of the night, and simply devours all the food that was kept in the cupboards...

***18-9-1981, Auroville:**

Diane has got resentful again, when she sensed the intimacy John H and I were sharing... But I can't help it! I just cannot ascribe to my whole nature one single fixed position...! I can't just be a man – or, rather, I can't just be turned to the "opposite" sex, exclusively, because... simply because this isn't my reality...!

***20-9-1981, Auroville:**

I have needed to be more silent, more centred, but Diane misinterprets this in terms of distance...

This evening, I had wanted to take a walk by myself; she misunderstood it, and it turned sour between us... She then thinks I am manipulating her, taking from her what I want and turning away when I am not interested; while I wish she would concentrate on her own progress rather than on our relationship...

***21-9-1981, Auroville:**

Diane has gone to "Jaïma" this morning, supposedly to look for some papers; and of course she met Jean there, who of course gave her the expected lecture, ranting about my possessing her as well as G.M and whoever happens to be close to me... And so she has come back with it; and it comes o me and throws me off-balance... I manage to slice my thumb with the cutter, and it bleeds profusely...: a summary!
... We do two hours of exercise in the afternoon, followed by a long run in the Green Belt; we have dinner in "Dana", quietly...

Yet, once home, we have to talk it over, and I feel that... this is the last time! I want no more of this! Not again! If it comes back once more, we part: I'll stay alone!

***22-9-1981, Auroville:**

We got up before dawn today, and started together, Diane to go play basket-ball and I to work-out in "Last School"...

... Uma came to ask us to help twice a week at the Boutique in Pondy, which she and "Shankar" – that is P.G's new name now that they have married! – are looking after... Perhaps we'll try that...

... There seems to be a sort of stalemate everywhere, all over the earth, and in us as well; and with us it is a waste of opportunity... but perhaps this is just how human substance behaves, here or there or anywhere, and it feels so poor, under the pressure of the new consciousness...

***23-9-1981, Auroville:**

Viewed from a centring in physical, corporeal work, psychological tensions appear almost as foreign, something old that persists still, a way of evolving that is becoming false. But the nerves are still weak...

... Today we go down to Pondy for our first shift at the Boutique; it seems to make Diane happy that there is thus something we can do together...

***25-9-1981, Auroville:**

Rumour or information, we "learn" that M.B and SSJ's group are hiring many villagers – hundreds? – to work on those fields they have separately purchased. An emergency meeting is called to decide what to do. Diane and I reach only at the end of it: along with G.M I insist that, instead of going to the field and try to prevent the arrival and delivery of people and materials, we should go to Th's house in "Certitude", where M.B is staying; everyone agrees to this and at once moves over there...

John H and I go to inform the Green Belt people about it; when I rejoin Diane and the others – Uma and Shankar have moved into Th's house already -, Diane is upset at me for going with John H and, goaded by the antagonism her "friends" are directing at me, she confronts me there and then about my "ambivalence"; she compares the warmth with which I responded to John H with the coolness I express towards her, she bursts with it...

I understand. I try to tell her of my own "history", of how I have been constantly experiencing this living question, how it is kept, held before me; and this talk appears to somewhat comfort her...

***27-9-1981, Auroville:**

This morning we go to the field and explain to the villagers who have been hired why we must stop the work they have been told to do. Ojha has actually been in favour of our moves; we wait for his corroboration and for the Police's decision...

And this evening M.B and his group are obliged to themselves remove their materials...

... The nerves are hurting again; it is not a localised pain, but a steady, unfluctuating, deep ache straining the body through, as if a cry in the subtle sheath was resounding here as pain... I have to withdraw into silence, and Diane understands; and it does us some good, we grow a little closer...

***28-9-1981, Auroville:**

I observe that this pressure on the nerves does not subside even when I run; it remains constant...

***29-9-1981, Auroville:**

I have remained withdrawn, out of sheer necessity.

It is one of these times when, just to look back a few days, one feels repulsion: wanting never to return to that condition...!

***30-9-1981, Auroville:**

F.S has come back for a short visit; he tells me of his life in Florida with Lila, where he works as a production manager for a big resort...

... Today a first letter has come from C.E and V, who are now in Nice...

***1-10-1981, Auroville:**

SSJ's group, who call themselves "Neutrals" now, have filed an affidavit on the side of the SAS, claiming their religious rights to pursue their sadhanas...!

***7-10-1981, Auroville:**

Sadate was shot dead yesterday.

What will be the consequences?

... With Diane it has been quietly deepening all these days; we have both felt the need for this period of silence, which requires attention and care...

***14-10-1981, Auroville:**

We have known for some days that Diane is again pregnant: today we have to talk...

***16-10-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is moody, physically perturbed, and complaining; I resent it when she is not in harmony with her physical being, and we then enter this vicious circle: I become distant, she feels unloved and unwanted and that in turn prevents her from recovering her balance, and it gets worse...

***17-10-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is seeking a confirmation, a proof of my wanting to live with her, to go on with her: a proof that would be strong enough to overcome and outweigh the pull and pressure of her former life, of her friends' judgement, of all that is said against me... And I feel helpless, over-conscious of my own shortcomings, of my inability to be wholly gathered into one single relationship, of my incapacity to reach for her effectively...

With her pregnancy she needs more than ever a sense of security, of being wanted...

***18-10-1981, Auroville:**

I ask You, Mother: what is the truth of this? Can we live together? Is it good?

I am afraid now, afraid that someone, anyone, may suffer because of me...

And this child is coming: this is no joke...!

***21-10-1981, Auroville:**

We are being subtly banned from the collective life, and unable as yet to reach harmony together...

I have had more dreams of the child, and that alone would make me happy, but the sense of impossibility is so strong, so pervasive and so intrusive...

... This condition we are in would only begin to make some sense of we could see ourselves only as "transients"... But our – what is the word? – substance? – is so full of social notions, whether "local" or "imported", so imbued with models and frames and images of "romance" with ascribed roles...

... We attend the general meeting. It feels a little... miserable. There seems to be a dominating sense of political compromise now... I can see the roles played by some of us, such as Fred, and I do not envy them!

There is irony in this: I had so yearned for the disharmony in my relationship to this community to be healed and resolved, but, today, seeing the trends, I have no inclination whatsoever toward the line being followed and no sympathy for the attitudes expressed...

But for Diane it has been useful, for she could understand our withdrawal in a different light; we could only have refused this compromise, we would not have adhered...

***24-10-1981, Auroville:**

Diane feels very uncomfortable in this first stage of pregnancy; she cries often, and complains...

We have exercised together this morning, but this afternoon, she does not want to come running and does not want me to go alone either... But I go. And I run a long time, and I run back in the rain, fully drenched but a little more unified...

Diane is resentful and will not talk to me...

***25-10-1981, Auroville:**

When I see that Diane, at breakfast, is keeping to that dark mood, I blow!

I ask her to sit by my side and to talk. I tell her she cannot go on blaming me all the time; that, to me, the whole experience with her is a gift and I am trying to receive it truly, but I shall not fight in order to keep it if she persists in pressuring and blackmailing me to be different than what I am; that I am willing and grateful to continue with her and to grow with her and the child who is coming, but that I shall not cling to it: she has to know whether this is a gift for her as well, and an opportunity for progress, or not...

... I do not know what to do... I feel, in fact, more connected, and more intimately so, to the child...

***26-10-1981, Auroville:**

It has been raining all these days and, but for Barbara yesterday, we haven't seen anyone since last Thursday...

... I am sorry to cause someone to suffer; I don't know what to do about it... But now, there is the child!

... I don't understand! Why does not the Lord take possession of His substance?

What a poor barren hell is this condition of ours!

... I sit down to write to Al.B, to ask him to try and break through these strong formations and to reconsider his rejection of Diane and help her instead to feel that she still has her friends and can still work and participate wherever she feels to... I do it with concentration, not yet knowing whether I'll actually send it...

... Marcia comes to see Diane and share with her the news: she too is pregnant, and has dreamt that Diane had come to tell her the same! This indeed is a sweet timing...!

***27-10-1981, Auroville:**

While I am resting, this afternoon, suddenly, You appear...! You are smiling, and Your smile is so sweet, with a tinge of tender irony, so very present – and seemingly ignoring whatever it is that obstructs me, my shortcoming and my “lies”, yet knowing, knowing it all, but... divinely knowing, securely, in utter simplicity, without any blame or reproach...

***29-10-1981, Auroville:**

One of the topics at the general meeting today is... Matrimandir and the lack of commitment: not a new topic! But, for once, there is something shared, as if perhaps we were about to value, collectively, the essential importance of Matrimandir... perhaps there is a chance. It is to be the main topic next week. Perhaps Piero will accept to work on the completion of the Inner Chamber as a priority...

I saw my past two years of wandering, as the evidence of this step had been denied, as a kind of sinister burden just about to be lifted, and the inner certitude ready to surge again of the imperious necessity for Matrimandir to BE and to radiate... This is the key to the true growth of Auroville and the fulfilment of the one wish You have expressed...

Even Diane felt this, for once!

... It has always been difficult for me to adjust to the rhythms of this “collective being”; I have tried to be sociable and to accept, and to view my own intolerance as something to offer and to change; I have tried to participate in the other aspects of our life here... And I went down, each time more heavily, and was attacked...

I have seen a lot; I hope I have learnt my lessons...

But the central thing is still veiled: as long as each of us cannot freely go to the given source of Change, the completed and active Matrimandir, our given focus of growing awareness, and learn to refer all of life to It, we are bound to keep wandering, each and all, and nothing stable can be achieved...

***1-11-1981, Auroville:**

This morning I had to take Ruud down to see the doctor in Pondy, for a deep infection he’s been having.

When I return I find that Diane is still closed and brooding, just because yesterday night John H came to see me and she is jealous... We hardly talk for the rest of the day.

And this evening it breaks out: she says she better packs up and leaves. She trusts me so little and she keeps opening to that contrary pressure that is still on me, and to provoke me with it...She does it again...

I take hold of her and shake her, desperately, shouting to her to stop, please to stop; we both fall onto the floor, crying...

And then it is silent, for a long time.

We go to bed, quietly...

***5-11-1981, Auroville:**

At the general meeting on Matrimandir this afternoon, G.M speaks up several times and it is good. He is becoming firmer, and simpler, more confident in the validity of his own experience. Al.B speaks too, and is able to channel a quality of energy that reminds us all of those days when so much was poured on us, concretely, by You!

After many years of indifference, even of hostility, Matrimandir is again throbbing in our midst, no longer secluded in the private experience of a few...

When Piero speaks, though, his own lack of faith becomes so visible...!

... There is too much revolt in me, and too little respect and tolerance, too little sense of natural fraternity...

***6-11-1981, Auroville:**

Taking a walk together, we get into an argument. Diane reproaches me for everything I do and feel with the workers, and complains that she has no space... The way she speaks, it seems there is simply nothing she appreciates, it is all negative...

I propose to her that I leave for a while, to give her that space and the time to find out on her own whether, and how, she wants to live with me.

But she refuses, saying it is for her to go away.

And thus we move, in circles, till I tease her out of it and we can laugh...

... But this evening, I just have to go and find Yel, who is on-duty, and we meet, like two soldier friends in times of war; blunt and yet sweet and caring...

***7-11-1981, Auroville:**

I am reading "Le Sang de l'Espoir", by Samuel Pissar, and it is a teaching! This IS sharing! It makes me weep silent tears: this man's experience is so humbling.

This single testimony is unique; it bears witness to the very worst as to the very best in this "creation", with at once a sober maturity and the candour of a child...

***8-11-1981, Auroville:**

This Sunday has been for me fairly simple and quiet; I did the usual chores, and went on reading Samuel Pissar's book, meditating with it...

But tonight when I join Diane upstairs, she is harsh and bitter; she tells me she is still planning to leave... I cannot answer. Then she says that she is not sincere, and she goes downstairs to sleep alone...

***9-11-1981, Auroville:**

I do not want to argue further. I feel ready to accept that I must be alone, rather than to cause any suffering. But there is the child, and it is my chance to grow with it.

Yet, if Diane cannot at all find here what she needs, it must indeed be better that we part...

... At 9 am I go alone to attend the meeting that has been called of all those who are willing to commit to regular work at Matrimandir. Many have come. Everyone puts their name down; I put mine for the afternoons, except Thursday... Diane does come, later on, but abstains.

And so, this afternoon, I go back to work at Matrimandir... I had wanted to return within a collective movement, the expression of "us" and its practical commitment...

... Tonight Diane confronts me with my bisexuality. But what can I do?

I have never made any secret about it, it has always been plain for everyone to see, I cannot deny it, negate it or make it vanish just for her sake!

And what does she know, what does anyone know, of what I go through inwardly?

Yet she goes on insisting and provoking me, till I can't take any more and I again get hold of her and shake her to make her stop... Then we move inside the house and are able to talk more quietly, with more care...

... I cook the diner while everyone listens to the Agenda...

***13-11-1981, Auroville:**

I have received the last Volume of Your Agenda, at last, which had been blocked at the Customs... This Agenda... It is far too terrible and too momentous for words...

***14-11-1981, Auroville:**

I have been ill, with constant fever, reading Your Agenda, filled by it...

***20-11-1981, Auroville:**

Diane has been hostile these last days. We can hardly talk.

I have suddenly understood that I had underestimated her passivity; I had always been addressing her as a friend, an equal, turning to the consciousness in her, and I had not realised how passive she was under the play of contradictions in her own mind, and how stressful it must be for her own body...

***21-11-1981, Auroville:**

Today I have the experience of the space, the position and the movement where Diane has been wanting me to come, to meet and be with her... And I feel thankful and I know how dear she is to me...

And tonight she comes to me, not quite sure, but for once I can take her in my arms effortlessly, and we meet and she becomes tranquil and we sleep...

***22-11-1981, Auroville:**

Krishna has been staying in Pondy because of another crisis with his kidneys, and I have been going to him, or taking him for the day to "Utility". He would have rather wanted to rest here with me, but Diane would resent it and it would be no rest at all but a mess... I feel sorry about it, though... Now he has to get some tests done, for which he may have to go to the Hospital in Kodaikanal for a week or so, and I want to try and be with him at least a few days...

***24-11-1981, Auroville:**

Diana tells me that she went yesterday looking for another place to stay...

So, just to break the mechanical routine of it all, I act a scene this evening: I prevent her from going to "Dana" to bring the basket as she does usually; I take her bike keys, and carry the basket myself to "Dana", where I stay awhile.

When I return, I find her trying to start her bike with a borrowed key; I take the spark-plug away; she goes mad!

E.B, who'd just come visiting, is watching quite amused and begins to laugh out loud; and we all laugh...

And tonight we can meet again... If she wants me on that level, alright: I can do that!

***25-11-1981, Auroville:**

Last night I had a long experience with Satprem very close, very close...

But this was followed by a strange dream in which parts of Savitra and of a few others were like... unmasked, and it was terrible...

At the dance class this morning, we all work with music, and I return from it all happy; and here Diane and I are able to quietly walk around the house and see together how we could build an extra room, harmoniously...

And tonight, as if it was a purposeful determination that drove her, she starts winding the negative mechanics all over again... As I am still in excellent mood, I manage to tease her out of it; but the unease has crept back in...

***26-11-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is nasty this morning: she says it has to be "like that", there is no other way...

And perhaps I have finished with trying too...

I only feel an ever more imperious need to centre, fearlessly and, if possible, lovingly...

***29-11-1981, Auroville:**

John H has come to have dinner with us. Of course Diane is upset and makes that clear as soon as he has left.

She then declares, semi-provocative, that she is now detaching herself from me...

When I fully agree and approve, she looks at me... We laugh!

And the night is tranquil...

***30-11-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is lovely this morning when I return from "Last School"; she has dressed nicely, ready for us to drive to Pondy, and it feels happy together...

... We go to our usual restaurant, near to where Krishna is staying, and Dom comes to tell me that he's had to leave in a rush to a special doctor in Madras, as he woke up all swollen up from a new blockage of his kidneys... I get worried...

***1-12-1981, Auroville:**

Tonight a big black rock has fallen on our way...

As most nights, several people come and listen to the Agenda, and John H is always one of them. Diane has gone to "Dana". It has rained, so everyone has stayed on a bit longer, waiting for it to abate. John H is still with me I the house when Diane returns. He leaves almost at once, but, that was it...! She starts, and goes on pressing and pressing, and it brings me to a place I had never been, where I have no control... I hit her.

The rest of me is watching, calm, but I am deeply moved by what I see in her eyes. I know how important she is to me and yet here I am, shouting at her and hitting her...

Silence falls.

I kneel at her feet, hugging her knees; she is immobile, her eyes very wide and very alive...

Slowly we can smile, and move...

It is midnight when we go to sleep.

In the night, I suddenly hear things toppling down... I cautiously go down the stairs, turn on the light: a long green snake is there...!

***2-11-1981, Auroville:**

I had to talk to John H. I go and fetch him after the work; we walk over to the Banyan tree. I don't have to say much, just to make him aware of Diane's needs; but it gives us a chance for the first time to openly touch upon our bond, and for the validity of our friendship to affirm itself... He is so dear to me, so virgin too in so many ways; I'd never want to "spoil" it, or to claim anything in him, of him...

***3-12-1981, Auroville:**

Comment décrire ?

Il y a ces moments de clarté intérieure où l'on sait, avec évidence et une sorte de joie enfantine, les progrès que l'on veut faire, la conscience que l'on est né pour tenter de réaliser et d'incarner... : la simplicité véritable à laquelle on aspire à s'unir.

Et puis le reste : cette complexité de mouvements et d'états, cet imbroglio de difficultés et d'interactions, ce brassage, et, comme en arrière et lentement, l'établissement graduel d'une certaine égalité...

Nous avons à faire avec cette pourriture subtile du mental, ces « bonnes volontés » qui, presque insensiblement, nous éloignent du chemin ; ce « display of self satisfaction », et c'est dégoûtant, et cela se traduit aussi matériellement... Ainsi j'ai vu aujourd'hui cette nouvelle brochure avec le nom d' « Artisanat Trust » en grosses lettres juste dessous le symbole d'Auroville, et j'ai senti comme l'ombre de ce même mensonge que nous avons lutté à défaire dans notre bataille « contre » la SAS, resurgir du dedans de notre réalité partagée, sans que personne semble s'en rendre compte... J'ai senti que je ne voulais pas faire partie de ça... Il y a une médiocrité prétentieuse, un manque de qualité ou d'exigence, alors que nous sont donnés toute la liberté et tout le soutien dont nous ne pouvions jamais rêver...

***7-12-1981, Auroville:**

The "thief" came again, in the night; but this time I woke up right away, crept silently down and almost caught him in my arms, but he slipped and ran... In the moonlight, though, I clearly saw who it was... and wished that I had not!

A moment later, Dennis came; he'd also just been visited; I told him who I had seen...

***8-12-1981, Auroville:**

Things have developed around these thefts. Ruud has come to know whom I have seen and recalled he had a similar experience in his room at the Camp earlier this year, but couldn't believe it was possible... Later, P described the clothes K had been wearing yesterday evening, and it was exactly those I had seen... Still, I cannot figure what to do, as it is bound to trigger a whole drama with all the kids here...

***9-12-1981, Auroville:**

And today it has turned nasty, after K and a few of his friends went to enlist the support of Toine and Meenakshi, who then began to accuse me of being "against the Tamil people"...

This has gone to the Coop, and this afternoon I am summoned from work to the office, to "explain myself"... (At the same time, the "Delhi pros" have returned, with the same active discrimination against me and, by association, against Diane, and have already asked that she returns the Cement application papers, as she must not do any collective work...) So, in this atmosphere, I have to try and tell the facts; I focus on Arjun and Deepti and Bill S and manage to overcome the tension. And they have to tell me then that this matter has actually nothing to do with them and they trust my word...

But, afterwards, neither Ruud nor John or I know what to do next...

... This evening Diane tells me what her friend Kéa, who now works with Satprem, has said, with all the conviction and strength of authority she derives from her new position; this is how it goes: I am a mental asuric being who destroys all those who come close to him, who lives in the very falsehood that must now surrender; and I should not remain in Auroville; that I have not changed and will not change; and that she, Kéa, had been so pained upon learning of Diane's relationship with me, that she had herself concentrated and consciously severed the connection between us, in order to save Diane – referring probably to our earlier split ...

The irony here is that I had insisted Diane must meet Kéa again – I thought she needed a good friend...!

... To top it all, John H comes in to ask for the Cement papers from Diane.

I blow at him: I had not realised that they had asked him to be the go-between; and in his weakness he accepted to be used!

He understands, then, and we decide that Diane will herself return these papers to the office tomorrow...

... As far as I am able to know, there is a bit of truth in what people are saying, but they make of it the exclusively determining factor and that is an untruth...! For the sake of their own politics, they choose to ignore what is actually the matter at stake, what I must endure, what I fight for, what I understand and see, what I AM... They prefer to condemn, and it is neither honest nor courageous... For it is precisely because I offer this contradiction all the time, this contradiction which is to some degree lodged in every human breast, it is because I present it to the light always, that it can be seen...!

... What worries me the most is that, whether I choose to stay or to leave, the consequences are now for the child as well.

... In a way, none of this is real...

I have gone through it several times now, and I have learnt to stand on my own truth...

***12-12-1981, Auroville:**

I realise that each one is necessarily and truly alone with whatever part, amount or specificity of consciousness one is given to grow by, and to grow into, towards That... And as this realisation slowly occurs, this blind need for communication and sharing and recognition is calmed, and one sees things a little differently, and less expectantly...

***14-12-1981, Auroville:**

There is disgust, especially upon waking, at being so dumb, so resisting, and so identified with... all this!

... Diane has decided she will write to Satprem to seek his advice, through Kéa. This is alright. Something has evolved between us. It seems more solid.

... D.M has sent Johnny to me today with a message: she wants to see me! After so long! "Yes", I said, "of course!"...

So I go, this afternoon. Johnny is waiting for me at the door to let me in; she is seated on a low bed, ready for me; she has grown, inwardly: it is tangible in her eyes... She can then tell me of her experiences the way she can tell no other, and we can laugh together as we used to; she exists in me always...

But much of her physical daily life is a hell to endure...

***15-12-1981, Auroville:**

Bhaga comes to see us and offers Diane the job of looking after "Free Store" and the "Maintenance Service"; I am glad of it; I think she ought to accept. But she says she must first get well, I herself and with me... I believe it is the other way round, that to have a disciplined activity and service will greatly help her, and us...!

***16-12-1981, Auroville:**

I have been out this morning: to the dance class as usual, then to Fraternity to pick up the lamp I have designed for C, then to "Utility" to fetch Krishna's things which Anne has packed for me... When I return, cheerful, I find Diane sitting with Barbara, very quiet, and Diane has a small and funny face; I ask whether someone has come, perhaps some bad news? Indeed, it was Kéa.

She had come to return Diane's letter to Satprem; she wouldn't take it. She said to Diane that as long as she remained with me, she could not be with them – with those who are on the true path... Impressive!

So, now it is official!

The Church has declared me the enemy!

And Diane is outcast, banished, cut off from the Guru, the "Incarnate"...

These self-righteous children have all the rights!

... I am struck by a dimension to this drama that far exceeds the scope of my own little subjective experience, with its necessities of progress... For it touches on a central issue: how we, human beings, behave in the presence of the Incarnation, what we make of it, and how eventually we force Him or Her to withdraw...

And I am a little awed by the implications of the role I am given... that is enforced on my existence...!

... We decide to send Diane's letter by the Post; we go down to Pondy to mail it together, and it is a rather happy moment, in fact...!

***18-12-1981, Auroville:**

Today Diane formally joined her new work at the "Maintenance Service"; on that level, Auroville is still wide enough for her to find her place...

***19-12-1981, Auroville:**

D.M has called for me again, and I spend part of the morning with her: she is such a being! But I worry a little: my current "situation" mustn't affect her in any way; she has more than enough to struggle with already...!

***20-12-1981, Auroville:**

I can't any more afford to be depressed or to stray in my old moods... Diane is now a constant reminder of the life I have chosen and cannot shy away from... It is good for me!

***22-12-1981, Auroville:**

Aujourd'hui, pour la première fois depuis que je suis à Auroville, ma joie et ma gratitude d'être « là » ont suffoqué, sous le force de cette pression contraire : je me suis senti tangiblement rejeté – par quoi, je ne sais pas...

Je comprend tellement la nécessité de ne pas se concentrer sur la petite personne, et je fais de mon mieux, de plus en plus... Mais c'est comme si cela devenait pire : cela revient plus fort que jamais !

C'est vraiment comme si Diane servait d'instrument à cette formation, comme si elle-même travaillait à ce que je m'en aille, finalement...

Je ne comprends pas ; c'est un climat si irréel, qui colle à la vie...

J'éprouve la nécessité d'être plus grand que ce qui s'oppose et contredit ou cherche à détruire, de ne pas me retirer, de ne pas cesser d'aimer...

***23-12-1981, Auroville :**

A la tombée du jour, après le travail, Diane est venue me trouver près de Matrimandir... Les yeux pleins, elle m'a tendu la réponse de Satprem...

C'est Nicole qui la lui a portée, dans l'après-midi, une Nicole bien différente, qui l'a embrassée !

Peut-être aurons-nous maintenant la paix, peut-être devront-ils respecter Diane et accepter le chemin qu'elle a choisi ?

Satprem a écrit :

« 18-12-81. Diane, que ce soit l'occasion d'un grand nettoyage et d'une nouvelle naissance pour toi. Divakar et le problème de Divakar ; toi, ton problème – c'est cet enfant qu'il faut combler d'amour et de joie et d'harmonie au lieu de lui faire absorber la tristesse et la petitesse du monde et la division, les déchirements. Balaie tout cela, aime cet enfant – laisse Divakar à son sort et chacun à son sort, et peu importe ce qu'on en dit – toi, tu RE-NAIS avec cet enfant et tu nettoies tout un passé. Bon courage, avec toi. Satprem. »

Voilà. Je me suis senti délivré d'un fardeau.

Maintenant il y a quelque chose, un signe tangible qu'elle peut regarder, à quoi elle peut se référer.

... J'ai senti combien Satprem était fatigué... combien, parfois, il devait se sentir seul... Je regrette tant d'avoir si mal communiqué avec lui, d'avoir traîné cette ombre, cette peur et cette petitesse si longtemps, de n'avoir pu l'aimer comme je l'aime vraiment...

***24-12-1981, Auroville:**

These are jewels of days, cool, vivid and radiant...

***28-12-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is getting busy again, with this "Maintenance" work and people again come and go and papers again pile up on the table... it is fun to watch!

... Marcia has told her today how determined Nicole, Al.B and even Shankar had been to make me leave Auroville...

***29-12-1981, Auroville:**

At work this afternoon Anne came to tell me that Krishna wants to see me. This evening I tell Diane about it, as we are getting ready to go down to "Aspiration" with P, Jossie and the kids, to watch Satyajit Ray's film; she has been restless, moving away from me in a weird manner, and this has puzzled me as on my side I have been aware of moving closer to her and of being happier... Her presence, the life of our relationship, the coming of the child, all this has had a clear effect on me and I have been opening to positive energy... Yet, tonight, faced with her response, I feel a distance, and it begins to affect me...

***30-12-1981, Auroville:**

When I return from the early-morning class, I find Diane looking so sad, but she wouldn't tell me about it...

It is only once she has left for work that it strikes me: she is in that state because I am going to see Krishna...! Which means to her that I am still in need of friendship other than what we have together...?

I try to lay it all in the Lord's hands... and I drive down to Pondy to see Krishna.

He has gone through some substantial changes, and seems to be freed from much of his outer turmoil. The doctors have found what is ailing him: the "sickle cell"...

It is a mutant cell, passed on hereditarily, that creates, or generates, a different kind of red cell equipped to resist and to fight paludism; it was first identified three centuries ago in a black African man – that is at least what Krishna has understood from the doctors' explanation... In cases of high fever, under certain conditions of shock, or at high altitudes, these red cells tend to proliferate so fast that they block the oxygen supply in the blood and crowd up in the kidneys, which cannot filter them any more; their shape is that of a thin crescent, so they tend to mass together. There is nothing, it seems, that can be done, except to avoid extreme physical conditions, and any kind of infection...

I am full of him, of the presence of him...

... But I have to work very hard to bring Diane back to trust, and to comfort her, and to let her know I do want to continue with her... Something in her keeps saying "No". No...

... I become suddenly very tired...

***31-12-1981, Auroville;**

Diane refuses to eat the lunch I have prepared.

I do not insist this time. We are two; there are two of us, and each of the two must collaborate to this growing together...

But this, the last day of the year...! I don't know!

And then it becomes so blocked, so absurd, so helpless and so bizarre too... She packs off some of her things and makes to go away on her cycle... I catch hold of her...

She weeps, a long time, in my arms...

She quietens...

And G.M rides in, to wish us for the New Year!

It is all so comic too, and we begin to laugh... And thus we make it...

A last tight turn of the year now gone...

Tonight we meet, and hardly sleep, and are ready to go to the Dawn Fire...

***1-1-1982, Auroville:**

We sit with everybody at the amphitheatre watching a low fire prepared by F.Gr that burns all on one side and creeps along without glory...
We leave early, rather than face empty greetings...

***2-1-1982, Auroville:**

Reading the newspaper, I am rushed into a fold of ordinary consciousness, where it is obvious that there is nowhere in "me" any fitness for this path... I am only meant for an ordinary life, with some special traits, granted, but close-ended and devoid of any decisive aspiration, of any radical fire... And it is maddening, idiotic...: a hole I fell in!

***3-1-1982, Auroville:**

I seem to know, deep within me, that I am after something that is worth finding...
But, admittedly, I must not complain if it is not easy...!

***4-1-1982, Auroville:**

On ne sait pas ne pas interférer. On est obligé de croire encore à la nécessité de nos efforts, de nos progrès psychologiques, dans cette alchimie trop grande et trop complexe pour n'être jamais contenue par la petite personne...

***5-1-1982, Auroville :**

De nouveau Diane pense à partir...

Il est probablement impossible pour cette substance encore gouvernée par le mental de dépasser cette disposition des pôles – masculin, féminin... C'est pourtant un aspect du problème qu'il m'a été donné de porter et d'apprendre à offrir...

***6-1-1982, Auroville :**

Le travail sur la structure étant retardé à cause de la soudure, j'avais choisi de passer quelques jours à tailler les arbres et arbustes du côté de la Cuisine...

Ce matin, revenant de la classe de danse, je trouve Cl avec Diane, venue me « convier » le message de F.Gr: je dois cesser de travailler dans les Jardins, car c'est là son domaine...

... Tout fait mal... Et moi aussi je fais mal...

J'ai voulu tout laisser... C'est sans issue.

Diane veut partir et ne le veut pas, à la fois, et elle tire et elle presse, jusqu'à ce que j'éclate, encore une fois.

Nous sommes tous les deux comme fous, possédés...

Elle n'est qu'un « Non » de son côté d'un abîme, elle femme et moi homme, sans l'être vraiment...

Je l'ai frappée, encore...

Puis, dans le calme revenu, nous passons des heures à parler...

***7-1-1982, Auroville :**

La nausée et la fièvre ; cette violence, ce désespoir, et cette impossibilité, et ce mal que je lui fais...

Mais Diane cherche aussi, et on communique mieux...

Des déplacements dans le corps, des éclairs dans la tête...

Ce soir, John H et Yan sont venus me voir, ce qui a blessé Diane : tout la blesse, qui m'engage en-dehors d'elle, ailleurs qu'en elle...

***9-1-1982, Auroville :**

Plusieurs fois la semaine, je travaille une demi matinée avec D.M chez elle.

Je ne sens pas encore clairement si ces visites lui sont utiles, mais il y a un partage intérieur ; elle est vraiment ma sœur, et ça, c'est important...

... La petite hutte ici est de nouveau disponible, et Krishna souhaite y venir vivre ; mais Diane y voit une manipulation de ma part, et me juge avec une sorte de froideur qui, peut-être, lui permet de prendre une distance dont elle a besoin...

***11-1-1982, Auroville :**

Entêtée dans sa négation et son refus, Diane a cette curieuse fierté d'un enfant qui veut tant être aimé mais craint de se donner et redoute son propre appel...

... Krishna est arrivé tard ce soir, avec ses bagages, accompagné par Dom, heureux, joyeux...

Diane ne comprend pas le pourquoi de mes actions ; elle a si peur d'être trompée...

Elle s'était durcie ; je l'ai prise dans mes bras et l'ai tenue là jusqu'à ce qu'elle puisse rire...

***13-1-1982, Auroville :**

D.M m'a fait chercher ce matin. Elle est bouleversée : elle vient d'écouter Ton dernier entretien enregistré avec Satprem, et elle pleure, ne cesse plus de pleurer...

Mon corps toujours cherche à communiquer à son corps encore paralysé quelque chose comme un mouvement simple de confiance, qui effacerait la peine et la peur... Est-ce que ma présence peut lui être utile ?

***16-1-1982, Auroville :**

C est arrivée et, cette fois, R l'a accompagnée.

Après 9 ans sans se voir, il est très ému, prêt à s'ouvrir, plus transparent.

C est immédiate, là, toujours...

Et Diane semble contente...

***17-1-1982, Auroville :**

Krishna a besoin de se sentir tout à fait accepté, mais il redoute ici de voir se rompre une espèce d'état de grâce dans lequel il s'est trouvé ces derniers temps...

Je suis si reconnaissant que Tu l'aies ramené ici et que nous soyons l'un près de l'autre à nouveau...

***22-1-1982, Auroville :**

Ces temps-ci je dois trouver un équilibre qui me demande de me donner plus et avec plus de confiance. Il y a Krishna, il y a bien sûr Diane, il y a C et R, le travail et la discipline corporelle, et les après-midi au Matrimandir...

Il y a eu aussi les évènements relatifs à la prise d'un terrain stratégique par M.B et le groupe des « neutres » de SSJ, à l'entrée d'Auroville – et les fastidieuses réunions d'Auroviliens, incapables ensemble de se diriger ou de s'offrir à une action droite et directe...

... Je dois m'occuper de C, qui est en difficulté physiquement ; la condition de sa colonne vertébrale s'était aggravée ces mois derniers, et j'ai trouvé de la peur dans son corps, et de la confusion, après qu'elle se soit aveuglément soumise aux formations des médecins et autres « spécialistes » ; alors nous travaillons chaque jour, et elle a pu acquérir une détermination de chasser la peur ; nous faisons des exercices ensemble, je lui donne des massages...

Avec R, la relation est ouverte, et honnête... C'est agréable !

***24-1-1982, Auroville :**

Je crois que la seule aide véritable que l'on puisse s'apporter les uns aux autres, l'un à l'autre, est de voir simplement et de sentir sincèrement la présence du divin en chacun... Et pourtant, comme on oublie ce que cela peut être, comme on nie ou recouvre cette loi essentielle...

... Aujourd'hui j'ai pu faire venir Birenda pour examiner C et m'aider à lui redonner confiance...

***26-1-1982, Auroville :**

Diane se ferme à nouveau...

Elle craint le moment où « les gens » sauront qu'elle attend un autre enfant... Je ne sais pas – elle est déjà si grosse – comment « ils » n'ont pas déjà compris... !

Ce matin elle a refusé de venir manger, et je l'ai retrouvée en larmes, dans la chambre...

***31-1-1982, Auroville :**

Un « incident » intéressant ce matin : c'est dimanche, et nous nous apprêtons à descendre à la plage, en taxi, quand on vient me chercher d'urgence ; F.Ga vient de tomber de moto, près de la Nursery ; un orteil arraché. Pas de drame mais, dans le corps, une détermination instantanée : je le met dans le taxi, et nous allons tout de suite à Jipmer ; je persuade le personnel des urgences de faire venir immédiatement un chirurgien ; l'opération a lieu ; l'orteil, qui était presque entièrement séparé, est remis en place...

Il y avait cette tendresse entre nous, quelque chose qui transcende le temps d'une vie, et qui était libre, là, de s'exprimer...

***3-2-1982, Auroville :**

Je ne sais pas vivre.

Mon sentiment spontané est d'être seul, et disponible à ces moments gratuits d'une rencontre, d'un contact, d'un partage...

Il semble impossible d'exister en toute sincérité, en toute honnêteté, dans l'atmosphère mentale générale, avec son cortège de « lois » et d'habitudes...

***5-2-1982, Auroville :**

Ce matin nous avons travaillé pendant 5 heures à « Last School », et je me sens heureux dans ce travail, sa matérialité, sa simplicité, et la qualité des contacts qui s'y développent, par l'écoute, le mouvement, la danse, et l'aspiration directe du corps, comme une appréhension de l'harmonie...

Et, de retour ici, je ne sais plus... !

Il doit y avoir une clé, là : apprendre à ne plus interférer, à laisser naître ce qui est prêt à naître, et laisser partir ce qui n'a plus à continuer, en gardant au cœur une confiance toujours plus présente, exacte et fidèle...

***6-2-1982, Auroville :**

Je suis allé voir D.M comme chaque samedi. Et, en rentrant, je trouve que Diane a décidé de partir, me laissant une lettre qui fait mal... Elle a déjà fait son sac...

Une parole provocatrice, et j'ai viré... !

Je l'ai saisie et l'ai poussée dehors et elle a réagi avec la même violence : nous nous sommes battus dans le jardin, jusqu'à ce que G.M arrive et nous sépare, devant C et R impuissants... Près de G.M je me suis alors mis à pleurer, pleurer...

Il est resté jusqu'à ce que nous puissions nous retrouver...

Et le soir, tout le soir, Diane et moi sommes restés tout près l'un de l'autre, et elle a pu enfin dire « Oui », vraiment ; et nous avons regardé comment nous pourrions marcher ensemble, de ce jour...

***9-2-1982, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui la fête de Diane, et deux enfants sont nés à Auroville, et le Procès a commencé à Delhi...

Nous avons passé toute la journée tous les deux seuls, ici d'abord, puis près du Samadhi, puis à regarder l'océan... Diane était heureuse de ses cadeaux...

***13-2-1982, Auroville :**

C et R sont repartis : la voiture très en retard, une course effrénée jusqu'à l'aéroport ; une grande tendresse...

***16-2-1982, Auroville:**

It is so damn difficult between us...

It is always too late when I realise, again and again, what a child she is, while I keep stubbornly addressing her as an adult, as a whole being, expecting from her a sort of generosity of nature which, obviously, is meaningless to her...

But today I have started digging the trenches for the foundations of that extra-room we have seen together: it is my offering to the presence of the child...

***17-2-1982, Auroville:**

Diane has now "decided" to move into C's house, and she has taken her things there, kicking a whole cloud of negativity...

I cling to my resolve not to get provoked, not to let violence rise in me again...

I feel so impuissant and so tired...

... I am reading Lyall Watson's book "La Marée de la Vie", which could almost be seen as an exact transcription, in "scientific" terms, of the way that was opened by the Two of You...

***18-2-1982, Auroville:**

Diane is laying conditions: I must prove to her that I want a life with her, and for this it is as if I must turn away from wherever and whomever I have given myself to, opened myself to...

This morning she comes to "talk" and goes as far as to threaten that she will return to "Jaima" and to Jean and her kids... with our child yet unborn...!

In a way I wish this was all my fault alone, and You would just show me what to do and I'd do it and it would be fine... But it is also with her and in her...

I only answered that I was going to Pondy for cement and would continue with the construction of that room; that this was the expression of my trust in our relationship, and I had nothing else to say...

And I left.

***19-2-1982, Auroville:**

This morning at "Last School", J.Cl comes to tell me the latest news form Delhi: the Supreme Court, after hearing the Government and Nariman, has taken a definite and categorical stance against the SAS, their claims and positions; this has come out in radical and overwhelming manner... There is still one more day allotted to the Case, before the final Verdict is issued...

***20-2-1982, Auroville:**

The nights are very difficult, for both of us; but for G.M and Marcia as well. Marcia even had a very precise dream of pujas being conducted in their very house, against them...! (Marcia is from Brazil...!)

***21-2-1982, Auroville:**

Everything is a question, isn't it? Every moment, every circumstance is a question in itself: how to do this, how to respond to that, how to be true in this world... And it all merges sometimes into one growing need for consciousness...

... I wake Diane up at 5 am and we go to the amphitheatre to watch the Urn lit near the Urn for Your birthday... Diane is worried about me, with the nights I have had, but somehow, I feel strangely very well...

The Fire is lean; it burns high and fast, smokeless, with dense green gold flames against the still dark star-studded sky...

... Krishna has now realised how our relationship has been a problem for Diane, and it affects him... And this morning, Diane and I almost have another scene, about him, and something just snaps within me: I don't care; I can't care any more...!

***22-2-1982, Auroville:**

Tonight we go watch the play performed by the "Aspiration" group; poetry, music and dance, with petit Pas as a pivotal figure, with text from Satprem and from "Savitri": there is quality. It is a relief...!

***23-2-1982, Auroville:**

The nights leave me raw, with a lingering sadness.

The Case is dragging on; the SAS lawyers have been given additional time...
 ... Had I been alone, all these days, I could have gone deeper into a state of nakedness, of bare need, like stone and mud, a primary cry and call for That Presence... But one must remain afloat!

***24-2-1982, Auroville:**

It seems to me that, in this official physical reality, the only relationship that is whole in itself is with material Nature...

Between "us" human beings, it's like we are ensconced in veils and shadows that only let us see fragments of one another, distorted, and force us to use a language that is so clumsy and broken up and slow that it kills all inner directness of gift and recognition...

... I have been groping around hints of a name for the child who is coming, and wondering: shall I be able to respond to those needs, shall I be available?

When I see how life goes with the kids and "parents" here, I want to run away...!

***25-2-1982, Auroville:**

The Case has closed yesterday. The Judges are now deliberating.

***26-2-1982, Auroville:**

For the first time in our group work at "Last School", Coni offers to dance for us after the class; it is good... Her response to music and her awareness of space seem so familiar to me, to my body, although of course I am so far from her trained physical plasticity...

***27-2-1982, Auroville:**

We have all felt that Petra should now leave Auroville, before she flips, if only for her child's sake... Amparo has agreed to stay with her in Pondy for the first few days... I take them down...

... Diane has gone to "Jaïma" today to see her kids, and Jean has thrown a heavy lot at her, and at our unborn child as well... Is that really necessary? When it could all be just... simple, and we could all be close and friendly...?

***28-2-1982, Auroville:**

This morning Savitra reports to us, at a general meeting, on the Delhi events and the process of the Supreme Court... It is interesting enough for me not to be repelled by this touch of gross vulgarity in Savitra's ways...

... The Fire takes place in the evening at the amphitheatre.

Auroville is 14 years old.

There is a possibility in the atmosphere, but it is quickly obscured by a rush for food, and the presence of some ugly visitors playing music near the Urn.

Diane and I can't bear it and leave.

This Auroville is outwardly not even interesting anymore and, psychologically, so many of the attitudes displayed are so... small! What are we here for, what are we serving?

***3-3-1982, Auroville:**

There is a near-constant emotional blackmail coming from Diane, and it is not very subtle...! Whenever she judges or feels that I am not present enough in our relationship, or that it doesn't satisfy me sufficiently, she re-opens to the negative formations and to the possibility of her "moving back"... It has increased in tenor and power as she knows I am preparing for the coming of our child, growing more aware of it as days go by, and more attuned to it...

... I cannot be, just and only, a man... I am not built that way...

When we do not think of it, of our "roles", I can then feel our togetherness and the freedom to express it; but it just cannot be exclusive with me... I have never pretended otherwise, nor let anybody thin otherwise, so how can she, now, blame me for it?

***5-3-1982, Auroville:**

There is a kind of anguish at the waste I have caused!

How much have I cost, all along!

There is a longing to be able to re-live and change the past, to evolve that painful mess, to offer it...

***7-3-1982, Auroville:**

I feel a great need for time

Conscious time

Eyes that see

Soul who knows

Love that flows...

***8-3-1982, Auroville:**

We have been in Pondy much of the day.

This evening we learn that Tineke has been savagely beaten by about 15 SAS watchmen and was taken to Jipmer. And that, on the spur of emotion, many of us have gone straight to SSJ's house in "Certitude" and begun to empty it; that Ojha has intervened and stopped it all; that there has been some further violence between some of us and some of the "neutrals"; and that a full general meeting has been called for tomorrow morning...

... There is supposed to be this perfect alignment of 7 or 9 planets – I am not sure which – in two days time...

***9-3-1982, Auroville:**

Despite the ostracism we have been subjected to, we go to the general meeting in "Certitude"... It is decided that people will go to every house of the "neutrals" and ask them all to leave... Police is already stationed to "protect" them... We hear that M.B and Joss have been distributing money in the villages, and even that Navajata himself – it seems such an unlikely event! – has given a speech there...!

... Sj (now re-named "Surya") has decided to leave: I find this distressing...

***10-3-1982, Auroville:**

Diane wants to attend the follow-up meeting, so we go. There are so many reports, it takes so long...

When it is over, Arjun comes to me; he tells me at length of the Coop work, of how it is with Ojha now... I fully appreciate Arjun's constancy and freedom in our friendship; I am grateful for it and I respect him all the more for it! (I have still this "hang-up", that I need to feel respect for the people I share this experience with, and too often now it has become hard for me to uphold that respect, seeing all the politics, the dishonesty and the jealousies and the self-justifications...)

... Tonight Diane and I are able to meet, with more tenderness than ever before...

***13-3-1982, Auroville:**

G.M and Marcia have decided they need to reorganise their domestic life separately from us. It means that Diane and I, and Krishna along with us, must now face the people who look after the distribution of the food-baskets – and these are some of those who reject us, who reject me.

Krishna strongly feels that this cannot go on: either they must come out and openly declare they want me to leave Auroville, or else they must drop this attitude and leave us in peace...

At this point I almost don't care anymore; but, in the relationship with G.M, it pains me...

... I have spent part of the morning with D.M; near her and with her I experience more and more something akin to joy; that joy which I have only known in Your physical atmosphere: the joy of a true physical path...

***25-3-1982, Auroville:**

We keep looking forward to the next sure thing to happen, just to give sense, some sense, to the "now" we must live; but then nothing is ever truly experienced; we merely bring forward our same unchanged models, only consenting here and there to some more or less pleasing alterations...

We eat time and matter away, instead of becoming...!

... We go to the beach; and Diane's kids are there too, and the people from "Jaïma" accompanying them don't even let them come to see their mother... till they just break away and run over...! That is sad!

Here we are, in this spot upon earth, like grafts that do not take, not growing any more aware of the why and the where to... We are so very privileged, and yet do not find the sense of it...

We do not seem to be needing You very much...

And if we don't, who will?

***26-3-1982, Auroville:**

There have been quarrels among the men here, and Krishna holds me responsible for it: he is also upset at the way the water is distributed...

It takes quite some attention and calm to work it out and see together a better way...

It is Barbara's birthday; she is beautiful! Diane and I have gone to get a table lamp we had ordered from J's workshop and we bring it to her...

***3-4-1982, Auroville:**

Ken has decided to leave Auroville for a while. He has been very disturbed and confused lately, struggling violently with some "occult" elements connected to the general situation... He comes in today asking to spend his last night in the house here...

Diane is very uptight: she never shows hospitality in such situations and takes it instead as an imposition on her... But just then G.M and Marcia arrive and she rallies and it goes alright, and Ken is able to rest...

***4-4-1982, Auroville:**

Today the first cementing is done of the roof of the new room, the child's room, Agni's...!

***5-4-1982, Auroville:**

Krishna is worried about what may turn up, according to him, as a confrontation between the community and me... Perhaps he has heard things said, or else he is, for his own reasons, attuned to that possibility... I do not know...

I feel distant from that drama now...

***6-4-1982, Auroville:**

Diane swings from one mood to another; she demands attention like a kid, she is sad and she cries; she is happy and takes part in the work here; she is like a victim... But the atmosphere in the house is evolving...

***7-4-1982, Auroville:**

Some time around 4 pm today a lovely little bird, orange and blue and grey, flew in to stand in Agni's room, silent and unafraid... There was with it the presence of a gaze: a strange experience...

***8-4-1982, Auroville:**

This evening the white she-cat, a stray cat, comes to me and shows me she wants me to take an empty card-box up onto the terrace so she can deliver her kittens there...

And she does, later tonight, right next to my pillow: two kittens for my birthday...!

***9-4-1982, Auroville:**

I am 32...

Diane has cleaned up the house all by herself.

We have coffee outside the house and the Service tree drops its very first bloom right on my lap...!

John H has written a poem for me.

D.M sends me a photograph of You, along with her card.

We dance on Sunil's music this morning, and I love it.

The masons plaster the ceiling of Agni's room.

Diane gives me more pictures of You, with a rose.

Barbara brings more flowers. Ar. brings a potted plant and tapes of Satprem.

***10-4-1982, Auroville:**

This evening another scene breaks out with Krishna; it is focussed on the issue of the workers, but the energy is pointing at something more serious...

He has been very reactive lately, and now it comes heavily between us, and he calls me the "enemy". It is too much. It loses all meaning...

Again, oddly, I feel calm and distant from it...

... I am told that Satprem has gone abroad, to France first, and that he is now in Sri Lanka...

***14-4-1982, Auroville:**

As the new room gets completed and the whole house is rearranged, we together seem to gradually enter into a life that is the expression of our joint experience, and surely this makes Diane feel more secure and at her right place, and so it flows much more peacefully...

... Krishna and I have both avoided any "serious" talk; we remain "practical"; this afternoon we clean the store-room and mark the tools together, this being Tamil New Year Day...

***19-4-1982, Auroville:**

There is the daily work-out at "Last School", with R, M.S, M mostly – and the gentle, simple and humorous relationships that have developed there making our work more meaningful, even though Coni has had to go abroad for some time -, and the afternoon work at Matrimandir, I have no more contacts with the "collective experience"...

And the external relationship with Krishna seems to be ruined again... But this time, something that was in me like a blindness, I guess, has ceased to try and protect it, or to shield it from a deeper sense of caution. I am no longer eager to make any movement toward him. I have had to accept what I saw, and to stand by it: there is a rather momentous perversion there, in him, which I have had now to face...

***20-4-1982, Auroville:**

Krishna tells me of another part of our area here where he could live and work and plant trees... I gently try to let him see that it is he who thus puts me in a position for which he then resents me... He is confused, very tense, trembling; there is a lot of violence welling up in him...

And Diane now tells me that he has recently tried to brain-wash her against me... while pretending he was doing it as my true friend, in order to save me...

I don't know... I just know that none of this feels REAL! And that's all!

***27-4-1982, Auroville:**

One knows not yet how to live.

***2-5-1982, Auroville:**

G.M and Marcia have insisted to give us a puppy. It is a cross, I think, between a German shepherd and a Doberman. Today we have brought it home; I gave it the name of "Kritu": a tiny, bear-like creature, playful...

This evening I have a chance, while Diane is out for a walk, to talk a little with Barbara, and she helps me, with her common sense and her knowledge of each of us, to see Diane's state in a simpler perspective...

***4-5-1982, Auroville:**

We leave early this morning, as we have a lot of purchasing to do for Diane's Maintenance Service, now re-named "Nandini". It is crushing hot, but we are calm, and it goes rather well.

We have lunch at "La Maison" and there Krishna comes to tell me of some stolen parts from his cycle, implying it is somehow, this too, my responsibility... I keep quiet.

We are unpacking and putting things away in the "Unity" building, mid-afternoon, when it all takes a sharp turn: Cristo comes to me with some confused story of accounts he had mixed up and that had been left unsettled between him and Krishna and me about cement, and saying that Krishna is very angry at him for having mixed "his" account with "mine": the very same elements as two years ago, when Krishna had cut from me so dramatically... But since then, Krishna's contradictory statements and attitudes have made me understand that there is a double game being played there, and I have better keep a distance...

... Myrtle has returned from the US recently; we haven't seen her yet, but on the road we pass Aurienne and hardly recognise her eyes: she is so bloated, monstrous...: the American creature's comforts...!

... Back home, I mentally go the wrong way: I do not want to discredit Krishna; I want still to believe and to trust and to honour...

So, when I later see him walking across the garden, I call out to him and go to meet him; I tell him what Cristo has said and I ask him what he really want: either to be precise and exact and carefully separate, or to be open and sharing and caring and trusting...

He reacts fast, with ready anger.

I say then that I have had my share of his big speeches on our true union and the divinity of friendship, etc.

He becomes enraged and with a fantastic force he turns and shouts that we are now at the end, and he will have to kill me or I him, this is it; he is the negro and the fool and I have asked for it...

He begins to hit me full swing; I fall once, twice; he tries to tear away my "blessings" locket from my neck, to pull my hair out, he hits me more, on and on; then he walks over to the house, where Diane is waiting, intent on destroying it.

I follow him...

Not once, not for a second, did I feel the impulse to fight back, it was nowhere in my consciousness... I could see fear crawling toward me, but a sort of physical blankness prevailed, a strange calm; there was not a shiver in my body, nothing...

In front of Diane, near to the house, he hits me again, with even more force; I fall once more, and my face starts to bleed...

He goes to fetch a couple of tools and begins to break down windows, but the flow of energy is receding...

I sit down, quietly. Diane is weeping.

After a while, he leaves.

***5-5-1982, Auroville:**

My whole body feels like soil after an earthquake.

I just want time: time to assimilate, and to draw my lesson; to make sure this will never have to occur again, by understanding at least my end of it, my part in it...

But I must see to the work, and the craftsmen have come to lay the floor stone slabs...

G.M comes, and I have to tell him what has happened, as my face is all bruised up and swollen; but I make him promise he will tell no one about it: I feel it is best to give it the least mental form possible, and to draw inner silence over it...

There is always a sense of humour in our "situations"... but also, of gravity...!

And I pray to be ridden of whatever it is that, in me, provokes such reactions I people... I know that the way I was built and have had to evolve makes it hard to understand me and not to misinterpret me...

In some strange way I feel that I have been freed of certain commitments...

... In the night, in the midst of a multitude of dreams, I have a wonderful, intense meeting with three small boys – triplets -: magical, vividly present, and so lively and so full of consciousness... (They each have a Sanskrit name, I don't remember it now, and they are attributes of the Inner Fire, of Agni... They are so very lovely...!)

***10-5-1982, Auroville:**

These days I can spend time preparing the new room, waxing it and arranging everything in it, and making it happy and beautiful. Diane likes it.

The child moves a lot in her belly, it is quite fun...!

***15-5-1982, Auroville:**

There is another wave of disharmony: M.B and Co have again started to build on that piece of land adjacent to "Certitude"...

The community was called. About 50 of us met there; we stood on the dividing bund separating Auroville land from that "private" land; there was the sense of a deeper event, but no movement yet...

The Police came, and we left.

... Diane and I have another argument this evening: a silly misunderstanding...

***19-5-1982, Auroville:**

There is a fairly large concreting at Matrimandir this morning. I have come to help, as one of many. But, after a while, both Ruud and G.M ask me to resume my "old" function, driving the mixer machine... And it is comforting to me to feel I am still welcome to be part of an organism...

... This afternoon, about 200 of us meet at "Certitude".

We agree, cutting short all arguments, to simply gather on the spot, again, together, and see...

And it is one of those rare moments when one knows one is responding to a deeper necessity, as part of one body.

We move, silently and very slowly, one step at a time, down that dividing bund, the armed police stepping back before us, till we reach and surround the tiny building M.B and his group have put up during the night...

We wait almost one hour, and then we take it down, quietly...

While doing so, a few of us get a little scattered, pulled back into separate natures, a few gestures of unnecessary aggression, or rather potential violence, are made; but, on the whole, I feel this has been a clean action, and there was a joy to it, pure and grateful...

***21-5-1982, Auroville:**

This is a gloomy day here...

Krishna is behaving threateningly with the tools and the equipment; he took hold of the one wheel-barrow and refused to return it; he has even verbally aggressed Diane while I was away this morning...

It takes me long to centre and recover a sense of unity and quiet and trust...

There is this question, or this mystery: how is it possible to exist without exerting any pressure, or being under any pressure, of an arbitrary nature?

I guess it is not, as long as there is ego...!

***23-5-1982, Auroville:**

Myrtle has come by, and this time she stays longer with us. We have yet to secure a basis for this new relationship, the three of us, but the possibility is there, and it has strength and quality...

***24-5-1982, Auroville:**

The thing with Krishna affects the daily life here; it worries me, his energy is disruptive and causes material interferences; it gets to my nerves and I must, one way or another, fight back to repel it, but I am not clear as to which movement is the truest, or the least ignorant...!

And now is the time I want to fully concentrate and prepare for the birth of the child...

... Diane has learned today that her children are going to France with Jean, and it is not sure, or it is not told her, when they are to return to Auroville; this has saddened her...

***25-5-1982, Auroville:**

There are hours of utter helplessness, miserably dry and empty, devoid of any sort of generosity: there is nothing I can give, nothing to channel, nothing I can serve, nothing to communicate whatsoever...

How to flow, how to be one with the flow, of Force and of Light... of Love?

Isn't it always Love that flows, and isn't Consciousness a name for Love?

***27-5-1982, Auroville:**

And sometimes I am aware of the energy that is supporting me here, and I feel gratitude, and I am intensely happy...

... We still find it hard to relate, Diane and I; she tends to feel that I am doing all this more for the child than for her...

***28-5-1982, Auroville:**

Diane had a fall from her cycle. It hurt, but she feels alright about it.

Yet, since that moment, she has begun to worry that the birth may come prematurely.

... Lines are being drawn around the issue of "Aurelec"...

... In the night, between dreams, I am suddenly "attacked by Krishna": he had come stealthily, in the night, to kill me on my bed, with a blow of something like a heavy bar, and I actually experience my "death"; I wake up nauseous and bewildered...

***30-5-1982, Auroville:**

The work on the new room was completed yesterday; it is all calm now.

Calculating the birth to come on the 21st of June, we had planned on three weeks prior to it to really get settled and ready...

But Diane feels now it may all happen sooner. She has gone to consult with Myr, who found that the child's head is already engaged, and has advised her to take complete rest.

So I myself had to go to "Jaïma" to ask for her kids to be brought here to see her before they leave to France...

***31-5-1982, Auroville:**

Barbara has come to keep Diane company while I drive to Pondy to get all the things we need for the birth, so Diane can relax, knowing it is all there, at hand...

Diane has actually said she is happy in her new room...!

... This evening I massage Diane; I feel the child moving, and I have a longing to hold it in my arms, but I also feel clearly that it is too early, too soon...

Diane has quietened; and the child's body has shifted back up a bit...

***1-6-1982, Auroville:**

Diane is resting. I stay home all day, and tend to everything; she is happy that way...

After days of scorching heat – weeks, actually – the wind has brought masses of rain clouds, fallen silent, and late afternoon it starts to pour, and keeps pouring well into the night, cleaning up the last traces of the construction work, drenching the soil, bringing relief to the whole garden...

***2-6-1982, Auroville:**

Diane is quieter, and I feel the birth will not happen now, but at its correct time; and there is the sense that we can now really prepare the atmosphere, while the body of the child gets fully ready...

I am grateful, for everything. This place is such a gift of Grace...

***3-6-1982, Auroville:**

As Diane says, we have to keep modest! We know nothing!

For her this pregnancy is entirely different – she had three children -, and she is constantly puzzled by it.

There is a deep reality that smiles, holding treasures of being, and of becoming...

***4-6-1982, Auroville:**

Tonight, there is a film show in "Aspiration", an old fine movie with two actors I am very fond of, "Moderato Cantabile", and we decide to go; we ride very slowly...

***5-6-1982, Auroville:**

The body of the child seems to have engaged again in the birth canal, and Diane feels we must get ready; but I sense the energy isn't there yet...

I have gone to see Marcia for a moment: her own delivery is supposed to come first!

***6-6-1982, Auroville:**

Is it a boy or a girl?

A few people have had dreams of a girl; yet the energy we both have been feeling, could that be of a boy?

But I sense a pressure to offer that question and to have no preference...

... Barbara comes every day; she is nearly the only person we see...

***8-6-1982, Auroville:**

Marcia has begun her labour; but there seems to be some confusion. Yet I can't leave Diane to be with G.M and Marcia...

... Barbara tells us that M.Z has been identified as... a drug peddler, and asked to leave the country within a few days...

***9-6-1982, Auroville:**

I keep going for news, as Marcia's labour goes on and on...

***10-6-1982, Auroville:**

Marcia's labour went on into the night and, by the time the child's head showed, she was too weak for it; she had to be taken down to Cluny Hospital in Pondy.

But I dreamt she was alright and the child was a girl...

... We learn at 9 am that the child was born at 4.50 am: a girl, Maaura.

Diane is relieved now. And I feel we have time for "our" child...!

***14-6-1982, Auroville:**

I just want quiet, peace, calm, for a clear coming...

***16-6-1982, Auroville:**

Diane woke up saying she has dreamt of another fight between us and her threatening to leave...

Later today I find her lying awake, obviously contemplating some fear or some difficulty, but she will not talk about it...

... I have received the prints of photographs I took this last January and, among them, are two portraits of Krishna, in which his eyes express such a puissant and irrational hatred that it goes right in, and it shakes me deeply... I hadn't at all been aware at the time... I feel a nasty energy entering, and it knocks my breath...

... Diane still refuses to talk; she keeps obstinately separate in her apprehension, and it just worsens between us, and we go on behaving the way that will most hurt the other, as if a mechanic had started that was intent on breaking both of us down...

I sense in Diane such an accumulation of rancour, from way back into her own past, and like a mad want... And I still do the mistake of addressing her as a friend or a sister, as a person, and she resents it, always...

But tonight she weeps and comes to me for comfort and I hold her till she sleeps, at peace...

I am amazed at the mess two people can make in just a few hours time... There may be other standpoints, but humour is certainly indispensable...!

... I have, between dreams, this "vision", as if seeing from the position the child is in: colours and shapes expressing Diane's condition; there are tall chequered lines of black and gold, waving up and down densely and, underneath, as if in a curved niche, all protected and sheltered by its own force field and yet aware of everything around it, a regular cavity filled with that orange light – the "gheroua" colour, which is also the colour of Auroville: just this, the light, a silent vibrant space of deep orange light...

***17-6-1981, Auroville:**

Diane is in pains almost all the time now. The child keeps shifting, Myr is nonplussed...

***19-6-1982, Auroville:**

I went shopping and got a small gift for Diane. According to our initial calculation, Diane should go into labour any day now, but the child's body has moved back up and is shifting around and Diane feels much more relaxed now... There is an energy in this body that feels very independent and very alert, almost as if externally aware...

***21-6-1981, Auroville:**

Diane had some contractions in the early part of last night, but it quietened, and today, the "appointed" day, is upon us and Diane feels nothing special...!

But sometimes I have a burst of energy that is so tender, it wants to embrace everyone...

***22-6-1982, Auroville:**

Before the mystery of these processes, one feels ridiculously small and crippled, reduced to such a cramped focus; and there is, too, a kind of sacred awe: it is best the mind knows not, it is best it is not allowed to pretend and interfere...

... And I understand that, to be conscious of the Divine does not necessarily or automatically imply that one becomes conscious of every one of these processes of manifestation; one may only become conscious of those He chooses to reveal at the time He chooses...!

***23-6-1982, Auroville:**

It is so puzzling to watch what goes on between two people who live together: the alterations, the moods, the confusions and, at instants that come like the white foam on the crest of a wave, the swelling of perfect attunement, simple, happy and natural, in its place...

... The mind's demand to be "informed" tends to cause chaos in the perceptions...

***25-6-1982, Auroville:**

Diane had some low contractions in the night, but it had no force.

I have to wonder about my own possible interference, with my wanting to "be aware"... There is this universal energy that must come into play and trigger the body's processes that alone can release the baby from the womb: can this be hampered by my, by our, by one's waiting, one's observing, and one's effort to understand, to be conscious of it...?

It is, after all, similar to the sexual energy that comes to release the cells in an orgasm; this one must come and set into motion a whole chain of physical events...

... But I have to ask You, Mother, to be here for the birth, to be the midwife, to be the protection, and to be the force that moves, to be the atmosphere and to be the One to receive the child in Your hands: Agni, into Your sweet conscious hands...

... I ache to see the child, here at last, moving in this air, delivered and growing...

***26-6-1982, Auroville:**

Today Diane is full of energy, active in the house, happy... while I just need to sleep!

***27-6-1982, Auroville:**

Ce matin est née Ajneyam Auragni – ma princesse si belle : Ajneyam Auragni.

A 9 heures elle est venue, a poussé son premier cri.

La nuit a été calme. Ce matin, vers 7 heures, Diane me dit tout à coup qu'elle vient de perdre le « bouchon » et que les eaux coulent...

Nous sommes entrés dans la chambre. Diane a eu de fortes contractions ; pas beaucoup... Se tenant à moi, et moi la tenant, debout jusqu'à ce que la tête commence à sortir...

Myr et Ar sont venues nous aider.

Cela a été si tranquille et si simple.

Ajneyam était d'abord un peu bleuie d'être sortie si vite ; je l'ai tenue dans mes bras en marchant dans la maison, jusqu'à ce que son souffle s'adapte et elle se calme et prenne des couleurs ; puis nous l'avons immergée dans un bain d'eau bien chaude ; elle était contente et regardait et souriait...

Toute cette journée a été si paisible...

Le 27 = 2+7=9; 27=3x9.

Diane's date is 9; Auragni's is 9; mine is 9.

3 times 9=27; 9 am is the time!

***28-6-1982, Auroville:**

Nous n'avons guère dormi : Auragni avait déjà faim, et le lait de Diane était lent à venir...

Ajneyam Auragni... Elle est si belle ; harmonieuse et pleine, son visage fin et plein, elle est si belle...

Et Diane aussi est belle et calme, plus belle que je ne l'ai jamais vue...

***29-6-1982, Auroville :**

Me voilà donc avec, en quelque sorte, une raison de vivre, et d'être humain !

***30-6-1982, Auroville:**

One feels so dumb and silly, being a man, useless before the needs and demands of an infant...

***1-7-1982, Auroville:**

This evening at 6.30 Lisbeth and Angad's baby boy is born: Ribhu...

***2-7-1982, Auroville:**

Diane becomes more beautiful, with this quality of plenitude and harmony that I had so missed: her own beauty, her own plenitude...

We have had lots of visitors and lots of happy comments on our little one and on the birth, which seem to be sincere...

***8-7-1982, Auroville:**

When I am "free", I read Your Agenda; I have started all over from the beginning again, and I'm happy; little drops of experience here and there...

Ajneyam Auragni is voracious, we hardly sleep: we have to keep up with her energy...

***12-7-1982, Auroville:**

Diane today gets into one of her weird moods; she has announced it at the first hour by telling me her dream where we'd had a fight... Thus programmed the day has gone and we have eventually stumbled upon the given pretext and we do have a fight and we do have to struggle out of it and to rise again...

These moments are at once harder to take and leave less trace...

I have managed, though, to get to "Last School" for two hours of exercise, which has done me good.

***15-7-1982, Auroville:**

Diane has developed a high fever in the last few days, and everything has become very tight, with the child becoming restless and Diane anxious about the milk flow, and not enough sleep for too long...

Jossie and Ar. come to help us now and then, or stay with Diane whenever I have to go out... John H too gives us a hand...

***17-7-1982, Auroville:**

Last night was our first night of real sleep. Diane is definitely better and I am not worried anymore.

But during the night some thieves tried to steal the pump engine; they'd already cut the wires when Yel heard them and chased them out... Toine has come to see the damage.

I have gone to Vanur today to begin the process of registering Ajneyam Auragni's birth...

***19-7-1982, Auroville:**

Today Auragni has become very agitated; she seems to have acute stomach pain and wants to remain at the breast all the time and Diane gets exhausted and depressed and I get distressed by my impuissance to be of any help...

... And now it is Kritu the dog who is sick...

... I am reading another book by Lyall Watson, "Histoire Naturelle du Surnaturel"; here is a man who really loves this universe!

***23-7-1982, Auroville:**

Today I have been able to work out at "Last School" most of the morning, and this afternoon I go to the general meeting; it is fairly well attended and I find that everybody present has known that the main topic would be "Aurelec" – I hadn't known – and the camps are well represented, the trick in fashion being to show tolerance and "openness" to one another...!

But I feel the whole thing, the whole direction being taken at present, to be false from the root... When I try to say so in a few words, I am neatly ignored...

***28-7-1982, Auroville:**

Dans le monde les choses semblent à nouveau s'accélérer et on sent toutes ces puissances comme des ressorts prêts à bondir pour une tuerie imbécile et radicale, et, en même temps, quelque chose qui se joue de tous ces instruments « irrésistibles » et pousse, pousse les circonstances vers un certain comble, un point de non-retour...

J'ai le manque de Toi, de Ta Présence, de Ton atmosphère physique ; il me semble qu'il n'y a ici que des miettes, que Ton Travail se fait ailleurs – pourtant, rien que de l'écrire, je sens bien que Tu es là...

***30-7-1982, Auroville :**

La société d'Auroville devient un carcan si étroit que je ne peux plus me mouvoir...

***31-7-1982, Auroville :**

Cette imbrication de niveaux, d'origines, d'affinités et de réalités, de perceptions et de consciences... ne peut que rendre tout chemin linéaire impraticable...

Je n'appartiens nulle part ; je ne puis appartenir qu'à Toi...

Mais, pour seulement marcher et durer, j'ai besoin, impérativement besoin, d'élargir le contexte, de faire des trous dans cette bulle qui m'étouffe...

***2-8-1982, Auroville :**

Il est parfois difficile de percevoir le sens de cette vie à Auroville... Et, si j'insiste un peu, je dois alors me demander si je ne suis pas « en trop » ; si je ne m'entête pas inutilement, et gravement, à unir en ce point des choses qui ne peuvent ni ne doivent y être unies...

***5-8-1982, Auroville :**

J'ai passé un long moment de repos avec Ajneyam dans mes bras...

Puis Myrtle est venue, et j'étais content qu'elle ait senti de le faire ; mais quand Diane est sortie de la salle d'eaux après la lessive, elle a refusé de la voir...

Myrtle s'est mise à pleurer, c'était douloureux ; tout est devenu misérable, absurdement misérable...

Il n'y a plus rien à dire...

***6-8-1982, Auroville :**

C'est l'impasse, entre Diane et moi.

... Je suis de moins en moins capable de formuler ce que je perçois : ce n'est pas que le mental n'intervient plus, mais il y a comme une sorte de méditation constante, avec la force d'un besoin qui pousse – vers une lumière dans la perception, vers une conscience dans la vie, et contre un impossible qui semble se situer partout...

***8-8-1982, Auroville :**

Des incidents encore avec les gens de la SAS : Horst a été blessé, près de « Discipline », attaqué par derrière par un groupe de ces gens qu'Indra paye...

***11-8-1982, Auroville :**

Ayant d'autres courses à faire à Pondy, je suis retourné voir Paolo, qui vient de revenir. Je souhaitais trouver une possibilité de communication avec lui qui en finirait avec cette façon superficielle de nous rencontrer, année après année, et je m'étais préparé pour un dialogue qui vaudrait la peine... Mais cela ne s'est pas produit ; je me suis senti très las lorsque je l'ai laissé à son milieu : GI lui avait aussi dit de ne plus me voir...

Ca a soulevé en moi un besoin de savoir vraiment ce qu'il y avait dans toute cette histoire, d'en finir avec toute cette fausse densité de sous-entendus et d'attitudes de la part des uns et des autres...

J'ai cherché, cherché... quoi ? Une force qui veut relever la tête, qui veut participer, qui veut être...

Il est vrai que depuis le début de cette vie je suis comme un petit champ de bataille, ou le lieu d'une certaine lutte – entre ce que j'ai vraiment de Toi et... une force peut-être, qui voudrait utiliser cette possibilité à ses propres fins, ou pour l'annuler ? Quand on emploie ces mots, il semble qu'on manque tout à fait de bon sens et d'humilité ! Mais il y a bien quelque chose de cet ordre...

Mais alors, l'attitude des autres complique beaucoup les choses... Pourtant, je dois bien l'assumer : je ne peux pas m'attendre à ce que les autres comprennent comment ça se passe vraiment...

***13-8-1982, Auroville :**

Je relis Ton Agenda, et c'est ma nourriture et mon repos ; et il y a Ajneyam que je remercie tant et si profondément d'être venue...

Quelquefois j'ai honte d'être si pauvre, et j'ai peur de lui imposer quelque chose qu'elle ne peut souhaiter vivre...

Je suis allé au « general meeting », et il y a eu une occasion où j'ai senti de suggérer quelque chose, de contribuer ; c'était difficile de vaincre une certaine tension, mais ça s'est bien passé, comme un retour après un long voyage...

***14-8-1982, Auroville :**

Les nuits me laissent comme brisé sur le rivage d'un autre jour... cette accumulation sauvage et suffocante de circonstances et de gens, ces montages de signes et de données, sans un seul instant de repos conscient, sans une seconde d'immersion dans un milieu souverain... Il me faut parfois des heures pour m'en remettre, pendant lesquels je suis trop sensible à toute désharmonie matérielle, à toute apparente incompatibilité...

***15-8-1982, Auroville :**

Un drôle de 15 Août !

Je crois que Sri Aurobindo s'est caché !

Attendons-nous quelque chose ? Un moment d'oubli, un blanc dans la machine à vivre ?

***16-8-1982, Auroville :**

Je lis l'Agenda... C'est mon oxygène.

Car les nuits me démolissent. Je n'ai pas la sensation d'un seul instant de renouvellement ; c'est un autre jour qui se lève sans que jamais je me sente prêt, dispos, parce que rafraîchi et vivifié...

Heureusement, et merveilleusement, Ajneyam Auragni est là : on se reconnaît ; en elle et avec elle je retrouve mon recueil et mon pays...

***18-8-1982, Auroville :**

Ajneyam Auragni est là... Et les heures passées avec elle plongent au-dedans ou vers un « dehors » qui prend un autre sens...

Dans son regard, avec elle, je sais de nouveau où est le Pays ; et je veux n'être qu'un signe vivant et transparent, libre de contradiction...

***20-8-1982, Auroville :**

Ce n'est pas que les nuits soient constamment pénibles – il y a quantité de choses intéressantes -, mais, je ne sais pas, c'est cette douleur que j'éprouve quand je

retrouve la conscience de veille et le contact de l'aspiration centrale, cette douleur devant ce phénomène d'étanchéité entre les deux états - de non communication, de non changement, de non collaboration : dans le sommeil il n'y a rien qui s'ouvre vers le « haut »... rien !

***22-8-1982, Auroville :**

A quoi ça sert que j' « existe » ?

L'impression désolée d'avoir à embêter tant de gens, d'obliger à des dépenses d'énergie et de matière inutiles, et d'être « moi-même » une manifestation absurde et stérile...

***23-8-1982, Auroville :**

Si seulement Tu avais eu le temps de m'expliquer un peu de quoi il s'agit, et quelles sont réellement les conditions et les possibilités en ce qui me concerne... !

***25-8-1982, Auroville :**

Des jours de marasme... autour de cette impossibilité pour moi de me « placer »... J'étais allé avec R passer un moment à la plage, entre la pratique à « Last School » et les courses à Pondy et, quand je l'ai dit à Diane, cela a fait ressortir tout ce qui nous empêche de vivre notre expérience commune avec plénitude...

Ma nature est telle qu'il me faut une complémentarité, celle d'une relation proche, directe et intime avec un ami homme à laquelle je puisse aussi me donner...

Et si, ou quand, il m'est possible de vivre les deux, la relation avec une femme et la relation avec un homme, non pas exclusives l'une de l'autre mais en rythme ouvert, alors je peux vraiment me donner et être entier dans l'instant...

C'est profond en moi, et plus essentiel pour moi que Diane ne peut le comprendre.

Mais pour elle cela retire, semble-t-il, tout le sens de ce que nous vivons ; et je ne saisis pas pourquoi ?!

Mais il faut bien, pour Auragni, pour son développement, que nous établissions entre nous un minimum d'équilibre... !

***30-8-1982, Auroville :**

On creuse dans ce qu'on « fait », à travers ce qu'on « fait », à chaque moment possible on creuse, on essaie de se donner – pour toucher un peu de cet Espace, sentir un peu la Source vivante, trouver un peu, au fond des yeux, Cela qui nous a portés dans le monde...

***31-8-1982, Auroville :**

Je ne crois pas que je continuerai d'écrire de cette manière...

Quelque chose d'autre doit se passer maintenant...

***Poems written in the year 1982:**

.....

***June, 1982.**

"It seems
 The closest I get
 To those wells
 That may one day pour
 Into
 This substance
 I am
 The most parched and
 Sterile
 The life of
 Me
 Becomes.

This world surely
 Is meant for Unity.
 Yet on its way
 Our means to relate
 Are mere tricks
 That ache.

Blessed blind
 Are those who will
 Enjoy
 A place and a role
 When shattered and undone
 Are the rays
 Of a creation
 Past
 And now still
 Clinging contrarily"

.....

***June, 1982, To Ajneyam Auragni.**

"I have been calling you, needing your
 Sameness,
 Aching for that current of
 Awareness
 Between
 Incarnations
 I have been yearning for your eyes
 Wide
 And brimming with
 The secret of our souls,
 I have been searching for
 Stray signals of
 Recognition
 Silent, direct,
 Immediate
 And free,

I have been burning to know at last
 In an other being
 The very stamp
 I missed
 And the deep cleft print of a far place
 The world still
 Alienates,
 I have been longing to hold
 The granted grace of your
 Given ness
 And the knowing
 That
 We belong
 So that, even though She may
 Still have to hide
 And
 From where She stands
 Unknown
 Work still at those
 Minute shiftings
 Laying Matter bare
 To the Force,
 So that, even though She may
 Want us still
 Away from Her,
 Be found
 The sweet courage to
 Live and
 To give,
 And a moment came
 When my call was made
 Conscious,
 A child that One
 Lets at last
 Run to the breast
 It sought,
 And for those seconds in time
 I knew again
 Where was home
 And ever since, I cling to the knowing
 That you are
 Coming"

***June, 1982:**

"When will it flow and flame
 Into our
 Huddled spaces?
 When will it grow
 Manifest,
 Gorgeous,

One and whole
In hands and faces?

When our broken curves
Will swell
With one flux of being
Unaltered and ever
Victorious,

When our little smiles
Will yield from a strength
Of love
Imperative,

When what in us
Regrets and craves,
Repulses and appeals,
Dies crying and rises crippled
Will be

Consumed and its sap
Made true,

When will it flow and flame
In our twisted
Time-ways,
Irresistible and ever
Faithful to its source?"

***August, 1982, Evolution.**

« Les cycles de la matière et ses rythmes
Le bois, les feuilles, la chair
Et l'odeur

Sentie,
Le souffle
Infime universel
Pur in saisi,
Seul
Pouvoir
Au cœur
De nos cellules
Comme au large
Des galaxies
Démantelées,
Les deux pôles de tout
Battement.

Entre les deux
Et par le champ de force qu'ils
Génèrent,
Dans la sécurité de leur échange
Et la coulée fertile de leur
Union,

Dans le cocon dimensionnel
 De l'espace et du temps,
 Retournés par l'éclair secret
 De leur course immobile
 Et versés comme d'une
 Jarre
 Dans le silence relatif
 Où tout se sépare et se
 Perçoit :

Nous-mêmes.
 Evolution.

Rivés à l'armature de ce
 Manifeste,
 Ensemencés dans le moule de ces marées et de ces heures,
 Séparés par les termes du créé mais liés
 A chaque atome du voyage,
 Devenus insensibles
 Au réel
 Mais assourdis pas le vacarme
 De nos sens,
 Cloués aux empreintes, étranglés d'images et contraints
 De grandir,
 Accablés de soifs et de manques et rendus
 Ignorants de ce choix,
 Humains après d'autres
 Et petits d'un Homme jamais
 Retrouvé
 Entier,
 Forcés à la lenteur des mesures et trop près
 Du vide,
 Suffoqués par la logique de survivre,
 A mille retours nourris d'un savoir
 Plus étouffant,
 Mille fois reconquis par le goût et l'extase de cette
 Rencontre
 Et l'acuité triomphante d'une totalité
 Articulée,
 Intoxiqués par la précision de l'expérience et subjugués
 Au sourire, à la flamme, aux couleurs,
 Lents convertis
 Basculant lentement au centre d'une étreinte
 Consciente
 Dont tous ces instants ne furent que les signes,
 Reconnaisant enfin le sens de toute cette dépense
 D'énergie,
 Nos mains tremblantes, nos mains de créé,
 Nos corps, notre amour, cette matière,
 Nos yeux, nos fleurs, nos musiques
 Et nos peurs,
 Nos mains, nos mains et nos corps,
 Nos yeux qui ne savaient, ne pouvaient plus chercher,

Fouiller ce mystère,
 Comme des fruits enfin mûris
 Cèdent à la force secrète qui les transforme
 Et s'ouvre
 Le chemin
 Du monde »

***A text written in 1982: Notes for consideration:**

"This present period of time might also be a last opportunity to try and commit ourselves to the true destiny of Auroville, to the Adventure it stands for.

What are we?

Who is this 'us' here, in the geographical and physical plane called Auroville?

We are human beings who, supposedly, have felt the need to change to such a degree that we were led to search for a place and conditions that would best allow this change, integral, to take place.

Auroville is such a place and by its very nature was created to offer those conditions. It was created as the best possible instrument to help the change; and one of the conditions it must offer is an as complete freedom as is possible at the moment. Freedom of choice, of attempts, of adventure, freedom to explore what true responsibility means, freedom to discover what forms a truer life on earth would eventually take, or create, as one tries to practice the truths, laws and dynamics inherent to the inner being and reality.

Everywhere on earth today there are people, individuals and groups, who would be comforted and feel supported by the knowledge that there is a place where it is being actually proved that a better and truer life can be manifested in freedom; that the fight for freedom is justified, provided that one is ready and willing to use it for that manifestation, ready and willing to choose consciously to contribute the effort, the search and the discipline indispensable.

It is not an image that these people would need, nor the brushing of an ideal; rather it is the knowing, direct and non-mental, that all the challenges and contradictions that are inescapably part of the process are being met and faced, and that a little bit of the one substance all humanity shares is somewhere, now, consciously and enduringly trying and trying and trying, and that, perhaps, there IS something like Help and Grace when one tries.

And it is a fact that, short of that, Auroville is misused and betrayed.

Now, this is not a moral issue, although there are ethics involved.

It is, as we well know here, an evolutionary issue, a human issue.

But we know too much, with our minds only, and know too little, with our living experience – we here who have been fed, and are being fed by the richest and strongest food of conscious spiritual Truth that man could ever dream of.

It would seem, considering the growing chasm between whatever true understanding we may have, individually, in a part of our being, and the quality of our collective life and experience here, that somewhere along the way we must have begun to disregard the silent call from inner necessities.

The past few years would seem to prove that we, either human beings in general or those who have been representing humanity by their participation to Auroville, are quite unable to govern ourselves, that is, to achieve the minimum self-discipline required so that all the difficulties and conflicts and apparent impossibilities remain contained and offered to the light and action of what She has termed as the true consciousness.

But perhaps our chance today would lie in the humble acknowledgment – humility not before anyone in particular, but before That in ourselves as in everyone – that we have, up until now, failed to realise that instead of working from the surface and using symbols, we must work from within and strive to bring out to life and matter the truths of the inner being.

For instance, our approach to such aspects of a true state of being as unity, fraternity, or solidarity, has been mental and emotional and therefore has been thwarted to a dramatic extent. We do know that these qualities are intrinsic to the true reality, but we have behaved towards them in an attitude of superstition, believing that the context itself and all the mental knowledge we have received would be sufficient to conjure them up.

Apparently they have failed to answer – or else, possibly, this was just the wrong attitude.

For in order for these qualities to manifest, to become alive and active in our midst, opening the way to real discovery, it is asked of us to first build the ground on which they can rest.

And this can only be done by endeavouring to actually practice the dynamics of the inner laws, about which, both from Sri Aurobindo and Mother, we have more than a few practical indications.

For example, She has stated that, in our passage in material life, one's needs are answered exactly in proportion with the contact one has developed with one's inner being.

This is one law of the true consciousness. Yet it appears that we have disbelieved it, and gone out of our way to remedy to the mentally twisted problem of equality, and have in the process become entangled in a swirl of conflicting notions about democracy, self reliance, guilt and so forth.

Another such indication, unmistakable, is that circumstances around one always correspond to one's real needs in terms of progress. Always.

Yet it appears that we have all of us been caught up into various justifications of the activity that consists in blaming, criticising, accusing, faulting and condemning. As this is a process that tends to spread and gain evidence as it grows, it is quite impossible to put a brake to it, particularly in such a limited context as this we live in, acting as it does as an echo chamber walled in by mirrors.

While the practical truth of this is that one necessarily must learn to assume one's responsibility for whatever happens to one.

And here one can measure the power of the instrument that Auroville is.

At present one can measure it by its reverse effect. But when one remembers what it means, in life, to try alone in the midst of an anonymous mass determined by the ordinary mechanisms of any large society on earth, when one remembers how hopeless it is to try and reach the point when one's efforts could begin to bear creative results in one's surrounding condition, environment and relationships, then one knows what a grace Auroville offers, if all those who willingly choose to participate do try and keep trying.

We are no heroes. But we must at least be adventurers.

Only then, to reside in Auroville would cease to be a dubious and mixed privilege, open to numerous questions and interpretations, and would be a real participation and contribution to a worthwhile experiment.

And only then could we say, with simplicity, that whether Auroville fails or succeeds is not our concern, because we would be giving what is demanded of us, and no less.

So, possibly, one step we could take now would be to formulate some of these inner laws as our internal guidelines, and hold them before us in our lives, as supports for our striving, and discover as we go their living practice.

Even if we are capable of nothing else at the moment, we, who presently inhabit Auroville, still have the responsibility to see that the very conditions Auroville offers are preserved intact and virtually whole.

This necessity was our only real justification in refusing the narrow and limited imposition that was previously laid upon the entire experiment by a group of people who had in their hands some ruling power, and in fighting for their withdrawal or abdication from this power they were intent on misusing.

In the process we were led to solicit support and practical help from the Government of India, and it has responded. In its positive response is the unique grace of India – the one country in the world which, despite its many failures, remains spiritually based.

But any Government today rests on and is liable to all the human arrangement of laws and safeguards that apply to the whole range of social situations of an ordinary nature.

Auroville cannot enter there and must not try; Auroville is an extraordinary situation of an extraordinary nature; it can only serve its purpose and function by remaining out, basically, of that mesh of relationships.

This does not make us, who live in Auroville, exceptional beings, but it takes it possible for anybody who has truly the need to participate to do so.

And one important factor of progress inherent to the very existence of Auroville is that it inevitably pushes against the barriers of all and any mentally-based system and organisation, and must be accepted as such.

We are asked to share in that push, not out of revolt but by growth.

To accept the formulations, however ameliorated, improved, touched-up or adapted, arisen from current mental conceptions of viability and solution-finding, as guidelines for the internal evolution and development of such an experiment as Auroville offers can only be a grave mistake and lead to a great confusion of values which would veil more and more the actual possibility Auroville stands for.

To ask the Government of India to take up the ownership of the land and assets of Auroville, even from a distance and with guarantees, is inevitably to bind the whole material base of Auroville to a set of determinisms that are naturally incompatible

with Auroville's necessities, as these determinisms cannot, to the risk of their own deflagration, accept Auroville as it is within their workings.

It is not a matter of who is where and of the wisdom of such or such person who has the will to help protect Auroville from its enemies.

We have seen that the enemy is primarily and essentially within us all.

If our present relationship with the Government of India does allow, at this point in time, for a request, let it be one that addresses its very nature and no more; and this with true respect, gratefulness and regard, and in a spirit of collaboration with the persons who strive, within that context, to work for a stronger and truer India.

Such a request could eventually be that certain legal measures be taken to discourage the present authorities of the SAS from having access to legal rights which are usually available to land-owners, considering the unique aims of Auroville, on the soil of India. So that if any member of the SAS would in time have a genuine interest in participating to the work of Auroville, this person would have to approach it exactly the same way as anybody else, and acknowledge that the administration of all land and assets rests with an Auroville organ only.

And if the Government of India cannot, due to legal implications and/or for its own reasons, assent to that request, we must then face whatever lies ahead and find the determination to practice the discernment, the reliance and the trust that will see Auroville through.

And if this ordeal can also serve as a reminder to the inner necessities that are part of the Way, so much the better.

We have nothing, nothing in the world to loose, as long as we honestly do not compromise the very strength of Auroville in terms of progress and change.

And perhaps do we then put ourselves in a movement that will bring us closer to a living awareness of this central Force of Auroville to which we are now blinded."

(Divakar)

-1983-

Note : Je n'ai rien écrit en 1983, bien que ce fut une année particulièrement âpre pour moi.

Les points de repère sont :

- Février... Diane est partie avec Auragni, à « Jaïma ». Je suis rentré une fin d'après-midi, de faire les courses à Pondy, pour trouver la maison vide ; Diane avait fait venir un char à bœufs pour emporter toutes ses affaires et celles d'Auragni ; la chambre était vide ; elle avait tout organisé. Je passai alors plusieurs jours paralysé ou stupéfié de douleur, ne sortant plus. P et Jossie se sont un peu occupés de moi et c'est Jossie qui a négocié, quelques temps plus tard, pour que j'aie le « droit » de revoir Auragni, comme un mendiant, à « Jaïma »...
- Avril... J'ai repris le travail à plein temps à Matrimandir, et une nouvelle équipe s'est formée, avec la routine quotidienne de 6 heures du matin à 1 heure de l'après-midi...
- Juin... G.M est revenu à Auroville...
- Septembre... Diane et Auragni sont parties en Australie, vivre chez la mère de Diane...

- 1984 -

***1-1-1984, Auroville :**

Un Feu tranquille, régulier, bien nourri...

J'ai pensé recommencer d'écrire journallement ; pourtant je n'éprouve plus tant le besoin de formuler, de rendre compte.

J'ai maintenant l'impression que les difficultés mêmes changent de nature, libérées de leurs enveloppes morales ; comme si la compréhension était un peu plus proche d'un essentiel – la simplicité d'un corps qui grandit...

C'est un même mouvement qui veut couler et s'offrir, s'ouvrir et aimer, c'est calme et cela s'épanouit à mesure que les perceptions s'épurent et la confusion se dissout...

En regardant les flammes, la charge de cette année vécue s'est comme résumée, sans drame...

... Ce soir Krishna et moi écoutons la cassette de sa musique que j'ai préparée pour l'année nouvelle ; c'est puissant et plein, comme de la Force qui travaille depuis le cœur...

***4-1-1984, Auroville :**

Une lettre de Diane : elle revient avec ma princesse dans deux semaines. C'est toujours pareil : quelque chose qui ne veut ni céder, ni laisser, ni partager...

Et ce soir, une autre lettre, plus proche et spontanée...

***5-1-1984, Auroville :**

G.M va repartir d'Auroville dans deux jours ; je ne crois pas qu'il reviendra si vite qu'il le dit. Son équilibre présent est une façade, il y a quelque chose de pourri dessous, comme si au lieu de regarder il avait seulement cherché à combler un vide...

De plus en plus je ressens le fait d'être à Auroville comme un don de la Grâce ; mais je ne cherche plus à me sentir concerné par les aspects extérieurs d'une « expérience collective ».

Il m'apparaît avec plus d'évidence maintenant que les conditions requises pour l'individu sont les mêmes partout, et que la différence qui fait d'Auroville un lieu encore tout à fait privilégié est que chacun ne doit s'y joindre que volontairement et pour les 'vraies' raisons, au service de ce grand changement, de ce travail et de ce devenir, et pour apprendre à y collaborer consciemment... Ainsi cela peut aller beaucoup plus vite...

Mais il y a une échelle de gradation dans la qualité comme la source de ces engagements individuels, et il nous reste encore à découvrir, tant que Ta Volonté demeure sur Auroville, la nature d'un véritable processus de sélection – à découvrir comment le moins entraver Ton Action sur les consciences...

***7-1-1984, Auroville :**

G.M est reparti aujourd'hui ; c'était triste, pudique, et tendre aussi, et quelque chose en moi s'en va avec lui... Je n'ai pas senti le mouvement de l'accompagner à

l'aéroport, comme il me l'avait pourtant demandé – peut-être parce qu'il s'en va avec Shankar et Uma, et que ce départ s'inscrit d'après eux dans une « action » !

***8-1-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna, ce soir, a finalement parlé...

Douce Mère, est ce possible ?

Je redoute toujours l'exclusivisme, quel qu'il soit...

... La résistance est là où commence la perception de Ta Présence matérielle : là où les deux extrêmes se touchent...

***9-1-1984, Auroville :**

Il faut que Krishna et moi franchissions ce pas.

Il semble que notre lien soit un centre de travail, et qu'il s'y trouve un pouvoir de vérité, une dynamique du chemin.

Il ne faut pas que ce soit pour rien.

Peut-être est ce l'énormité de ce qui peut y être fait qui semble écrasante au petit bonhomme ; et je dors, ou bien je suis trop paresseux !

Mais je crois qu'il y a encore beaucoup à décanter pour que le sens même de la contradiction ne puisse plus interférer, comme il le fait encore... Il faut que nos perceptions deviennent très pures et très sûres, sinon ce n'est pas possible...

... Le travail en équipe, chaque matin à Matrimandir, est un rythme qui me convient bien...

Mais je ressens comme une médiocrité qui s'installe, généralement à Auroville, et se justifie elle-même...

... Today I read an article on American "gays"... I sometimes wish I was there; it might be simpler for me. But I am aware I am made to work on the deeper issue, and I just hope it may have some utility which my outer parts can neither appreciate nor value...

Et puis, probablement, l'esprit de ghetto... : je ressentirais cela comme un plus grand obstacle encore... !

***10-1-1984, Auroville :**

Un petit drame avec Ar. ce matin ; elle avait stupidement « décidé » de partir en voyage, par dépit de ne pas me trouver disponible à la relation qu'elle souhaite développer avec moi... Il a fallu un long moment pour la faire un peu rire, et qu'elle reconnaisse le fait... !

***11-1-1984, Auroville :**

Une bien curieuse expérience, très tôt ce matin, juste avant le réveil : j'attends d'être exécuté publiquement ; et les Auroviliens, eux, attendent d'y assister, le soir venu ; et, dans cette attente du spectacle, je suis aussi parmi eux, et je ressens leur gêne, leur malaise et leurs justifications... La décision de m'infliger la peine capitale est venue principalement par Andy, et personne ne semble vraiment réaliser que c'est un mensonge, sauf les Indiens, et parmi eux surtout K.T, qui insistent pour qu'Andy se désiste et fasse annuler la peine... J.C.L, mon ami, se trouve là aussi, prêt à m'aider, mais il ne comprend pas très bien de quoi il s'agit... Krishna est près de moi quand je parviens à ce moment de clarté où je sais que ce

n'est pas la mort vraie, et où je comprend que je vais lutter et refuser et les laisser tous à leur drame et m'en aller...

... Je dîne ce soir seul avec Barbara, qui veut savoir plus de l'histoire de mes premières années ici, ce qui s'était passé... Pas très agréable d'avoir encore à en parler...

... Une lettre de Diane, assez douce, mais toujours aussi évasive ; et j'ai de nouveau de l'appréhension : va t elle encore s'opposer à mon contact avec ma princesse ?

... C'est comme si je n'arrivais pas vraiment à passer de l'autre côté ; il y a comme une subtile mais constante allée et venue dans un espace intermédiaire, ou bien comme deux êtres, deux substances, deux états...

Pourtant je me sens « tenu » et j'en ai de la gratitude...

***12-1-1984, Auroville :**

Rien de clair...

Je redoute le retour de Diane : qu'elle ne puisse pas faire le mouvement d'ouverture qui me permette aussi d'être avec Auragni.

Ce soir, juste avant de nous séparer pour la nuit, Krishna a souligné pour moi ce que je dois changer de mon côté pour que ce soit possible avec Diane : cette position mentalisée qui en moi force la femme à se sentir « inférieure », misérable et pas aimée...

***13-1-1984, Auroville :**

Rétrospectivement toute cette période qui vient de s'écouler, pourtant habitée d'expériences qui ont été pour moi cruciales, semble si dure : durcie, déformée par la présence de l'ego... Le regard attrape surtout ce qui a menti, ce qui ne s'est pas donné, ce qui a prétendu, ou s'est dissimulé dans l'intensité, ou en a profité pour subsister sous d'autres formes...

***15-1-1984, Auroville :**

Barbara est venue, avec Akash, passer un long moment ; elle souhaitait parler de notre relation, de cette partie de moi qui rend difficile l'accomplissement toute relation ; parler aussi de Ruud et de la direction qu'il a prise sous l'influence de certains vieux disciples de l'Ashram qui prétendent se trouver au centre du Travail ; et du trouble qu'elle en ressent...

... L'Auroville extérieure et sociale, l'Auroville qui s'est déjà formée, pliée, fixée, m'apparaît si peu profonde, comme un luxe triste que rien ne justifie, une réalité d'emprunt – et pas l'expression de la naissance d'un être nouveau...

***16-1-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai la crève... Il y avait ce merveilleux brouillard après l'aurore ; une jeune Indienne dansait des figures dévotionnelles près de l'Urne, et c'était juste...

... Je suis comme fatigué, saturé de cette fameuse « vérité » que l'on prétend détenir ou avec laquelle on prétend être en rapport, ici...

Même, et peut-être surtout, avec Krishna... Depuis 14 ans qu'on marche ensemble, on n'a pas encore pu simplement avoir le geste de tendresse, d'affection détendue, donnée, qui correspond à ce que l'on éprouve vraiment... L' « Idéal », le « But », ont seulement pris la relève de l'ego... !

... Mais je sais bien que la seule contribution véritable que je puisse faire un jour, c'est de me laisser débarrasser une fois pour toutes de tout regard sur soi, de cette « self-consciousness »... Et d'être, et de rayonner...

***17-1-1984, Auroville :**

Piero nous a annoncé que « quelqu'un », qui souhaite rester anonyme, s'est engagé à financer la préparation et l'achat du globe de cristal pour la Chambre Intérieure...

... David M est ici depuis quelques jours, pour filmer...

... Je veux sortir de tous les plis, que tout s'étale et s'offre au toucher conscient de Ca...

... Je lis « The Lion of God », par Taylor Caldwell – l'histoire de Saint Paul – et cela m'intéresse; ces deux millénaires n'ont peut-être fait qu'amener les mêmes données à leur culminance terrestre, à ce point d'ouverture ou... d'éclatement, où une nouvelle évolution devient enfin possible...

***18-1-1984, Auroville :**

C'est une aube magique : la brume partout, lourde et tranquille, et Matrimandir un vaisseau construit par des mains et des cœurs invisibles, se déplaçant dans un milieu inconnu... Le silence...

... Je n'ai pas encore compris si le fait d'être aussi « climatique » dans mes états est une chose à combattre et rejeter... N'est-ce pas le corps de la terre, et les émotions de la terre ?

... Les journées sont trop courtes d'au moins une période, pour que la vie soit complète ; alors on bâcle tout, et c'est le mélange...

... Ar. est venue ce soir, à moitié pour se faire pardonner ses humeurs et à moitié pour m'en rendre responsable... !

***21-1-1984, Auroville :**

Comme chaque samedi soir après mon travail à la Cuisine, je me sens nauséux et fatigué, et je ne vois pas clairement pourquoi c'est ainsi, alors que le travail à Matrimandir me laisse toujours plein et concentré, dans un rythme entier...

***22-1-1984, Auroville :**

Les oiseaux sont dans tout le jardin, pleins d'énergie ; l'air est paisible et radieux ; tout est très calme, et je Te remercie , tout le temps, de cette atmosphère que Tu me donnes, que Tu m'aides à percevoir et, la percevant, à réaliser...

Il y a, constamment, comme le fil d'un devenir vrai et, ici et là, dans des mesures variables, un certain nombre de mouvements aveuglés, de rythmes faussés, d'énergies non offertes, qui recouvrent ou voilent ou tendent à déformer ou occulter la perception centrale...

Je continue ma lecture de « The Lion of God » ; je me débat un peu entre de forts courants d'émotion, car ce livre me touche profondément ; j'y retrouve un milieu d'expérience, avec ses contradictions familières, et le fait d'une certaine appartenance – ainsi d'être né le jour de Pâques... Et, à la lumière de cette quête, combien le mensonge de l'Eglise apparaît indécent... !

***23-1-1984, Auroville :**

Il faut que je me secoue de ces vertiges... C'est quand je perds confiance en ce qui m'arrive que je ne peux plus rien donner et que tout va de travers... C'est là en moi comme l'envers d'une capacité d'extase, qui creuse son lit de misère...

G.G m'a annoncé ce matin que Diane et Auragni sont arrivées à midi hier à l'aéroport, et qu'elles vont bien ; il se trouvait là pour accompagner Nadia qui s'en allait.

Viendront-elles aujourd'hui ? Je les attends !

... Je crois que Krishna veut s'en aller, et laisser la maison qu'il occupe à Anne, Sam et Benaur ; je crois qu'il aurait voulu une concentration exclusive, tous les deux, à laquelle je n'ai pas adhéré – ou bien dont je ne suis pas capable ?

Je ne crois pas à nos propres pressions, si « sincères » soient-elles...

... Les heures ont coulé comme u seul moment : un glaive qui fouille, une lame qui regarde, un feu qui veut prendre du plus profond, dans un milieu de calme presque... béatifique !

J'éprouve une intensité de quelque chose que j'ai envie de nommer « célébration », un flot qui monte immobile, qui est à la fois besoin et contact, et qui aime l'harmonie...

***24-1-1984, Auroville:**

Last night one of my dreams struck me as particularly meaningful: it is an intense encounter with a young Tamil man, land and cattle owner, and I am shaking him till it becomes a communication very deep and brotherly, sharing the experience of Your sweet Presence and of being Yours; and it felt like something really happened, and a fraternity in the love of You was born...

And I also dreamt of Diane and Auragni coming, Auragni playing with half constructed words with so much humour, such a droll energy, very strong, and Diane relaxed, more reposed, finer and freer...

***25-1-1984, Auroville:**

J'ai essayé tout l'après-midi de laisser couler, de diriger l'attention sur divers travaux ; mais à mesure que la journée passait sans aucun signe de Diane, les idées folles prenaient de la force – l'idée de prendre Auragni et de partir avec elle, n'importe où ; le temps nécessaire...

... Krishna a quitté sa maison ; il est venu me dire « au revoir », poussant son vélo avec ses affaires ; il m'a offert une cigarette, on s'est assis un moment dans le jardin ; je n'ai rien dit ; il a dit « je fais, c'est mieux que de dire ! »...

Je ne sais pas. Il me semble que c'est encore de l'égoïsme ; que s'il restait tranquille, ce serait peut-être plus réellement « héroïque »... !

***26-1-1984, Auroville :**

Une grande partie de la nuit, comme avec un cri de douleur, cette douleur impossible, insensée...

Que faire ? Partir marcher dans l'Inde, user tout ça dans la poussière de la marche ?

Je vais travailler au Matrimandir, il n'y a rien d'autre !

Enfin, il n'y a plus que le corps, comme un enfant dans les bras de la Matière.

... Ce matin, au travail, G.G me donne la confirmation d'un choc latent : sans que je lui aie rien demandé, il a dit à Diane hier (il va à Jaïma chaque jour) que cela me manquait de ne pas voir Auragni, à quoi Diane a répondu, durement, que je

« connaissais le chemin »... comme si elle pouvait prétendre oublier ce qui m'a été dit à « Jaïma », et ce qu'elle y a fait contre moi... Ainsi cette dureté est resurgie dès son retour, après et malgré toutes ces lettres qu'elle m'a écrites d'Australie...

... J'ai écrit un message que j'ai remis à G.G...

... Ar. est de nouveau comme une sœur, tendre, libre et légère, sans tirer, une présence harmonieuse qui comprend...

... Quant au départ de Krishna, lentement mes perceptions et impressions s'ordonnent et d'elles-mêmes révèlent une sorte de cohérence intérieure... Il y a une place où je suis libre et conscient face à Krishna, et il me semble pouvoir discerner des points où il se trompe encore lui-même, mais aussi comme il lui est difficile de ne plus le faire, quel courage lui est demandé – ou quelle paix lui manque encore pour... laisser faire !

***27-1-1984, Auroville :**

Avec le départ de Krishna, il y a une chute de niveau, comme un croc-en-jambe, et la sévère leçon de m'être laissé influencer, emporter, quand chacun ne fait finalement que protéger et sauvegarder ses propres intérêts...

Il est venu avec un chariot pour emporter ses outils et ses plantes, et c'était détendu, comme après l'orage ; il a pris le thé avec moi ; on a parlé de son nouvel endroit, près de « Forecomers » ; je lui ai doucement reproché de ne m'avoir donné aucune indication, à quoi il a répondu : « c'était plus spectaculaire... ! », et on a ri, puis je l'ai laissé parler et, l'écoutant, j'ai pu de mon côté faire la part des choses, comme on dit... Puis Ar. nous a rejoints, et c'est devenu fatigant, comme à chaque fois qu'il est en présence d'une femme...

Une sorte d'indifférence est venue en moi, et l'évaluation neutre de ce déplacement de forces et aussi de ce poids et cette pression constants que Krishna faisait peser sur moi tous ces temps derniers...

***28-1-1984, Auroville :**

Une longue partie de la nuit dernière s'est passée à rêver de ma petite fille... merveilleuse : elle mettait en scène pour moi, avec un tel humour profond de discernement actif, toutes les choses vues et entendues pendant ce voyage forcé, ainsi les choses enregistrées malgré elle à la télévision, mais pas refoulées – gardées, portées, mises à leur place... Oh, ma princesse... et son regard ! Et elle m'a demandé, avec ses mots hésitants de petit enfant, quelle est ma religion ; et je dis : « c'est toi ! » ; et elle m'a demandé si je voulais un million de dollars, et je lui dis : « oui, bien sûr ! », et on a ri, et elle est venue tout près de moi, pour qu'on s'embrasse...

Et j'ai dormi plus tard, jusque vers 7 heures, après beaucoup d'autres rêves ; c'est Barbara, venue sur une de ses « impulsions », qui m'a réveillé avec une tasse de thé bien chaud...

Alors, je suis allé ; et j'ai vu ma princesse !

Auragni est splendide ; elle a grandi, ses membres se sont déliés ; elle court et elle grimpe, pleine de joie et de cet humour à elle qui ne ressemble à aucun autre ; si belle, bronzée, ses yeux si clairs et si ouverts...

Quand je suis arrivé, elle sortait à peine du sommeil ; une seconde s'est passée : elle a regardé, attendu, est-ce que c'était pour de bon, solide, est-ce que ça ferait partie de la vie... ? Puis, un moment plus tard, j'ai senti que je pouvais l'approcher, et l'embrasser, et elle était contente...

Je sens de ne rien presser, de ne pas être une insistance, de laisser couler librement ; qu'Auragni peu à peu réalise que je suis là, quelque part pas loin, et bientôt elle saura où c'est et comment y aller aussi...

Diane semble être en bonne forme, avec l'énergie de quelqu'un qui revient d'une épreuve, et un sens de ses priorités ; une position acquise, tranquille aussi, attentive à garder son espace intérieur ; et déterminée à trouver un lieu de vie pour elle et Auragni, indépendant et de Jean et de moi, et dans une situation où elle pourra être elle-même – et c'est ce que je lui avais beaucoup souhaité...

Je réalise qu'il me faut laisser de côté pour le moment une certaine forme de besoin en ce qui concerne Auragni et moi... En même temps il me faut être très droit et attentif face à Diane et ne laisser aucune prise à sa perversion particulière – je ne veux plus héberger cette douleur...

Diane et Auragni ont établi quelque chose de beau et de fort entre elles et je le respecte ; et j'ai confiance en Diane comme mère...

***30-1-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai passé l'après-midi à « Jaïma » avec Diane et Auragni, parmi les autres enfants... Ma princesse s'est sentie plus libre de venir à moi ; et avec Diane, malgré cette extraordinaire ignorance de ma propre position et cet étalage de la sienne, il semble qu'une possibilité soit là...

***31-1-1984, Auroville:**

I must collect myself and re-centre from the whirl and turmoil I have been in.

Dés que l'on se met à dépendre des autres pour la joie d'être, on quitte la source, on quitte le courant, comme de l'eau qui se perd dans le sable et la poussière...

... Krishna est venu ; on a parlé longtemps de la présente tentative pour désigner un « gouvernement d'Auroville »... Tant qu'il y a en nous le goût du pouvoir, on ne peut pas atteindre à l'anarchie véritable, au gouvernement de chacun par la vraie Force ; et jusque là, le plus important, et le plus utile finalement, est de préserver une certaine fluidité derrière un semblant de cohérence...

Cette clarté qui soulage, que parfois lui et moi pouvons toucher ensemble...

... Coni et Luigi sont venus passer la soirée avec moi ; après un moment de malaise, je me suis décidé à leur parler franchement, honnêtement, et précisément aussi, de ce que je ressentais à leur égard, et envers chacun d'eux ; et je demandais en quelque sorte qu'on me montre ce qui est solide et ce qui ne l'est pas... Luigi a parlé ensuite, de ce qu'il croit être un problème commun à chacun de nous trois, mais qui est en fait sa propre impossibilité ou contradiction, dont je n'avais pas assez tenu compte sous la vague émotionnelle que la rencontre avec lui avait provoquée en moi. Et, comme par une eau froide et suffocante, j'ai été cloué par une sorte d'horreur devant cette condition où nous ne sommes plus que des impossibilités en présence les unes des autres, sans plus le moindre espace pour la rencontre gratuite, aimante et confiante... Un laboratoire constant avec pour seul espace viable un terrain dérisoire et transitoire de bonne volonté et de respect de la cohésion générale... J'ai été remis à ma place, seul. Et c'est bien...

... Je ne suis pas sûr que je sois prêt à être exclusivement un guerrier...

***Lettre à Krishna, Janvier, 1984 :**

« Tu es parti, une fois de plus. Il y a une différence, cependant : ce départ, tu l'as développé comme un mouvement inscrit, et moins comme une rupture.

De combien, pourtant, me rends-tu responsable encore ? Tu n'as pas regardé ta propre incapacité à saisir les proportions, et leurs relations entre elles ; il faut une soumission heureuse et offrante pour que la réalité des proportions soit perçue sans déformation et que l'expérience de l'Action soit transparente et libre d'interférence.

Tu m'as dit 'je fais, c'est mieux que dire...' et j'ignore ce que sont ce 'je' et ce 'fais' ; pourtant je t'ai seulement répondu 'je sais, mais...' ; oui, je savais que tu voudrais dire, et croire cela, et ça n'a pas vraiment d'importance, et cela peut être plus honnête que de prétendre que l'on obéit à l'impulsion vraie ; puis j'ai pensé 'as-tu besoin d'argent ?', mais je ne l'ai pas dit, par une sorte de respect dans le moment. 'Bon', et tu t'es levé, tu as marché jusqu'à ta bicyclette, que tu as poussée sur le chemin, ton corps en malaise, et luttant entre les formations auxquelles tu es le plus sensible, et je t'ai seulement regardé 'faire', regarder 'partir', calme et silencieux comme malgré moi, tenu par ce silence indéniable qui neutralise tous les drames et glace l'amorce de toute émotion connue...

Un regard qui oblige à grandir, impitoyable envers ce regret et cette blessure de ne plus être capable d'une affection ou d'une tendresse humaines... mais comme ce regard qui écarte les limites, une autre tendresse est là, prête à un autre devenir, une tendresse qui comprend et sourit, libre et forte – mais une tendresse qui ne tire pas, ne demande pas, et n'ajoute rien.

Par ce regard et cette tendresse, pourtant, on ne peut pas fabriquer une autre personne, un autre 'je', n'oublie pas cela. Ils sont. Et ce qui EST ne peut entrer dans aucun 'je', jamais. N'est ce pas là l'une des lois du nouveau monde ?

Et cette nuit-là, comme l'aspiration d'un vide et d'un manque m'a rappelé d'un flot de rêves dans une veille terrible, centrée d'une douleur sans nom, profonde sans mesure, d'où, lentement et par leur propre intensité des larmes sont montées, qu'aucune émotion ne pouvait satisfaire, un cri qui pouvait hurler au vide mais ne demandait rien et se retenait de peur qu'on ne veuille lui donner la vieille insuffisance.

Ce n'est que beaucoup plus tard que seul mon corps a su me ramener au repos, cet enfant qui sait retrouver les bras de la Matière.

Tout m'est arrivé ensemble, c'est vrai. Comme trois visages de ce NON qui poussa sa volonté implacable, alors qu'un OUI m'environne, m'enveloppe, me soutient et me nourrit, et d'un sourire me pousse où j'hésite, et je saute, et c'est fini.

Mais ce n'est pas fini. Pas encore.

Ou peut-être ça l'est, et j'insiste encore que rien ne peut remplacer ma fille, et sa lumière auprès de moi, comme rien ne peut remplacer l'étreinte de mon ami, comme rien ne peut remplacer la force et l'étendue d'expérience de ta présence unie à la mienne.

Et c'est vrai. Rien ne peut les remplacer.

Et si Toi, Seigneur, aussi, Tu es exclusif, alors je ne veux pas de Toi, ni d'aucun de Tes mondes, passés, présents ou à venir. Et n'en voudrai jamais.

Mais si Tu es, Toi, dans chacune de ces possibilités, si je peux T'y retrouver, Toi unique, Toi changé et Toi le Même au fond de chaque expérience et si Tu peux m'y reprendre et m'y rendre à Toi toujours plus libre et plus plein de Toi, plus Ta chose et Ta découverte, alors oui, oui...

Oui toujours, et tout ce qui me mène à la capacité de vivre ça, de contenir ça, toutes les attentes et toutes les brûlures et toutes les apparentes destructions, si elles servent ce sens-là, oui, oui...

Divakar. »

***1-2-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai passé deux heures cet après-midi à « Jaïma » avec Diane et Auragni, un peu à l'écart des autres, Auragni dans mes bras, tranquille, et Diane semblant l'accepter... Puis je suis allé à Pondy faire les courses pour ici et pour elles deux et, à la nuit tombante, je suis retourné à « Jaïma » pour y déposer les choses... Auragni avait dû sentir que c'était moi et elle m'attendait en silence devant la porte de leur cuisine ; je suis resté avec elles deux pour le bain d'Auragni...

Je suis heureux ce soir, Douce Mère !

Auragni me comble.

Et, avec Diane, il semble que cela puisse être bien, vrai... doucement...

Et il y a en même temps cette tristesse ou ce remords, d'avoir été ce que j'ai été...

Et une détente. Et je remercie.

Cela me donne aussi l'indice de la dimension de Ton Amour, que Tu m'aies gardé ici malgré tout, que Tu m'aies protégé...

Comme si Tu me disais à nouveau : « Oui, tu m'appartiens ! »

Et j'ai envie de poser ma tête sur Tes genoux, avec Auragni, devant Toi, et Diane et ceux que j'aime...

***2-2-1984, Auroville :**

Ce matin nous avons un coulage de béton au Matrimandir. Ca s'est bien passé.

Une heure avant la fin, Diane est venue avec Auragni, regarder... Barbara les a rejointes... J'ai pu jouer avec Auragni dans le sable, après, un moment...

... Quelque chose se passe qui est une joie et un éclaircissement et un progrès de chacun – et peut-être l'acceptation active d'un état où tout doit pouvoir trouver son rythme ; mais il y a aussi la crainte encore, de mouvements qui pourraient gêner, voiler, repousser...

***3-2-1984, Auroville :**

Quand je suis rentré du travail j'ai trouvé Krishna ici ; il est resté jusque tard ce soir, très tendre et simple... Il a même attendu que je revienne de voir, avec Barbara et Akash, le film de David M, « l'Aventure de la Conscience » - un travail médiocre, peu gracieux, et insipide ; c'était désolant, et même les voix étaient trop bêtes !

Reçu une lettre de G.M...

***4-2-1984, Auroville:**

There was this dream in the middle of the others, that was more charged: I somehow know where You are being "kept", and how the protection works and functions, but I know too that I cannot insist on being near You, as others would then get to know and it would inevitably start the power race again; I know the only way open is to surrender to the Lord and to trust that He will arrange everything, because He has His plans for me and, whatever they are, they are the way for me...

... Diane ne m'a pas attendu aujourd'hui; elle et Auragni étaient déjà parties "se promener en ville" quand je suis arrivé... Tout cela me soucie... Je ne suis pas sûr.

Douce Mère, quel est le mieux, de Ton point de vue ?

Cela dépend tellement, il me semble, de ce que Diane est prête à inclure dans son expérience...

J'ai vu qu'Auragni, dès qu'elle réalise pleinement que je suis là, physiquement là, a le mouvement de se placer entre Diane et moi et de nous vouloir l'un près de l'autre ; c'est sans aucun équivoque !

Or cela pose un problème à Diane... Moi, je crois que c'est possible, si Diane peut établir son propre terrain indépendant de vie et d'expérience...

***6-2-1984, Auroville :**

Dom est arrivée hier soir – Krishna m'avait demandé de l'héberger -, chargée de cadeaux somptueux pour Krishna – même un petit orgue électronique !

L'atmosphère s'en est trouvée très dérangée ; il a beaucoup plus, aussi... J'ai à peine dormi...

Ce matin elle m'a parlé longtemps de ses projets en informatique, de manière lucide et intelligente. Elle m'a apporté une autre lettre de G.M, qui m'a beaucoup touché...

Je suis allé sous la pluie voir Krishna, à « Forecomers » ; il y a comme une barrière qui est tombée, ou une ombre, et une violence : je le sens plus nu, plus jeune aussi, plus immédiat, et c'est en moi un mouvement de tranquille et intense tendresse ; une tension s'est dissoute.

On s'est promenés sur « son terrain » au bord des canyons, et la Force coulait, et cette tendresse en était lumineuse ; il n'y avait plus besoin de rien...

Plus tard il a choisi de ne pas venir voir Dom ici ; j'ai dû alors être attentif à rester neutre, à ne pas interférer, et il m'a donné pour elle le message qu'il n'était plus le même, que son regard et son besoin étaient autres... Je l'ai transmis à Dom le plus impersonnellement possible et, devant sa réponse, j'ai pu mieux encore apprécier sa qualité d'être... Elle a tout rangé soigneusement ; puis elle a décidé de vendre l'orgue et d'en remettre l'argent à Krishna, qui en aura effectivement besoin...

***7-2-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai passé l'après-midi à « Jaïma » ; Diane et Auragni sont toutes deux fiévreuses. Le dialogue ouvert avec Diane n'est guère possible, mais elle m'a laissé comprendre qu'elle était contente de mes visites et attendait que je revienne ; elle a parlé un peu de ce qu'elle souhaite pour Auroville...

Envers Auragni, il y a encore cette appréhension en moi, parce que je n'ai pas été une présence constante pendant presque une année entière ; et quand je la retrouve il faut un moment pour que l'élan spontané redevienne possible et qu'elle revienne dans mes bras, et que je puisse me laisser aller à la confiance...

... Vers 17 heures, Nolini a quitté son corps...

***8-2-1984, Auroville :**

Je suis retourné à « Jaïma » cet après-midi ; Diane et Auragni m'attendaient, et Diane a souhaité que je les emmène à Pondy faire des courses... On s'est promenés tous les trois ; on a choisi des livres d'images avec Auragni ; on a mangé ensemble : c'était doux, et Diane semblait heureuse...

A la nuit tombée, nous sommes allés ensemble voir Nolini : son corps était allongé dans la salle de méditation, presque au seuil de sa propre chambre ; c'était très simple et très paisible ; il y avait le sens fraternel d'un être qui est allé au maximum de sa participation sur Ton chemin, avec le corps...

... De retour ici, je vois que Dom a emporté toutes ses affaires...

... Mère, je veux devenir comme une éponge pour Toi, pour ce que Tu veux...

***9-2-1984, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui la fête de Diane ; je suis retourné à Pondy pour lui choisir quelques présents... J'avais pensé les lui porter en fin de journée – qu'alors les « invités » seraient repartis... Je suis donc arrivé à « Jaïma » vers 17 heures 30, et c'était le plus mauvais moment possible : les « amis » de Diane commençaient seulement d'arriver... !

Diane semblait mal à l'aise, et Auragni avait une petite figure triste... Heureusement pour moi Arjun était là et cela m'a aidé à passer les premiers moments ; puis P.P est arrivé et m'a délibérément ignoré, et les autres derrière lui ont fait de même, et c'est devenu bien pénible ; une atmosphère creuse, sauvée juste par les enfants... J'ai vu qu'Arjun aussi était inconfortable... Plus tard je suis allé trouver Diane un instant dans sa hutte pour lui remettre ses cadeaux, qu'elle regarda à peine ; et là, Auragni a voulu venir dans mes bras...

C'est cela qui est douloureux, une peine dans mon cœur : de ne pas être capable pour elle de passer indemne entre les formations des autres et d'être là pour elle, libre de tout ça...

Puis, Arjun me dit qu'il s'en allait ; et il n'y avait plus personne de proche pour moi...

Alors que j'allais partir à mon tour, Auragni s'est mise à courir vers moi : si petite, si minuscule et si belle, mon amour...

Aurassi l'a rappelée ; Auragni est restée plantée là sur le chemin, ne sachant plus de quel côté courir ; Aurassi l'a reprise...

... Je ne suis pas encore assez droit, ni assez simple...

... Ce soir Barbara est venue dîner avec moi, et c'était une autre incompréhension, avec son reproche de ne plus lui être disponible...

Tout est si mélangé et la plus grande part de ce qui se passe entre les êtres humains semble se réduire à une sorte d'anthropophagie mutuelle – et je ne m'exclue pas de la chaîne misérable... !

C'est cette peine d'être si peu, et si mal, ce que je devrais être pour ma petite Auragni, qui est dure ; car je ne sais pas si le temps me sera donné de faire le progrès nécessaire...

***10-2-1984, Auroville :**

L'avalanche noire...

Après la matinée de travail à Matrimandir j'ai trouvé, déposé dans la boîte de la Cuisine, un message de Diane : le masque, la division.

Son message est sans surprise : elle ne veut plus me voir ; elle ne veut plus de contact avec moi, ni qu'Auragni ait de contact avec moi ; elle s'assume entièrement, et c'est là son expérience et il n'y a pas de discussion possible...

Le pavé dans la poitrine, le trou qui s'ouvre béant ; c'est l'effacement du chemin...

... Je me suis accroché à l'immobilité au-dedans.

Puis j'ai écrit une réponse : de ne pas mentir ; que je savais bien que ces mots étaient déjà là, tapis, en attente ; mais que si elle veut s'assumer et assumer Auragni elle doit nécessairement assumer le fait qu'Auragni a aussi un père ; que je l'ai beaucoup mais ne veux rien d'elle et que je viendrai demain... J'ai demandé à G.G de porter ce message...

... Je me suis reposé.

Ar. est venue me tenir compagnie, doucement, avec une compréhension tranquille et disponible...

Et puis Dom est venue ; et c'était un autre masque, si faux et tordu que c'en était à la fois ridicule et effrayant ; elle venait me demander de leur donner, à elle et Krishna, tout l'argent que je pouvais afin qu'ils puissent partir ensemble « se reposer »... Quand je lui ai répondu qu'à mon sens, si c'était aussi clair qu'elle le disait, Krishna serait venu lui-même, elle m'a déclaré qu'elle et Krishna, c'était la même chose... !

C'était pathétique, et dangereux... Elle était rigide, grise...

Je ne veux plus du drame, de la grimace, de la misère...

... Ar. et Barbara sont revenues me raconter comment s'était passée la réunion générale pour l'élection du « nouveau gouvernement'... A peine 90 listes ont été reçues – à peine le tiers de la population adulte – et c'était sans joie... Les 12 élus sont : Andy, Deepti, Al.B, Chr., Al.M, Prem, Piero, Fred, M.T, Toine, Sanjeev et Bill S, et les 3 secrétaires proposées, ironie des choses, sont Myrtle, Barbara et Diane... !

... Si j'ai assez de joie en moi pour le faire, j'irai demain à « Jaïma », et advienne que pourra...

Si Diane obtient des gens de « Jaïma » qu'ils s'opposent à moi, ce sera la solidarité des faibles et des menteurs, et je lutterai, même si je suis tout seul...

Je refuse d'avoir aidé à la venue au monde d'Auragni pour laisser maintenant cette division se poser sur sa vie...

... Que je doive être seul, je l'accepte ; ainsi que la concentration particulière qui m'est demandée, et la distance par rapport à toute relation humaine... Mais au moins qu'Auragni sache que je suis là, et puisse librement être près de moi ; qu'elle puisse sentir que je l'aime ; et qu'il y ait de l'amitié avec Diane...

***11-2-1984, Auroville :**

Pendant mon tour de cuisine ce matin j'ai appris la mort d'Andropov, le 9, ce jeudi dernier...

... Vers 14 heures je suis parti à « Jaïma ».

Quand j'y suis arrivé, tout semblait tranquille ; j'entendais des voix dans la hutte de Diane ; je suis entré.

Diane était assise, Auragni dans ses bras ; d'autres enfants étaient là, et Guy, qui s'est tourné vers moi et m'a dit qu'Auragni venait juste de tomber, à la renverse, de la hauteur de l'échelle de bambou qui mène à leur chambre ; qu'elle n'avait pas de mal, mais était encore sous le choc...

Je me suis assis près d'elles et j'ai tenu les petits pieds de ma princesse ; et je sentais comment Diane interprétait tout ça : la logique... C'était terrible...

Pourtant, il y avait une tranquillité en moi, et je sentais que c'est justement la division qui permet ce jeu de forces et nous ouvre au désordre et à la misère...

Mais pour Diane, c'était noué. Elle s'est levée et a emporté Auragni dans leur chambre, pour l'éloigner de moi...

Je suis resté assis en bas.

Après un moment, Auragni s'est mise à pleurer très fort, et cela durait, durait...

Il m'a fallu choisir, seul.

Ou bien j'acceptais cette logique et je m'en allais et tout était perdu.

Ou bien je me donnais à un mouvement actif de confiance.

Je suis monté les rejoindre.

Diane a résisté ; elle m'a dit : « je t'ai dit que je ne voulais plus que tu aies de contact, que tu viennes... ! »

Je lui ai répondu : « ce n'est simplement pas possible ; ce n'est pas vrai. »

Auragni s'est calmée tout de suite, et vite endormie...

Et nous sommes restés là, en silence, près d'une heure, et j'ai senti cette tranquillité qui demeurerait...

Puis l'impression m'est venue que nous affirmions chacun dans le silence des directions opposées ou incompatibles, comme si Diane me donnait un rôle, terrible...

Puis j'ai éprouvé le besoin d'accepter toute la question qui se posait, et de comprendre le point de vue de Diane aussi... Nous ne vivons plus ensemble ; quand nous vivions ensemble, il y avait justement un jeu de forces trop intense. Dans les conditions présentes, est-il vraiment souhaitable pour Auragni que je ne fasse qu'apparaître une heure ou deux, une présence qui la touche profondément mais qui reste extérieure aux rythmes de sa vie d'enfant ? Et pour Diane, n'est-ce pas trop difficile d'avoir à assumer à la fois une solitude de fait et tout ce que ma présence – momentanée – suscite encore en elle ?

Auragni s'est réveillée, calme et reposée...

J'ai demandé à Diane de réfléchir pour qu'on trouve une solution qui ne soit pas ce mensonge de la division et de la séparation...

Puis on est redescendu, pour qu'Auragni mange quelque chose ; on a rejoint les autres autour du thé de l'après-midi et, petit à petit tout est redevenu simple ; Auragni s'est remise à jouer, à courir, et à rire, et à venir dans mes bras... Diane s'est adoucie de nouveau...

La journée s'est écoulée.

Au moment de les quitter, à la tombée de la nuit, Diane est venue près de moi ; Auragni était toute calme et toute tendre ; Diane m'a rappelé combien ce jeu de forces la dérangeait et la mettait en tension, comme lorsque j'étais venu, le jour de sa fête, juste au moment où tout le monde arrivait... Je lui ai dit comme j'en avais eu de la peine, et lui ai demandé d'avoir confiance... Auragni a pleuré un peu...

... Je ne sais pas... Qu'est-ce qui est le mieux ?

***13-2-1984, Auroville :**

Diane est venue avec Auragni au Banyan ce matin ; je les ai entendues arriver depuis la structure, et les ai rejointes ; c'était très doux...

Il semble qu'une grande hutte doive bientôt se libérer à « Aspiration », et Diane envisage ce changement avec soulagement, d'autant plus que Jean doit rentrer dans quelques jours...

***14-2-1984, Auroville :**

Le temps est étrange : venteux, et il y a comme de la bruine...

Beaucoup d'énergie, mais trop extériorisée...

Sam est venu me trouver, pour qu'on voie ensemble le travail à faire autour de « sa » maison ; un contact calme et honnête, je l'aime bien...

Ces jours ci, A.A écoute presque sans cesse de la musique « disco » ou je ne sais quoi, ces rythmes qui résonnent dans le ventre, comme un poison qui intervient dans l'atmosphère, et ça me met un peu en colère : un gâchis, une inconscience gentille et satisfaite...

***15-2-1984, Auroville:**

Among the dozens of dreams, there was one again where I felt sorrow: I have to fight an enraged bull, and to break its horns in place, to make them loose, and it bleeds a lot on my right hand and I run out in the street at night to wash it in the gutter and I am crying, crying...

And later, or was it before – it came back as I pulled the thread – I have to find a job in the crowd, and start all over again from that angle; I have to be humble and put forward actively, willingly, and enduringly, what I can give, offer, contribute, in any smallest way I can...

It has rained most of the night, windy and cold; and it is still drizzling: an almost British February...!

Hier j'étais arrivée à « Jaïma » trop tard, Diane était déjà partie je ne sais où... Et aujourd'hui, quand je suis arrivé au début de l'après-midi, j'ai trouvé Thierry en bas qui m'a d'abord dit que Diane était sortie – mais je venais de voir sa moto sous l'abri - ; puis, qu'elle avait dit qu'elle ne voulait plus me voir, et qu' « eux » non plus ne voulaient plus me voir, que je ne devais plus venir...

Je suis revenu ici. C'est dégoûtant.

Je soupçonne que Diane est allée à « Aspiration » à propos de la hutte, et qu'il lui a été dit, ou bien qu'elle a senti, que ma présence, ou mes visites, lui rendraient les choses difficiles...

Je suis fatigué d'elle... C'est comme si elle préférerait sa « carrière » à l'honnêteté...

Je suis fatigué de m'astreindre à la gentillesse et la patience, quand elle-même ne cesse de se plaindre de ceci ou cela, d'un tel ou d'une telle...

Il y a quelque chose de si tordu derrière ce masque qui a l'image d'Auroville...

... Toute la vie s'assombrit ; tout est faux ; c'est ce vieux sens de malédiction qui revient, comme une ombre rampante...

Et cette question douloureuse : pourquoi la mère de mon enfant est elle une personne qui accepte une telle malhonnêteté, une telle fausseté au-dedans d'elle ?

... Barbara est venue avec Akash, et j'étais content de leur compagnie. Puis elle a préparé le dîner pour Arjun, qui est arrivé vers 19 heures, et resté jusque tard... Je l'aime beaucoup ; il parle et parle, mais c'est droit et, derrière, juste en arrière, ça communique et c'est de l'amitié...

***16-2-1984, Auroville :**

Il pleut, il pleut...

Longtemps après le lever du jour j'ai regardé, et laissé s'exprimer en moi différents mouvements, et aucun ne menait nulle part. Aucun n'avait le pouvoir de changer cette impossibilité qui m'est jetée, encore et encore... Et rien ne peut m'en livrer le pourquoi...

Et rien ne justifie cette division, cette marque affreuse qui s'imprime sur la vie de mon enfant...

Rien ne me dit pourquoi l'amitié n'est pas acceptable, rien ne me dit pourquoi Auragni ne peut pas connaître et aimer son père et être connue et aimée de lui...

L'attachement de Diane à une certaine sanction sociale d'Auroville, et presque une sanction « théologique », ne peut justifier en soi son choix de la division, face à l'amour qu'elle prétend porter à Auragni...

Alors, qui ment ? Et où est la force de vérité ?

Et je tourne, et tourne en rond...

Quelles sont les alternatives ? Un acte violent ? Prendre Auragni et lutter ? Partir avec elle ? La patience et la compassion d'un saint ? Le repli derrière un mur d'indifférence volontaire... ?

Offrir en restant tranquille, je l'ai fait.

Offrir en persévérant dans l'action, je l'ai fait...

Je n'arrive pas à prendre tout ce qui arrive comme « tout ce que Tu veux... » ; je ne suis pas là où cela a un sens absolu, où c'est la seule vérité ; je ne peux pas prétendre être là...

Mais enfin, il semble bien en fait que je n'ai pas d'autre choix que de faire confiance, de laisser être, et de laisser les choses suivre leur cours... comme Tu voudras... ou comme Tu pourras... ?

Et que l'amour vrai en moi devienne plus vivant et plus tangible... !

... Il a plu toute la journée : une mystérieuse abondance qui ébahit tout le monde. Les villageois disent que ce n'est pas arrivé depuis un siècle ; dans tout le Sud il semble que beaucoup de récoltes ont pourri... Mais il y a ce sourire, ce haussement d'épaules, un humour qui survit à tout... : la misère ne se compte plus !

... Je m'astreins à lire des nouvelles de D.H Lawrence, qui est un réel écrivain ; magicien, il révèle comme un glaive tout le domaine contradictoire des instincts et des émotions qui, juste sous la surface, déterminent la plus grande part de la vie et de l'expérience humaines...

Parallèle à cette lecture, la perception du monde que Tu es venue ouvrir et manifester, inconnu des hommes, et seulement reconnu par ceux dont l'âme, par quelque Grâce suprême, y a été baptisée...

... Demain j'enverrai une lettre à Diane et une autre à Thierry ; je les ai relues : elles sont directes et sans drame. Je Te les offre et j'essaierai d'accepter le résultat, quel qu'il soit...

***17-2-1984, Auroville :**

Je T'en prie de tout mon cœur, fais que ma petite fille ait tout ce qu'il lui faut, en Toi, pour Toi, qu'elle ait tout l'amour nécessaire et ne connaisse jamais la trahison...
Mère, accepte ma prière... !

***19-2-1984, Auroville :**

Dayini est passée un moment, avec Jyotis, et m'a raconté comment Aurassi, la fille aînée de Diane, m'avait menti à la demande de Diane qui se cachait quand j'étais venu l'autre jour porter leurs courses... Instantanément est venue en moi une colère froide, libérée ; comme un rétablissement s'est opéré, et j'ai vu qu'il n'y avait plus rien à couvrir, à pardonner, à accepter, à « comprendre » ; j'ai vu aussi que je ne voulais pas que ma fille apprenne à mentir, comme Aurassi l'a appris de Diane...

J'ai été libéré de Diane... !

... J'ai dîné à la Cuisine ; le bruit, la désharmonie grinçante, des corps et des visages sans lumière, des langues qui s'agitent sans contrôle, des yeux vides... juste 3 ou 4 êtres dans une pièce pleine d'humanité : c'est la Cuisine du Centre d'Auroville !

***21-2-1984, Auroville:**

An odd night, with much energy; for about two hours, I was gathering myself inwardly, in a concentration on You, and there was the feeling that, at such moment, one could die "well", and one would know directly where to go...!

... Je suis allé à l'amphithéâtre vers 5 heures 30: les enfants très agités, et tous les chiens aboyaient... Des visiteurs bavards et se moquant du jargon spirituel d'Auroville ; une sorte de malveillance banalisée... et tout le monde, ou presque, se tenait loin du Feu... Rien ne semble jamais vraiment offert !

... J'ai trouvé une réponse de Thierry qui m'attendait : une curieuse lettre, assez droite et, en même temps, très morale. Il m'y dit que mon insistance ne ferait qu'aggraver la désharmonie, qu'il n'a rien contre moi mais me conseille de laisser Diane et Auragni tranquilles, que s'il y a une vérité dans notre « union », les circonstances la révéleront ; et qu'il y a tout de même un grand nombre de personnes qui ne trouvent pas mon contact favorable et que je devrais me poser des questions...

Je lui ai répondu tout de suite une note brève que j'ai laissée dans le cahier du messenger, lui disant que j'appréciais sa réponse, et qu'il soit bien sûr que je me pose toutes les questions depuis longtemps, et qu'il ne s'agit pas de mon « union » avec Diane mais du choix qu'elle fait de poser cette division sur la vie d'Auragni...

... Je dois mettre cote à cote certaines données : ces gens qui me condamnent sont souvent – ou toujours ? – des gens représentatifs d'attitudes humaines et sociales avec lesquelles j'aurais des difficultés n'importe où ailleurs...

La futilité et l'absurdité de certains exercices m'apparaît plus clairement : beaucoup semblent croire que, du seul fait d'être à Auroville, d'être appelé « Aurovilien », on est passé au-delà des difficultés ordinaires, on est nécessairement dans une certaine vérité et tous nos mouvements bénéficient du 'cachet', de la couleur et de la sanction de cette vérité...

Mais la réalité ne correspond pas ! Comme dans toute société « ordinaire », il y a des gens détestables, il y a des salauds, des réactionnaires, des moralistes, il y a toutes les formes de la satisfaction de soi, tous les fanatismes, tous les exclusivismes... Le changement réel n'est pas accompli, et le plus on y prétend, et le moins vite il peut se faire...

Ainsi la loi, ici comme ailleurs, demeure la même : en soi-même individuellement, accéder à une condition libre de toute division, de toute dureté, et de tout masque : se défaire de l'ego...

Ce que je dois endurer, je l'endurerai... On verra !

***22-2-1984, Auroville :**

Ce matin on s'est aperçus que j'avais fixé un coffrage dans une mauvaise position hier... ; il y a des moments où je ne vois pas, où je vais trop vite, et c'est par négligence : c'est une insincérité. Jeevan (le nouveau nom de R) est très bon pour appuyer juste là et me secouer de mes « gravités »... !

... Parallèlement à cette question de lutte d'influences, je me trouve devant le mystère de ce qui semble être comme des « races » différentes dans l'humanité... ;

pas seulement ce qui pourrait être une « race » centrée dans le psychique par opposition au reste qui ne l'est pas...

Par exemple, je ressens cette sorte d'indifférence, d'incommunicabilité d'« espèces », avec Diane ! Comme si elle obéissait à d'autres lois et se référait à d'autres sources... J'ai l'expérience de son contact personnel, unique et spécifique, avec Ca, mais je n'ai pas l'expérience de son origine...

Et ce qui, à mon sens, est « faux » en elle ne l'est peut-être pas dans l'absolu, puisque de son côté c'est justement ce par quoi elle communique avec un certain nombre d'êtres envers lesquels j'éprouve précisément la même difficulté ou la même réticence et, réciproquement, qui ont en commun à mon égard le même jugement, presque tacite...

... A l'intérieur de l'expérience d'Auroville, ces différences qui semblent si profondes, si résistantes, portent une sorte d'angoisse, le sens d'une terrible impasse...

... Toi seule a pu Te tenir et T'incarner là où toutes ces races, ou ces espèces, ou ces « familles d'êtres », pouvaient trouver leur « signe de Passage »...

Mais, là où nous sommes encore, que pouvons-nous faire ?

***23-2-1984, Auroville :**

C'est drôle, je commence à me sentir plus joyeux, plus confiant, plus centré aussi...

... Il faut beaucoup de temps dans le corps, il faut que cette vie soit très longue, et y devenir toujours plus jeune et plus malléable à Ta Conscience, plus responsable... et apprendre à s'y immerger...

Il n'y a pas de « but », pas de « réalisation », pas de « salut », pas de « solution »...

Il n'y a que Toi ; et Ton besoin d'être.

Et tout ce qui se prétend autre chose que cela ne produit et perpétue que la misère...

***24-2-1984, Auroville:**

I had a particularly interesting activity for a large part of last night: I was meeting as if an entire people, with whom the contact became very strong; there were very complex developments; this people lives in, or serves in, or belongs to a very special place that cannot be reached by any normal means: one must be given certain clues to reach a position which allows for the passage to be done... It is a place that stands on the other side of sound – or is separated from here by a reversal of sound... (There is a gesture like making sand run into a groove with one's fingers). And on the other side is this people and there are tests and initiating events and moments... From there one could, with just a single movement of knocking, create an explosion of sound upon earth that would be more shattering than the explosion of a nuclear bomb...

... A l'aube, et jusque vers 7 heures, il y avait une épaisse nappe de brume, c'était merveilleux... Chaque année la terre d'Auroville change un peu plus ; l'herbe est plus drue, on ne distingue presque plus le sol rouge de latérite, et la vie végétale et animale s'établit avec tous ses rythmes qui se superposent et s'entremêlent...

... Barbara est venue ; Ar. est venue... Ce doit être une expression de Ton humour... Mais j'ai une belle amitié pour chacune d'elles, et il est vrai que cela rend la vie plus douce... !

... Barbara me raconte la réunion générale, qui a duré jusque tard... Il a été question de drogues, encore ; une atmosphère s'est répandue, qui n'est pas bonne : la drogue, l'alcool, l'argent... De plus en plus de « Trusts » sont formés,

avec l'intention professée de parvenir à couvrir les besoins de chacun à travers une activité « officielle », et c'est comme une insincérité qui se banalise, et s'installe hors de question...

***26-2-1984, Auroville:**

In the middle of the night, after a series of movemented dreams – like adventures out of a novel –, I woke up rather suddenly with this unbearable pain of the separation from Auragni... And I realised that I am now stuck for another reason: when I feel no respect or no friendship for Diane, how can I go there at all? Auragni will feel it and it will affect her and she will not understand: I cannot inflict that on her!

... Barbara me dit ce matin qu'elle a contemplé sérieusement la possibilité de venir vivre ici avec moi... ! Je lui ai expliqué pourquoi et comment il était préférable de ne pas le faire, et qu'il me fallait rester seul...

... Il m'est souvent montré, ces temps ci, que rien n'est jamais si « grave » qu'on ne puisse en rire ; ou que, si l'on ne peut plus rire, c'est qu'on a laissé trop longtemps s'installer une forme d'insincérité...

... C'est comme on dit : si Tu me donnes ne serait ce qu'un peu de l'ourlet de Ta robe à tenir, rien d'autre n'a vraiment d'importance, ni pratiquement, ni ultimement... !

***27-2-1984, Auroville:**

I had a very strong and very interesting dream-experience last night. It lasted long, and I could remember all of it; it was all about Nolini: he has died, and people prepare him for burial; I am somehow there, and I find that, in all this whiteness and devotion, the seat that was meant for him is covered with layers and layers of cow-dung, which I begin hesitantly to scrape away with my hands, even though it will not be used anymore; then, as no one interferes, I do it thoroughly till it is all clean and bare and simple; meanwhile people have got their attention elsewhere and I find myself alone near Nolini's body, which they have left ready for burial: they have done a strange thing, they have plastered it over with a cast, and it is still hot when they lower the body; and, from the ground, a liquid spills over, thick brown, again like hot cow-dung, and this causes a reaction with the plaster of the cast... All through that, for some mysterious reason, I seem to be the only one to be so close to his body, watching and caring... His body begins to writhe, and it has tremors, and starts; then it becomes frantic, and the limbs are bending in sheer agony, and the plaster is melting; it is all impossible to behold, and still I am alone... I move around in that sort of pit he is laid in, in the midst of all this whiteness, and I face him; and I begin to be able to realise that he is truly coming back from death, in a terrible, horrible pain and condition, and I cease being merely watching and impressed; I begin to have trust and to participate... I look for help... He, his body, is slowly, out of this total agony, gathering into a sort of sitting position... And still no one is paying attention; but now I do not want to call any one of those who have been there; I look for... brothers...! And, at a distance, apparently unconcerned yet very present, I see F.Ga; relieved, I call him at once, and I realise that he has been posted there, is if he had known what to expect... By that time, Nolini is out of his metamorphosis, truly and really a biological one, with all its un-romantic ugliness and pure, terrible pain... Nolini stands up and, somehow at the same time and in the same movement, the three of us are away into the streets, towards a house where he could rest, protected... We are in a very special

atmosphere and I cannot see anybody around, although we must have passed many people; I am completely into his presence, into the joy of it... He is, now, a man of thirty-five or so, that is, a young but ripe man, a kind of permanent age... He is totally himself, with his own charm and beauty, discreet, firm and whole. He is, it seems, totally human and yet, within that bare simplicity, one knows immediately that it is all cleared, all one, all whole, with NO possibility of relapse, of corruption, of mixture... It is there immediate, simple, extremely close and friendly, yet absolutely itself, and clear; full of energy, humble, joyful, and sure, sure, conscious of That: no ego, and yet an individual instrument, conscious... I can't help hugging him, kissing and embracing him, laughing and crying at the same time, because of that pain he's been through; and he answers me, like a man cleansed by a potent waterfall, that this pain has been One pain all along, his share One process all along, One offering, One necessity all along... And he says that so quietly, from such a depth of commitment, simplicity and sincerity... and with that calm tenderness and brotherliness of his...

Then the experience takes on a slightly different character... We go into an apartment, with several rooms; I am not very happy about the place; it is not clean enough, nor is there the sort of harmony I would have endeavoured to make ready for him... But I find that, besides F.Ga, there is also Subir, and that, somehow, they are on a ready, tacit agreement with Nolini about it all, on how it can and must be for the time being, given certain conditions of which I am not aware... In effect I seem to have happened to be there, almost as if by accident, or due to some sort of different determinism which, in Nolini himself, felt normal and at its place but, otherwise, feels a little dissociated... Later there is a moment when Subir comments on my not knowing how to do certain basic things that they know, not knowing how to pray... He says this with his usual humorous and lazy drawl, referring to a gesture of bending back one's fingers with a certain rhythm and pace, a sort of mantric prayer, or mudra... I have an impulse to react and stand away, but I surrender some resistance and let Subir hold my hands while telling him "yes, I know nothing at all, let me learn now...!" and we smile and it is kind of alright...

More than anything else, what struck me is the experience of the contact, of the psychic presence, in this change: that is unmistakable, inimitable... And that it is really Nolini. Himself. Changed, or having discarded the unnecessary. Psychically manifest. Ready to work, enthusiastic, down-to-earth, friendly, and wanting to hasten the pace, ready to see to the task, with a pure vigour... And, to some extent, there was a relation to Auroville... Nolini was his own...: essentially a brother, but alone, at the service of That, whole, free and happy...

... Ce soir, Barbara et moi sommes allés rendre visite à Deepti et Arjun ; Deepti est assez malade depuis quelques jours, mais elle est toujours habitée par cette belle rivière, droite et claire, perceptive et constante, et courageuse... Elle nous a raconté sa propre expérience de ce nouveau groupe, l'« Executive Council », qui correspond tout à fait à ce que j'ai pu sentir à distance... C'est beau de la voir avancer, gardant son orientation, à Ton service, honnêtement, et malgré toutes les oppositions...

***28-2-1984, Auroville:**

A lot of my dream-activities in Russia, or with Russians – their faces, their warmth, and their eyes – moved me deeply...

... Les enfants ont allumé le Feu à 5 heures 30; on a écouté la Charte lue par Toi, puis la musique d'Igor : une belle suggestion d'ampleur et de force, agréable... Un

groupe d'oiseaux a longtemps tourné, au lever du jour, au-dessus de Matrimandir ; l'atmosphère était meilleure, plus douce et plus ouverte...

Je n'ai pas vu ma petite fille...

... Le drame continue... Namas (le nouveau nom de Dennis), qui vient de rentrer, a raconté la conversation qu'il a eue avec Diane hier même : elle est venue le trouver pour lui demander si Ar. et moi étions ensemble, anxieuse de faire comprendre à Namas qu'il ne devait pas laisser Ar. « entre mes mains » ; elle a cherché à lui parler de tout ce qu'elle a souffert avec moi, afin de lui montrer le danger qu'Ar. courait... Diane s'est aussi enquis de la situation de P et Jossie qui, d'après elle, ont aussi souffert de mon influence... tout en lui demandant de ne rien répéter... Elle semble déterminée à me faire partir d'Auroville...

Namas et moi avons passé une heure ensemble ; la communication était bonne.

Il me dit qu'il a pu voir que Diane n'était pas honnête ; mais il a voulu raconter tout l'épisode car, tout de même, « c'est fort » !

Ar. est un peu bouleversée, surtout quand je lui dis que, si elle est ouverte et passive à tout ça, il vaut mieux qu'on ne se voie plus, car c'est du poison... Mais on a fini par bien rire... !

... Barbara est venue, déprimée... Elle avait vu Deepti assez longtemps, qui lui avait aussi parlé de cette opposition contre moi, dont elle attribue l'origine à Fred – qui, d'après elle, se sent menacé par moi (dans ses ambitions)...

... Je ne vois pas comment je pourrai retrouver ma princesse !

Mais je dois me tenir droit, et prendre tout comme une aide pour le Passage...

... Reçu une bonne lettre de G.M...

***29-2-1984, Auroville :**

Il semble clair que, si je veux vraiment Te servir, je dois sortir de, je dois quitter l'état sexuel ; parce que si, ou quand, cette capacité qui est en moi de toucher directement l'être profond des autres se mélange à des mouvements liés à l'attraction sexuelle, cela peut être dangereux pour ceux qui sont « sur le chemin »... Mais je résiste à ce choix, ou cet engagement, ce pas, par attachement à la possibilité que donne la sexualité... J'ai envie de Te demander de faire le choix pour moi ! J'ai envie de déposer la question à Tes pieds !

... Hier a eu lieu l'inauguration du nouvel Institut d'Education...

... Ce matin nous avons fait un coulage de béton au Matrimandir ; JM.B est venu, et le contact était direct, vraiment amical, rafraîchissant !

Mich.E était là aussi, et c'était beaucoup moins frais ! Dans ses yeux je pouvais voir se dérouler toute la vague des formations, mêlée à une sorte d'attraction, et à de l'étonnement de ne pas ressentir ce que ces formations disent... Physiquement, elle est devenue un peu monstrueuse... !

... Ce soir Ar. est venue, de retour de l'exposition sur l'Evolution, où elle a rencontré Diane et essayé de lui parler, en vain... Diane, butée, lui a même dit, à propos d'Auragni, que je la « manipulais occultement » et que c'est pour cela qu'elle me refusait l'accès à elle...

Comme cette position doit être gratifiante !

On doit avoir le sentiment de discerner clairement, de faire un choix courageux, d'être dans la vérité... C'est admirable, peut-être...

Mais ça fait mal ! Et la douleur n'est, elle, jamais belle !

***1-3-1984, Auroville :**

J'avais si mal, mal à hurler... Et je ne sais pas lutter contre cette douleur, je ne sais pas passer derrière, la traverser, ou l'offrir... Il semble qu'elle soit là, en travers du chemin, profondément...

J'ai hésité ce matin ; j'ai pensé à rester seul ici ; mais ç'aurait été le drame aussi. Alors je suis allé travailler, et mon équipe a gentiment respecté mon silence et on a fait du bon travail, concentré...

... Je ne sais pas si cette douleur reviendra encore, ni si je tiendrai, ou lâcherai...

Mais, jusqu'à ce matin, il me semblait que les portes se fermaient DEVANT moi...

Et, depuis ce matin, il me semble qu'elles se ferment DERRIERE moi, et que je suis poussé, projeté sur un morceau de chemin nu, étrange, désert, et je crois après tout qu'il y a de la lumière...

... J'ai envoyé à Diane cette note que j'ai écrite pendant la nuit... Et même cette note, à présent, prend un autre sens ; c'est comme si moi-même j'aidais à brûler les ponts... Et il n'y a pas de regret.

... Barbara me dit que Ruud, de lui-même, considérait sérieusement, avec quelques autres, aller parler à Diane et lui dire que ce qu'elle faisait à propos d'Auragni n'était pas acceptable et ne pouvait pas continuer...

***5-3-1984, Auroville :**

Après le travail, Luigi m'a arrêté près du Banyan pour me demander si nous étions toujours amis, et me dire que j'étais toujours très présent en lui... J'ai vu qu'encore on ne se comprendrait pas, qu'il n'était pas prêt à se donner à l'expérience de ce contact, et que sa tête est encore pleine de notions qui font mal ; qu'il valait mieux tout laisser tranquille...

... Cette horrible grimace me regarde, qui s'est installée sur la chose la plus belle et la plus pure de ma vie – l'amour avec l'enfant, l'amour de ma petite fille...

Trouver la force et la sincérité de rire à ça !... de le transpercer, que toutes ses prises et ses tentacules se défassent, et surtout dans le cœur de Diane, en un instant de ce rire ?!!!

Mais c'est d'abord dans mon propre cœur que je dois le trouver, ce rire !

***7-3-1984, Auroville :**

Je suis tombé sur ce texte de Sri Aurobindo dans « La Vie Divine » :

« If Nature has taken her evolutionary decision. »

Cela m'a aidé. Appliqué à ce contexte de transition qu'est Auroville, sans être encourageant au sens psychologique, ce texte est venu soutenir tout un ordre de perceptions qui ont joué un rôle actif dans ma conscience ces temps derniers... C'est un sourire libérateur...

***8-3-1984, Auroville:**

I noted down just one of these bizarre experiences I have, night after night – and most probably I only remember a small amount... This one was tough: it is about a being who has become so racked with an inner kind of torture that it has manifested physically into a constant crawling of large insects all over the body, and he has to keep walking in a trance, and never come out of that trance, lest he'd go mad in a second. But something happens when we meet and we both have to share that moment of madness and go through it, till the torture dissolves...

This has made me realise once more, very practically, how wisdom and the power to help can only be found very high, and brought back in a very pure vessel...!
 ... Reçu une longue lettre de G.M, qui s'apprête à partir travailler au Soudan...

***9-3-1984, Auroville :**

G.G et moi avons travaillé seuls tout le matin, et c'était intéressant ; nous avons durant ces derniers mois développé une bonne communication dans le travail ; et d'avoir à tout faire à deux ce que nous faisons d'habitude à quatre ou cinq – le placement des poutres de béton qui composent la coque géodésique du Matrimandir – nous a obligés à beaucoup de concentration, une économie de mouvements, une agilité corporelle, une rapidité de réflexes, une attention circulaire permanente et des échanges clairs : c'est une sollicitation de tout l'être physique que j'aime beaucoup, au service du Matrimandir...

***11-3-1984, Auroville:**

In the night, I "saw" that you had gone to America, "incognita", and that Satprem had gone to meet You there, to be with You and to help You...

***12-3-1984, Auroville:**

Barbara est venue ; elle a pleuré beaucoup... Il semble qu'elle se trouve à ce point où d'autres ont finalement choisi de se tourner contre moi ou de se détourner en rejetant la responsabilité sur moi, et je ne sais ce qui se passe réellement ; je ne puis que regarder, et être un ami s'il y a la confiance, être seul et tranquille quand ce n'est pas là... Je lui ai fait à dîner, lui ai raconté le film de Fellini « 81/2 » que j'ai revu hier soir, avec Ar., à « Aspiration »... Je lui ai demandé d'essayer de voir clairement et précisément ce qui se passait ; j'ai confiance en son honnêteté, et il y a peut-être une chance pour que moi aussi je comprenne, par elle, de quoi il s'agit...

Sinon, j'ai le choix entre la vie des cavernes, ou la vie d'un voyou... en attendant la prochaine espèce... !

***13-3-1984, Auroville :**

En fin d'après-midi Barbara est venue ; elle a déjà mis par écrit la plus grande part de ce qu'elle a observé et éprouvé. Après que je l'ai lu, nous avons parlé tranquillement. Tout ce qu'elle a touché, et pu exprimer de l'obstacle qui s'est dressé, a le même caractère que ce que l'expérience de Diane a été ; mais Barbara a cette profonde honnêteté, cette confiance et ce besoin d'aller au-delà – et de ne pas gâcher une vraie opportunité de progrès en la réduisant à la mesure de la contradiction. Ce qu'elle a écrit, comme ce qu'elle est capable de dire sur le moment, a la vraie beauté de ce qui est honnête et ouvert à son propre dépassement.

J'aime quand, au lieu de la fermeture, l'être garde le sens intérieur de ce qui compte vraiment, se refuse à le trahir, et cherche le chemin pour que l'expérience s'ouvre et progresse... Avec le respect et l'appréciation mutuels, la relation entre deux êtres peut devenir toujours plus substantielle et plus juste...

***14-3-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai travaillé dans le jardin tout l'après-midi, en écoutant de la musique...
Je Te remercie de m'aider non seulement à maintenir cette harmonie mais à en préciser toujours plus le support : c'est une Grâce et un présent que je n'oublie jamais, à aucun instant, même quand je m'en sens tout à fait indigne ou quand cela me semble être un anachronisme, en regard de mon incapacité à être plus vrai dans d'autres domaines...

... Barbara est venue ; nous avons fini de traduire ensemble l'article d'Igor. Il y a comme un déplacement dans le contact, presque une brèche, et de petites réactions prennent la place, comme lorsqu'une symphonie s'interrompt sur le bruitage sous-jacent... C'est un test pour la valeur de notre amitié... !

***16-3-1984, Auroville :**

Yesterday night Barbara and I had dinner at Deepti and Arjun's; when I returned, late, after dropping Barbara at the Camp, I found a letter from Ar., heavy, disgusting...

C'est resté toute la nuit, comme un poids et un malaise et une nausée...

Je lui ai écrit une note ce matin.

Qu'est ce que je fais entre ces deux femmes, c'est ridicule ?!!!

J'ai envie de tout fermer, comme on « ferme boutique »... !

... Puis ça s'est effacé... Ar., G.G et moi avons bien travaillé tout le matin, même si chacun est un peu fatigué...

***19-3-1984, Auroville :**

C est arrivée, heureuse...

***20-3-1984, Auroville :**

Satprem a envoyé à Auroville ce message :

« S'il est possible de faire à Auroville une exposition sur l'évolution sans parler de l'Agenda de Mère, alors cela veut dire que Mère n'a pas de place à Auroville, et je vous dis adieu. Satprem. »

***22-3-1984, Auroville :**

Ce message de Satprem a ses répercussions en chacun de nous, je crois.

C'est aussi une sorte d'interférence, de négation, d'intrusion dans un espace intérieur que rien ne pouvait toucher, et c'est grave...

Je lui ai écrit. J'ai envoyé ma lettre à S, en espérant qu'elle saurait et voudrait bien la lui faire parvenir...

***26-3-1984, Auroville :**

Une période de la nuit était passionnante : des scènes et des drames d'un passé occulte de la Chine, drames du « cœur » et intrigues, perceptions et situations ; j'étais présent dans plusieurs de ces « scènes », parfois comme l'ami plus ou moins clandestin du couronné, et d'autres fois comme un des membres d'une sorte de fraternité... Les couleurs, les lieux, les costumes...

Chaque nuit je rêve au moins une fois de ma petite fille, de ma princesse...

... La fête de Barbara aujourd'hui : C et moi avons passé l'après-midi avec elle au Camp ; Deepti et Arjun aussi sont venus ; Barbara heureuse, épanouie, plus forte et mieux centrée, généreuse et lucide...

***27-3-1984, Auroville :**

Il y a deux jours nous avons découvert que Piero avait demandé à Lorenzo de vérifier secrètement la qualité de notre travail ; G.G s'est alors mis en avant, au lieu de les laisser me prendre pour cible comme d'habitude, et s'est trouvé depuis très déprimé... Et ce matin le coulage de béton était sans joie...

Je redoute que G.G choisisse de s'arrêter, et de me trouver à nouveau seul...

***31-3-1984, Auroville :**

C et moi avons préparé un dîner pour Deepti, Arjun et Barbara. Je savais que ce serait bien. Ils ont aimé C et elle les a aimés. C'était plein et doux, et soutenu de l'intérieur. Ruud et Akash sont venus un moment, dire bonsoir...

***2-4-1984, Auroville :**

G.G pense à s'arrêter... Il n'y a plus de joie dans le travail, et il se sent fatigué ; de plus, il a beaucoup à faire au Bharat Nivas... Et moi, je panique un peu à l'idée d'avoir à recommencer à zéro, et à trouver d'autres partenaires pour l'équipe... Je ne m'en sens pas la force...

En même temps, je me pose les questions nécessaires pour laisser tomber tout ce qui m'empêche d'être dans un état plus vrai, quoi qu'il arrive et quelles que soient les circonstances.

C'est un peu comme si à chaque étape on accédait à une plus grande solitude, qui implique une plus grande responsabilité – dans le sens d'une participation plus consciente et plus exigeante, sans rien attendre des autres, et sans juger...

***9-4-1984, Auroville :**

Beaucoup de douceur, de tendresse et d'affection pour ma fête...

Des présents, des brassées de fleurs ; et Ar. et Barbara réconciliées pour ce jour, et c'est peut-être là le plus gentil des cadeaux... Arjun et Deepti sont venus avec du thé et de la musique et nous avons tous dîné sur la terrasse...

La douleur, pourtant, de l'absence de ma princesse, faite l'otage de ce « Non »...

***10-4-1984, Auroville :**

J'avais fait l'erreur de garder l'espérance qu'au moins hier ma petite fille serait là... Et la brûlure est revenue, et le trou...

Et j'ai vu que je n'avais fait que la moitié de mon travail, car je n'ai pas encore vraiment offert mon ressentiment envers Diane. Je la juge encore pour ses mensonges, sa perversité, et je n'aurais peut-être pas pu lui donner une place libre et ouverte...

***11-4-1984, Auroville :**

J'apprends que Diane va recommencer à travailler à la Coop.... Alors qui va s'occuper de ma petite pendant la journée ? Pourquoi ne me revient-elle pas ?

Je suis presque malade de fatigue et de tristesse.
Rien n'est clair.
Et Satprem n'a pas répondu.

***12-4-1984, Auroville :**

Ce matin j'ai dû rester ici pour me reposer.
Cet après-midi C et moi sommes allés à Pondy pour les billets d'avion, les papiers, etc. ; et là, nous avons rencontré Krishna : il a beaucoup maigri ; le souffle court, fiévreux, très las, nerveusement à bout, comme s'il s'était cogné à trop de murs... Il m'a demandé s'il y avait une suite au message de Satprem, s'il se passait quelque chose... Il m'a demandé de venir le trouver même si Dom est encore là (elle doit s'en aller bientôt)...
C est si complètement belle et proche, elle est un tel présent de vie et de partage...

***14-4-1984, Bombay :**

Le moment de la séparation a été un peu difficile... Mais, si je n'ai rien « fait » dans ma vie, au moins il y a ça : cette union offerte entre elle et moi... !
J'ai pris une chambre d'hôtel.

***15-4-1984, Bombay :**

Cette ville est immense...
J'ai marché, marché, marché...
Vu un film américain, « Love Child », une belle histoire...

***16-4-1984, Bombay :**

Une migraine permanente...
Je regarde : le sexe, la mort, la déchéance du corps...
Et Auroville, ce nucléus minuscule pour des milliards d'êtres...
Et je suis comme le monde... : la distance entre les deux états, les deux atmosphères, est la même dans mon être... Et pourtant...
... Douce Mère, suis-je capable de Te laisser construire un autre être dans le silence ?
... J'ai marché ce soir jusqu'à ce fantastique hôtel de grand luxe au bord d'un promontoire rocheux, haut de vingt étages, surmonté d'une sorte de rotonde vitrée qui domine l'océan de tous côtés... Alors je bois une bière glacée en regardant cette immensité lumineuse et, en bas et tout autour sur les rochers, entre les ordures, des gens qui campent, qui se lavent, qui survivent...

***17-4-1984, Auroville :**

Une fois de retour ici, cette paix...
Ar. avait tout préparé : des fleurs, des fruits...
Barbara me dit que le jour même de mon départ à Bombay, Krishna m'avait télégraphié de venir...

***18-4-1984, Auroville :**

Je suis donc parti à la recherche de Krishna... sachant seulement que je devais le faire.

Personne à « Sérénité » ne savait où il était ; j'ai continué, et près de la Poste, où elle venait juste de m'envoyer un autre télégramme, j'ai rencontré Dom ; et nous sommes allés ensemble à Jipmer, où Krishna avait été transporté samedi dans une sorte de coma...

Ce soir il est mieux. Nous avons marché un peu.

Tu sais.

Il a besoin de moi.

Il veut que nous allions ensemble quelque part où nous serons seuls, où rien ne pourra interférer entre nous ; où il pourra se rétablir, et se préparer à continuer ce chemin d'Auroville si Tu le veux, si le Seigneur le veut...

... Maintenant Barbara et Meenakshi s'occupent de trouver une maison à louer dans les collines, et Barbara a accepté de garder la maison ici pendant mon absence.

Elle vient de me raconter un peu de ce qui se passe à Auroville – le fanatisme autour de l'Agenda ; des Français de l'orthodoxie ont même ordonné à Arjun de quitter son travail à la Presse ; des gens qui se battent ; comme une sorte d'horreur intérieure...

***19-4-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna s'est débrouillé pour quitter l'hôpital pendant la nuit ; il est venu directement ici avec Dom. Il a fallu ce matin que je m'occupe de voir les médecins, de récupérer ses affaires, de raccompagner Dom à « Sérénité »... Barbara et Ar. m'ont bien aidé...

... Ar. a copié pour moi la « partie impersonnelle » de la lettre que Satprem a tout récemment adressée à Fred :

"If only the Aurovilians could understand the power of the right attitude, an urgent receptivity of calling, calling the Mother instead of dissipating the concentration in small other things. It is the time when Mother needs an immutable peace of atmosphere, a fire in the heart. So that each of us can be a relay for the Force to act on the material circumstances. There is no solution except through Her, by Her. There is no hope to escape the vast deluge of falsehood and crookedness everywhere except by enabling Her to act through our quiet concentration. The mantra must beat and beat in our hearts. We must be naked and real. Satprem."

***20-4-1984, Auroville:**

Krishna semble se rétablir d'heure en heure.

Et c'est amusant de voir Ar. et Barbara découvrir qu'elles veulent être amies, et s'inquiéter ensemble à l'idée de mon absence...

***21-4-1984, Auroville :**

G.G est venu me raconter ce qu'il a vu et senti pendant la réunion générale : la possibilité d'un rétablissement, et, pour ceux qui se sont tus les deux dernières années ; l'occasion de redresser un peu la barre...

... Krishna a besoin de parler beaucoup, d'une souffrance de quinze années – d'un mal, d'une douleur raciale... d'une peine si profonde...

***24-4-1984, Auroville :**

Tout cela, et tout, tout ce qui viendra, est contenu dans ces instants où nous T'avons retrouvée, Douce Mère...
Je ne sais rien d'autre...

***25-4-1984, Yercaud:**

Our residence is named "The House of Peace"...

***26-4-1984, Yercaud:**

C'est une demeure isolée, située sur une grande terrasse fleurie qui domine les monts voisins.

Krishna a de nouveau une douleur constante au foie.

On ne sait pas.

Dedans, comme dehors, c'est calme.

Et il y a comme un tranquille bouleversement en moi...

***27-4-1984, Yercaud :**

Quel que soit l'état dans lequel Krishna se trouve – et il en traverse beaucoup ! -, il s'y trouve aussi physiquement : ainsi, la perception du Sens est simultanée à la volonté de guérir...

... Télégrammes et téléphones avec Dom : elle ne voulait plus quitter l'Inde, et leur ami Raj ne voulait plus leur rendre leur argent (une histoire que je ne comprend pas bien)...

***28-4-1984, Yercaud :**

Dom est arrivée ce matin ; Krishna s'était suffisamment repris, et avait retrouvé sa position plus vraie ; il a pu lui parler clairement. Elle a sa place réservée ce soir pour la France ; de là elle pourra aider utilement. Nous lui avons donnée le nécessaire pour les taxes d'aéroport ; elle a vu, et accepté. Elle est repartie.

... Tout le jour, Krishna était plus heureux ; il a parlé, parlé... On a un peu marché...

Sa réalité et son expérience sont très dominantes, et je ne dois ici être que ce qu'il demande vraiment de moi...

Et toute la question d'Auroville brûle, brûle en moi...

***29-4-1984, Yercaud :**

Malgré la qualité du silence, la beauté du lieu, la fraîcheur de l'air, et l'abondance de nature libre et respectée, l'atmosphère d'Auroville me manque, et Matrimandir...
Et « Sincérité »...

Pourtant, par Krishna, je dois regarder et m'ouvrir aussi à la possibilité d'une autre trajectoire...

... Et ce soir, je ne sais pas : je touche l'impasse, encore...

Après avoir longtemps cherché à communiquer vraiment, Krishna m'a dit : « ce que je veux, c'est que tu sois de mon peuple psychique – tu es mon ami mais tu n'es pas de mon peuple, tu te satisfais encore du petit air quand il t'est donné, alors qu'il faut que tu étouffes, que ce soit pour toi aussi une question de vie ou de mort, et seulement alors Divakar sortira... ! »... avec sa force et son sens dramatique coutumiers... !

***30-4-1984, Yercaud :**

Je suis remis, presque brutalement, devant le mystère de ma propre origine...

... Ce matin j'ai trouvé un docteur dans une clinique tenue par des sœurs et j'y ai emmené Krishna... Ce docteur lui a fortement conseillé d'arrêter le tabac ! Alors, il va me falloir arrêter aussi !

... Mon corps n'est pas heureux ici...

***1-5-1984, Yercaud :**

Krishna a eu toute la nuit une douleur insupportable dans la jambe, et il craint quelque phénomène irréversible ; il y a en lui une peur, une hantise constante, qui tend vers la paranoïa ; tout devient menaçant... Mais en effet, dans ce cas de mutation génétique des globules rouges, c'est justement le risque de toute infection qui est le plus lourd...

Nous sommes descendus à Salem en voiture, dans la chaleur épaisse et bruyante et sale ; nous avons trouvé un gentil docteur qui l'a examiné et lui a fait une injection d'antibiotiques, et nous sommes remontés à notre repaire...

... J'ai un peu de mal à « être à la hauteur » : je dois m'occuper complètement de lui, et de tout ; je dois lutter contre la peur en lui, et toutes les formations, et répondre à ses besoins psychologiques ; je dois traiter avec ses discours, et absorber tout ce qu'il me dit avec toute sa force, sans réagir ; et je dois aussi garder mon équilibre physique...

Et je ne veux pas tomber dans le piège de tenir la charge par orgueil...

***2-5-1984, Yercaud :**

Krishna fait pression pour que je change ma position en Auroville, ou envers Auroville... Mais ce n'est pas Ta Pression !

J'ai besoin de me replonger dans mon propre silence, sans influences, même celle de Krishna... J'ai besoin de tout « vérifier » dans cet espace que nul être, si « grand » soit-il, ne peut me prendre, ni me donner...

... C'est comme si toute l'énergie de Krishna tendait à emplir puissamment les conflits, les oppositions, les choix... Alors que je ne me sens exister que libre d'eux, lorsque l'Action est une coulée qui sait, traverse, brûle et change sans interférences, étrangère à tout conflit...

Est-ce une lâcheté de ma part ? Je ne sais pas.

... J'ai marché seul cet après-midi, jusqu'à la Station de Recherches où travaille Narasimhan, et nous avons ensemble fait une visite de leur magnifique jardin : quel beau travail ! Et quel bel être !

... J'ai beaucoup regardé la place et la réalité de la violence...

Krishna justifie encore la violence, et continue de la projeter en avant, choisissant de la confondre avec l'Action – l'Action qui peut être radicale, certainement, et même impliquer la « mort » du corps, mais dont la nature est absolument autre !

Je suis convaincu que la violence en soi est une grande faiblesse et que son expression peut faire retourner loin en arrière...

Alors que si l'on parvient, sans se détourner de la vie ni des circonstances, à un calme transparent qui s'offre à la possibilité d'agir, même si l'Action est radicale ou apparemment destructive, elle portera pourtant quelque chose de la Présence, de l'Amour, du Sens et de la Vérité, et quiconque en sera frappé, ou témoin, en recevra consciemment une aide pour sa propre évolution...

***3-5-1984, Yercaud :**

J'essaie vainement d'identifier une situation dans ce monde à laquelle je pourrais m'atteler, pour seulement vivre !

Mais je n'en vois jamais que deux : l'une est Auroville, « Sincérité » et le chemin, là...

L'autre serait d'avoir les moyens de me mouvoir constamment, d'un lieu à un autre, de pays en pays, librement...

... Krishna se repose.

C'est drôle, je n'ai absolument aucune place pour communiquer quoi que ce soit de ma propre expérience ; la sienne prend tout l'espace et le temps, et tout ce qu'il me demande est d'être là, et disponible...

***7-5-1984, Yercaud :**

Krishna semble aussi sentir qu'il n'y a plus guère de sens à rester ici ; alors nous allons peut-être repartir demain vers Pondichéry... Mais il panique encore, profondément...

***8-5-1984, Pondichéry :**

Nous avons quitté Yercaud à 9 heures ce matin, et sommes arrivés à Pondy après 17 heures ; nous avons pris une grande chambre au Parc, ouverte sur la mer...

Krishna a de nouveau mal à la jambe ; il y a comme une varice profonde, et enflammée... On ira voir Datta...

... Une chose frappante, c'est qu'on est rentrés aussi dans une atmosphère mentale où la sexualité a une place considérable... A Yercaud, cela ne m'avait dérangé qu'une fois ; alors qu'ici, c'est environnant !

***9-5-1984, Pondichéry :**

Ca devient un peu juste – j'ai moi-même besoin de repos, car je ne dormais que trop peu et très mal à Yercaud, et de me retrouver dans une atmosphère qui me nourrit, pour pouvoir donner... Krishna le sent concrètement et redoute que je ne puisse tenir plus longtemps...

Il est urgent que je trouve pour lui des conditions matérielles correctes, afin que je puisse faire ce qu'il me demande et qu'il sente que je veille à tout...

... Datta l'a examiné ; il pense que ce problème à sa jambe est dû à de la filariose – ce que Tu as eue, Douce Mère !

***10-5-1984, Auroville :**

Un passage : des seuils d'endurance sont franchis, l'on donne et accepte, le contact conscient se dénude, se décante, se révèle...

Ce matin tout était plus tranquille ; et il redevenait possible que nous rentrions ensemble à « Sincérité »...

Mais, plus tard dans la journée, Krishna a vu qu'il était nécessaire et juste qu'il reste seul à Pondy, si seulement je continuais de m'occuper de tout et venait chaque jour... J'ai trouvé que c'était un bon signe...

Alors ce soir je suis rentré seul. Ar. et Barbara m'attendaient.

Immédiatement, cette joie matérielle – la place, le lieu que Tu m'as donnés : cette harmonie... !

***13-5-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai toujours envie de Te remercier ! Et c'est pourtant au-delà même de la gratitude – car en cet amour il y a, je crois, la capacité de devenir un peu de ce que Tu es : et ce devenir est vraiment le « remerciement » que Tu attends... !

... C'est la fête de Deepti aujourd'hui ; Barbara, Akash et moi sommes restés tard avec elle et Arjun, après que tout le monde soit parti, et c'était bon de les retrouver...

***14-5-1984, Auroville :**

Chaque matin je descend retrouver Krishna et reste avec lui jusqu'en début d'après-midi. Maintenant qu'il est mieux et que ses énergies reviennent, il rayonne physiquement, plus pur qu'avant, et cela remue tout mon être émotif, et physiquement aussi il y a ce mouvement de se fondre comme dans du miel – et la crainte de la sexualité qui gâcherait tout...

... Il y a comme une dépression qui me guette, et je suis attentif comme sur un champ de mines... !

***17-5-1984, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui j'ai emmené Barbara et Akash avec moi à Pondy ; je sentais que le moment était venu pour Krishna de sortir un peu, de rencontrer quelqu'un d'autre que moi, avec qui le contact était déjà sûr et clair... On a dîné au restaurant ; Krishna était radieux, heureux ; Barbara aussi était heureuse, profondément...

Pour moi c'était reposant, et je pouvais les aimer, et l'aimer, sans être le seul interlocuteur... !

***19-5-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai ramené Krishna ici ce soir...

***20-5-1984, Auroville :**

Une journée tranquille ici à m'occuper doucement des choses, des plantes, de Krishna... ; à lire « le Mental des Cellules » ; avec le souhait de vivre ainsi dans un rythme paisible comme milieu pour la coulée et le travail de Ca en nous...

Il y a ce sens concret qu'entre Krishna et moi cette alchimie se produit toujours qui permet au Travail de se faire ; cette alchimie unique qui semble d'habitude ne se produire qu'entre un homme et une femme prédestinés, le sens d'un support nécessaire à l'énergie du travail, qui ne vient ni de lui ni de moi mais de ce qui se produit dans la rencontre...

***21-5-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai finalement dû parler à Ar., et lui demander avec urgence de regarder et de chercher la source de cet attachement vital qui empoisonne le contact, afin de l'offrir ; j'ai essayé de lui faire comprendre que c'était une nécessité impérative, et qu'ainsi seulement on pourrait continuer et trouver naturellement les formes les plus justes pour notre relation... Le cœur gros, elle a fini par accepter, sachant bien qu'il le faut...

***22-5-1984, Auroville :**

Cette nuit, entre toutes sortes de rêves encombrés, je me suis trouvé en présence d'étranges petites créatures animales – un serpent à trois têtes, un drôle de chat sauvage à moitié hibou... : des présences qui, au contact ; perdaient leur caractère menaçant...

... Krishna est inquiet ; il n'y a aucune réponse de l'Ambassade du Maroc à Delhi ; il ne sait où aller, ni que faire, ni comment vivre, ni pour quoi...

***23-5-1984, Auroville :**

Hier soir Barbara s'était plainte que je ne l'appréciais pas, que je ne répondais pas à son besoin et sa joie de se donner... : le même phénomène qu'avec Ar....

Et ce matin, quand elle est venue nous rejoindre elle m'a dit qu'hier, après, son corps ; de très profond, s'était mis à pleurer ; qu'elle n'avait jamais connu ces larmes-là...

***24-5-1984, Auroville :**

Tant que Krishna ne sait pas clairement ce qu'il va faire, où il va aller, je suis tenu et ne puis consacrer le temps qu'il faudrait au Matrimandir ; je n'y vais travailler que tôt le matin...

Et il y a ce besoin en moi, plus aigu encore maintenant, de recevoir de Toi un travail, une activité, quelle qu'elle soit, qui permettrait de fixer, d'appeler, d'incarner... Que tu me dises : « tiens, fais ça pour moi... ! »

***25-5-1984, Auroville :**

Tout est lourd et pénible : rien qui tienne, rien de droit...

Barbara a voulu me raconter un rêve « très fort » qu'elle a eu la nuit dernière, où elle m'apportait Auragni qui avait besoin de moi et je l'emmenais dans ma voiture à ma maison et il y avait là sa chambre et elle s'endormait sur mes genoux, et Diane venait aussi et acceptait et faisait confiance et la laissait avec moi, ma petite fille...

Alors je ne sais pas, pourquoi doit-on rêver ces choses et me les dire ?

Est- ce de pure malice, de la cruauté, quelque chose d'occulte malveillant, où y a-t-il une possibilité ?

... Je sens toutes ces années de tension ; et G.M qui est parti, et Satprem qui dit « adieu » à Auroville et Krishna qui veut s'en aller... et Auragni qui est séparée de moi par les « Auroviliens »... Et je ne sais pas, je n'ai rien à offrir, rien à donner...

... Souvent ces jours-ci il me prend l'envie de hurler, physiquement...

***29-5-1984, Auroville :**

Ce soir Barbara nous apprend la mort de Gandolf ; il s'est tué dans un accident d'escalade à Yercaud ; elle ne savait rien de plus... J'ai eu l'impression que cela avait été très soudain et très rapide...

J'ai regardé alors tout ce qui s'est passé ces derniers mois autour de Gandolf – un adolescent « difficile » - et... les regrets de n'avoir pas agi... ; « si » j'avais eu plus de confiance en ces « impressions » subjectives qui me venaient, j'aurais fait plus et ne me serais pas contenté de suggérer à L que son attitude était dangereuse...

Mais on ne sait rien, rien...

***30-5-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai passé longtemps, la nuit dernière, avec les enfants, autour et à propos de ce qui s'est passé pour Gandolf, et nous étions dans un lieu magnifique, extraordinaire, comme creusé dans la terre rouge, mais solidifiée, lissée, homogénéisée – j'avais déjà vu cette « matière », il y a quelques temps –, au fond de la forêt... Une très belle atmosphère...

***31-5-1984, Auroville :**

Hier soir Krishna m'a maudit, m'accusant de le rendre dépendant de moi financièrement et de le manipuler...

Et ce matin, quand je suis revenu du Matrimandir après le coulage de béton, Barbara m'a annoncé qu'il avait refusé de sortir de sa chambre et qu'il n'avait pas mangé...

Je suis allé à lui et l'ai trouvé tout tendre et comme lavé ; il s'était battu toute la nuit, dit-il, avec des forces de mort, et il avait compris qu'il s'était laissé prendre au piège, une fois de plus... Il a vu Shankar, qui lui aussi a cette expérience d'être attaqué, d'être aux prises avec des forces meurtrières...

Je ne sais pas...

Je ne dis pas que nous n'avons pas à faire avec ce qui résiste et ne veut pas changer, mais je me sens comme extérieur ou étranger à une sorte de « fraternité », presque de culture de l'expérience « intérieure »... Je n'y sens pas assez de vérité...

***1-6-1984, Auroville :**

Le récit plus clair et précis de la mort de Gandolf nous parvient petit à petit, à mesure que la confusion des « adultes » se dissipe : pour lui, cela a été clair, direct et immédiat, une « belle mort » comme un grand plongeon ailleurs ; mais c'est le drame, et le mélange émotionnel et moral qui a suivi, qui ont donné l'impression d'incertitude et de désordre...

***3-6-1984, Auroville:**

Shankar est venu nous faire signer la déclaration:

"Mother, we want Your Agenda to be the heart of Auroville..."

***5-6-1984, Auroville:**

Barbara et moi sommes allés en autobus à l'aéroport de Madras pour tenter de récupérer cet argent que Dom y avait laissé. C'était laborieux, et nous sommes revenus ce soir assez épuisés, et Krishna m'attendait depuis des heures : il avait enfin reçu une réponse de l'Ambassade du Maroc à Delhi, télégraphiée en réponse à mon télégramme envoyé il y a deux jours... Ils ne peuvent, ou ne veulent pas l'aider ; ils ne sont disposés qu'à lui fournir un laissez-passer pour retourner au Maroc, sans aucune garantie qu'après 22 ans d'absence et aucun Etat-civil préservé, il puisse en ressortir avec des documents officiels...

Que veux-Tu pour Krishna ?

C'est comme si rien ne venait directement à lui, aucune indication claire...

On s'aime, mais cela ne peut pas suffire... !

***6-6-1984, Auroville :**

La question s'est posée de ce que nous allions faire maintenant à propos des papiers et du statut de Krishna... Allons-nous demander l'aide et la participation d'Auroville ? Après tout, ce sont là des questions pratiques tout à fait pertinentes pour l'existence d'Auroville, et il y a un autre « cas » à présent, celui de Mahmoud, que les autorités Iraniennes poursuivent pour le faire rentrer « au pays »...

Je suis allé plus tard en parler à Bill S, qui a semblé adhérer et doit présenter le « sujet » à la prochaine réunion du Conseil Exécutif...

Krishna est comme un enfant ; il exige toute l'attention et impose une sorte de rythme sporadique sur le quotidien ici, alors même que Rad vient de tomber gravement malade et a dû être transporté à Jipmer, et seul son gamin est là pour s'occuper de la pompe et du remplissage des réservoirs, et tout est un peu au bord de la débâcle...

***8-6-1984, Auroville :**

Sans Ta Pression, rien ne bouge, rien ne s'offre, et rien ne reçoit... Et malheureusement il semble encore que Ta Pression soit le plus souvent interprétée dans la vie en termes de catastrophe, en termes morbides...

Mère, je T'en prie Douce Mère, ne me laisse pas dormir ; agis, agis, jusqu'à ce que ma conscience physique ne puisse plus exister autrement que par ce Besoin... Alors, tout prendra le Sens...

***10-6-1984, Auroville :**

Je suis laissé à mariner dans l'indigence du petit pantin séparé...
C'est gris et laborieux...

***11-6-1984, Auroville :**

Je me suis donc rendu à la réunion du « Conseil », à la demande de Bill S, pour présenter directement mes suggestions d'une action à mener au nom d'Auroville pour la régularisation des documents officiels de Krishna... Krishna, lui, avait décidé d'aller se promener seul à Pondy !

Il y a d'abord eu une confusion, parce que Bill S n'avait pas prévenu de ma visite, et la plupart des membres du « Conseil » me sont hostiles... Diane, qui est maintenant leur secrétaire, a refusé même de me regarder, puis s'en est allée...

J'ai présenté la requête de Krishna, avec précision ; ils ont écouté, avec je crois un certain respect...

... D'avoir dû voir Diane comme ça, « à sa place » et tout en ordre dans la communauté, et ce mur, ne plus se regarder, ne plus se parler, et elle est la mère de mon enfant, et tous la soutiennent dans cette « clarté » d'action et de conduite... je me sens minable d'en être arrivé là...

Qu'est ce que je fais là ? Je ne sais plus !

***12-6-1984, Auroville :**

Avec Krishna, cela ne semble aller nulle part ; il pense à partir, n'importe où ; il pense à Dom ; il pense à A ; il pense à cesser de vivre... Mais rien de clair ou de décisif ne vient se montrer...

Et en vain je cherche un sens à ce qui se passe avec Auragni, un sens qui corresponde, qui vive, qui existe et qui marche... et je ne trouve pas...

***13-6-1984, Auroville :**

G.G s'est vu interdire l'accès de « Jaïma » par Jean, à cause de son contact avec moi... Myrtle a la vie dure dans son travail de secrétaire à cause de son amitié avec moi...

Je suis pourtant allé à la réunion générale, où les gens de l'Agenda devaient présenter leurs besoins et leurs difficultés ; je me disais que ce serait l'occasion pour moi de sentir un peu mieux où en est Auroville...

Et, par l'une de ces ironies spéciales, je me suis trouvé assis juste à côté de Jean et juste en face de Diane... !

***16-6-1984, Auroville :**

Akash est malade et Barbara devait rester près de lui ; Krishna ne voulait pas venir ; alors je suis allé seul avec Ar. voir le film « Kramer versus Kramer » à « Aspiration »... Une autre ironie : c'est l'histoire d'un couple séparé ; la mère laisse d'abord l'enfant au père, puis cherche à le récupérer par un procès, puis finit par accepter... et Diane est venue aussi voir le film et s'est assise avec Auragni quelques gradins plus bas... Auragni ne m'a pas vu...

Que veux-Tu ?

***17-6-1984, Auroville :**

Ce matin j'étais misérable. Je continuais de voir la petite figure de mon amour, de ma petite fille, ses yeux tout bleus et ses mains qui exprimaient quelque chose que personne ne comprenait : cette incomplétude parce que je n'étais plus avec elle pour communiquer, là... Et cette séparation terrible, absurde, installée, justifiée, « normale » : ce mur qui s'est levé en travers, au cœur de notre relation...

J'ai écrit un message à Diane : « Ne vois-tu pas qu'Auragni a besoin de l'un et de l'autre pour son développement complet ? »...

J'ai d'abord demandé à Barbara de le déposer dans « Aspiration », ce qu'elle n'a pas fait (trop simple ? pas assez gratifiant ?) ; alors ce soir j'ai glissé ce message dans le livre du « messenger », qui est un ouvrier payé par Auroville...

... L'orage est venu, et la pluie : forte, abondante et pénétrante...

***18-6-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna et moi travaillons depuis plusieurs jours à la création de ce jardin de cacti et d'agaves... Barbara vient parfois nous aider...

***19-6-1984, Auroville :**

Anne, Sam et Benaur vont partir en France, et Barbara souhaite emménager dans la maison qu'ils vont libérer... Je suis triste que Benaur doive s'en aller ; je pourrais passer des heures avec ce petit enfant... Pas comme un remplacement, mais le fait est que je me sens bien avec les tout petits...

***20-6-1984, Auroville :**

Une fois de plus je rêve de D.M ; et je rêve qu'elle marche ! Elle est seule dans une cour intérieure, un grand espace ; elle est pleine d'énergie et de détermination, et elle marche, marche ; une jambe est restée plus courte, ou bien le pied n'est pas encore rétabli, mais elle se tient bien droite ; nous arrivons en même temps qu'une

livraison de gros fruits pour elle, et elle vient à nous, puis à moi, avec tout son besoin de vivre et d'aimer...

... Krishna et moi poursuivons notre « création » ; aujourd'hui nous transportons des rochers et les plaçons parmi les cacti, et l'un d'eux, une roche pâle incrustée de fossiles, s'est soudain révélée : un merveilleux oiseau endormi, le bec dans l'aile, une présence magique, absolument reposée mais habitant tout l'espace...

... L'Ambassade du Maroc a envoyé une lettre, un peu plus positive...

... Par Namas et quelques autres j'apprends petit à petit quelle sorte d'arrangements Diane choisit pour ne pas avoir à s'occuper d'Auragni tout le temps...

Cela m'inquiète, cela me fait mal ; je ne sais pas Te l'offrir...

***22-6-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai dû passer la plupart du temps ces deux derniers jours à aider Sam pour ses papiers, et les certificats de naissance de Benaur, entre Pondy, Vanur et Kottakuppam ; Sam s'y noyait, tout seul... C'était pour moi, curieusement, une sorte de repos...

Mais Krishna a dû se sentir délaissé ; capricieux comme souvent, laissé à lui-même il retourne à ses pensées défaitistes...

***24-6-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna a senti qu'il avait besoin de « s'essayer seul » et de voir ce qu'il en est... Et qu'il en avait assez de cette situation où tout passe par moi...

J'ai trouvé cela positif, et soulageant.

Nous sommes descendus à Pondy ; nous avons repris une chambre au Parc, dîné ensemble près de l'océan, calmement ; puis je l'ai laissé...

***27-6-1984, Auroville ;**

Le deuxième anniversaire de ma petite fille, et je ne peux rien faire !

Ajneyam Auragni, bonne fête mon amour !

***29-6-1984, Auroville :**

Barbara dit qu'elle voudrait m'épouser... !

***1-7-1984, Auroville :**

Des nuits pénibles : il m'arrive encore d'être bloqué dans un milieu intermédiaire, impuissant, exposé à un danger que je pressens mais ne comprend pas, T'appelant, misérable... Et le jour, des vertiges, des contractions musculaires, et une sorte d'épuisement...

... Aujourd'hui, comme convenu, je suis allé retrouver Krishna à Pondy : il était prêt à revenir, et étonné de me voir si fatigué, et de me sentir distant...

***2-7-1984, Auroville :**

Par Phil qui est de retour de France, Krishna a reçu une assez grosse somme que Dom lui a envoyée... Comme elle se débrouille pour l'aider !

Mais nous n'avons pas parlé de ses projets. Nous n'avons parlé de rien, en fait !

Quelque chose d'intérieur m'a déplacé par rapport à lui ; cela ressemble à de l'indifférence, mais c'est une chose plus profonde, et tranquille...

Il y a une sorte de tristesse en moi aussi, peut-être une lassitude de tous ces remous émotionnels, entre Ar., Barbara, et même avec Krishna...

Il n'y a ces jours-ci qu'avec Benaur que je puisse vraiment sourire...

Pourtant, Jack est venu nous voir et nous a parlé longtemps de son expérience de ces sept dernières années aux Etats-Unis, et nous avons ri, et ri... Et ça lui a fait du bien aussi...!

***3-7-1984, Auroville:**

The night has been difficult, picking through ruins, cleaning and cleaning debris, and sorting out abandoned stuff, and I woke up at 2 am so tired that it verged on panic, and I felt like moaning... It has been so many years now that I feel thus tired: I do not even remember ever getting up in the morning refreshed and ready, or ever experiencing this sort of physical innocence...

I want to be Yours, to belong to You, to be a little bit of substance claimed and used by You – and I am panicked when I cannot at all feel that You want me...

... J'ai emmené Barbara passer la journée à Pondy : on a fait le marché, choisi une robe pour elle, et des petits oiseaux pour Akash ; on a déjeuné près de la mer ; je voulais tout rassembler entre nous dans la dimension de l'amitié : c'est là que c'est solide et réel, c'est là que chacun peut donner librement... Et c'était calme et clair.

***4-7-1984, Auroville :**

Je ne peux guère plus supporter tout ce flot de paroles inutiles dont Krishna remplit les moments que nous passons ensemble, surtout quand Barbara est avec nous ; c'est comme un égoïsme en lui ; alors, je me retire de plus en plus...

Cet après-midi j'ai pu, seul pendant près de deux heures, écouter une merveilleuse interprétation de la musique de Bach pour l'Évangile selon Saint Jean, et tout était à sa place, les difficultés avaient leur sens, et tout était perçu par une force d'être qui aime...

***5-7-1984, Auroville :**

Un curieux incident entre Krishna et moi : nous travaillions à notre jardin quand j'ai découvert qu'il avait pris deux très beaux cristaux que je garde toujours près des fleurs, en offrande, pour les enterrer à demi dans un pot de cacti ; et je me suis pris à tenter de lui faire saisir la brutalité de ce geste, le manque de respect qu'il exprimait... Il m'a seulement dit de les reprendre si je le voulais ; mais cela m'a montré quelque chose.

***10-7-1984, Auroville :**

Barbara et moi avons accompagné Anne, Sam et Benaur à l'aéroport hier ; e aujourd'hui nous avons nettoyé leur maison, avec Ruud et Akash, de fond en comble, pour que Barbara et Akash puissent s'y installer bientôt.

... Avec Krishna je me sens un peu comme une mère dépassée, débordée par les exigences et la force de la demande de son enfant ; ce n'est jamais tranquille et il veut une acceptation inconditionnelle dans ma conscience, quoiqu'il fasse et quoiqu'il exprime...

***11-7-1984, Auroville :**

Je lis « Les Confessions véridiques d'un terroriste albinos » de Breytenbach : c'est bien actuel !

***12-7-1984, Auroville :**

Ce n'est qu'hier que j'ai reçu une note de Nath m'annonçant son intention de venir passer trois semaines ici, et aujourd'hui elle est arrivée, et avec elle l'intrusion de toute une atmosphère de l'Europe ; mais elle est douce, et son travail de danseuse a établi un silence physique dans sa présence, qui est bien appréciable... Elle m'a donné des nouvelles d'O.P, de leur travail avec Béjart, de leurs projets...

... Krishna n'est pas bien. Il est de nouveau fiévreux, et j'attrape de lui une sorte d'inquiétude ; c'est comme s'il creusait un cul-de-sac, et je ne sais rien, ne puis rien, et ne suis conscient de rien d' « utile » ; je me sens abandonné par la Force, laissé là dans la banalité implacable et mortelle de cet absurde repas de la vie...

***16-7-1984, Auroville :**

Ce matin Krishna m'a demandé une fois de plus que nous allions ensemble à la plage, en vélo, cet après-midi... Bon ! Quand le moment est venu ; j'ai du regonfler les pneus de mon vélo ; Krishna avait déjà préparé son sac comme s'il s'apprêtait à partir sans m'attendre... Nous sommes descendus jusqu'à la route goudronnée du littoral ; j'étais un peu en avant et je me suis arrêté à l'entrée de « Repos » pour l'attendre ; et, de loin, il m'a fait un signe d'au revoir, me criant qu'il m'écrirait dès qu'il aurait une adresse, et il a continué vers Pondy...

Il a pris tout son argent...

Je comprend, mais je suis aussi bien las de ses mensonges, et d'être celui à qui il se croit obligé de mentir...

... J'ai accompagné Ruud à Pondy, qui s'en va à Bombay pour tenter d'obtenir des donations pour Matrimandir...

***19-7-1984, Auroville :**

Nath passe presque toutes ses journées ici, mais aujourd'hui elle devait aller à « Aspiration » montrer des mouvements de danse à Mon, et souhaitait que je l'accompagne et participe ; d'après elle Mon était prévenue et d'accord.

Je redoutais d'y rencontrer Diane et ma princesse (que ferais-je ?) mais, pour Nath, j'ai choisi d'essayer. Nous avons trouvé Mon dans sa hutte, et dû attendre un moment que le groupe de théâtre libère la salle de « Last School » ; Nath s'était déjà changée, et nous allions commencer, quand Mon soudain annoncé qu'elle ne voulait pas venir car elle ne voulait pas travailler avec moi... C'était comme une brique : tout a viré ; Nath s'est fâchée, écoeurée ; et, pendant ces quelques instants je pouvais voir, par la fenêtre, à quelque distance sur le chemin, une petite fille qui trottinait devant Diane...

J'ai emmené Nath à la plage...

Qu'est ce que je fais ici, l'objet de cet ostracisme ?

Je ferais mieux de partir... A quoi ça sert de s'entêter à essayer de marcher et d'exister dans un contexte où je suis rejeté ?

Si ce n'est pas pour Toi, et avec Toi, alors qu'est ce que je cherche à prouver ?

J'ai l'envie de vomir...

***20-7-1984, Auroville :**

Après le travail, Nath me montre toutes sortes d'exercices ; ça me fait du bien d'être avec elle ; elle est directe, jeune ; elle aime rire, elle est sensible, et elle a un cœur vivant...

***21-7-1984, Auroville :**

Je regarde la possibilité de partir quelques temps.

Je ne sais pas.

Une partie de moi en a « envie » : c'est ce besoin émotionnel que je garde emprisonné, au silence...

Ici, tout est trop chargé, trop tordu, et trop « pensé » ; je ne peux pas rencontrer les êtres gratuitement et librement, que ce soit pour l'instant d'un sourire ou d'un regard, de quelques mots, ou pour de la tendresse physique, ou une harmonie sexuelle, n'importe... Car dans cette liberté que Tu as donnée, on a eu vite fait de tout remplir de valeurs et de tabous ; il n'y a déjà plus de place pour se découvrir, et les rôles sont distribués.

... Jeevan, lui, s'en va pour plusieurs mois, dit-il, au Canada...

***25-7-1984, Auroville :**

Cela fait 14 ans que je suis couvert par cette malédiction ; je sais et je sens que Tu me protèges et m'entoures, autant que je Te le permet, mais il me semble aussi que seule une Grâce très spéciale pourra défaire, et lever pour toujours cette formation ; ou un acte d'amour si pur...

... G.G s'en va en France ; je lui ai remis des lettres...

***27-7-1984, Auroville :**

C'est drôle, je m'attache un peu à Nath, à sa présence physique, à son corps harmonieux, à son rire et à sa sensibilité... Et elle repart déjà dans quelques jours !

Nous faisons quotidiennement deux heures d'exercice ensemble, sur la terrasse, et cela me fait du bien, comme de l'air frais...

***29-7-1984, Auroville :**

Nath et moi avons passé ensemble la soirée d'hier et la nuit ; je n'avais pas tenu un corps contre le mien depuis si longtemps, un corps avec lequel le mien trouvait de la tendresse et du bien-être...

... Et ce soir Barbara, ayant surmonté son chagrin quand elle a eu senti ou deviné ce qui s'était passé, nous a fait à dîner chez elle ; et Nath lui a remis un peu d'argent pour l'aider à aménager son nouvel espace, et il y a eu un beau courant d'amitié entre elles... J'ai raccompagné Nath à la Guest House ; nous avons marché la main dans la main, en silence, et c'était simple ; la voiture l'attendait ; elle est partie.

Et j'ai éprouvé que cela avait été Ton cadeau...

Elle a emporté pour O.P un beau cristal bleu que j'ai choisi...

... Je lis, pour la seconde fois, « Hanta Yo » : ce livre si vrai sur les Indiens d'Amérique, ce peuple, ce groupe de peuples, dont la profondeur intérieure m'est si proche et importante et familière...

***2-8-1984, Auroville :**

Sans le vouloir, j'observe les mouvements de la vie, les mécanismes qui opèrent, et comme les êtres se mettent « au pas » avec telle ou telle énergie ; et je vois qu'aucune ne m'intéresse assez... Il n'y a pour moi que deux pôles, ou... chemins ? L'un est l'expérience sexuelle, l'énergie sexuelle comme milieu de contact ; l'autre est d'être habité, travaillé, traversé et pétri par la Force, avec la gratitude de la Présence... Et quand ni l'un ni l'autre ne sont tangibles, c'est alors un minimum de beauté et d'harmonie physiques et matérielles qui me permet de vivre...

***3-8-1984, Auroville :**

Ruud est rentré de Bombay fatigué, amaigri et fiévreux, mais avec l'impression d'avoir été utile et que de l'argent viendrait ce mois-ci en réponse au Matrimandir...

***8-8-1984, Auroville :**

Hier soir Deepti a été agressée, dans sa cuisine à « Eco House », par un homme masqué... Elle est indemne.

***10-8-1984, Auroville :**

J'habite à Auroville, c'est tout. Quelque chose de très profond en moi a posé là son ancre : c'est ici la maison, et c'est tout... Le reste, tout le reste, est un mystère...

***11-8-1984, Auroville :**

Akash a une crise d'asthme ; depuis le retour de Ruud, il semble avoir perdu son nouvel équilibre. Pourtant nous venions juste de terminer la grande volière pour ses oiseaux, et il était content...

... Ce soir Dom est arrivée ici en taxi, n'ayant trouvé Krishna nulle part ; il semble qu'il soit allé seul à Delhi pour essayer d'obtenir un nouveau passeport... Elle a dû rester dormir ici.

***12-8-1984, Auroville :**

Dom a pu glaner quelques informations ; elle a parlé à Al.B qui avait vu Krishna à Delhi : il paraîtrait que l'Ambassade du Maroc a refusé de l'aider et qu'il lui a été officieusement déconseillé de retourner au Maroc. Dom a décidé d'attraper le premier avion pour Delhi et de le retrouver... Je l'ai accompagnée au bus.

***15-8-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna reste introuvable, et même Kireet s'inquiéterait, qui aurait essayé de l'aider, et l'Ambassade serait à sa recherche...

... Le Feu à l'aube, calme...

... Cet après-midi ce séminaire de la « jeunesse » s'achevait et une déclaration commune devait être lue à l'amphithéâtre. Je m'y suis rendu avec Ar., mais n'ai pas pu rester : il y a une médiocrité dans ce que certains d'entre nous expriment qui me choque. Il y avait là un jeune étudiant Nigérien, avec qui le contact a été immédiat...

... Je ne sens pas clairement ce qui est nécessaire pour Krishna, et je ne puis m'empêcher de Te dire : « si Tu ne peux pas ou ne veux pas ouvrir cette

impossibilité, si Tu ne veux pas ou ne peux pas l'aider à comprendre, accepter et participer, lui qui T'appartient, alors c'est que le moment n'est plus là et que nous pouvons tous plier bagages et laisser les choses suivre leur chemin ordinaire... ! »

***19-8-1984, Auroville :**

Dom est rentrée sans avoir trouvé Krishna ; elle a pu rencontrer Kireet, malgré les efforts d'Al.B pour l'en dissuader ; d'après elle Al.B aurait refusé d'aider Krishna. Je ne sais pas ; je sens sa présence dans la journée, mais je n'ai pas rêvé de lui depuis plusieurs jours ; je n'ai plus cet élan vers lui, depuis qu'il est parti en me mentant ; quelque chose d'autre doit se passer, en lui et en chacun, et si ça ne se passe pas, rien ne se passera...

***21-8-1984, Auroville:**

I had one long and intense dream of Krishna in the early part of the night, in very odd circumstances: hearing twice a woman's cry for help behind a double door, I open one of the panels and I come upon Krishna, sitting in a toilet room, and guarded by two older black men; he is in a good condition, and well-dressed; he lives near Bombay in a nice hotel away from the traffic, a place called "The Star", where he's been accepted as a sort of wanderer to be protected; I embrace him and give myself to him; I ask him to take me as if I was his woman, and he accepts; he opens, and he realises what is between us, and so much, so much unreality falls off our bond and our lives...

***24-8-1984, Auroville:**

Krishna est revenu hier à Pondy ; Dom l'y a rejoint et ils ont pris ensemble une chambre d'hôtel.

... Je finis de relire « Hanta Yo » ; voilà un livre qui est comme un ami très cher, dont je voudrais ne jamais me séparer...

... Chaque après-midi, depuis quelques temps, je m'installe sous l'arbre de « Service » pour écrire ; cela vient comme au compte-gouttes, et je ne sais pas où ça va...

***27-8-1984, Auroville :**

Ce soir Krishna est venu me voir, très tendre, comme dans certains de mes rêves : il veut retourner demain à Yercaud, avec Dom, le temps de suivre un nouveau traitement pour sa jambe ; puis ; dit-il, il veut construire une nouvelle hutte, ou maison, ici près de moi... On verra !

***28-8-1984, Auroville :**

Petit à petit un nouveau soutien, quelque chose comme un calme heureux et actif, une paix en moi, semble vouloir s'installer ; et je crois que c'est lié au fait que j'ai recommencé d'écrire, et de retrouver ainsi un courant de créativité...

***31-8-1984, Auroville :**

Ce mouvement d'écrire me préoccupe. Peut-être est ce dû à la disparité entre la médiocrité de certains de mes états et la qualité de ce que je cherche à exprimer ;

j'ai comme un dégoût parfois ! Mais je sais aussi que ce dégoût n'est que l'envers d'une satisfaction qui commençait à pointer... Tout cela est peu profond... Alors je continue ; il y a quelque chose qui se fait...

***1-9-1984, Auroville :**

C'est de nouveau la rivalité entre Ar. et Barbara, et ça me place entre deux tirs de revendication ; j'ai l'impression d'être un morceau de terrain disputé : si la clôture passera à droite ou à gauche du pommier... !

***8-9-1984, Auroville :**

Ar. tire beaucoup ; elle demande, elle veut une relation physique, et je continue de le refuser ; et je me sens un peu malhonnête de lui donner une intimité sans lui donner de plénitude...

9-9-1984, Auroville :

J'ai terminé aujourd'hui la rédaction de ce texte.

Je crois que c'est fort, percutant, et que cela peut toucher ; en même temps, c'est écrit dans un langage, et cela met l'accent sur des aspects de conscience, qui risquent d'étonner, de déconcerter, sinon de rebuter – même à Auroville... Mais de toutes manières, l'imprimer ici est hors de question : je suis condamné, et rien de « bon » ne peut venir de moi, c'est entendu... !

... Anandi est venue me voir, comme elle le fait souvent ; et j'ai remarqué que, lorsqu'elle est seule avec moi, elle est très fine et joyeuse, cohérente et attentive ; lorsqu'il y a quelqu'un d'autre, elle est chaotique, bruyante et fausse...

***Poem in prose, written on 10-9-1984:**

“Bleu et gris, entre les branches; et vert : la clairière.

La mousse est encore fraîche sous mes pieds.

Au bord, à l'orée, la chanson hésitante, jaune ruisselante, des boutons d'or.

Vert, vert, la clairière ; il fait bon, la douceur infinie de la brume lentement se retire absorbée, c'est la terre qui lentement bascule et s'expose au soleil.

Il sent bon, le bois bourgeonnant, sa pourriture respire lentement, exhale et revit.

Une forme, brune et sourde, file entre les herbes, et soudain ploient les rameaux, un bond, un saut. Et presque, le silence.

Un premier rayon frappe le fourré, de l'autre côté, près des grands fûts sombres qui montent à leurs arches et là, où l'herbe est rase et paisible, quelque chose commence à reluire, à briller, sans bruit.

Un homme est couché là, un glaive à son côté.

Une explosion tranquille, la lame s'anime et d'elle la lumière rejaillit et s'épand ; tout, là, s'avive et se gorge de lumière, et la présence, l'homme en son corps étendu, semble monter sur la crête de la clairière, et l'habite, sans mouvement.

En haut éclate le soleil, irrésistible ; près du corps tombe une ombre, et s'allonge, et lentement se rétracte.

Tout l'espace enclos, ouvert par le haut, subit la lumière et la rend.

De l'homme immobile, comme une chaleur monte à mon sang, un courant s'établit.

Et c'est comme tout veille et attend.

Le corps innombrable de la forêt d'un même souffle se penche, la clairière est une onde prête à sertir ce mouvement que je n'ai pas encore fait.

De la main je sens l'écorce qui presse, et la pulsation d'une veine.

A quelques pas le calme du glaive, l'homme en repos, sa présence grandit dans mon sang, le flux d'un appel.

La forêt autour de moi est tout intense de vie retenue, mon cœur bat tout seul, la légère brûlure d'une ronce à ma jambe.

En arrière, invisiblement, des craquements de brindilles, sous le poids furtif innocent des petites créatures de la branche et du bois.

Il semble que tout sait.

Que cet homme, couché, immobile, n'est plus seul de lui-même, qu'il y a moi.

Il semble que la forêt, la clairière, la lumière, le temps fassent de la place à quelque chose qui est lui et moi, comme un grand corps ferait le vide entre ses atomes, pour un autre évènement.

Comme deux comètes de natures semblables, dans un univers d'étoiles en mouvement, inévitablement se trouvent, et tout accepte le changement qu'elles portent.

Je ne sais plus ce qui a guidé ma marche à l'aube, je ne sais plus pourquoi j'ai quitté le sentier, suivi le tapis d'aiguilles, de mousse et de glands.

Je ne sais plus que j'avais un peu froid, ni de quelle clameur je viens.

Je sais seulement qu'il est là.

Et que je ne sais pas encore commettre le pas en avant, l'intrusion de son mystère, ou répondre à l'appel sans mots ni voix de son sang, de la présence qui coule en son corps.

C'est la forêt, c'est le soleil plus haut qui me calment.

J'ai envie de me mettre à genoux, de laisser, de flotter, d'entendre bien.

La lumière ne vient pas jusqu'à moi, comme du mercure d'or elle s'arrête, tout près, au nœud d'une racine presque blanche, je pourrais tendre mon bras, du doigt la toucher.

Doucement je m'accroupis, m'adosse au grand tronc.

Il y a tous ces degrés jusqu'à lui.

Il y a l'air à ma peau, mes muscles qui parlent, ma salive, et mon corps est aussi une forêt, qui s'ouvre et reçoit le message, qui s'imprègne de la clairière et de l'homme étendu qui la change et l'emporte, de ce glaive blanc, et gris, blanc de brillance, gris de substance, comme un regard parallèle pour l'homme endormi.

Il y a les aspérités sur le corps de l'arbre qui s'enfonce dans, dessous la terre brune et vaste, toute cette vie qui vit autrement, la libellule qui passe d'une herbe à une autre, la moisissure au creux du bois.

Ces couches et ces couches de substance, autrement animées.

Il y a la petite foule en joie des boutons d'or, moitié d'ombre moitié de soleil, un or qui sourit, tout plein et clair du côté ombre, un or qui rie, pétille et se fond, du côté de lumière et, plus petites, un peu cachées, ou seules dans le vert et le dru, de menues créatures bleues et violettes, toutes tendres dans l'ombre et la lumière.

Puis il y a, comme un acte qui attend, la distance éclatante jusqu'à lui, immobile.

Son corps un peu enfoncé dans la force de l'herbe ou soulevé par elle, comme en l'écume de la terre qui nous porte et nous fixe dans nos formes.

Il y a, du rouge et du bleu, profonds, et du brun, comme du velours contre sa peau claire, là, à quelques pas, à quelque temps.

Et tout bat.

Je sens, que tout a le temps.
 Que je serai près de lui avant le midi.
 Quand d'être près, ou ici, n'auront plus d'opposé, quand cela naître d'un autre
 mouvement, qui nous contiendra et sera notre joie.
 Je sens qu'il n'est qu'endormi, mais d'un sommeil sans contraires.
 Et qu'en lui bat le sang, partout dans son corps tranquille, sans alerte.
 Je sens une confiance.
 Et comme il me faut, descendre, lentement, au rythme sûr de cette confiance,
 m'approcher de ces énormes vannes, qui retiennent de la vie mon besoin d'aimer.

Je sens, qu'enfin, je vais m'abandonner, laisser cette peine, couler vers lui en lui
 avec lui d'un abandon fort et libre et sans peine.
 Dans ce silence trouvé, tout s'écarte et se dénoue.
 Tout bat.

J'écoute et je sens, d'abord, le vacarme de ma force obstinée.
 Ma tête se repose contre l'arbre certain, mes épaules se détendent, mes jambes
 allongées côte à côte, à la diagonale de l'ombre arrêtée.
 C'est un peu à ma droite qu'il est, à quelques pas dans le soleil, couché, la lame du
 glaive bien à plat étincelle et rutil, la constante d'un appel.
 Dans le flux, qui bat, et bat, sans hâte, doucement, je me rends.

Parfois, une fois, deux fois, comme un souffle d'air circule à l'orée, un mouvement
 de l'air, et quelques herbes plus hautes le sentent, et quelques corolles en
 frémissent.
 Puis il y a un, deux, trois, et d'autres là-bas, où la clairière s'évase et se tend d'une
 autre lisière au même peuple du bois, de petits insectes, des guêpes, qui
 bourdonnent et se taisent, bourdonnent et se taisent, en voletant.

Je me sens, lentement, appelé, entraîné, sollicité de toutes parts, comme si tout
 venait là, rien ne restait, nulle part.

Tous mes sens lentement se tendent
 Vers un unisson
 S'assemblent dans la saisie
 De l'expérience
 Le grain de la terre et du bois contre le grain de ma peau
 Le moelleux d'un lichen contre ma jambe
 Ou l'irritant de cette écaille à mon épaule et l'humide
 A mes lèvres
 Et les flux et battements de dedans mon corps
 L'âcre et l'acidité de dessous les feuilles et le fumé
 Du bois qui se réchauffe, des bouffées de l'herbe tiédie
 Qui s'endort au soleil
 Et l'astringent d'une fleur et l'odeur de mon corps
 Et, sporadique, l'effluve de glands entr'ouverts,
 Et les restes de la brume retombée.

Et, dans ma bouche, un goût de poussière et de pierre encore froide,
 Et le souvenir du lait et du pain de là-bas et, plus proche, d'une herbe cueillie sur le
 chemin.

Et la trille et le battement d'ailes
 Et le lent ébrouement des arbres et comme l'onde de leur sève
 Et de feuilles virevoltantes au soleil et dans l'ombre,
 Le craquement, l'assèchement, le froissement
 Les bonds
 Légers
 Les sauts
 Tapis, le petit claquement d'un bec
 Une frottée d'ailes
 Encore
 Le bruissement attentif d'un lit de brindilles et,
 Dans l'écho d'allées invisibles, un grand roucoulement
 Tranquille.

Et
 La clairière et l'orée
 La verdure avivée
 La terre qui rougeoit
 Les pétales, le mauve et la rouille
 Et la gamme plus obscure
 Des bois
 L'effervescence des cimes
 Et le doux éclatement de pourpre et de bleu, sur
 La pâleur de son corps, le roux profond de ses cheveux
 Entre les herbes.

Et mes mains, là, et toute la présence de mon corps,
 Et du sien, la force physique de tout ce présent,
 La lumière d'un jour déploie la pénombre sous les branches
 Qui çà et là s'anime autrement d'un rayon vertical,
 Ou le déflecte.

L'air est doux, presque
 Immobile
 Il y a les courants de tiédeur qui s'échappent
 Par la trouée du bois
 Où
 Comme l'haleine d'une fraîcheur monte encore
 D'entre les troncs silencieux

Et puis je sens
 Sur ma tête, mes épaules, dedans ma poitrine
 La calme visée
 De force,
 Le lien
 Qui révèle,
 Je sens
 La lumière dans mes yeux
 Aussi.

Avant que ne s'ouvrent ses yeux je pose ma main
 Sur ses paupières doucement

Et de l'autre
Je saisis la sienne qui s'anime
Et recherche.

Son corps léger répond instantanément à mon toucher.
Les yeux restent fermés.

Quand nous quittons la clairière partout,
Partout, partout,
Tout le monde, hommes, femmes, enfants, vieillards, sont sortis
Sur les routes, les sentiers,
Dans les champs, et se tiennent là,
Attendant... »

***11-9-1984, Auroville ;**

Ce soir je reçois un télégramme de Krishna me demandant de l'attendre à Pondy, à son retour de Bangalore ; je suis donc allé l'attendre à la station d'autobus, pendant que Barbara préparait la maison de C. Il est arrivé à 22 heures ; il a laissé Dom à Bangalore ; je n'ai pas posé de questions... Peut-être y a-t-il plus d'espace entre nous maintenant, plus de simple tendresse ? Je veux être attentif à ne pas reprendre le poids ; il faut que chacun reste libre...

***18-9-1984, Auroville:**

Last night as Krishna and I were riding back from Pondy, we had to find refuge from a sudden, violent rain, with such gusts of wind that whole trees were toppled in a few moments... And in the middle of the night, just around midnight, out of complete silence, a huge long tearing, searing thunderbolt hurled itself out in slow motion, and the force of its impact in the very air was such that I felt, right above my head, as if particles were deflagrated, in utter turmoil... I wanted to vomit, afterwards... I had to read "The Mind of the Cells" a while, to recover...!

***19-9-1984, Auroville:**

I dream again and again that my little one, my princess Auragni, comes to me, and I kiss her all over and she knows my kisses, and she leaves her beautiful toys and moves away from the others... And last night Sam was with me, almost shielding me, a good friend; and then the ladies came, without looking at me, to take her back...

And I also dream again of that same "group" succeeding in making of the Agenda a kind of religious dictatorship...

... J'ai terminé de taper le texte à la machine, et je l'ai relu... Je crois que c'est vraiment fort, que ça se tient, et que ça peut obliger à réfléchir profondément...

Et j'ai osé Te demander ; et il m'a semblé sentir que Tu étais contente... !

***21-9-1984, Auroville :**

Je suis parti seul faire une grande marche, jusqu'à l'océan ; et sur le chemin du retour j'ai dû croiser tous ceux qui revenaient de la réunion générale, leurs visages durs et tendus ; j'ai croisé Diane aussi, toute défigurée : elle a dû souffrir ces derniers jours, après que M.H ait perdu son bébé ; et cela m'a inquiété pour

Auragni... Diane m'a à peine regardé ; je ne sais pas si c'était de la haine, ou bien un reproche massif, comme si j'étais responsable de tout ce qui n'allait pas pour elle... Il y a toutes ces dualités, tout ce manichéisme autour d'elle, autour de ces gens de ce côté d'Auroville... C'est pénible !

***2-10-1984, Auroville :**

Je lis un livre très intéressant, d'un mental très clair : « Space, Time and Medicine » ; c'est un livre ouvert à un avenir physique vrai, c'est bien encourageant... !

***5-10-1984, Auroville :**

Le fait de pouvoir à nouveau écrire m'aidait à saisir et à sentir le sens pour moi d'être à Auroville ; et maintenant je retrouve l'impasse.

Il n'y a plus rien, dans l'actuelle Auroville, avec quoi je puisse me sentir dans un rapport créatif et ouvert ; il n'y a plus grand-chose non plus qui m'inspire du respect ou de la sympathie. Les orientations qui sont prises, les actions, les discours et les positions, tout comme les détails et les petites histoires, tout me semble si terriblement insuffisant et si affreusement satisfait... Alors je suis bloqué ici ; je ne puis m'occuper que d'une part de ce jardin ; je ne puis rencontrer le monde qu'en deux ou trois êtres qui, implicitement, se reposent sur le sens que je pourrai donner à la vie de chaque jour...

Auragni était mon point de contact matériel et vivant avec un avenir qui est à trouver, et cela m'a été retiré...

Hier j'ai envoyé un message à Diane lui demandant seulement de m'envoyer des nouvelles d'Auragni...

***6-10-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai trouvé affichée à la Cuisine une circulaire à propos de Barun T et d'« Auropress » se terminant par une phrase si inexacte, une description si biaisée et falsifiée d'un incident auquel j'ai moi-même assisté, et le tout sur un tel ton de vertu raisonnable, que j'ai obéi à l'impulsion d'y ajouter un commentaire écrit et de remettre la circulaire dans le livre du messenger... J'ai mis: « It is not possible to fight falsehood with untruth! »

Comme dit Barbara, tout le monde s'est habitué à cette sorte de manipulation opportuniste des faits de la part des Auroviliens...

... Rentrant à la maison ce soir, je trouve Krishna avec Agnès et Barbara, jouant très fort de cette musique pénible et abrutissante ; dès que j'apparais, tout le monde se tait ; Krishna range l'instrument, Agnès ferme son illustré... C'est dégoûtant, on m'affuble de l'image la plus facile, on ne s'entend plus, on ne communique plus...

***8-10-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna m'annonce qu'il part à Vellore pour quelques jours, voir le médecin... Je sens que je ne veux plus du tout du poids qu'il m'impose ???

***9-10-1984, Auroville:**

This was an amusing dream: there was a huge building and by mistake I entered the wrong room, where politicians were meeting; and Prem, who was in the adjacent room serving as a sort of clerk, tried to raise hell about my "intrusion", and I had to tell him very crudely to shut up...!

... J'ai nettoyé la maison de C – où Krishna a vécu ces derniers temps – et cela m'a plutôt fâché et éloigné de lui : l'atmosphère y était mauvaise, physiquement malsaine, et c'était vraiment sale ; c'est le manque de soin et d'amour de sa part envers la matière, qui me touche le plus...

***10-10-1984, Auroville :**

Maryse vient me réveiller très tard ce soir, pour prendre tout l'argent de Krishna, me disant qu'il doit entrer dans l'hôpital de Vellore pour plusieurs semaines ; tout cela est très vague, et plutôt irréel – ou faux ?

***14-10-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna est rentré de Vellore. Il n'avait pas reçu mon message, mais il avait lui-même senti qu'il ne devait pas rester là. Et il a trouvé ici la première réponse un peu positive de l'Ambassade du Maroc.

***15-10-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai commencé de voir avec Ar. comment établir un nouveau budget pour l'ensemble de « Sincérité », afin d'essayer de couvrir le plus possible les besoins de ceux qui, avec ce nouveau « système » qui cherche à s'imposer, selon lequel chacun doit trouver un groupe, un service ou une activité qui subvienne à ses besoins, vont se retrouver par force dans des situations marginales...

***16-10-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna est venu m'aider à élaguer les manguiers ; mais il jette tant d'énergie autour de lui... Il ne sait toujours pas comment attirer juste l'énergie proportionnelle à l'action : ça vient toujours par charretées et par vagues, comme une brutalité ; et après il faut tout mettre en ordre et tout apaiser et tenter de faire bon usage du « trop-plein »...

***24-10-1984, Auroville :**

Barbara est bouleversée, car Akash lui a dit hier qu'il ne voulait plus vivre avec elle, et qu'il préférerait vivre avec Ruud et Mayaura. Mais je pense que c'est en partie dû à la présence quasi quotidienne de Krishna, qui ne correspond guère à ses besoins d'enfant ; pourtant, Barbara remet tout en question : sa décision de venir habiter à « Sincérité », sa confiance en moi... tout y passe !

... Uma et Shankar viennent de rentrer de France, via Delhi ; G.M doit rentrer dans deux semaines...

***25-10-1984, Auroville :**

Barbara semblait plus calme et plus confiante ce matin, mais ce soir elle est venue me demander qu'on ne se voie pas pendant quelques jours – ce que je lui avais

déjà proposé. Comme elle restait là, indécise et dramatique, je me suis un peu fâché, ce qui lui a permis de partir dans un mouvement de colère...

Tout cela sent l'illusion, la torsion... Mais je ne puis m'empêcher de me poser cette question : n'est ce pas, là encore et toujours, cette chose obscure et contraire qui me suivrait partout, s'attaquerait encore et toujours à ceux qui s'approchent de moi et ferait que tout, et toujours, tourne mal... ?

Que faire ?

Je me sens de plus en plus isolé.

Et tout ce qui signale la présence de l'égo en moi me fait l'effet d'une obscurité suffocante, et je veux tout T'offrir...

Je n'ai pas besoin de cette misère supplémentaire, de ce drame qui toujours s'ajoute et colle au chemin : o y a déjà bien assez à faire !

***26-10-1984, Auroville :**

Je lis « La Neige Brûlée » de Régis Debray : un beau récit d'un homme qui a vu pas mal d'illusions se défaire...

... Barbara est revenue ce matin me dire que cela n'arrangeait rien de ne pas se voir et qu'elle avait besoin que je la tienne et que je l'aide...

... Mère je veux marcher, et me fondre, et devenir et couler dans cette Présence consciente... Mère, Mère, Mère, Mère...

***29-10-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna est reparti pour Delhi. Au moment de se séparer physiquement, c'est comme s'il laissait tomber la dureté, la résistance et le bruit, et appréciait de nouveau la possibilité qui est entre nous...

Mais j'ai constaté pratiquement que, dès qu'il est parti, toute une masse lourde et pénible est comme tombée de mes épaules, de mes mouvements, de ma vision, et presque de mes sens physiques ; j'étais de nouveau simplement content de travailler ici, et intéressé par tout ce qu'il y a à faire, et libre de m'ouvrir à l'énergie...

***30-10-1984, Auroville :**

La fête de Satprem... !

***31-10-1984, Auroville :**

Vers 9 heures 30 ce matin, Indira Gandhi, marchant de sa maison à son bureau et entourée de ses gardes, a reçu presque à bout portant 8 balles tirées par deux hommes appartenant à ses propres forces de sécurité ; elle a été atteinte à l'estomac, la poitrine et aux cuisses ; transportée d'urgence à l'hôpital, elle y est morte vers 11 heures.

Zaïl Singh, le Président, devait rentrer du Nord Yémen.

Beaucoup d'entre nous se sont retrouvés au Banyan. Nigam et Ojha aussi sont venus.

***3-11-1984, Auroville:**

I dreamt of Sonia Gandhi.

... Le corps d'Indira a été porté en un long cortège de midi à 16 heures à travers Delhi. Près d'un million de gens l'ont suivi.

Rajiv a allumé le bûcher.

... Nous nous sommes réunis au Banyan pour une concentration.

J'ai eu l'expérience très claire du mouvement intérieur d'Indira ; cela a duré longtemps ; tout le monde était déjà reparti et c'était encore pleinement là...

***4-11-1984, Auroville:**

I had one good experience last night: I am alone at the end of a sort of circular mobile ramp on top of a huge Matrimandir and, somehow, with the wind out and about and a slip in the control mechanism, it starts gyrating fast, faster and faster, at full speed, describing a full ellipse around the sphere; I concentrate, free from fear, and I experience a total, complete sense of security and surrender. I know that I am within That and that everything is alright.

It is: "Thy Will, Thy Will..."

... Krishna est rentré de Delhi ce matin, brandissant son passeport tout neuf !

... Je ne sais quoi faire de ce poids ; j'essaye de l'offrir, de voir et d'offrir !

***5-11-1984, Auroville:**

Lately I have been spending a lot of my sleep-time with East Europeans... A whole group of them: their peculiar presence and atmosphere, their simplicity and also their duplicity, their great charm and their dullness...

... Le coulage de béton s'est bien passé ; comme c'était assez long, chacun a dû dépasser sa petite routine, surmonter un peu de fatigue et donner un peu plus que d'habitude, et cela aide toujours à porter une atmosphère d'unité...

***6-11-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai longtemps regardé ce livre d'une beauté si profondément touchante, que Robert Vavra a réalisé avec ses photographies bouleversantes de licornes, un livre qu'Ar. avait trouvé « par hasard » lorsqu'elle était à Bangalore. C'est en rapport avec l'âme de la Terre, avec la Force, et avec le corps...

***8-11-1984, Auroville :**

Je lis D.H Lawrence, avec délice et reconnaissance... Quel écrivain, quel observateur, et quel prophète !

***9-11-1984, Auroville :**

Je trouve mon oxygène dans le fait de pouvoir renouveler chaque jour mon offrande active d'un environnement harmonieux ; cela devient presque toute ma vie. Mais le monde tout autour est une horreur qui prolifère, et Auroville-même devient une sorte de farce vulgaire, médiocre et bureaucratique...

***14-11-1984, Auroville :**

Pendant que je peignais, cet après-midi, Ar. me lisait ce que Sri Aurobindo a dit de D.H Lawrence ; sans que je lui dise rien de mes impressions personnelles, elle a été

frappée par une similarité de regard entre D.H Lawrence et moi... ! Jusqu'à parler de réincarnation... !

Mais comment cet homme est-il parvenu à dire ces choses avec tant de clarté – « The Man who Died » - alors que personne autour de lui ne pouvait les comprendre, ni même les appréhender... !?

***27-11-1984, Auroville:**

For a part of last night I was in East Europe again, where that force is still reigning over men; a horrible, horrifying place and atmosphere: I can't stand to see what men can become, and I burst out desperately, crying without tears...

***28-11-1984, Auroville:**

En fin d'après-midi je suis parti courir ; j'ai couru jusqu'à la nuit, environ 15 kilomètres : et je me suis senti heureux, avec Toi, comme une méditation profonde, ardue mais fructueuse ; j'ai répondu à la nécessité de regarder, de voir sans « ciller » cet esclavage dont je suis le sujet depuis la petite enfance, à la divinité du sexe mâle... Quoi faire ? Il me semble qu'il faudrait soit une série rapide d'expériences vivantes presque violentes, pour détruire l'attache profonde de ce lien, soit une action tout à fait exceptionnelle de la Grâce... Il ne me paraît pas que le seul fait d'une vie paisiblement harmonieuse, offerte à la disparition progressive de l'ego et à sa transformation, soit suffisant en soi pour éradiquer cette emprise...

***29-11-1984, Auroville :**

La semaine dernière je crois, Krishna m'avait tout à coup accusé d'exercer sur lui une violence mentale et menacé d'y répondre par une violence physique ; depuis ce jour, il est très doux, et ne cesse d'aller et venir comme en quête de proximité ; mais il y a eu un autre recul en moi, et je ne me sens plus disponible. Il y a un retrait intérieur face à cette boulimie, cette force qui dévore, qui impose, qui pèse, étouffe et veut tout occuper...

***2-12-1984, Auroville :**

Je me sens très mélangé, et mal à l'aise : épais, encroûté, encombré de désirs, veule...

***3-12-1984, Auroville :**

Très tôt ce matin Krishna est venu me parler de la maison qu'il souhaite maintenant construire, au bord du canyon, me demandant de l'aider à « la voir » ; nous sommes allés plus tard sur le lieu même, pour déterminer l'orientation...

... Barbara me dit que notre relation est le champ qui lui permet de découvrir et comprendre et offrir ses difficultés et ses blocages, avec le besoin de changer...

***5-12-1984, Auroville :**

Je suis seul ce soir, en train de lire à la bougie. J'entend une voiture arriver, les portières claquer ! G.M ! Avec son amie M, venus tout droit ici, avant même de rentrer à « Dana »... Il a beaucoup grossi, comme étouffé par la chair, mais c'est

G.M, et je suis heureux ! Son amie est gentille et franche, fraternelle, avec le sens généreux de l'humour de quelqu'un qui n'a plus beaucoup d'illusions...

***6-12-1984, Auroville :**

De cet état où soudain je me trouve, comme secoué par une explosion chimique, pris dans la vitesse irréaliste d'un tourbillon stérile d'information et décentré par l'énergie du mouvement, il me paraît impossible que j'aie jamais pu auparavant éprouver quelque chose de Toi, ou connaître la concentration du contact avec Ca, et être en méditation vivante à travers les heures...

Et je mesure ainsi combien, « normalement », tout ici est tranquille, et combien il y avait de calme, déjà...

Parce que cette agitation peut devenir infernale ; ça rend insomniaque, ça projette dans tous les sens, le jour comme la nuit, et surtout, ce qui fait le plus de peine, ça abîme la transparence plus subtile ou profonde de l'écoute et de la réceptivité, cette paix consciente et offerte qui sous-tend – d'habitude – l'atmosphère...

***11-12-1984, Auroville :**

Les journées sont fraîches et paisibles, et la lumière est une fête...

... Krishna souhaiterait maintenant que je lui construisse plutôt une chambre juste à côté de la maison ici...

***12-12-1984, Auroville :**

D.A, qui avait un moment vécu à « Beuvron » en France, où ses deux frères M.A et F.A et moi avons notre « communauté », m'avait récemment annoncé son intention de venir à Auroville avec sa famille – sa compagne Soaz et leurs deux enfants, Gwen et Samuel. Il ne m'avait pas demandé mon avis, mais seulement de leur réserver une chambre à la Guest House et si possible de venir les attendre à l'aéroport...

Je suis arrivé juste à temps, et l'ai aperçu près des bagages : le même visage dans un corps monstrueusement enflé, sa compagne aussi lourde, une petite fille et un tout petit garçon endormi dans les bras de sa mère.

Je les ai mis dans la voiture et, juste à ce moment, le petit s'est réveillé ; j'ai rencontré ses yeux, son regard, et je l'ai aimé... !

Tout le trajet, la petite fille dans mes bras, et la toute petite main de Samuel sur mon bras, tout était calme ; et j'ai découvert le cœur de cette femme, et sa beauté intérieure. Et j'ai apprécié la confiance et le courage qu'exprime leur choix de venir, de tout quitter pour venir ici...

***13-12-1984, Auroville :**

Une autre lettre de C ; Laffont a trouvé mon texte « trop original » pour sa collection... ! Buchet-Chastel l'avait trouvé « bien maîtrisé », mais...

***14-12-1984, Auroville :**

D.A m'a raconté aujourd'hui que, juste avant leur départ de France, Vivek, à l'Association pour Auroville à Paris, a demandé à leur parler particulièrement de moi, pour les mettre en garde contre moi, tentant de leur expliquer que j'étais, ou

avais, une force qui créait des problèmes à Auroville... D.A a répondu que j'étais son ami depuis 13 ans et le resterais, et qu'il avait quant à lui son propre chemin...

Et G.M me dit que, depuis qu'il est rentré et, en venant à moi, a affirmé notre amitié, Shankar lui fait la gueule... Enfin, ça continue...

... En courant tout autour d'Auroville, ce soir, j'ai médité sur cette question : ils disent que je suis une force... Eh bien, pourquoi pas !?

En effet, « je » suis une force, et chaque être est une force en mouvement ; alors qu'y a-t-il de si remarquable à propos de « moi force » ? Sinon que je ne me plie pas aisément ni naturellement aux critères d'un groupe ou d'un autre ?

Il y avait presque une joie à accepter, finalement, ce « statut »... !

Oui, être une force qui vient s'offrir à Ca, à Toi, pour le vrai changement, parmi d'autres forces, chacune éprouvant le besoin de Toi... !?

***15-12-1984, Auroville :**

J'ai écrit une lettre (dont j'ai gardé une copie) à Vivek et à l'Association à Paris, leur demandant de cesser tout militantisme imbécile et d'élargir un peu leur compréhension du chemin, et surtout de cesser d'interférer auprès de mes amis...

***19-12-1984, Auroville :**

En courant, ce soir, j'avais un cri plein de larmes, et je T'appelais « Seigneur, Seigneur... ! »... Je sais que tout est le Guide, je ne me plains pas ; mais à présent je mesure mieux combien la joie est nécessaire ; et comme il m'a fallu du temps, et de la souffrance, pour commencer d'en avoir l'expérience vivante...

***20-12-1984, Auroville :**

Krishna s'est graduellement établi comme responsable auprès des ouvriers et de tout le travail ici... Mais il fallait tout de même éclaircir certains points ; puisqu'il semble ainsi vouloir s'occuper de tout, je ne souhaite pas intervenir, et n'en aurai pas besoin s'il reste conscient des besoins de chacun... Et ainsi, il semble que mon travail ici me soit retiré... !

Ce qui vient après, je ne le sais... !

***22-12-1984, Auroville :**

Il y a quelque chose de malsain dans tout cela. Et je me sens comme dans une prison qui se referme, me retirant du corps du monde, qui est Ton corps...

***23-12-1984, Auroville :**

Dans la journée je recommençais de prendre confiance ; puis ce soir D.A me raconte que Li, la veille, lui a dit de si horribles choses à mon sujet... Voilà quelqu'un que j'ai connu il y a 15 ans, qui est à Auroville depuis 6 ou 7 ans, et que je n'ai revue que, peut-être, trois ou quatre fois ; avec qui je ne souhaite pas de contact et qui, pourtant, éprouve aujourd'hui le besoin de parler ainsi... !?

Il y a trop de gens malades ici et, ce qui est douloureux, c'est qu'Auroville ne les aide pas à... guérir, à changer... C'est cela qui me trouble profondément !

... Peut-être vais-je m'en aller ?

Maintenant que même mon travail à « Sincérité » est pris par Krishna, c'est comme si tout me disait « pars ! Va-t-en ! »...

Si Tu veux, Seigneur, que je reste, Tu me le montreras... !

***24-12-1984, Auroville:**

In one of my dreams last night I was walking down to town and singing my own songs, when I caught up suddenly with Diane and my princess, along with a few others... I fell silent while passing them, and just looked at Diane, and she returned the look with a changed expression, almost of welcome, and she called me back to stop and stand together a moment; my princess didn't really know me, but she felt me; it was all odd and surprising, and I couldn't figure what had taken place, what had made a difference to make this reversal possible...

... Ce soir je trouve sur la table une lettre que Krishna venait juste d'y poser : « Je t'aime, aide-moi à t'embrasser, guide-moi et laisse-moi te guider, sois mon ami et mon compagnon bien-aimé, joue avec moi... Krishna. »

... Plus tard, après un moment à l'amphithéâtre près du Feu – les enfants ont joué autour du Banyan, pour la veille de Noël -, Krishna et moi sommes restés ensemble ici, longtemps. Je lui ai dit que je pensais à partir... il me dit avoir reçu, il y a un mois, une lettre de Satprem lui disant, en substance, qu'il fallait absolument rester ici...

Mais je ne sais plus, Douce Mère, je ne sais plus...

***29-12-1984, Auroville:**

Indira's Congress Party has won the elections, with the largest majority ever...

Yet things aren't easy for Rajeev, and he is being actively threatened; two attempts on his life have already taken place in the last few days...

... Ar. et moi sommes allés voir "Les Chariots de Feu", un film sur la course : deux hommes, deux coureurs, deux archétypes, et le corps... J'ai beaucoup aimé...

Note : Voici le texte, revu et corrigé, que j'avais rédigé en Août et Septembre de l'année 1984, à « Sincérité » ; les quelques tentatives que C fit alors pour obtenir sa publication n'aboutirent pas, et je n'avais pas de certitude quant à l'utilité ou la justesse d'un tel exposé – je n'avais personne vers qui me tourner pour trouver une vérification plus sage de sa validité. Quelques personnes le lurent, et l'aimèrent, mais c'était là peut-être l'expression de leur amitié pour moi.

D'UN SEUIL, TEMOIGNER

Pour voir clair il faut le regard qui voit et la lumière qui éclaire.

1.

Ceci est, évidemment, un peu de ma propre histoire.

Mais il se trouve qu'à un moment donné elle a débouché sur une histoire infiniment plus grande par son contenu et sa portée, dont l'objectivité concerne le plus grand nombre.

Par certains de ses développements, dont j'ai fait partie, au sein desquels j'ai grandi, ou auxquels j'ai assisté, elle a fait aussi de moi un témoin.

C'est le mouvement du témoignage, par sa double appartenance à l'homme et à ce qu'il peut contempler d'un avenir encore pour le moins hypothétique, qui m'a conduit à exprimer ce qui suit.

Et c'est le bouquet et la moisson que je tente ici d'offrir.

Les circonstances de ma bataille personnelle y affleurent parfois, comme celles de ma vie – cette vie qui, bien souvent, m'apparaît si anachronique sur la « face » de l'homme...

2.

La face, mais le masque, dont les fissures et les béances sont irréparables ; ses grimaces nous suivent jusque dans l'action la plus infime, ou intime.

Il est trop tard pour colmater.

Et le mal, comme le bien, nous ont mené à ce point.

Pourtant le manifeste triomphe, et toujours triomphera.

Un triomphe éternel et incontrôlable, dont la force absolue nous oblige à devenir, ou nous détruit.

Notre conscience est une, et elle touche ses limites : mentalement, l'humain ; vitalement, la créature ; physiquement, la terre ; physiologiquement, le corps.

On y est.

Un homme, dans une prison.

Le mal, comme le bien, nous ont mené à ce point.

La laideur et la beauté, l'amour et la haine, le courage et la peur, le désir, la volonté, l'intelligence et la bêtise, l'art et la vulgarité, l'orgueil, la honte, la cruauté, et la générosité, tout a contribué.

Les partis, les églises, et toutes les colonisations de l'ombre, de la peur et du « moi », n'y peuvent rien changer ; elles s'annulent contre les parois souveraines de cet espace où nous sommes cloués.

3.

On part de là où on est. Et un jour on y revient, et on sait.

Il est dit qu'une connaissance qui n'est pas simultanément un pouvoir d'agir n'est pas une connaissance vraie.

Mais dans notre cas cette connaissance, certitude d'un périple abouti, si impuissante soit elle dans les termes du périple, implique et porte pourtant une étrange capacité : celle de reconnaître et de discerner un autre Pouvoir, qu'il est hors de question de tenter de maîtriser, de contrôler ou d'appivoiser.

Le Pouvoir vient par vagues. Et chaque vague est formatrice, créatrice de chaque stade évolutif.

4.

Depuis ces premiers instants conscients où, debout dans une immensité physique, à la fois familière et inconnue, face à l'étendue mystérieuse et féconde d'une Nature inviolée, jusqu'à ce jour où, démultipliés à en suffoquer dans nos corps et dans nos actes nous touchons les frontières infranchissables de notre état, une seule vague nous a portés.

Dans ses remous, ses tournoisements, ses soubresauts, dans son écume et sa puissance et ses calmes étales, nous avons tout éprouvé de son sens.

Historiquement ce sont des millions d'années physiques et nous avons fait un pas...

Aujourd'hui ce Regard en nous a grandi.

Aujourd'hui, là, juste en arrière, il voit : cette vague colossale, formidable se retire et lui, il a grandi, et il sait : et de ce calme pressenti naissent et vivent déjà les rythmes et les lois de la prochaine étape...

5.

Le vacarme, la fureur et le vide, la violence, la terreur et la morne indifférence, le vertigineux pillage et gaspillage et la faim et la misère, et la mort lente et jamais satisfaite, les plaisirs et l'ordre et l'art de vivre, et l'absurde, et la force constante de millions d'aspirations et de tensions ultimement contredites, toujours déchues, réduites ou niées, la grandeur et l'insuffisance : pourtant tout est là, et toujours demeure ; le manifeste triomphe, et la force de son triomphe éternel nous oblige à devenir, ou nous détruit.

Là, juste en arrière, juste là, c'est ce Regard qui grandit ; c'est lui le pont, c'est lui le soi, et le bien-être, le calme qui voit et entend, lui qui sait écouter et recevoir le signe, c'est lui : silencieux, sans jugement, il voit se retirer la vague, y disparaître les anges et les monstres, les petits, les magiciens ; et déjà, sous le sable de la

grève et dans les battements mêmes du silence son amour tranquille et plein déjà perçoit...

6.

L'homme : un canal, un lieu, un espace, et un pont ; mais un point, et un carrefour ; et l'homme : la capacité de choix.

L'homme n'est l'origine ni le créateur d'aucune énergie.

Mais l'homme a la propriété exclusive du pouvoir de choisir : d'identifier et de choisir.

Ainsi seul l'homme éprouve la souffrance de ne pas savoir choisir, de ne pas savoir utiliser son pouvoir, ou d'être à la fois le témoin et la victime des conséquences de ses choix.

7.

Il fallait faire toute l'expérience de cette liberté de choix. Et la terre s'est offerte pour champ de l'expérience.

Au cours du temps, différents groupements, différents peuples, suivant leurs différentes natures ou dominances et répondant à des environnements différents, différemment conscients de leurs origines, ont dû pareillement faire face à la nécessité absolue de ce double apprentissage : reconnaître les termes de tout choix, et choisir, en sachant que tout choix a ses conséquences.

Aujourd'hui cet être silencieux dedans, au regard plein, contemple une double perspective – et tout ce qui en nous a pu supporter son silence et s'unir à sa présence, partage cette contemplation.

La perspective contenue dans le grondement, le chant chaotique aux milliards de voix, la foison bouleversante de tout le périple, de cette vague en reflux, est l'histoire colossale d'un seul pas évolutif, comme celle de chacune de ses voix individuelles.

Et c'est l'histoire de tous ceux qui, debout encore malgré toute la mort et la défaite, ceux qui ont tout tenté, tout fouillé et tout échoué, ceux qui sont prêts enfin à se tourner vers un Pouvoir qui sait sans errer, qui aime sans tromper, et à remettre à sa charge cette même liberté de choisir.

8.

Par la totalité de ce regard est la totalité de cette Histoire. Car en ce regard aucune division ne subsiste.

L'unicité, la qualité de chaque mouvement est perçue, mais l'illusion de la séparation n'est plus.

L'expérience qui était, dans la vague, fragmentée et disséminée en tant de points durs et douloureux, est là rassemblée, assimilée, une.

L'or et le miel.

Le Bien véritable, qui est d'être.

La justification de toutes les errances et les tentatives, les chutes et les victoires pour rien, de tout le bruit et le saccage, de toute la pourriture, des œuvres en vain : être libre et plein.

La plénitude d'être ouvert enfin.

Libre des instruments et conscient de la Force, libre de s'offrir à son futur déploiement.
Le pas prochain.

Et rien finalement n'aura été en vain. Il fallait vivre tout cela, et l'homme devait finalement être aussi celui par qui tout arrive, le canal par lequel tout se manifeste jusqu'aux extrêmes, de la beauté comme de l'horreur.

9.

Celui dont la nature même ne pouvait tolérer le mensonge ou la désharmonie, celui pour qui la terre était sacrée, la vie était une célébration et la mort un passage confiant à une naissance plus grande, celui-là a toujours vécu, ici ou là.

Mais son frère, dans la nature de qui l'appel de la contradiction était inscrit, qu'aurait pu pour lui le premier ?

Il n'avait pas le pouvoir de transformer ; le temps n'était pas venu pour ce pouvoir-là ; l'expérience n'était pas complète.

Maintenant l'homme sait qu'il est capable de tous les contraires.

Il a découvert que sa substance est une.

Il a vu que ces contraires sont aussi les tenants d'un état évolutif.

Mais il n'a pas la clé pour sortir. La clé est ailleurs.

Cet ailleurs est en relation avec un changement d'état.

10.

Je n'avais pas encore vingt ans. J'étais surtout conscient d'une grande tension, d'être comme un espace en tension. Parfois il y avait des reflets actifs d'une force qui pouvait toucher et donner, éclaircir et révéler. Mais le véhicule, ce que j'étais : un mélange, un nœud aveugle, à vif.

Et comme toujours la double capacité : celle de détruire et se détruire, celle d'offrir et de s'offrir.

L'objet de la destruction était là, mais le besoin de détruire était nul.

L'objet de l'offrir était caché, ou inconnu, mais le besoin d'offrir était impérieux.

Et c'est le besoin, toujours, qui fait la différence.

La qualité du besoin de chaque être est la seule mesure de toute vie.

Il y avait depuis quelques temps déjà le sens d'une présence au-dessus ; comme de quelqu'un, là, juste en haut, qui savait, qui possédait l'itinéraire, les pas à venir et leur sens.

Et aussi, autrement, en profondeur, l'impression plus ou moins constante d'une lumière invisible, d'une lumière dans l'obscur, d'une brûlure de lumière.

L'état qui dominait était la tension, ou le vide.

Avec, dans cette vacance comme dans la diffusion de cette tension, des mouvements d'énergie de natures différentes : des explosions de désir ; des intermittences venues comme d'un autre âge, ou d'une personne qui serait déjà vieille ; des fulgurances ou des percées d'une certaine harmonie, et d'une beauté particulière comme d'un monde presque privé.

Et en contrepoint un curieux instinct, profond, de l'équilibre.

Le sens, aussi, d'une grande vitesse, se traduisant parfois en sentiment d'urgence et, parfois, en actes désespérés.

11.

Je n'avais pas encore vingt ans.

C'était l'année 1969, marquée par le toucher d'un certain rassemblement, comme si un grand Quelque Un solaire révélait soudain à eux-mêmes et entre eux ceux que sa semence attendait.

Dans les yeux de ceux-là venait comme une chaleur nouvelle, ou plutôt une joie un peu plus qu'humaine, qui était comme un signe de reconnaissance.

On pouvait tout faire et ne rien faire, s'abstenir ou s'abandonner, cela n'avait aucune importance ; dans ce feu qui avait enfin affleuré à nos yeux comme un rire d'une nature un peu plus qu'humaine, et plus vraie, était notre sécurité imprenable. Il n'y avait plus d'erreur ; il y avait ça, une semence radiante en nous qui répondait à l'appel. Le temps venait.

Il y avait la tentation de vivre là-dessus, de laisser ça organiser les circonstances, et nos corps ainsi s'épanouir.

Je me souviens, quelque part pourtant, confusément au-dedans, je ressentais plus de substance à l'appel, plus de conscience, là, qui tirait ; comme l'aimant d'une plénitude centrale, d'une présence plus réelle encore, un glaive, un regard radical. Et qu'il me fallait marcher physiquement, me déplacer : que ce n'était pas là où j'étais, qu'il n'y avait là que des effets.

Je sentais cela assez précisément pour dire : « je vais chercher ce qui nous manque »...

12.

Ce que l'homme a nommé liberté, ce pour quoi il n'a cessé de lutter, est une liberté relative : celle de pouvoir, sans contrainte arbitraire, déterminer les termes du choix, faire le choix, et grandir par les conséquences de ce choix.

Ce que l'homme a nommé conscience, à laquelle il n'a cessé d'aspérer, est une conscience relative : la référence la moins faillible, la moins corruptible, pour déterminer les termes du choix, éclairer sa nature, et montrer ses conséquences.

Le premier choix essentiel, pour l'individu comme pour le groupe, est celui de sa référence.

La question que l'homme n'a cessé de se poser et de poser à la vie, au manifeste, est une question relative : existe-t-il une référence objective, universelle, éternellement valide, pour déterminer les termes de tout choix ?

Trois nœuds de l'Histoire.

13.

L'homme a toujours senti, plus ou moins confusément, qu'il n'était en soi pas grand-chose, presque rien ; mais qu'il était aussi, peut-être, ce presque rien, cet absurde, ce toujours condamné, qu'il était peut-être aussi, malgré tout, la demeure possible d'un Certain Habitant, à la nature ou la réalité de Qui il pouvait peut-être tenter de s'unir.

Un être très intérieur, et très central, dont la permanence et la vision justifieraient peut-être, un jour meilleur, le coût de toute l'expérience.

Et qu'à certains moments inexplicables il semblait bien qu'un contact s'établissait, qu'un courant passait, chargé d'une autre expérience, d'une intensité plus pleine, de mouvements et d'états comme d'une autre nature.

Un prisonnier ? Une promesse ? Ou la dernière, l'ultime illusion ?

Et toute l'Histoire est aussi celle de toutes les relations que l'homme a entretenues avec le mystère de son incarnation.

14.

L'Homme est multiple. L'Homme est nombreux.

La première, implacable contrainte est l'autre, autrui.

L'homme est un hôte dans la matière, il n'a pas les clés de la vie.

Le deuxième, implacable contrainte est la mort, la défaite du support, la désintégration de la forme et du corps.

A ces deux contraintes correspondent deux nécessités.

Et ce sont deux signes du chemin.

Dans ce drame situé par l'espace et le temps, chevauchant les rythmes de la force matérielle, porté, soutenu par elle ou, vaincu, obligé de lui rendre le corps et contraint encore et encore de perdre la forme mais condamné à revenir mendier d'elle les éléments d'un nouveau corps, aveuglement mû par l'absolue nécessité de grandir et de devenir, l'homme, séparé, étranger, incomplet, victime et meurtrier de fragments et d'éclats de soi, s'est multiplié.

Ignorant d'une cause commune à tous les déroulements, inconscient d'une direction centrale, libre pourtant de former ses propres entraves et seul à affronter la violence du choix, c'est dans l'espace et le temps que lentement, au battement du souffle matériel, la conscience de l'Homme en labeur enfantait le corps intérieur d'une Réponse au-dedans.

15.

Par le choc et l'impact d'une infinité de conséquences vécues, transmigrant les saisons de la terre et la myriade perpétuelle et simultanée d'instantanés éprouvés, comme les gouttes qui, une à une à l'abri du rocher, tombent former une masse de lumière retenue, solidifiée, ou comme la lente formation du diamant en sa gangue, un être s'est lentement composé, lent épanouissement conscient de l'expérience.

La lente incarnation d'une réponse, d'un émissaire, et d'un support indestructible pour plus que l'homme.

Un rire jaillit, un rire s'égrène et caracole par des couloirs et des degrés de cristal, un rire fuse à l'oreille de l'infinité.

Nous n'en sommes qu'aux tout premiers pas.

Tout est devant.

L'infini, l'éternité, la matière, sont les données d'un même devenir.

16.

Aussi longtemps qu'une question demeure réelle pour une partie de notre conscience, cette question même se manifeste : elle arrive, elle s'éprouve, elle se passe. On ne peut jamais tricher : pour ce qui en nous s'est uni, tous les démons du drame se sont usés.

La question qui se pose aujourd'hui concerne cet espace de réalisation matérielle, de devenir physique et matériel, qu'est la Terre et son atmosphère. Quel est le degré de destruction inévitable ?

Cette question, si ultimement fausse ou irréaliste puisse-t-elle se révéler, est pourtant celle que tout ce qui en nous demeure séparé, ignorant et dissocié doit honnêtement se poser. Car sans cette honnêteté la question ne pourra pas se transformer, ni les circonstances qui nous la rendent manifeste.

Mais que chacun accepte de la poser là où il se trouve et tel qu'il se trouve, et la question même changera.

De l'indication d'un danger réel et imminent, elle deviendra celle d'un passage commun et concret à la prochaine étape.

17.

Je n'avais pas encore vingt ans quand je L'ai rencontrée.

De Sa chambre, sans le voir, Elle m'avait fait porter une rose.

Du bord des choses, de la saillie instable de la vie, sans La voir, je L'avais déjà un peu reconnue, sur le crâne de mon corps, le toucher pressant d'une Force enfin retrouvée, une extase acceptée, juste là, assis sur la pierre – oui, c'était bien Elle.

Autour d'Elle pourtant, le réseau aggloméré d'une impossibilité, la condensation avide et organisée de notre vieille farce humaine ; la petitesse dérivant de Sa Force la prétendue grandeur de ses masques.

Pour La voir enfin, il fallait ramper sous les crocs et les griffes souriants des élus et des nantis, de Ses fiers instruments.

Dans l'innocence hésitante encore libre de l'étranger à la comédie, déjà à mon insu catalogué, identifié, assez naïf encore pour croire aux signes extérieurs d'une sincérité que j'aurais moi-même souhaité Lui offrir, je n'ai pas vu ; j'ai rampé.

Peut-être pas vraiment, sûrement pas volontairement mais, acceptant ne fut ce qu'à peine de singer avec la grande famille, j'ai laissé entrer la peur et la grimace interférer.

Une seule fois la Grâce a pu agir et j'ai pu être seul à Ses pieds, seul avec Elle, mienne vraiment, Elle vraiment, le Sien vraiment, de tous temps et pour tous les temps des temps. Et si cette fois là a pu être, c'est que les marées antagonistes s'étaient retirées, regagnant leurs camps, car Elle et moi, ensemble malgré eux, avions choisi pour moi de repartir.

Alors on m'a rendu à Elle un instant, un impossible instant, avant de m'en retirer, de m'en séparer, pour me rejeter dans la zone des condamnés, l'enfer des disgraciés, le chaudron de la farce et du festin.

18.

Mais je rend grâce d'avoir été ainsi écarté de cette bouche avide qui aspirait tant de Sa Force et Son Amour ; car, je le vois si clairement maintenant, dans l'état encore inchangé de notre nature, c'est une Grâce véritable d'être à la fois éloigné et brûlé par le contact ; car la plus grande et la plus terrible défaite, le mensonge le plus intolérable, est de La tromper en La servant.

19.

O Mère, si abominablement seule et si souverainement pleine,
 Seule à porter le Besoin innommable,
 Seule à connaître la force et le pouvoir de l'Amour vrai,
 Seule à construire le pont fragile et périlleux,
 Seule à offrir,
 Seule à donner,
 Seule consciente,
 Seule à marcher,
 Tu T'agenouilles devant la petite flamme au fond de chaque être et c'est Toi
 Pourtant qui lui donnes l'aide et la force de grandir.
 Tu T'effaces, Tu T'annules
 Et c'est Toi pourtant
 L'Épouse et le cœur battant du grand Devenir.

20.

On ne sait pas ce qu'est la Grâce.
 La pensée humaine ne peut ni la concevoir ni la comprendre.
 Mais on peut comprendre ce qu'elle n'est pas, ce qu'il est lâche ou vain d'attendre
 d'elle.
 Elle est étrangère à la nature ou au comportement de l'homme.
 Si elle advient parfois comme réponse, c'est à une qualité d'appel qui ne se révèle
 qu'à de très rares instants, quand l'être est dépouillé de toutes ses défenses, et de
 toutes ses demandes et, dans cette nudité, fait le don de Soi à Cela qui le fait
 exister.
 Elle est étrangère à toute morale, à toute vision de l'homme.
 Et pourtant elle peut advenir en toutes circonstances et à tous moments ; son
 action est instantanée, ses effets sont immédiats, et pour la conscience son
 passage laisse une marque que rien, jamais, nulle part ne peut effacer.
 Elle est étrangère à toute croyance, à tout dogme de l'homme.
 Elle existe dans cette réalité où, exempte de toutes les apparences, seule la masse
 incorruptiblement vraie de chaque être est consciente.

L'on peut baigner dans la Grâce à ces moments où l'on sait, sans plus de doute
 possible, que TOUT est le corps, la vie, la conscience et le chemin du Suprême.

21.

Et que le Suprême n'attend ni ne souhaite le retour à aucune fusion de quelque
 nature qu'elle soit, mais que Son chemin est celui d'une déclaration de plus en plus
 manifeste de Lui-même, d'une aventure de plus en plus consciente dans un inconnu
 de plus en plus vaste et plus riche, d'un devenir de plus en plus plein dans une
 reconnaissance de plus en plus nombreuse.
 Que ce qu'Il attend de chaque être est une participation de plus en plus volontaire
 et joyeuse à une découverte de plus en plus nouvelle, que ce soit dans le repos
 parfaitement abandonné ou l'action exubérante d'un accomplissement éternel.

22.

Il y a eu quelques peuples humains sur la terre dont l'identité était étroitement et indissolublement liée à la conscience d'un centre intérieur, un avec l'origine comme avec le même centre en chaque être et chaque manifestation de la Nature.

Ces peuples avaient pour loi le respect total et premier de chaque personne et de son droit naturel de choisir et de contribuer librement à une harmonie et un devenir communs.

Mais le fait même de leur dédie ment vivant et impératif à ce centre d'existence et d'harmonie en tous et en tout, ce centre de force et de permanence, impliquait l'impossibilité pour eux de pratiquer le compromis.

Et ainsi ces peuples ont ils tous été décimés par les flots de la vaste barbarie que l'on a nommée civilisation, la barbarie de tous ceux dont la tête et les désirs avaient monstrueusement enflé aux dépens de l'équilibre de la vie.

Leurs survivants sont pourtant les vrais vainqueurs, dont l'expérience se communique et se propage inéluctablement, comme la rosée du matin est absorbée par cela que la soif a épuisé.

On peut se demander pourquoi, à ceux-là dont le besoin était de vérité vivante, et qui avaient tant le respect du manifeste et de son mystère, une action de cette Grâce n'a point répondu.

Mais l'Evolution est une et simultanée, sur tout l'espace de notre terre. Et peut-être sa réponse est elle bien venue, et a t elle touché et protégé ces individus isolés qui ont su reconnaître les résonances d'un Sens et d'un chemin pour tout l'Homme, et la nécessité d'un déracinement et d'une destruction pour contribuer au passage de tout l'humain à l'étape suivante.

23.

A Son contact, j'ai cessé d'être ce petit bonhomme né il n'y avait pas vingt ans une nuit de printemps.

Devant Elle j'ai retrouvé les dimensions et la source ; en Elle et par Elle et conscient d'Elle, le milieu de la conscience vraie.

Parce qu'Elle savait entièrement, profondément, silencieusement, qui Elle était, j'ai su aussi.

Entourée, cernée, étouffée, assaillie, adulée, dévorée, Elle était là pourtant, libre absolument, présente totalement, assise dans ce fauteuil clair qu'Elle faisait déplacer d'un point à un autre de Sa chambre, ou arpentant la distance inconnue entre ces murs ; Elle se tenait là, seule et loin en avant dans le temps, seule à savoir mais seule aussi à chercher, incomprise, comment l'après homme respirerait et vivrait dans l'air et la Matière, une enfant la première d'une autre espèce à transgresser les lois d'une prison corporelle, à chercher l'amour enfin dans les cellules d'un corps dont les autres finissaient par avoir honte.

Elle se tenait là comme le seuil vivant d'un espace de Force foudroyante, si tranquille.

24.

Ses yeux bruns comme la puissance du dedans de la terre, bleus ouverts sur les marches d'une éternité souriante et secrète, gris verts d'un mystère conscient aux océans de la vie, Elle se tenait là, à la merci de toutes nos misères et victorieuse, parce qu'invinciblement une et vivante, et de Ses mains si blanches Elle laissait

passer, couler et courir la Force d'un monde plein, et la volonté d'un Sens impossible : le plein de tous nos manques, le Présence pour tous nos vides.

Ancienne et mille fois venue, pour appeler, et briser les écorces, et tirer le grand courant, ancienne et mille fois connue ici et ailleurs, ignorée, condamnée, adorée ou reniée, mais seule à faire la somme d'un état qui n'en finissait pas de se reproduire, d'une histoire maudite à la même fin perpétuelle par le germe de sa contradiction jamais offerte, jamais affrontée, seule à préparer et travailler et attendre le moment où l'homme enfin saurait, saurait enfin qu'il ne suffit pas, qu'il ne peut rien vraiment s'il n'accepte pas le changement.

25.

Un jour Elle avait dit « on va faire une ville », et déjà Elle était plus loin, et les résistances mêmes La précipitaient plus profond sous le poids de l'Homme, dans une percée irrémédiable au cœur de tout ce qui nous soutient et nous porte.

« Cette ville est là, je vous l'offre, sa Possibilité – voyons ce que vous en ferez, je vous invite à la tentative ; la victoire est certaine, mais serez-vous assez grands pour la découvrir et vous y ouvrir ? Voulez-vous essayer ? Alors marchons : c'est la porte d'un chemin nécessaire et utile, voulez-vous entrer ? Et adviennent que pourra... ! »

Elle n'avait pas dit « je vous aiderai » ; mais qu'il faudrait construire un instrument matériel, un outil pour le rayonnement et l'action de la Force, un point physique qui n'appartiendrait qu'à Cela.

Et la ville, elle, n'appartiendrait à personne en particulier mais à l'humanité dans son ensemble.

Et cet instrument serait le cœur de cette ville.

Et des années plus tard son cœur à Elle, ce petit organe qui avait appris à supporter le flot de courants formidables, ce petit cœur d'Elle cessait, immobile, à l'instant même où l'on éteignait le dernier vibreur après la coulée de béton qui joignait par une dalle circulaire les quatre piliers doubles de l'instrument de Sa vision.

26.

Pour ces quelques peuples que leur vérité intérieure rendait à jamais incapables de tout compromis, la terre entière était vivante, les créatures, les pierres, le feu, les mouvements de l'air et des astres, les lieux, les rythmes et les pulsations de toutes choses étaient animés d'un même souffle, par le même flot conscient du manifeste. L'aventure permanente était pour chaque être de découvrir un peu du grand Mystère, selon les termes de sa propre unicité. Reconnaître la réalité d'une chose signifiait la posséder, en un contrat de respect mutuel et de coopération vivante.

L'irruption de l'arbitraire au service de besoins séparés devait inévitablement détruire leur équilibre ; leur identité, dépossédée des conditions de son renouvellement, violée dans sa quête naturelle, et volée de sa liberté de choisir, ne pouvait survivre.

Le seul choix qui demeurait était pour l'individu, soit de sombrer dans une déchéance suicidaire en s'abandonnant à la séduction facile des appâts que lui tendait la barbarie triomphante, soit d'accepter les termes d'une solitude effrayante dont l'objet serait d'apprendre à reconnaître la réalité humaine dans son ensemble

et, la reconnaissant, de contribuer à la communication et la diffusion d'un certain message...

27.

L'Évolution est invincible, et inaliénable ; c'est la Volonté et le Sens, dans la Force de tout.

L'Homme si grand soit il, lui est subordonné.

Et l'homme, si petit soit il, est le corps même de sa poussée.

Peut-être l'un des signes révélateurs de la direction de l'évolution, à la présente lisière de ce passage imminent à une autre étape de sa marche en avant, est l'expérience de la ville – de ces métropoles qui ont bourgeonné sur la planète : l'expérience d'un déracinement radical de tout environnement naturel, d'une séparation d'avec les rythmes physiques de la terre, dont la présence même devient une abstraction ; l'expérience d'être projeté dans un milieu entièrement, exclusivement humanisé, et d'y grandir et d'y éprouver d'autres courants d'énergie, d'y découvrir les termes d'une autre aventure, et d'une autre espèce de choix.

Car alors, tous les autres supports physiques ayant été occultés par l'ombre multiforme de l'homme, la seule présence tangible du Mystère est le corps.

L'homme est poussé dans le corps ; c'est dans le corps qu'il doit trouver le passage ; c'est dans le corps qu'il doit trouver les clés de son propre dépassement.

Survivre, c'est devenir.

28.

L'Homme qui, depuis bien longtemps, a perdu le respect de la vie, est attendu dans le corps.

C'est là que tout se rassemble. C'est là que tout va se décider.

Ce corps, qui a enduré et supporté tous les excès, qui a appris à redouter et à craindre, plus encore que l'impétuosité des désirs, la marque rigide et l'imposition séparée du mental, le corps, dont la conscience a été méprisée, écrasée, forcée, violentée sans cesse et sans répit, a pourtant en nous gardé, à travers tout, un ami et un frère, et leur secret partage du vrai est notre clé.

Et ce frère, c'est celui-là qui regarde et qui sait.

C'est celui-là qui aime, et qui reconnaît.

29.

Elle frayait le chemin. Elle faisait le passage.

Capable, de son droit inaliénable, d'accéder à l'état suprême, Elle en ramenait des torrents de force nouvelle.

Irréductiblement fidèle à la liberté de choisir Elle n'imposait jamais, jamais n'utilisait le Pouvoir sans un assentiment et un appel conscients.

Elle souhaitait notre collaboration, par amour Elle priait pour notre adhésion et notre compréhension, mais Elle allait, Elle marchait, Elle donnait, et par Elle Cela coulait, et d'Elle Cela jaillissait : les flèches vivantes d'un Etat où tout est réconcilié, où Tout a un sens, où Tout va.

30.

J'étais reparti. Et je vécus ainsi trois années à me débattre entre l'ombre et la confiance, la formation d'un exil, la grimace d'un rejet et la nécessité d'aider ma propre certitude et ma propre expérience d'Elle et de Ca à éclairer ma vie et mon chemin.

C'était finalement aussi à Ses pieds que l'ombre m'avait rattrapé.

C'est autour d'Elle que certains ont eu pour fonction à mon égard de cristalliser cette ombre et de la raviver.

Et j'ai plongé dans la grande déformation – sans comprendre tout d'abord comment ni pourquoi, alors que je L'avais enfin trouvée, qu'Elle m'avait reconnu, repris et renommé, tout était pourtant devenu si tordu, si pervers et si suspect.

Puis, commençant confusément de comprendre, je devais pourtant vivre avec le sens d'une malédiction que mes efforts mêmes ne faisaient jamais que nourrir.

Jusqu'à Elle, tout était dans la foulée ; le jugement n'existait pas, les valeurs étaient fluides, l'obscurité flambait de lumière, et tout était un seul appel.

L'ayant retrouvée, j'avais retrouvé en même temps la fausse hiérarchie de Celui qui toujours veut s'accaparer l'exclusivité de l'Incarné, et contrôler l'accès au Pouvoir, de Celui qui a toujours fini par L'étouffer, et L'empêcher.

Et tout s'était mélangé.

Quoiqu'il se passe, j'étais du mauvais côté : quand bien même je luttais contre les effets de l'adversité la plus insidieuse et la plus empoisonnée, et de ses utilisations les plus brutales et les plus intimes, et quand bien même j'apprenais à reconnaître les fonctionnements et les méthodes de l'Adversaire dans ma conscience comme dans celle d'autrui, et je devais endurer des tensions terribles, j'étais pourtant officiellement condamné – l'ostracisme avait recommencé.

31.

Simultanément, comme en deçà, il y avait de l'espace intouché, imperturbable.

Et dans cet espace je pouvais, un peu, suivre et sentir, un peu, éprouver et comprendre : Elle était là, matérielle, et parce qu'Elle était là, chaque instant de la vie comptait inestimable ment ; c'était pour Elle du temps gagné, pour Elle, et pour Tout, des secondes taillées, creusées dans le grand refus ignorant du changement, l'élaboration lente et minutieuse, infiniment silencieuse, d'un Seuil qui resterait pour de bon, d'une charnière matérielle invisible que rien ne pourrait détruire.

Mais ce qui manquait affreusement, c'était le bain physique de Sa présence, la qualité, le sens, le contact, presque le goût et l'odeur de Son atmosphère physique. Car près d'Elle il y avait l'assurance absolue que tout, tous les mouvements, les circonstances, les possibilités, les énergies, tout était consciemment contenu et nourri, abreuvé de Sens : la sécurité entière et constante, dans la vie même, d'un Sens plus qu'humain.

Comme si jusqu'à présent ce Sens s'était tenu immobile, s'était abstenu de toute intervention, car jamais encore aucun être manifesté n'avait eu ce courage ou cet Amour qui est Besoin, de se tourner vers Lui, de Le solliciter, d'aller Le quérir.

Et Elle L'avait tiré avec Elle dans le monde et la vie.

Avec Elle Il était, par Elle et à travers Elle Il agissait ; ce Sourire qui avait toujours attendu.

32.

Puis 1973 est venue.

Dés le commencement de cette année là, il était clair que dans les mouvements et l'action de la Force une volonté était venue de « nous » préparer, de « nous » apprendre à nous passer de la référence ponctuelle à Son corps individuel – de la concentration sur Son corps en tant que réponse, flamme et présence.

« Nous », c'est-à-dire tous ceux, quels qu'ils soient, à travers qui l'humain rencontrait en Elle le Force qui allait fabriquer ou manifester l'après l'homme.

Et la compréhension qui s'ouvrait au contact de cette volonté impersonnelle montrait la nécessité pour Elle de déplacer Son corps derrière un écran de Force consciente, de l'abriter de l'attention humaine pour pouvoir, protégée, accomplir le pas ultime qui concrétiserait le passage.

33.

Ce que je ne savais pas alors, c'est que c'était auprès d'Elle, dans Son espace physique et matériel, que la résistance à cette compréhension était la plus grande ; Et que, là même et alors même que l'homme devait le plus aider et collaborer, en s'effaçant, en comprenant, en acceptant – comme le chien fidèle regarde et aime son maître quoiqu'il arrive -, c'est là et alors que l'homme a dressé toute son ombre, et imposé la misère tranchante de sa petite loi.

Pourtant, de ce silence terrible où Elle s'était retirée, poursuivie et violée jusque dans ce silence impossible, Elle, cet absolu d'expérience refusé, nié, Elle dont on ne voulait plus ainsi car Elle avait « trahi » l'image de leur gloire, soumise par amour à un processus infâmant, de ce silence immense et blanc à la mesure de tout ce qui nous sépare encore de la vérité vivante et matérielle, Elle était une fois revenue : une ultime fois, revenue Se pencher au grand balcon, et regarder impossible ment cette marée humaine au cœur de laquelle Son amour était enseveli, empêché encore et encore...

Et pourtant...

Elle ne l'a pas dit, Elle n'a plus rien dit...

Mais le Passage était là, et Elle irait, malgré et en dépit de « nous » mais pour, et avec Cela qui existe vraiment en nous, Elle irait là où Elle continuerait le travail ; Elle passerait seule et inconnue, sans lâcher le fil, et de Ses seules mains offertes et plus puissantes que la foudre Elle construirait la réponse.

34.

Et nous en sommes là.

Il peut s'être écoulé déjà des années ou des siècles, ou des secondes, dans ce temps qui pour nous est encore réel, ce temps relatif à notre état de conscience, et il est possible que nous grandissions un peu, que nous mûrissions enfin à un point d'adhésion tranquille...

En S'en retournant, plus qu'Elle ne l'avait souhaité, derrière las voiles, Elle a aussi retiré au jeu des forces leur champ de bataille : et s'est partout diffusé le dernier repas des vieux antagonistes.

Ici et là, dans Sa « ville » comme ailleurs, la vielle histoire voudrait encore se reproduire.

Mais ce qui en nous a vraiment besoin aura, peut-être, juste eu le temps d'apprendre à se faire tout tranquille et invisible, à ne plus attirer les tensions, à laisser s'éteindre ces énergies trop longtemps connues ?

Il faut le souhaiter...

Alors que partout sur la terre, dans une incohérence croissante, se tient une action de tamisage – un choix d'une autre nature, un barattage tenu par qui, par quoi, à bout de bras pour écarter la terre de cette flamme destructrice dont la victoire serait celle du dérisoire et de l'absurde...

35.

Dans notre réalité humaine, il y a toujours une grande proportion de drame. C'est le drame, il faut le reconnaître, qui nous soulève hors d'une inertie qui nous attire et nous terrifie à la fois.

Les deux derniers millénaires ont été, finalement pour la terre entière, marqués au fer par un certain drame dont les données, telles celles d'un mécanisme invisible d'une précision infernale, allaient fonctionner dans la trame de toutes nos expériences jusqu'au point de la grande faillite. De ce drame magique, progressivement actuel deux mille fois trois cent soixante cinq jours, chacun de nous en a peut-être à présent joué tous les rôles ; sa sève a coulé dans nos veines pour toutes ces vies ; qu'on le veuille ou non, ses conséquences nous ont touché ; et l'hypnotisme de sa densité a livré enfin son pouvoir. Tout est joué.

Alors ce n'est pas d'un nouveau drame dont nous avons besoin.

Mais d'un autre état.

D'une conscience plus vraie.

Par ce dernier drame, et par la transcendance d'un rire qui se souvient, notre subconscient s'est soulevé et s'est défait dans l'expérience commune ; et d'anciens réservoirs jusqu'alors inabordables se sont révélés là, tout près.

Les extrêmes se joignent, et la boucle est bouclée.

36.

Dans la durée d'une journée physique notre état ordinaire demande aussi cette proportion de drame. Si l'on n'est pas de fait dans une situation contraignante, on la crée ; dans les moindres détails.

Car il nous est trop difficile d'aborder l'expérience de l'existence physique en se sachant libre et plein. Ce ne sont qu'à des instants privilégiés que nous redevenons conscients du choix initial qui nous a fait « exister », qui nous fait, à cette seconde même, exister physiquement.

Et c'est cependant la réalisation stable, constante et irréversible de cet état de conscience qui permettra le changement réel.

Que se passe-t-il à ces instants où, « miraculeusement », nous sommes rétablis dans la conscience de ce Choix premier, de sa gloire tranquille, de son indicible sécurité ?

Sommes-nous tirés, hissés là par la main bénigne mais indépendante d'un quelque Tout Puissant, pour être rejetés l'instant suivant dans notre ignorance, avec une différence, celle d'y souffrir un peu plus, de s'y trouver un peu plus mal en point ?

37.

Devons-nous mériter cet état, et le besoin d'y atteindre justifierait-il toute l'hideuse absurdité de toutes les violences morales ?

(Mais attends ! Viens ! On va se reposer, on va danser par les fragments qui scintillent et rutilent au grand soleil posés là sur l'étendue et le calme,
Et suivre ce vol d'oiseaux rouges à leur percée
De l'abîme,
Se répandre sur l'onde et tomber
De nos limites,
Chavirer d'un souffle et franchir
La paroi,
On va chercher, retrouver là-bas
Mais ici
Les sœurs, les amants, les mères, les enfants,
Les époux, les fiancés,
Tous ceux que l'on a aimés
Et ceux que l'on n'a su
Que fuir,
Les mille formes, corps et voix de notre plénitude jamais
Atteinte,
Mais viens, on va suivre les traces du plus grand Moi,
Et marcher, nos corps dans le Corps
De Ca.)

38.

La possibilité de cette ville, et d'un pays même, Elle l'avait longtemps portée, et bien des fois offerte, en cette vie comme en d'autres : une création qui serait un degré intermédiaire, l'établissement de conditions optimales pour la naissance d'un monde nouveau.

A Celui auprès de Qui Elle S'était rassemblée, à Qui Elle S'était donnée, à Lui Elle voulut à nouveau l'offrir – Lui qui demandait seulement un petit nombre, cent hommes dédiés et prêts.

Celui-là, dont l'amour L'avait gardée vivante, Se retira le premier, répondant à cette nécessité de se soustraire à l'attention humaine pour agir et travailler.

Alors, Sa ville, Elle l'a offerte au monde, à un humain devenu planétaire malgré lui, offerte comme instrument pour cette Force répandue en tous points.

Et advienne que pourra.

Ce n'était plus cette création qu'Elle aurait animée. La Force nouvelle était venue et travaillait, et Elle jetait quelques graines de vérité dans le grand mouvement de son action, et on verrait ce qu'il en sortirait ; la sélection se ferait autrement, par des moyens invisibles, et à travers un processus que nul ne pouvait prédire.

Les graines étaient vraies, et le besoin bien réel. Et le moment était venu.

Et dans cette « ville », pour commencer, une ville qui était et serait surtout un chemin, et peut-être une porte, une ouverture concrète sur un autre regard et un autre être matériel, dans cette ville il y aurait une liberté complète.

Car il n'y a jamais eu et il n'y aura jamais d'autre moyen de révéler le besoin véritable et le vrai don de soi.

39.

C'est le besoin de vérité qui doit remplacer toute contrainte, et en proportion de ce besoin l'homme sera-t-il capable de s'offrir volontairement au changement.

Mais il faut du temps...

Alors voilà : on a précipité ensemble et pêle-mêle un petit nombre, des corps à peine sevrés, tout encombrés des incompatibles de leurs différentes cultures, touchés dans leurs rêves par un idéal formidable et tout bête dont les résonances profondes mystérieusement les ramenaient à Elle, cet idéal évident et fou, de l'unité humaine : l'unité comme condition préalable à la manifestation d'un monde nouveau.

Largués ainsi dans les circonstances les plus contradictoires par le fait d'un privilège incompréhensible, et injustifiable pour toute raison humaine, quelques-uns se sont éveillés là, un matin brûlant, sur un arpent de terre érodée, usée par un siècle de vent et de misère, et cernée par une humanité réduite à une caricature d'elle-même, leurs yeux incrédules contemplant l'impossible énormité du travail, mais quelque part autour d'eux comme un sourire amusé, patient et tranquille, et aussi comme la mémoire à peine resurgie d'une aspiration très ancienne, d'un vœu très ardent, et d'une promesse.

40.

De sa station de créature physique l'homme, selon les contrées et les âges, a pu s'orienter dans les différents développements de son expérience, et se cristalliser dans les différents aspects de sa personne – autrement si mouvante et incertaine.

Ceux dont l'axe était d'une communauté avec les mouvements et les formes physiques de la terre, ont cultivé la perception d'un environnement dont chaque être est en partie responsable, en partie le garant.

Pour d'autres, dont le chemin était d'explorer et d'affirmer les pouvoirs et capacités du mental, ce sont les ressources de la terre qu'il s'est agi d'organiser, d'agencer, de gérer et d'utiliser au service des besoins croissants d'une vie qui se découvrait de plus en plus séparée.

Ainsi y eut-il d'un côté la connaissance instinctive que toute vraie possession, pour être féconde de progrès et d'harmonie, doit nécessairement être mutuelle ; et de l'autre, la soif d'acquérir et de conquérir, d'élargir et de diversifier les possibilités de l'expérience, d'atteindre le lointain, de saisir l'inaccessible, de prendre et thésauriser.

41.

Mais le corps : toujours ignoré, bafoué, mutilé, l'esclave ou l'objet, la bête de somme, la marchandise ou l'appât, forcé de porter nos symboles et les marques de nos tyrannies, lui-même porteur coupable du germe honteux de notre défaite perpétuelle, ce corps qui ne savait que nous servir un moment pour nous faillir sûrement, cet allié à notre insu de notre déchéance et notre échec, ce corps, malgré toutes nos gloires, nous rendait toujours à notre abjecte soumission.

Et le corps : peut-être aimé parfois, pour nous avoir permis l'expérience de la découverte de soi, et rendu avec égards et respect à la grande matrice du monde ; et le corps, outil de mesure pour évaluer notre conquête de la peur – cette conquête qui fait la noblesse de l'homme.

Mais le corps : vraiment, de conscience il n'avait pas !

Comme la pierre, la branche, la corne et la fleur, animé par des forces conscientes ? Ou une machine, merveilleuse, mais faillible... ?

Pareil à la montagne, au chant de l'aube, aux grondements de la Terre, un signe du Manifeste ?

Ou le véhicule temporaire d'un laborieux accomplissement dont la conclusion serait toujours ailleurs ?

Ou la sécurité naturelle d'une substance solide et stable, obéissant dans des limites, fiable jusqu'à un point, pour l'élaboration des valeurs humaines et leur transmission perpétuelle ?

Ou bien la protection et l'ancre pour chaque étape du voyage de l'âme ?

42.

Mais la conscience qui formait ses cellules et ses atomes, n'était-ce pas Lui, enfin ?

Quand nous disons le mot « corps », nous nous référons en fait à une confusion de niveaux et d'états...

De toutes les leçons et tentatives du passé il y a toujours un Bien à discerner et retenir, une Utilité pour l'avenir. Et tout le reste doit se désapprendre.

Et peut-être est-ce ce désapprentissage, et ce découvrage du réel – objet et sujet – qui demandent le plus de temps.

43.

En ces premières années de la tentative, il y avait partout dans l'espace réservé à Sa ville comme l'onde continue d'une énergie formidable, impétueuse et tranquille, comme si Sa Jeunesse même imprégnait les obstacles et leur faisait rendre leurs signes ; dans l'air, les nuées de poussière rouge, et le silence sur la terre encore nue, la flambée de midi ou le déluge aux ravines, la première verdure recueillie comme un « oui », il y avait Son rire qui soutenait et joignait, et quelque chose comme un toucher profond, presque imperçu, qui poussait en avant, du dedans de nous comme un or inconnu, la pulsation d'une aventure par le chemin des instants, un grand arc de lumière dans l'infime de nous-mêmes.

Il y avait le sens permanent d'une exigence immobile et puissante et, pour chacun de ces premiers gestes quotidiens, d'être vu par le regard immense d'un Hôte nouveau de la Terre.

C'était comme une marée large et paisible qui poussait sans relâche dans tous nos recoins, ou une loupe objective d'intransigeance posée là sans jugement sur tous nos plis et toutes nos habitudes de ne pas être, sur tous nos écrans et nos ornières prêts à se reformer, sur tous nos subterfuges : un éclair vivant, sans mots ni pensées, avec la constance d'une force si simple et si vraie.

Entre cet idéal et notre petitesse, de Sa source vivante et consciente à nos mesures étroites, Elle portait et versait partout l'énergie d'un lien, d'un pont, et d'un chemin : on se sentait soulevé, sollicité jusque dans le piège même de nos heurts et nos colères ; jamais écrasés que par nous-mêmes, et pour rien, c'est avec nos propres idées et nos propres images qu'il fallait se battre, avant de pouvoir seulement toucher la matière de cet avenir.

On ne savait rien.

44.

Rien mais qu'Elle était si belle, rien mais que c'était Elle.

Et que, puisque Elle était là, et qu'Elle le disait, c'est que c'était enfin possible.

Et que, peut-être, si parfait tout semblât-il autour d'Elle, si conscient et dédié, et si grande et forte fût-Elle, peut-être, quelque part, malgré notre épaisseur, notre grossièreté et notre lenteur, avait-Elle besoin qu'on aide ?

Peut-être silencieusement quelque part demandait-Elle comme un ensemble, un nombre, qui comprendrait juste assez pour La soutenir, qui émettrait en réponse une énergie de confiance active et fidèle, pour balancer la grande masse indifférente et toute la mauvaise volonté ?

Car nous n'étions venus pour aucun salut personnel, ni pour aucune réalisation spirituelle – nous n'étions venus que parce que, sans le savoir vraiment, nous avions entendu un appel, et l'avions reconnu.

Mais aussi on était humain, comme tout le monde, et comme tout le monde on jetait sur Elle nos difficultés, on lui portait nos peurs, nos fantômes et nos nœuds à défaire, et nos révoltes, nos demandes et nos plaintes, on rejoignait le chœur misérable, on rentrait dans les rangs.

45.

On se rendait bien compte que, s'il était une tâche difficile, c'était la Sienna ; mais, puisque Elle avait la force de l'accomplir, Elle pouvait bien aussi prendre la nôtre ?! Quelquefois on voyait : on voyait comment l'homme sans cesse rappelait la confusion qu'Elle venait d'éclaircir, relevait les barrières qu'Elle venait de défaire, recréait le refus qu'Elle venait de dissoudre ; et comme tous, tous autant que nous étions, accumulant les bonnes raisons, nous La tirions et nous L'empêchions...

46.

Nos psychologies et nos médecines retirent et leur subsistance et leur justification de situations de contrainte ; toutes les dysharmonies qu'elles souhaitent ou prétendent comprendre, éclairer et guérir, sont l'effet de tensions et de contradictions dont les causes nous sont cachées par le fait même de cette omniprésente contrainte dans la vie de l'homme.

Et l'on a rarement la possibilité, ou, l'ayant, on se donne rarement la peine, de voir ce qu'il en serait si l'on supprimait la contrainte, à commencer par ses formes et ses symboles.

Inscrite dans la trame de notre substance est l'étrange conviction que l'homme, s'il était exempté de la contrainte, deviendrait immanquablement, et avec une rapidité incontrôlable, l'agent et l'outil de sa propre destruction comme de celle de toutes les valeurs humaines sur lesquelles il a fallu tout cet interminable labeur pour parvenir à s'entendre, collectivement.

Notre perception de nous-mêmes, en tant que créatures, est profondément empreinte de méfiance.

A côté de cette conviction se trouve une peur non moins étrange : celle de la stérilité, de la nullité. Nous redoutons l'absence de contraintes en ce qu'elle révélerait de notre état d'humains, nous redoutons l'inertie dans laquelle nous serions replongés, tant toute notre expérience d'homme nous a conditionnés à croire que c'est par la difficulté que naissait l'impulsion créative, et par la répétition de la difficulté que s'affirmait la volonté de mener à terme nos créations, que c'est

dans la contrainte seulement, et par la contrainte comme milieu et comme environnement, comme condition générale, que l'homme parvenait à entrer en contact et à s'atteler à des forces de réalisation qui lui procurent une identité et un statut supérieurs.

47.

Sa « ville », Elle l'avait voulu avant tout comme un espace de liberté, un espace, justement, exempt de toutes contraintes, qu'elles soient morales, sociales, religieuses, ou politiques, et même, jusqu'à un certain point, physiques.

Il y avait pourtant deux conditions importantes, dont la nature révélait une seule nécessité impérative.

La première était que l'appartenance à cette tentative devait être l'effet d'un choix volontaire de se mettre au service de cet idéal d'unité, et de sa force dynamique.

La seconde condition, implicite en la première, était la sincérité de discerner entre la moindre liberté de satisfaire les désirs d'une nature qui était encore leur esclave, et la liberté plus grande de marcher vers la manifestation de cet idéal, d'en découvrir le chemin.

Et la nécessité pratique que soulignait cette double condition était de trouver l'état de conscience et la perception sûre qui permettrait de savoir si elle était remplie, et quand elle ne l'était pas.

48.

Nécessité pratique qui est devenue, dans le lieu et la durée, un long chemin peuplé d'erreurs, d'approximations, de vieilles résurgences et de demi vérités, avec parfois, dans la foulée bruyante de nos efforts, l'instant d'un regard clair, d'une évidence.

Une évidence étrangère au mental ; et pourtant, si familière.

Une évidence de l'être.

Pour faire ce chemin d'apprentis, quelque chose nous a été retiré.

Du sens concret, présent, d'une grande Coulée puissante et vraie, nous sommes passés à l'état incertain d'un processus multiple : un tâtonnement sans guide.

Elle a fait un pas de côté. Et nous, on a dégringolé.

Comme si une grande Présence, blanche et vibrante et pleine de Ca, nous avait déposés là, à ce point physique d'une alchimie à venir, puis, sans un mot et sans un signe, s'était retirée.

Et ce point magique, cet impossible présent, en quelques battements de vie, s'est comme répandu et diffusé, joint aux dimensions d'une seule sphère, celle de la Terre, et de tout ce qu'est l'homme « ordinaire ».

Une réalisation à l'envers.

49.

Et il a fallu repartir dans la jungle du relatif, chacun serrant à soi le trésor d'un souvenir conscient, ou d'un contact inconnu, gratuit, inexplicable.

Parfois l'homme, tout l'Homme, semble être une seule fuite en avant.

Inévitablement viendra le moment où il faudra rencontrer, affronter, comprendre et résoudre l'ombre de notre glorieuse et misérable échappée, pour rejoindre enfin le grand mouvement du Devenir.

Pour se ré unir.

Quelle est cette ombre ? Existe-t-elle ?

Et n'est-elle pas notre plus grande lumière ? Et peut-être toute notre fuite et ses tourments ne portent-ils que la peine et la douleur de l'avoir trompée, d'être nous-mêmes devenus son ombre projetée ?

Peut-être y a-t-il bien eu, en fait, un choix conscient, un choix fraternel, loin là-bas dans le temps sans mémoire, ou serti dans le cœur de nous-même, le choix d'incarner et d'explorer le contraire, de faire rendre à la contradiction tous ses possibles : un grand exorcisme lent et total de la possibilité même de sa réalité ?

50.

Et peut-être, quand nous semblons enfin reconnaître l'inanité de ce mal être perpétuel et que nous nous découvrons impuissants à le changer, peut-être à notre rencontre, venue de cet instant passé éternel et de sa réponse en avant, l'un et l'autre se joignant, l'orbe s'étend d'un Etat autre, libre enfin de tous les contraires ?

Dans le corps gît l'action permanent d'une double puissance : celle de la vie et celle de la mort.

Mais peut-être le corps recèle-t-il aussi, les soutenant, le POUVOIR D'ETRE, d'exister enfin ?

Si c'est un fait éternel que l'essence, la source première de tout être et de toute individualité est une et indivisible, c'est un fait de l'évolution que, sur le chemin du vrai, nous sommes inégaux.

Dés que s'engage dans l'individu une réflexion dont la démarche implique plus que la pensée et la raison, une réflexion que suscite un besoin plus profond, commence à se révéler la nécessité de trouver un centre.

51.

L'être individuel commence alors d'éprouver le manque d'une référence vivante, d'un centre ou d'un soi plus réel, plus conscient, indépendant des contingences mais les éclairant, qui le mettrait en rapport avec la réponse pleine, non tronquée, non fragmentée, aux questions qu'il se pose.

L'intensité de des questions progressivement nous habite, comme un silence qui se charge, et il semble alors que cette tension qui se développe en nous ait le pouvoir naturel de modifier les circonstances de notre vie.

Quel qu'ait été le cours extérieur de notre existence jusqu'à ce point, il semble que dès que ce besoin se révèle et fait du dedans intrusion dans nos mécaniques habituelles, sa pression même, progressivement et indépendamment de la volonté que nous nous connaissons, indifféremment à ce que nous croyons ou jugeons le meilleur, agisse sur les données et les composantes de ce cours, en altère ou bouleverse l'ordre ou, simplement, leur donne un sens nouveau, une autre dimension, à laquelle nous n'aurions pu, par nous-même, accéder.

Jusqu'à présent, les choses intérieures s'organisaient toujours de telle façon que, lorsque l'individu devenait lui-même dans sa vie comme l'écho de sa propre question brûlante, tôt ou tard et quelle que soit sa situation extérieure, il était mis en présence d'un signe ou d'une série de signes qui indiquaient la marche à suivre, éclairaient l'ombre d'une solitude devenue plus absolue, et le plus souvent le conduisaient à un guide, sous la forme d'une autre personne humaine ou, au moins, d'un enseignement spirituel.

52.

Le monde a changé.

La force irrésistible de l'évolution a brassé l'homme dans toutes ses parts, saccagé tous ses sanctuaires, répandu tous ses trésors, arraché de leurs voiles toutes ses vérités exclusives qu'il abritait du profane, renversé ses idoles et détruit leurs socles, diffusé en tous points son acquis, et démoli l'image de son bien comme de son mal.

L'homme est réduit à son état.

Tout est là.

C'est un grand gaspillage et une grande destruction, disons-nous, essayant de retenir les lambeaux d'une beauté passée, d'une noblesse et d'un sacré piétinés, qui n'étaient pourtant qu'une image.

Car quand avons nous jamais vraiment vécu ? En combien d'instant nous jamais été pleins ?

Nous sommes là, partout confrontés à cet incommensurable gâchis, continuant sur notre lancée à croire aux bienfaits de telle ou telle panoplie d'un homme amélioré dont le visage pourtant ne parvient pas à nous convaincre.

Alors, pour quoi, tout ça ?

Et l'on revient à ce seul besoin, au-dedans mais aussi partout et tout le temps.

Et l'on s'aperçoit que quelque chose vraiment est arrivé, on ne sait quand ni comment ; mais si l'on écoute bien, si l'on se tait un peu, il y a dans ce besoin comme un courant d'une autre nature, et il y a, en réponse, dans les plus petites circonstances du quotidien, autour des plus minimes mouvements de la vie, ou veillant sur les plus infimes opérations de notre conscience, comme la présence ou le regard d'un état autre, d'une continuité, ou d'un continuum conscient.

53.

Quelque chose que peut-être l'on peut apprendre à vérifier, quelque chose qui est sans jugement, mais infiniment plus sûr que tous les guides, sans arbitraire, sans origine particulière, sans identité, mais infiniment présent, constamment agissant, quelque chose qui semble posséder le sourire secret de toute cette vaste irréductible et flagrante catastrophe de l'homme, de tout ce parfait et impossible piège.

Et la perception bascule.

Les forces et les énergies qui nous animent sont d'origines différentes.

L'homme en est le masque autant qu'il en est le véhicule ou l'exécutant.

La conscience dans l'homme a appris à reconnaître leur passage, à identifier leurs natures, à éprouver les effets de leur action ; et à mesure que la confusion de l'expérience s'apaise, cette connaissance se communique et s'universalise.

Il est possible d'éviter, d'épargner beaucoup de souffrance, en prenant contact avec cet acquis, cette capacité de discernement disponible.

54.

La violence et la rapidité des changements auxquels la Terre est soumise a finalement précipité ensemble dans la grande foire commune toutes les valeurs de l'humain, les plus ésotériques comme les plus banales, à la merci de toutes les curiosités et de toutes les convoitises, comme de tous les dédains : dans la grande clameur du marché mondial, nul ne peut plus y reconnaître les siens.

Et de même toutes ces forces et ces énergies, qui ont avec l'homme leurs vieux contrats, circulent en tous sens et s'en donnent à cœur joie, c'est le grand foutoir et la farce générale.

Il vaut mieux, et c'est bien ainsi, ne plus chercher de représentants à son propre chemin.

Il est dans la nature de l'homme, ou plutôt c'est un trait de sa faiblesse, que nous préférons toujours de beaucoup nous en remettre à un intermédiaire auprès de nous-même, et l'investir des droits et des responsabilités que nous voulons bien prêter à un soi plus grand et plus sûr, plutôt que d'affronter la nécessité d'apprendre directement, sans autre juge que les conséquences de nos choix, à connaître et manifester sa nature.

Il est une autre tentation familière à l'humain, celle de céder facilement à la prétention de remplir pour autrui les fonctions supposées de ce Soi, en échange d'une adulation gratifiante et de fausses responsabilités.

55.

Nous pratiquons ces deux tromperies dans tous les domaines de notre vie et, à des degrés divers et selon autant de variantes, elles sont généralement acceptées.

Et aujourd'hui il nous est demandé, si nous voulons aider, de ré apprendre à choisir.

1973 est venue.

Autour d'Elle, dans l'anonymat discret de tâches quotidiennes sans gloire, un certain nombre d'êtres Lui avaient depuis longtemps offert leur vie, leur expérience, leur développement même, tout ce qu'ils étaient comme tout ce qu'ils pouvaient devenir, et ils avaient appris à grandir silencieusement dans Sa lumière.

D'autres avaient été marqués pour occuper le devant de la scène, et il est question là soit d'un sacrifice, soit d'une imposture.

En présence de la réalisation d'une transparence au Suprême, c'est-à-dire de Son incarnation vivante, l'homme est témoin d'un jaillissement d'être : c'est de l'or en cascade, de la puissance pure, une richesse croissante de mouvements et d'ondes, c'est le grand Devenir sans voiles.

56.

L'humain n'a qu'exceptionnellement la capacité, dans les limites de sa nature, de servir sans prendre, ni interférer.

Tout comme, à la découverte de l'or matériel dans les veines de la Terre, l'homme pris d'une ivresse et d'une avidité se remet passivement à la charge d'une énergie insatiable, échangeant sa liberté de choisir contre cette intensité plus grande, ainsi, en présence de la conscience manifeste et de sa puissance en action, de l'incarnation directe, l'homme qui n'est pas entier n'a que très rarement la force de tenir, de ne pas céder à l'attrait du même piège : dériver un peu de la Force pour la formation temporaire et illusoire de sa propre grandeur ou de son propre pouvoir.

A travers ceux-là étaient touchées toutes les énergies séparées qui toujours dans l'Histoire ont mésusé de la Force et usurpé la réelle autorité.
Et ceux-là, ceux qui ont été marqués pour ce rôle, ont été les sacrifiés.

57.

Un ajustement considérable doit d'abord se faire dans la circonférence humaine avant qu'un changement véritable puisse advenir, et cela concerne le pouvoir : toute soif de pouvoir indique un manque d'être ; on ne cherche le pouvoir que parce que l'on n'est pas vraiment.

Etre, c'est l'équilibre. Etant, simplement, on peut ce que l'on est.

Ni plus ni moins.

En proportion de ce que l'on est vraiment, on rayonne évidemment un pouvoir conscient.

Ceci est la vraie, et la seule justice.

Mais dans cette humanité indéfinie, qui est un espace de transition et une arène, la petite personne dure qui se forme aux chocs d'une multitude sauvage d'énergies en mouvement accepte peu à peu, à mesure qu'elle se forme, l'hypnotisme de la séparation.

Conditionnés par l'ignorance environnante, nous apprenons à fixer notre écorce et, ce faisant, nous dissociions de notre propre accès à la source commune.

Graduellement identifiés à cette formation durcie devenue notre monnaie d'échange et notre nom, nous devons survivre et nous nourrir dans le jeu des forces.

Par manque d'être, ayant cédé notre liberté innée, nous cherchons alors à nous mettre en rapport avec un peu de pouvoir : selon notre nature extérieure, soit nous cherchons à l'acquérir, à contrôler l'énergie qui pourra animer l'ombre que nous sommes, soit nous nous tournons passivement et sans discernement vers quiconque en sera déjà le véhicule.

58.

D'une manière ou d'une autre nous continuons ainsi de répéter et consolider l'habitude de s'en remettre à des énergies séparées, qui s'enrichissent de notre adhésion en absorbant un peu de notre substance ; et nous aggravons ainsi la lutte qui devra se mener lorsque nous éprouverons la nécessité de recouvrer notre liberté de choix et de reprendre contact avec nous-même.

Car alors ce n'est plus seulement avec la rigidité fabriquée de notre fausse identité, ni avec les sédiments de l'habitude perpétuée qu'il nous faut traiter, mais avec la souveraineté usurpée, et maintenant menacée, de toutes ces énergies avec lesquelles nous nous sommes alliés, et les contrats ainsi formés, dont les empreintes sont gravées dans notre état.

Et c'est au moment de cet indispensable retournement que l'on touche concrètement la réalité d'une aide et d'une grâce impersonnelles, non humaine mais centrale à l'homme, et une avec Cela qui préside au développement de sa conscience.

La substance de l'homme est une.

Où que nous soyons, et à quelque point du passage que nous nous trouvions, tant que nous appartenons encore à ce grand effort de transition, tant que nous sommes en quelque part de nous-même encore seulement humains, nous retrouvons les résonances et les effets de cette misère collective de l'espèce.

59.

Alors même que nous sommes mis en présence d'une grandeur réelle, d'une vie et d'une action de la vérité, nous sommes aussi et encore confrontés à cette faiblesse de notre humanité, qui répond à la tentation d'utiliser un peu de pouvoir pour affirmer et aviver l'image de nous-même.

Et autour de soi la coalition spontanée de tout ce qui, partout, ment et prétend, est active et disponible : ainsi notre monde est-il encore, où la proportion de ceux qui ont ré appris à choisir demeure insuffisante pour modifier l'équilibre dominant.

L'état humain, dans son ensemble, ne soutient pas spontanément le mouvement vers le vrai. Pas encore.

Pour se préserver de cette corruption dans le passé, il fallait recourir à une force de pureté morale et spirituelle indéfectible, s'en abritant comme d'un bouclier et gardant ainsi l'authenticité du service ; mais par là-même on se retirait de tout un champ continu d'expérience et de choix, et la raideur de cette réalisation empêchait de couler dans une compréhension plus plastique au mouvement de la conscience véritable.

60.

Il y a eu près d'Elle quelques exceptions – il ne pouvait pas ne pas y en avoir, puisque Elle était là ! -, tolérées jusqu'à l'approche du moment crucial. Un peu de substance, un peu d'homme et d'âme était là, pour Elle seulement.

Mais quand le moment est venu pour tous de reconnaître et d'accepter, de répondre au besoin, les garants du vieil équilibre ont affirmé leurs droits ; la porte s'est refermée. Ils ont sauvé les apparences.

Ce ne serait donc plus là ; ce serait partout, et autrement.

Et ils sont restés sur leur rocher déserté, les gardiens d'un souvenir tronqué.

Avec leur étrange fidélité, poursuivant l'ambiguïté de leur offrande, demeurant convaincus de l'exclusivité de leurs droits, vertueux dans le sens de leur responsabilité, ils se sont engagés à maintenir et préserver l'ordre, la paix et la prospérité sur les lieux de leur privilège. Sans utiliser le temps pourtant offert de voir et de comprendre en quoi la moindre perfection de leur tâche avait cristallisé la résistance la plus grande.

61.

Dans les derniers mois de ce qu'aveuglément j'avais vécu comme un exil, propulsé quoi que je fasse dans le tourbillon centrifuge d'un absurde piège, j'étais pourtant enfin parvenu à m'arracher, m'enfermer, me boucler.

J'invoquais pour ce faire comme une forteresse qui m'isolerait de ce jeu pitoyable qui, indépendamment de tout mon expérience plus profonde, sembler opérer à mon insu et traverser ma vie que je le veuille ou non – et non seulement ma volonté n'y faisait rien, mais Cela qui pouvait ne semblait aucunement désireux d'intervenir...

Je sentais confusément qu'il me fallait prendre une autre direction ; qu'il ne suffisait pas de vouloir s'extraire du guêpier, ou de sortir de l'arène à reculons. Il me fallait trouver le temps, extérieur et intérieur, de choisir, ou plutôt de m'unir à ce choix que près d'Elle j'avais fait et éprouvé consciemment, et dont tous les choix à l'avenir devaient découler. Cet espace, et cet état, de liberté.

La première priorité pour moi, et il était question de survivre, était de regagner un peu de confiance.

En bâtissant cette forteresse, qui prenait eau, minée de toutes parts, mais on verrait plus tard, je savais bien qu'on ne grandit pas avec un rempart ; c'était une mesure tout à fait provisoire et stratégique.

J'ai pu me concentrer.

Quelques tentacules ont été écartées ; un peu de silence et de paix s'est établi ; imperceptiblement, tout doucement, s'est dégagé l'accès à une confiance nouvelle, et s'est révélée l'identité d'une certitude intérieure, qui était vraiment la mienne, là où rien ni personne ne pouvait et ne pourrait me séparer d'Elle.

Et avec l'apaisement des ondes et le début d'une transparence, la qualité et la réalité des mouvements divers auxquels m'a vie était liée peu à peu se dégageaient de cette frénésie dans laquelle tout semblait plongé.

62.

A mesure que s'affirmait, comme un rire victorieux au-dedans, étrangère à la farce du bord cette certitude consciente d'avoir mes racines dans un sol de vérité et de pouvoir en tirer la sève et tous les courages nécessaires, et à mesure que se propageait en moi la confiance inexplicable que cette certitude procure, il semblait que les masques se mettaient à fondre ; j'apprenais à voir, et à percevoir.

Et ce n'était pas réjouissant ; c'était cru, c'était brut ; mais c'était juste.

Je comprenais aussi que cette perception n'avait pas en elle-même le pouvoir de transformer.

Et mon besoin d'Elle en grandissait d'autant.

J'avais, clairement, besoin de deux choses. D'Elle, et de temps.

Et, autrement, comme dans l'axe vertical de la Coulée, je devenais conscient de l'imminence d'un changement de Sa position ; et avec tout ce qui en moi était capable de participer à Son mouvement, ou seulement même d'en saisir un peu la portée, je priais, cela brûlait comme une prière constante, qu'il y ait un « Oui », et que s'ouvre le chemin matériel.

J'allais revenir. Avec le silence de ma question vivante, j'allais revenir.

Personne ne pourrait m'en empêcher. C'était mon choix, libre et un.

1973 approchait à sa fin.

Un soir de Novembre, je suis revenu dans l'espace physique de Sa Présence.

63.

Cette nuit-là commençait le bétonnage du fond de cette sphère dont Elle avait VU l'intérieur – là-haut sur le plateau, au centre de Sa ville, un outil matériel qu'Elle avait demandé, comme la percée d'une frontière, le support d'une coulée, un point de ralliement...

Mais j'ai dormi, cette nuit-là, sur la terrasse d'une maison voisine de la Sienne, gardé par un paon...

Le lendemain j'ai pu traverser l'étendue de terre rouge et là, au bord du cratère d'où montaient les quatre piliers qui porteraient la sphère entière j'ai trouvé, accoudé à une rambarde, tranquille dans le vacarme des machines, un frère ; et dans les yeux, comme embrasé soudain par la coïncidence d'un Devenir matériel, s'est déclaré en moi un assentiment évident : oui, je ferais aussi ce « travail », parce que c'était soutenu par Elle, parce que c'était beau, parce que c'était vrai, vibrant de Ca.

Le soir de ce même jour j'étais assis en bas de Sa chambre et je L'entendais gémir et protester, tenter encore de refuser cette nourriture et ces drogues qu'on La forçait à prendre, Sa voix menue toute seule dans ce silence, et je regardais cette foule impeccable qui gardait Sa solitude.

Et je réalisais en même temps deux faits terribles ; l'un, celui de l'énorme imposture au front recueilli qui se mouvait impitoyable autour d'Elle, cette gangue d'acier humaine embellie indifférente à Ses plaintes, à Ses cris, profitant d'Elle et broyant irrésistiblement Son travail : l'effrayante solidarité de cette imposture immaculée qui préférait garder d'Elle leur propre image victorieuse plutôt que de L'accompagner sur ce seul chemin qui vaille la peine.

L'autre, celui de ma complète impuissance ; il ne s'agissait pas de mon impuissance personnelle, mais de la « notre » ; d'un nous sans visages encore, mais un « nous » présent et témoin, qui voyait mais ne pouvait rien, qui devait seulement voir, regarder – et peut-être aussi marcher et La suivre, comme ceci ou cela ou autrement, qu'importe, c'était Elle, ce serait Elle et sans Elle il n'y avait rien.

64.

Je me rendais compte que je donnais un crédit aveugle, dans cette confusion d'expérience, à tous ceux qui avaient vécu longtemps près d'Elle, et avec Elle, qui avaient eu le temps d'être défaits et refaits dans le vrai.

Et que ce crédit, ou cette foi, ou cette croyance, c'était à l'homme que je l'accordais, oui, mais c'était à Elle que je le donnais, à l'effet naturel de Sa présence.

Et aussi que, puisque c'était donc à eux que mon crédit se donnait encore, à ceux-là mêmes qui marchaient et vauquaient, sanctifiés et impassibles, alors qu'Elle peinait seule et pour tous, au milieu d'eux abandonnée, sans le moindre signe, sans le moindre geste de leur compréhension, cernée par leur inutile dévotion, Elle ces immensités pour un seul tout petit corps qu'ils refusaient d'aider, d'écouter, alors ce même crédit les justifiait encore, leur conférait encore le mystère favorable de raisons spirituelles que je ne pouvais atteindre.

Alors c'était vraiment impossible.

Et tout se rassemblait dans une même question...

Rien n'était plus comme avant, il y avait rupture quelque part ; et pourtant, dans la vie, dans le temps, Sa Présence était la même, sinon plus active ; l'aventure s'ouvrait et grandissait.

Alors que se passait-il ? Il se passait quelque chose.

Quoi ?

65.

Là-haut sur les pistes de Sa « ville » il y avait comme une tranquille effervescence ; c'était comme une vaste symphonie qui attirait en elle et intégrait tous les mouvements.

Notre petitesse, l'exiguïté de notre conscience, ses composantes de réactions et de bribes, son bruitage, apparaissaient comme une habitude, une croûte, dont l'importance devenait très relative : on baignait dans des rythmes plus larges et plus grands, il y avait là une sécurité, et une promesse.

C'était par le corps, surtout, que l'on sentait la joie.

Ca crépitait doucement, dans la boue et la poussière de ciment, dans le martèlement de ces outils que l'on apprenait à tenir.

Il y avait cette gratitude partout, ce contentement : Elle nous avait donné quelque chose à faire, pour Elle, quelque chose par quoi on pourrait se tenir à Elle, u point de concentration et de don.

J'étais revenu depuis quelques jours à peine. Chaque soir je retournais le plus près d'Elle, je regardais, j'écoutais : la question était là, ne bougeait pas.

C'était peut-être une heure avant l'aube. On est venu m'éveiller.

La grande farce m'a pris par surprise, cette farce déjà préparée.

Et partout, sur tout, comme une onde impérative qui dissolvait le drame.

66.

Elle qui avait accompagné mille et mille fois ceux qui s'en allaient et devaient laisser leur corps, Elle qui les avait tous menés sans errer de l'autre côté, Elle vers Qui mille et mille s'étaient tournés, de reconnaissance spontanée, pour ouvrir les zones, écarter les ombres et conduire au repos, ou au pas suivant de leur marche, Elle qui leur avait appris à dissoudre la peur et passer sans heurt, les entourant de Bien, les rendant à leur vérité, Elle qui avait démystifié la mort, l'avait traquée dans tous ses recoins, l'avait chassée de la demeure en lui retirant ses droits, ouvrant les cellules du corps au sens de la vraie victoire, celle de la conscience qu'elles recèlent, Elle qui avait humblement, doucement demandé qu'on La laisse en paix, qu'on respecte au moins, si l'on ne pouvait encore le comprendre, Son besoin d'immobilité...

L'Homme ? L'humain ?

Alors « ils » ont fait cette chose incroyable.

Ils L'ont sortie de Sa chambre, ils L'ont descendue tout en bas.

Là, dans un espace minuscule, sur une marche dans une alcôve sans air revêtue de feuilles de métal, ils L'ont posée sur un petit lit recouvert d'une fourrure

synthétique blanche, entouré de soucoupes de camphre et de ventilateurs, éclairé par des projecteurs rutilants.
Et ils L'ont exposée là au passage constant de la foule, jour et nuit.

67.

Dans les coulisses ils s'affairaient.
Tout de même ils ont dû attendre le troisième matin. Tout était prêt.
La boîte était jolie.
Et la radio était là, pour le message officiel et le petit historique et l'hommage de rigueur.
Un point à la ligne.

La question, elle, ne bougeait pas.
Que se passe t il ?

Il y avait, je me souviens, un point de contact avec une immense, radicale colère.
Mais tout était pris, et comme épinglé, par une paix.
Et dès que l'on bougeait, l'incendie léger de cette joie cheminait avec soi.

Une drôle de question, qui emportait tout avec elle...

68.

Que sommes-nous ?
Qu'est ce que l'homme ?

La dégringolade a pris quelques mois.

Notre habitude d'hommes est de nous situer.
Comme nous ne sommes pas conscients d'un centre réel, nous nous situons par rapport aux autres et au reste.
Nous nous appréhendons par comparaison, par comparaison nous construisons l'image de nous-même.
Puisque je ne suis ni libre ni conscient, il me faut m'allier à une identité abordable, de préférence supérieure, ou du moins plus valable en ce qui me concerne que ce que, par comparaison, je vois du monde.
Et s'il arrive que, pour obtenir cette identité préférable, je doive m'allier à un nombre, il faudra à ce nombre dont je ferai partie établir les valeurs qui marqueront notre statut, par comparaison avec le reste, et nous protégeront de la convoitise.
C'est là un processus ordinairement admis et pratiqué. Il y en a d'autres...

69.

Ils forment en quelque sorte notre patrimoine négatif ; ce sont les membres d'une pauvreté d'être tentaculaire.
Seul dans une caverne, n'ayant pas à les vérifier, on peut prétendre sans trop d'opposition les ignorer. On met toutes ses billes dans le même sac et peut-être on gagnera une expérience authentique qui nous distinguera, à notre propre conscience d'homme au moins, dans le souvenir indélébile de ce que nous sommes encore.

Mais nous ne trouverons pas ainsi, et ne l'avons jamais trouvée, la force centrale qui peut changer l'état de la vie.

Dans Sa ville, il était proposé à notre apprentissage de trouver l'union par le travail. Le travail physique, extérieur, comme contribution volontaire à une tâche impersonnelle, et comme moyen de développer sa conscience.

Le statut de l'homme est double.
Il y a l'homme ; et il y a l'état humain.

70.

L'homme : ce visage infiniment, profondément familier, cette présence qui donne sens à la création, cette incarnation de son âme...

La sécurité révélée, le mystère animé, allumé de tendresse...

Le port, l'ancre et le havre...

L'hôte souhaité, qui détermine la place de chaque chose, et par ses mains l'extase du créé...

L'harmonie et l'ordre du séjour matériel, la résonance infaillible, le sourire reconnu...

L'hospitalier, le convivial, le fraternel...

L'homme a tous les droits que peut donner la confiance, le besoin d'être aimé et celui d'aimer...

Et l'état humain : ce croisement, cet espace...

Les tentatives infructueuses de la Nature y ont laissé leurs organes et leur empreinte cellulaire, et le souvenir de tous les états y demeure, permanent...

Les instincts de l'animal y ont cours, et les instincts de survie de toute espèce confrontée à la mort...

Les entités et les formations de la Nature et de la Vie s'y procurent voix et geste ; les dieux y ont leurs habitudes et s'y livrent bataille ; la myriade des formes de conscience y vient mendier un corps, un accès...

Et toutes les forces qui, dans quelque mesure, voudraient contrôler l'évolution, s'y engagent et y agissent...

71.

Ainsi le travail comme l'avenue la plus sûre à un état d'offrande et de réceptivité, de disponibilité au changement.

Le travail comme le moyen le plus direct et le plus accessible pour établir une collaboration active par-delà les différences.

Le travail comme l'expression la plus claire de notre bonne volonté à franchir nos limites en ouvrant notre conscience.

Le travail, non pour ses résultats extérieurs, bien que leur utilité pratique soit évidente, mais comme instrument de cohésion et de rassemblement.

Le travail, non comme imposition arbitraire, comme nécessité extérieure ou comme sacrifice, mais comme économie volontaire des énergies au service d'une transparence, et comme manifestation de notre engagement.

Le travail, non comme un devoir moral, mais comme contribution respectueuse aux lois subtiles du partage et de l'équilibre.

Et le travail comme la forme la plus harmonieuse et la plus progressive d'un choix qui implique plus que nous-même.

Et il y avait tout à faire, tout à créer, tout à manifester à l'orée de cette ville pas encore née.

Avec pour seul indispensable souci celui de ne pas laisser aux structures du passé le droit de reprendre des formes, même améliorées.

72.

Il est un effet du travail accompli dans l'esprit juste – c'est-à-dire dans la liberté offerte et dédiée d'un choix volontaire et renouvelé – que seul le temps permet de réaliser, et qui est peut-être l'une des clés pour l'évolution de la conscience matérielle : par la répétition régulière et maintenue de l'effort physique sur et dans la matière, d'un effort sans violence, orienté, d'un effort sans calcul, dévoué, la réponse de la matière change ; elle se met à absorber les vibrations nouvelles et, en les absorbant, elle les fixe, les reproduit et les répand.

Ainsi, très lentement car il est long de frayer un chemin parmi tout ce qui contredit et se refuse, s'établit une sorte d'acquis irréversible – un lieu s'imprègne de sens et le rayonne.

Et ainsi dans nos corps la répétition choisie et volontaire, et joyeuse, d'un symbole explicite de notre aspiration ou notre besoin, explicite pour notre conscience – d'une formule chargée de la perception du chemin, véhiculant pour nous la force qui nous fait grandir -, révèle et suscite l'adhésion et la participation active des composants de ce petit peu de matière que nous « sommes ».

Ignorée, la conscience dans nos corps gît comme en dessous de tous nos états, de tous nos actes et de toutes nos pensées, subissant sans recours la portée réelle de tous nos mouvements. C'est presque toujours malgré nous que les cellules de nos corps remplissent leur fonction d'harmonie et que se perpétue leur cohésion.

73.

Nous ne savons pas à quel point la moindre de nos pensées influe sur leurs opérations, fait intrusion dans leur ordre, et se manifeste ainsi dans nos corps.

Et quand nous commençons de le percevoir, alors nous touchons aussi le fait de ce miracle constant qui se produit dans la matière, de ce miracle conscient...

Comme une grande comète blanche et or Elle était venue, d'ailleurs et de tous les temps cette puissance d'être, et S'était enfoncée dans la Terre.

Nos yeux ne pleureraient pas le regret ou la honte de Sa traînée fugitive.

Elle S'éclipsait là où nous ne sommes pas encore.

Elle S'occultait là où nous manquons de conscience.

Libre voyageuse de tous les univers, liée d'amour au Besoin dont tout est la forme et le corps, Elle avait porté dans notre substance et logé dans la matière les graines et le ferment d'un grand changement, d'une nouvelle naissance matérielle.

L'homme extérieur n'était pas prêt à L'admettre.

L'homme intérieur luttait encore pour partir, et vénérât encore l'illusion de la mort.

Pourtant l'humain est parvenu aux confins de son monde.

Elle qui sait, pleine de ce qui doit venir, S'est reculée pour mieux construire.

74.

Chacun a sa manière de fuir, de ne pas devenir : on a une prédilection pour le désespoir, ou la révolte, le mutisme ou le bruit, le retrait ou la suractivité.

Mais là, devant ce qui venait de se passer, confrontés à la disparition de Sa référence tangible, l'étendue et la profondeur mêmes de la question qui se posait rendait nulle toute fuite.

C'était plutôt comme d'être passé, sans s'en rendre compte, d'une marche dont la sécurité était cette Certitude par Elle incarnée, à un autre mouvement de progression dont la seule sécurité serait l'intensité d'une question vivante qu'Elle pourrait habiter, par où l'on pourrait La retrouver, plus vrais et plus prêts.

Alors restaient sur la scène des petits hommes, des morceaux d'humain, des représentants de l'impasse, sollicités du dedans d'eux-mêmes par un certain appel qui les faisait se retrouver là, et dans leurs mains les fils d'un chemin multiple, impossible et léger, ou d'une œuvre considérable dont la responsabilité pesait déjà trop lourd.

Et rien à montrer à la foule, que les apparences d'une utopie ambiguë ou d'un luxueux idéal.

75.

Que se passe-t-il, que reste-t-il quand on n'a plus de famille, de clan, de parti, de nation, ni de but vraiment, quand on n'a plus de rival ni d'ennemi, quand on n'a plus rien à fuir ni à revendiquer, plus rien à prouver ni à détruire, plus rien à prendre ni à retenir, que reste-t-il quand on est tout nu, seul avec d'autres aussi nus sur une terre nue devant un avenir nu ?

Quelques mots résonnaient dans ce silence, encore incompris :

« Nous voulons une race sans ego ! »

Cela ne se ferait pas en un jour.

La racine de l'illusion demeure, prête à repousser au dehors au premier geste séparé.

Et elle repoussait. C'était normal.

Mais ses justifications lui étaient retirées. On commençait de voir la chose à vif, de la vivre directement, à la seconde : la séparation ; la coagulation immédiate, dans l'acte, dans la pensée. Crue, et sans fard.

Le problème.

Alors c'était maintenant : il y avait un lopin de terre ; une aide était tangible.

Il faut passer.

On était là sur ce chemin amorcé.

Et il fallait trouver, commencer de trouver ce qui, au monde, à tous les mondes, peut construire l'unité de l'être, l'unité vraie, la vérité solide : ce Roi conscient qui n'exclue ni ne divise, ne mutile ni n'usurpe, ne favorise ni n'occulte, ce Roi qui est, et répand le pouvoir d'être vraiment...

Et quand viendrait à nous le moment, aurions-nous cet héroïsme d'être d'abord imbéciles et seuls, dans un champ de valeurs déracinées, et de sourire, et de continuer... ?

76.

Depuis quelques années j'étais conscient, naturellement et sans effort, à certains moments intérieurs, d'un « nous » dont j'étais un battement et un regard, d'une évidence qui était « nous » ; parfois, en présence d'Elle, j'étais seul ; et parfois, envers Elle, j'étais « nous », ou plutôt, c'était « nous ».

Et j'aimais que cela soit laissé à ses propres rythmes ; j'aimais que la coïncidence de ce « nous » avec l'autre, avec d'autres, dans la vie, soit donnée sans la rechercher, gratuitement, tel un signe de reconnaissance pleine soudain sur le chemin.

Toute forme fixe, extérieure de ce « nous » me semblait hâtive, sinon suspecte.

Car il me semblait que ce « nous » n'était pas nécessairement la somme d'identités précises et déterminées, mais plutôt un état ou un espace naturels à la conscience vraie, un état qu'il fallait se garder d'imiter ; et que l'on accéderait à cet espace sans y penser, chacun suivant sa vérité.

Pourtant je me trouvais là ; membre et part d'un corps qui déjà commençait à s'étiqueter. Comme aux premiers moments de la formation d'un mythe qu'il faudrait un jour ou l'autre démolir et désagrèger.

Il y avait un malaise. Je sentais comme une chute de niveaux.

Ce n'étaient déjà plus des petits bouts d'homme, des apprentis du vrai, projetés dans le grand bain puissant d'une lumière qui savait et ferait, et n'ayant plus qu'une nécessité, celle d'apprendre à s'ouvrir et se donner.

Mais c'étaient déjà ces repousses de nos soi marionnettes, qui parlaient et cogitaient et collaient sur l'idéal leurs idées, et croyaient que cette ville, il fallait « la faire »...

77.

Il ne s'est pas écoulé beaucoup de temps avant que se présente à nous un premier piège, incontournable.

Ceux qui avaient été auprès d'Elle les intermédiaires pour l'élaboration des conditions matérielles, et auxquels Elle avait confié la tâche de canaliser les énergies qui s'offraient à contribuer, une fois délivrés de la présence de Son action imprévisible et souveraine, se sont retrouvés tels qu'ils étaient encore, nivelés à leur propre capacité d'être et de comprendre.

Et leur action a glissé – sans trop de peine – dans le durcissement de la différence et la prétention partielle à un idéal redevenu seulement « spirituel ».

N'ayant plus accès au véritable pouvoir du changement, ils se sont recroquevillés sur les forces moindres des vieux rôles : ils sont devenus les responsables et les propriétaires du chemin.

Sans vergogne et sans regret ils ont repris, à mi-versant du rêve, la position « réaliste » : on a compté les sous.

Et les camps petit à petit, comme un inéluctable, se sont définis.

On marchait à l'envers.

C'étaient les masques lumineux qui tombaient, retardant d'autant le moment où les masques obscurs seraient dissous.

Le grand marasme de la dualité nous reprenait dans son étreinte gluante à jamais incertaine.

78.

Et « nous », de l'autre « côté » ?

Il nous a fallu re-hisser les drapeaux, re-prendre les flambeaux, re-fourbir les codes et les lois et, pour adoucir ce labeur trop connu, adhérer à cette croyance que l'ennemi resurgi nous renforcerait et nous aiderait à construire notre unité ; riant de lui, ce vieil impuissant coléreux et jaloux qui paradait encore sur les ruines fumantes de son monde, qui en fait n'était là que pour ça : pour nous aider et nous stimuler et nous éclaircir...

Et ainsi béait sous nos pas le gouffre d'un piège plus subtil et dangereux, celui de s'en remettre à l'adversité, à l'opposition, pour éveiller notre aspiration – justifiant et légitimant ainsi, dans notre passivité, la nécessité de sa fausse réalité.

Et ainsi la méfiance – juste à côté du rire et de l'héroïsme facile – reprenait ses droits.

Pourtant, péniblement, et douloureusement au regard d'une exigence plus grande, on a fini par la remporter, cette pauvre victoire qui ne décide, finalement, que de presque rien – mais aussi de presque tout, puisqu'elle porte le choix de la direction...

Puisque ces rôles avaient ressuscité de leur côté, il nous fallut bien, avons-nous cru, reprendre les nôtres, et lutter dans les règles, pour rejeter de l'espace réservé au travail l'influence dissolvante et rétrograde, annihilante et avide du vieux mensonge auquel l'homme s'est lié.

79.

Mais la vraie victoire – car, quelque part, elle existe, elle attend – sera d'avoir pu dans le temps, par la force de persévérance d'un choix profond et sûr, réaffirmer, pour Elle, que ce chemin-là et cet Avenir a trouvé dans l'homme sa jetée et son port, et que l'attache y tient bon.

Fatigués dans notre partage, encombrés de soupçons et de petites hontes, un certain nombre de nos images abandonnées à la bataille ou défaits par le temps, mais plus entiers pourtant par un besoin devenu plus matériel, tâtonnant à l'écoute de cette source qui renouvelle, émergeant hésitants d'un cauchemar dont les ombres se meuvent encore sur le chemin, on a peut-être rejoint la ligne de départ, un peu plus humbles par le retard... ?

Il y a ces millions d'instantanés qui ne font jamais une somme.

Et l'on vit. On est là, matériel.

La sève monte, inlassable, dans les plantes et les arbres, portant le feu qui incarne, la force qui manifeste.

Chaque cellule a son code et son parcours, chaque atome est réponse tournoyante au besoin d'être et d'être...

80.

Nos instants diffèrent ; ils sont de nature, de vitesse, de force et de densité différents, et cependant un même temps les égrène, le temps de nos corps, et là se mesure leur vraie puissance dans le devenir.

Partout où se déclare un terrain pour l'expérience, si petit ou restreint soit il, nous avons une règle, une loi ; et seul cet enfant au-dedans peut la dire...

Quand on est, on est ; c'est tout.

Il n'y a pas de « moyens », mais la grâce de ce besoin.

Et là où on n'est pas encore, alors on n'imite pas, on ne prétend pas, on ne touche pas au pouvoir : c'est l'humilité.

A ceux qui ne peuvent pas attendre de grandir vraiment et ne respectent pas la loi, nous disons « chacals ! » - faute de mots, car le chacal est une fonction, il n'y a rien à en dire - et nous tirons leurs masques ; s'ils le voulaient, ils sauraient bien que ce message est d'amour ; mais ils ont choisi de perpétuer l'illusion...

Au cours des années d'après 1973, en ce qui concerne Sa « ville », il y a eu comme trois temps majeurs, ou trois milieux simultanés, interactifs mais distincts.

81.

Le premier de ces trois milieux est celui de cette lutte, souvent ardue et mesquine, pour sauvegarder la possibilité, et préserver les fondements de cette « ville », l'authenticité de son ouverture et de son sens : cette bataille contre ce et ceux qui veulent s'en emparer et la réduire à une vitrine rentable et figée.

Le second est celui dans lequel se manifestent les travers, les contradictions et les impossibles de notre nature d'humains.

Le troisième est celui de l'aspiration et de l'effort constants pour intégrer dans le concret les termes de Sa vision et les tenants de Sa plénitude, sans les trahir ni les dénaturer, mais en s'unissant toujours plus solidement à leur sens. Ainsi ce fut d'abord la publication, laborieusement délivrée des griffes courroucées de ceux qui voulaient vendre une image et subsister de leurs dividendes spirituels incontestés, de toutes ces notes, ces observations et ces tentatives de description qu'Elle avait eu le temps de communiquer de cette mutation lente mais foudroyante, de cette nouvelle naissance matérielle, cette révélation en cours d'un divin matériel.

C'est dans le corps que l'on progresse.

La matière situe l'évolution ; elle est son lieu.

La matière manifeste l'évolution ; elle est son corps.

Nous sommes essentiellement des êtres évolutifs, et c'est en cela que l'homme diffère de toutes les autres créatures.

L'insatisfaction perpétuelle de l'homme, qui toujours l'isole et le démarque, est l'ombre extérieure incomprise de cette grande Poussée en avant, de ce vaste mouvement de révélation progressive et de devenir.

L'homme parfait, l'homme entier, l'homme complet, l'Homme glorieux n'est que le modèle qui soutient nos efforts, l'aimant de notre perfectionnement, et l'étalon de nos proportions relatives. Il est statique.

Il n'est pas notre essence, bien qu'il nous protège encore du vertige de la destruction.

82.

Nos règles, nos structures et nos lois ne sont que les moyens de contrôle et les digues nécessaires pour soumettre une nature indéfinie qui, n'ayant pas trouvé son centre conscient, se livrerait autrement à l'impulsion de mouvements trop effectivement contradictoires.

Il n'y a plus, semble-t-il, d'« espèce humaine », comme il y a des espèces animales, au sens où l'humain s'est dissocié de cet instinct d'équilibre naturel de l'espèce, qui sait reconnaître et préserver les conditions justes de son harmonie.

Et la même dissociation, ou la même perte d'instinct, tend à se produire chez ces espèces animales qui se sont laissées domestiquer par l'homme et lui ont permis, dans leur confiance inconditionnelle, de les manipuler à des niveaux essentiels.

Nous avons encore ce qui ressemble à l'instinct animal de reproduction, mais partiellement seulement et sans, justement, ce discernement instinctif des conditions favorables. Nous ne nous perpétons ainsi que parce que nous n'avons vaincu ni la déchéance physique ni la mort – parce que nous n'avons pas dépassé la nécessité de la mort inconsciente.

83.

Nous nous perpétons parce que nous ne savons pas progresser consciemment, nous ne savons pas appeler, devenir, nous ne savons pas choisir.

Notre petitesse ne sait pas disparaître ; alors elle nous étouffe et nous étrangle ; sa ténacité nous lasse et nous use jusqu'à ce que, las de nos murs et de nos ornières, nous appelions la délivrance, et accueillions la possibilité même de ne plus être.

D'autres, issus de nous-même, chair de notre chair, seront, et continueront.

Nous perpétons encore, avec une conviction diminuée, et une passivité accrue, la domination humaine sur la Terre.

Le maître du royaume de la Terre : l'homme un ami et l'hôte attendu et bienvenu, mais aussi l'homme l'étranger, l'homme l'ombre, et la Nature se rétracte, violente.

Et à présent que nous avons investi la terre entière de notre vacarme avide et que nous ne connaissons même plus, ou si rarement encore, ces moments terriens de communion reconnaissante qui nous faisaient murmurer dans nos cœurs « oh, pour ce seul instant, tout cela valait la peine... », ces secondes d'une extase simple et pleine où tout participe et se joint, la fleur, la rosée, le pourpre et l'arbre et la plaine et le sol qui bat, matériel – à présent que ces instants mêmes sont exclus de notre expérience matérielle et que partout nous rencontrons l'image de notre manque, quelque chose nous dit pourtant : « Attends ! C'est là ! Le levier, la joie... ! »

84.

Dans le contexte de cette « ville », tournant sur l'axe de cet idéal trop grand et trop évident pour l'étroitesse craintive de nos exclusivismes – cet idéal d'unité, par delà les races, les religions, les cultures, les partis, qui carillonne à toute volée l'appel impératif à devenir -, la véhémence de nos petitesse a resurgi la même, mais plus pauvre d'être dénudée.

Toute notre manière politique d'exister,

Nos subterfuges et nos vertus, nos ouvertures passives, nos lâchetés, nos rejets opiniâtres,
 Notre complaisance, notre crasse et nos refus,
 Notre insuffisance à aimer,
 Nos combats de coqs, nos ostracismes,
 Nos calculs, nos complicités,
 Nos raisons, nos indignations, nos révoltes frelatées,
 Nos plaintes et nos revendications, notre désordre,
 Nos peurs, notre misère, nos démons,
 Nos victimes, nos martyrs et nos bouffons, nos opinions, nos images, nos violences,
 Toute la foule habituelle de nos hôtes et l'insidieuse omniprésence du conflit, est revenue peupler la question.

85.

Il y a en nous, comme une brûlure consciente, la marque vivante de Son cri :
 « Le temps est venu du gouvernement de l'âme ! ».

Gouverner par le regard paisible et fort de cet être profond en nous, qui croît dans le silence et la lumière, l'incorruptible, le guerrier, le frère, le libre serviteur du Sens, le découvreur du chemin.

Gouverner soi-même et sa nature, sans contrainte arbitraire, libres de la nécessité abrutissante d'avoir à recourir aux formes extérieures de la loi, libres de la prison dénaturante des rôles.

Une anarchie claire et tranquille à la recherche constante d'une harmonie progressive, à l'écoute du changement, à la libre découverte de méthodes nouvelles au service d'un déploiement de vérité...

Et quelque part dans notre conscience à peine éveillée la silhouette imprécise d'une hiérarchie magique et spontanée, comme un organisme de vérité où chaque être irait infailliblement à son juste degré, occuperait sans errer la fonction de sa capacité, où la Force trouverait ses corps justes à leur juste place pour son action pleine, et chacun aurait, de la station unique et irremplaçable de son état, la conscience directe de l'Un et la richesse innombrable de l'unité...

86.

Et alors que se tendait en nous l'arc de cet idéal encore impraticable, rêve ou chimère ou folie, et le besoin de vivre ici sa réalité, de la mettre en mouvement dans la matière, de la vérifier et de l'éprouver et de s'unir à elle, il nous semblait en fait nous enfoncer dans l'épaisseur d'un compromis, d'être tirés par la masse d'une inertie, qui avait aussi notre visage.

Alors, la lucidité ancienne de l'imperturbable Témoin nous calmait doucement, et nous montrait les données de la tâche, et nous enseignait les rudiments d'un réalisme ouvert, au service du changement.

Car la participation et l'offrande doivent être intégrales, ou le changement ne nous concernera pas.

Le gouvernement par les autres n'a jamais été et ne sera jamais qu'un pis-aller, une violence et un compromis.

Les structures et les institutions sont les signes de notre infirmité. Les seules qui soient acceptables sont celles qui se perçoivent elles-mêmes, à travers leurs représentants, comme les instruments d'une protection nécessaire au service du développement des individus.

87.

Et l'on butte sur un premier écueil.

D'une part, et d'une manière générale, l'humanité dans son mouvement de rencontre avec elle-même en tous points, a brisé en même temps les limites des contextes naturels au sein desquels progressaient les individus ; déraciné de son milieu, exposé à des influences contradictoires, chacun se trouve dépossédé de cette protection naturelle qui l'aidait à définir ses propres besoins et priorités.

Et d'autre part, selon ses besoins intérieurs d'expérience et de découverte, les besoins extérieurs de l'individu changent ; il n'existe pas de mesure uniforme dont l'application extérieure ne soit, ne serait profondément fautive et insatisfaisante, sinon asservissante et mutilante.

Dans une société libre, libre au moins dans ses fondations comme dans son orientation, il faut donc laisser à chacun le libre accès aux ressources et aux moyens de se développer.

Cela implique que deux conditions doivent être remplies : l'une est l'engagement de l'individu à une honnêteté et une transparence dans la définition de ses propres besoins ; et l'autre une confiance de la part de tous en la capacité de chacun de découvrir son propre chemin sans accaparer plus qu'il ne lui est nécessaire, et dans le respect des besoins d'autrui.

Là se trouvent, dans la transition multiforme à une harmonie plus consciente, les termes d'un premier contrat social inévitable.

88.

Lorsqu'on se trouve physiquement prisonnier d'une société sclérosée au point d'exercer une violence active et permanente sur la liberté essentielle de l'individu, ainsi dans le cas d'une dictature, il semble toujours qu'il n'y ait qu'une alternative à la lâcheté, la trahison et l'obéissance servile, et c'est la lutte active, le rassemblement sous une bannière et un emblème de libération qui ait le pouvoir momentané de dissoudre nos peurs et d'instiller en nous le sens dynamique du sacrifice, de la dignité, de l'héroïsme ; dans un mouvement de stimulation et de persuasion mutuelles, nous parvenons au moins à sauver notre intégrité – car pour l'homme moral, la perte du respect de soi est pire que la mort.

Il arrive que l'on atteigne la victoire, et déloge l'opresseur.

Et chacune de ces victoires est une victoire de l'humanité sur ses démons intérieurs.

Il est rare toutefois que l'on ait clairement vu et éprouvé ce qui en nous avait évoqué, autorisé et suscité la formation et la cristallisation d'une situation si extrême, il est rare que l'on ait touché les causes et les mécanismes de cette lente défaite qui avait précédé son règne.

89.

Il était une chose que l'on pouvait d'emblée comprendre aisément, puisque nous nous trouvions rassemblés là par le libre choix individuel de participer à une

tentative dont le but déclaré était d'une envergure et d'une portée intérieure au moins terrestres, et cela concernait la relation des individus aux biens matériels.

Ni l'étendue de cette terre rendue disponible, ni rien de ce qui s'y développerait, s'y bâtirait, s'y inscrirait, ne pouvait et ne pourrait appartenir à personne en particulier, ni même à aucun groupement.

Aussi longtemps que nous séjournions là, nous en serions les garants et les responsables devant l'homme et devant la Force, et ce serait seulement dans la mesure de notre capacité à prendre soin de la matière et de la terre que nous nous acquitterions de cette tâche et pourrions jouir de leur utilisation.

Il y avait là un autre écueil.

Il est possible, nous l'avons vu sans tarder, d'intervenir dans le libre apprentissage de cette loi claire et ouverte, et de la transcrire en une loi autoritaire et artificielle ; et, l'appliquant à la lettre lorsqu'on le juge opportun, à des fins guère avouables, de manipuler le mouvement des êtres.

Il nous fallut donc, dès que le premier ennemi apparent fut repoussé de la scène, qui nous avait révélé ce danger, rechercher les moyens de nous garder, et tous les participants à venir, de la possibilité d'une telle manipulation.

90.

Reconnaissant que nous étions encore incapables d'établir une hiérarchie éclairée, faute de représentants dont la nature serait suffisamment transformée pour être à l'évidence imperméable à toute partialité et tout aveuglement, nous nous sommes trouvés dans la nécessité de susciter la formation d'une variété d'organes, de canaux et de digues, dont la fonction commune serait de tamiser les choix et les décisions – mais dont l'un des effets serait aussi d'en diluer et d'en alourdir l'action.

Et à mesure que s'exprimait cette recherche, avec ses hésitations, ses reculs et ses petits pas en avant, et que se développait doucement en nous une certaine qualité d'intuition et de discernement détaillé de la nature de tout mouvement, il semblait aussi que cette grande impulsion créatrice, voyant son courant s'enfoncer dans les sables de nos méandres et s'amenuiser dans le jardin décevant de notre laborieuse aventure, s'en retournait planer tel un grand oiseau déployé, un peu impatient, à la lisière de l'expérience.

Nous faisons figure un peu timorée ; et l'on ne savait guère comment regimber les niveaux.

91.

En laissant grossir l'ombre de l'ennemi, de l'adversaire, notre contact conscient et confiant avec l'Action véritable s'était voilé.

Nous appréhendions partout le monstre à mille visages de sa résurgence imperturbable ; sa possible ubiquité drainait nos énergies et corrompait notre accord.

Le mythe de notre unité s'effritait de toutes part.

Si on le veut bien, avec un peu d'humilité et de plasticité, tout est une occasion de progrès ; les erreurs aussi.

Matériellement et pratiquement, l'organisme d'une société libre s'était précisé ; du blanc de l'idéal, par le flou de nos idées, dans la découverte quotidienne des implications du chemin, comme l'embryon d'un organisme adaptable s'était formé.

Il y avait maintenant besoin pour chacun de trouver ou retrouver son propre accès direct et libre d'influences à la force et la lumière du chemin, à la présence qui seule compte, et de passer à une compréhension plus vraie et mieux éprouvée de notre multiplicité.

D'apprendre, seul aussi, à percevoir directement les nécessités de l'unité.

92.

Il y a généralement une grande confusion à propos du pouvoir.

Nous avons élaboré, comme en tangente du problème, diverses méthodes pour identifier le dédale des conséquences d'une dissociation du pouvoir propre à l'individu : le pouvoir de choisir.

Nos cultures, presque sans exception, nous conditionnent à soumettre notre volonté consciente à toutes sortes de structures, de formes et d'images qui l'éloignent de sa propre référence vivante.

Transmissibles, ces structures sont devenues de plus en plus complexes dans le temps ; et même lorsque certaines d'entre elles sont finalement brisées ou rejetées comme des carcans devenus trop insupportables, la cause subtile de leur formation, qui justifia leur rôle, demeure agissante.

L'« éducation », nous nous en apercevons maintenant que nous sommes tous confrontés à l'universelle débâcle de nos valeurs, comme à notre impuissance à contrecarrer les effets endémiques de notre misère intérieure, était devenue synonyme d'un terrorisme intellectuel, moral et culturel par lequel nous reproduisons la même perpétuelle infirmité et nous rendions incapables de choisir.

93.

Les conséquences de cette infirmité s'éprouvent à chaque instant de notre vie, qu'elle soit « publique » ou « privée ». Elles s'inscrivent dans chaque relation, si anodine soit-elle, de l'individu à l'autre et aux autres, à l'environnement, mais aussi dans chaque perception que l'individu a de soi-même, de l'existence et du monde.

Elle, en Son ultime et libre bon sens, a tenté, parmi ceux qui s'étaient réunis autour d'Elle, d'inculquer le sens d'une « éducation » qui, au contraire, assisterait l'être individuel dans la croissance solide de son propre contact direct et unique à la vérité du monde.

Une éducation qui serait une présence attentive, disponible, en éveil, au service de la libre découverte de soi, du dynamisme propre à chaque existence ; qui mettrait à la disposition de l'enfant et de l'adolescent les éléments et les clés de connaissance physique, pratique, psychologique et spirituelle dont spontanément il exprimerait le besoin ; qui accompagnerait sa découverte du monde pas à pas, et sa reconnaissance progressive de sa propre cause profonde, de son propre choix essentiel d'exister et de participer, de ses propres moyens de remplir sa fonction parmi les autres, de contribuer à l'évolution et de servir ses buts, de s'unir à ses rythmes...

Une éducation qui aiderait l'enfant à préserver et développer sa liberté de choisir et de manifester ; qui l'aiderait à percevoir les nécessités communes réelles, dans une lumière impartiale ; qui l'aiderait à conserver, approfondir, élargir, préciser, et vérifier ses propres ressources intérieures originales, à garder le sens vivant de son appartenance à la grande Source d'être, et des termes de son propre engagement.

94.

Une éducation qui implique évidemment, de la part de ceux qui s'offrent à en être les agents, la réalisation d'une certaine transparence, et des qualités conscientes d'attention, de patience, de discernement et d'intuition.

Dans cette « ville », nous étions alors encore loin de remplir ces conditions. Emergeant à peine nous-mêmes du réseau restreignant de la grande confusion, pervertis dans nos mouvements et ignorants de l'équilibre, encore encombrés et noués, nous ne pouvions guère prétendre à cette compréhension active et sereine. Nous étions autant de matière brute, dans un grand désordre de notions, d'espairs et de croyances, sur un terrain désert, à pied d'œuvre et sans guide apparent.

Pourtant, des enfants, il y en avait déjà parmi nous, et beaucoup d'autres sont bientôt venus.

Miroirs de nous-mêmes et rappels vivants, et constants, des conditions réelles du travail, récipiends de nos peurs mais porteurs et emblèmes de l'idéal, répondant d'instinct à l'appel de la liberté, baromètres infaillibles des mouvements des forces, et reflets immédiats de nos conflits.

95.

Par la spontanéité de leur don de soi, par la nudité de leurs réponses, et l'honnêteté de leur ouverture, par la sécurité de leur référence innée à la grande coulée de force et de présence, dans la joie intègre de leur épanouissement, comme en leur grotesque caricature de nos grimaces, par leurs peines soudaines et leur refus, dans leur besoin de mouvement et la candeur de leur rapport aux énergies, par l'absolu de leur confiance dans le monde et l'être et la vie, ils ont fait plus pour la perception vivante du chemin que toutes nos pensées et nos efforts réunis.

Dans leurs grands yeux vibrant du Possible on se retrouvait soi-même à prier, et quand leurs petits corps disaient simplement la douleur et le manque, la futilité de notre propre clameur s'éteignait de honte ; ils nous montraient, sans mots, sans calculs, l'éternelle erreur d'être dur et séparé.

En eux Son grand cri se répand, et ce regard inflexible sur l'immense besoin de vérité.

96.

Il y a le pouvoir, et il y a le Pouvoir.

Il y a notre pouvoir de choisir, que nous ne savons encore ni reconnaître, ni vivre, ni développer.

Et il y a la grande coulée de Puissance, partout dans l'espace et le temps, ce seul Pouvoir absolu, qui brûle et détruit quiconque cherche à s'en emparer.

Notre pouvoir de choisir, nous l'avons de nous-mêmes aliéné.

Nous avons fragmenté et distribué aveuglément la responsabilité de choix qui ne concernent que nous-même. Nous demandons à l'autre de représenter pour nous les termes du choix et d'exercer notre propre capacité de choisir.

Ainsi nous faisons-nous mutuellement violence.

Avec la multiplication de ce subterfuge, la distance a grandi entre ces représentations et nous-mêmes, individus.

Le gouffre s'est creusé.

L'instrument est devenu autonome ; il agit loin, là-bas, au sommet ou à quelque point figé de notre douteux édifice, ou même ici, tout près, à côté de soi, mais de l'autre côté vraiment d'une paroi d'incommunicabilité.

Et si nous cherchons d'aventure à remédier à ce gigantesque artifice, nous nous voyons forcés de le faire dans des termes généraux qui sont une absurde approximation de notre besoin réel, celui de réapprendre à choisir.

97.

Nous nous reprochons mutuellement et sans cesse, soit d'intervenir et d'interférer dans nos choix individuels, soit de s'abstenir ou d'être inefficaces dans notre intervention.

Ce n'est pas ainsi que nous trouverons la solution.

Ce n'est pas ainsi que nous pourrons déblayer l'espace de notre communication.

C'est à chaque individu qu'il incombe de rappeler et de réunir en soi-même la capacité de former ses propres choix et d'en vérifier la qualité comme la vérité par les conséquences qu'ils ont dans notre vie et surtout dans notre conscience.

Il nous faut à chacun trouver cette foi et ce courage, comme un service que nous devons nous rendre, et rendre à l'homme.

Comment pourrons-nous autrement décanter la confusion dans laquelle nous vivons, ou offrir au changement le mélange que nous sommes ?

Car notre infirmité se manifeste en tous points, dans notre rapport à l'autre comme dans notre rapport au divin, dans notre expérience physique et humaine comme dans notre expérience spirituelle.

98.

Elle est l'hydre fatidique dont nous couvrons tous les visages sur le chemin.

C'est par la projection de son ombre que nous éloignons ce qui est sublime de ce qui est ordinaire, que nous neutralisons l'harmonie réconciliante du vrai, que nous nions à la vie la possibilité et l'aspiration même de s'offrir et de se transformer.

De notre absolu besoin de l'autre nous faisons un drame perpétuel.

Nous vivons ce besoin comme une dépendance, et non comme l'espace profondément bon et nécessaire d'une alchimie révélatrice, et la sûre découverte d'une inépuisable conscience d'être.

Nous nous gardons constamment du choc ineffaçable de tout contact profond et direct qui dérangerait l'ordre exigü de notre exclusive pauvreté.

Dans cette exclusivité nous enfermons le petit nombre de ceux qui, pour des raisons similaires, peuvent en accepter les termes, et arbitrairement déplaçons le reste du monde à distance et « au dehors », posant ainsi les bornes d'une fausse sécurité qu'il faudra briser encore et encore, et souvent dans la douleur, pour grandir et progresser.

A ce « divin » généralement hypothétique nous allouons, comme à soi-même et à l'autre, une place et un rôle.

Et lorsque la réalité de l'expérience devient trop impérieuse et fracasse nos limites, nous sortons de la vie dans une folie mystique, nous devenons des illuminés de dieu, de respectables inutiles auxquels une fonction est gardée dans le drame, ou bien des sages, que leurs disciples consomment et sacrifient.

99.

Ainsi notre monde est-il devenu ce grand status quo ; nous en avons exploré, défini et masqué toutes les avenues de liberté, c'est un grand possible qui s'est clos.

Nous avons gagné le répit de quelques illusions finales, l'illusion du pouvoir et de la maîtrise par la séduction de la machine, l'illusion de l'aventure par l'explosion provoquée des sensations ou des perceptions du mental, l'illusion de la liberté par la révision brutale de nos morales.

Mais le vrai pouvoir, la vraie maîtrise, la vraie aventure et la vraie liberté d'un Etat conscient physique, intégral, progressif et ouvert, sur la Terre, dans la Matière, il nous faut, pour les trouver, évoluer.

Et il ne s'agit d'aucune évolution psychologique, d'aucune amélioration physique, que nous puissions par nos propres efforts accomplir.

Il s'agit d'un changement d'état.

Il nous faut apprendre à nous donner à Cela qui peut ouvrir le passage.

Et pour s'y donner, il faut d'abord le reconnaître et le choisir.

100.

C'est là. Ca aime et Ca veut.

On est des riens dans cette Coulée. Et pourtant, on est très importants.

Il nous faut de la confiance et de la transparence pour aider et participer.

Il nous faut être à l'écoute, et y porter chacun de nos petits et de nos grands choix, comme des enfants qui vibrent tranquillement de leurs fleurs ramassées, avec la confiance active que tout a un sens, que le grand Devenir est réalité vivante, et qu'il nous faut seulement apprendre à ne plus, désormais, nous en séparer.

Tout petit j'avais le sens aigu de certaines dualités, auxquels je semblais être particulièrement lié, et dont les pôles opposés semblaient, à valeur et intensité égales, être inscrits dans mon expérience : masculin, féminin ; proche, lointain ; humain, étranger.

Elles m'exposaient autant aux chocs de leur vérification extérieure qu'à l'étouffement de ma participation à un monde d'où les moyens de leur expression étaient absents, ou refoulés.

101.

Par la force des contradictions que ces dualités révélaient ou soulignaient dans la vie, elles m'ont obligé à chercher, à discerner, identifier et éprouver l'état qui les soutient également, et à découvrir et évaluer la viabilité de sa pratique.

J'ai plus tard appris que, dans notre passé, ce n'est qu'au sein de sociétés dont la vertu présidente n'était pas la raison intellectuelle mais une intuition plus profonde – quelque part à la jonction de la vie, du mental et de l'esprit –, que la manifestation individuelle de ces dualités particulières était reconnue et acceptée. Mais encore l'était-elle avec des précautions spéciales, et une fonction spéciale lui était-elle assignée, et un certain isolement fait de révérence et d'une crainte « sacrée ».

Il semble qu'il soit encore très difficile pour nous de simplement laisser être et jouer ces dualités, sans jeter toutes nos forces d'un côté ou de l'autre de la balance, tant elles contredisent notre sens de l'identité.

Pourtant, dans une mesure, chacun de nous porte ces dualités ; elles agissent en chaque être uniquement et nous perdons beaucoup, pour notre connaissance du monde, à les manipuler ou à les refouler.

Cette même crainte, et parfois cette terreur, de voir notre identité contredite par des forces apparemment opposées, dont nous sommes nous-mêmes porteurs, nous l'avons reportée, comme tout le reste, sur notre appréhension du spirituel et du divin.

102.

Puisque nous avons créé un « dieu le Père », il nous a bien fallu ménager un espace, plus ou moins secret, pour la déesse mère ; ou inversement !

Notre sens même du divin est tronqué, divisé.

Notre perception même de ce qui parvient à notre conscience emmurée d'une source suprême ou centrale est abîmée, dénaturée par ces mêmes valeurs.

Et ainsi pendant des âges l'esprit, ou le suprême, ne pouvait se trouver, si toutefois nous lui concédions une situation quelconque, que très loin de nous, à d'immenses distances ; et s'il semblait qu'il nous avait envoyé un émissaire, sur notre plan, alors cet émissaire devait nécessairement souffrir avec nous, partager tout notre drame, chair dans notre chair et jusqu'au bout, pour nous racheter dans l'au-delà.

Mais ici, dans la vie et sur la Terre, il ne pouvait y avoir de divin entier, puisque nous-mêmes ne l'étions pas.

Alors, peut-être, que nous commençons par nous libérer nous-mêmes ou par libérer ce divin, l'effet sera le même.

En termes de conscience, l'on verra, l'on grandira.

L'Inconnu est devant nous.

103.

Si nous Lui donnions le crédit que l'on donnerait à la fois à un frère, un ami, une mère, un amant, une épouse, un enfant, une clairière, une galaxie, un maître, la rivière, un apprenti, la foudre, le soleil, la mélodie, si on Lui rendait enfin toutes Ses formes et tout Son pouvoir et l'on se tournait au-dedans ou dans l'instant, là, simplement, vers une main, une présence, un regard...

Il y a, pour notre conscience, encore deux niveaux dans le choix, dont la confusion et le mélange engendrent toutes nos difficultés : une surface et une profondeur.

C'est le fruit que nous ne savons goûter.

Le choix profond ne peut pas être d'un objet, d'une finalité.

Le choix profond est essentiellement une orientation, l'adhésion de l'être à une direction.

Il est qualité vivante, perception d'un courant, manifestation d'un besoin essentiel.

Et Il devient, dans sa pratique, le regard et le discernement actif de ce besoin.

Il devient courage et fidélité.

Tous nos malentendus proviennent de ne tenter la pratique que d'un choix de surface, un choix entre des objets, entre des finalités qui s'opposent ou se contredisent. Ce choix superficiel fait intervenir les préférences, les opinions, les positions, les réactions, et toute la cohue de notre mental dissocié, et tout le poids de son jugement qui repose sur la dualité.

104.

L'in substantialité de nos choix produit la nécessité de recourir à des moyens arbitraires et extérieurs pour les affirmer et les effectuer, alors que leur superficialité même les rend inaptes à traiter les causes des disharmonies auxquelles ils prétendent remédier.

Dans une aventure commune dont le fondement est la liberté au service de la découverte et de la manifestation d'une vie plus consciente et plus vraie, d'une unité progressive, l'on réalise que, tant que chaque participant ne pratique pas le choix profond et ne développe pas la perception centrale d'une direction et d'une orientation qui graduellement se révèle et s'affirme dans la vie, cette confiance collective qui seule permet une organisation ouverte et plastique aux nécessités imprévisibles du chemin est impossible, ou demeure entravée.

On se voit alors contraint de reprendre l'usage des vieux artifices, et d'avoir encore recours à cette parodie du pouvoir : l'autorité, le pouvoir de décider et d'appliquer.

On réalise que cette communication directe des êtres qui apprendraient mutuellement les uns des autres par le fait constant de leur aventure et de leur découvertes individuelles, demeure prisonnière de nos jugements extérieurs et partiels, étouffée par les images de nos manques ; et que cette richesse croissante d'être nombreux à chercher et révéler, d'être ensemble les découvreurs complémentaires du chemin, demeure réduite, étranglée par une idée sans pouvoir de notre unité.

105.

On réalise que le partage de notre expérience de l'idéal et de sa force consciente, comme de la surprise de son action, de l'épreuve de sa portée et de sa vérité dans la vie et la matière, demeure englué, stagne dans la formation d'exclusivismes et de subtiles rigidités.

Confrontés au brassage localisé de plusieurs races et de nombreuses cultures, on réalise que, tant que chaque individu présent au travail n'a pas choisi l'homme, l'universel, la conscience, n'a pas éprouvé suffisamment le besoin de ce choix qui est orientation et ouverture à un changement d'état, l'on retourne, dans l'ensemble et malgré l'évidence de l'appel, à l'ornière de l'habitude et aux complicités raciales et culturelles.

Le monde se referme, à nouveau cloisonné.

Il est impossible et insensé d'abolir les genres, les structures, les classes, les cultures, les races, tant que l'individu ne choisit pas la conscience, d'un choix profond, plutôt qu'entre ses formes présentes, dans un choix de préférence.

Le choix de la conscience et le choix évolutif sont un.

106.

Je tente ici de mettre à jour quelques-unes des leçons issues d'une expérience collective qui se poursuit, et qui n'a de sens justement que par ce qu'elle révèle à la fois des difficultés humaines et planétaires que nous vivons tous aujourd'hui et, non pas de leur solution, mais de la possibilité de leur disparition par, et dans, l'émergence d'une compréhension autre, et plus vraie.

Cette compréhension n'est pas elle-même la force qui transformera notre nature et nous fera passer à l'étape suivante, dans un autre état, matériel et conscient ; mais elle peut, parce qu'elle atteint la cause de nos faux problèmes, de nos problèmes relatifs, nous permettre d'accéder à une transparence, et à une perception éclaircie du pas qui nous attend, et de sa réalité.

Elle peut nous rendre à un équilibre et une harmonie suffisants, un milieu d'ouverture au sein duquel, ici et là et selon des critères que notre pensée seule ne peut identifier, un rapport avec le prochain état pourra commencer de s'établir. Et elle peut nous aider à défaire, et dépasser, la possibilité même de la catastrophe.

Si j'ai indiqué certains aspects de mon expérience personnelle, c'est peut-être par fidélité à ce mouvement d'éclaircissement qui va du subjectif vers l'objectif, de l'individu vers l'universel, ou qui naît de leur rencontre.

Le fil directeur qui m'a guidé ici est l'importance cruciale du choix, comme contribution à la grande Question.

107.

La pratique du choix est progressive.

On part de l'état de conscience que l'on a, dans la direction d'un état de conscience que l'on perçoit à peine ou que l'on devine, et ce mouvement même est un état qui se transforme et transforme la perception du but.

On accepte les erreurs comme les indications de l'évolution de notre choix.

On apprend à libérer la vie de ses masques de juge et de censeur, en se référant de plus en plus consciemment à la source intérieure de notre choix, en lui donnant de plus en plus notre confiance.

Un individu entier, uni, n'est plus la petite personne frontale, mais quelqu'un, qui a appris à choisir la vérité de son être – malgré les pressions et les influences de la société et d'autrui.

A chaque instant et en toute circonstance l'individu a la liberté d'un choix vivant : celui d'unir sa conscience active à tel ou tel état, telle ou telle intensité, tel ou tel besoin dans l'être, et de laisser l'orientation de ce choix imprimer les mouvements de la vie, susciter la réponse multiple des événements, produire sa propre incidence, frayer sa course ; silencieusement, et sans pensée.

108.

Elle, pour tous ceux dont le besoin d'être s'est éveillé, a manifesté et porté au monde l'objectivité d'une présence, d'une onde et d'un état de vérité.

Un état qui, si nous lui donnons la force de notre choix, peut tout changer.

Et plus nous nous en approchons, et nous ouvrons à sa portée, plus nous approchons du corps – de la conscience dans la matière.

De la Conscience une, totale et entière.

Dans cette tentative, cette « ville » qui est peut-être surtout une sorte de laboratoire où le procédé du changement est recherché, les données et les termes de la question humaine sont représentés.

Les énergies avec lesquelles l'homme s'est allié, les moyens, les méthodes et les pratiques qu'il a élaborés dans le passé pour accéder à un semblant d'harmonie, de cohérence et d'équilibre, sont aussi représentés et, en proportion de la distance qui nous séparent encore du procédé de demain, réclament leurs droits.

109.

Forts de leurs réalisations antécédentes, ils insistent pour nous garder dans la sécurité relative d'un tracé déjà parcouru.

Les disciplines psychologiques et spirituelles, les structures de la séparation, les rapports établis à l'autre comme au divin, les implications ordinaires de la sujétion à l'argent, au pouvoir, à la machine, à la science, la technologie, la médecine et à toutes les améliorations du même traitement de notre manque d'être, pèsent encore sur nos choix.

Vouloir tous les rejeter équivaut à une fuite en avant, stérile, insensée.

Se rendre à leur empire revient à se tromper soi-même et repousser ailleurs, ou loin dans le temps, la réalité du changement.

Reconnaître leur persistance et tenter de découvrir le procédé de leur ouverture, ou de leur défaite, par l'évolution de ce qui en nous leur correspond, peut prendre la forme d'un compromis difficile à vivre, mais reflète objectivement notre condition et les termes de notre transition.

La priorité est à une orientation de plus en plus consciente, à son choix renouvelé. Au besoin qui l'exprime et l'incarne.

110.

Chaque mouvement doit bien avoir sa vérité, que l'on ne peut identifier qu'en étant soi-même un peu décanté, un peu libéré, un peu plus capable de choix.

C'est dans notre utilisation des énergies que nous nous trompons.

Dans Sa « ville » nous apprenons à regarder l'argent comme une force spécifique encore nécessaire sur le Terre, dont la génération et l'usage doivent être mis au service de la création des conditions favorables à l'harmonie d'une vie plus vraie ; comme une force impersonnelle, qui ne peut être appropriée sans perdre sa vérité créatrice ; une force qui doit couler et circuler sans cesse, se transformant sans cesse et partout en formes et instruments d'une vie individuelle et collective orientée ; une force dont l'hypnotisme ne peut être éclairé et dissous dans notre conscience que par la pratique d'un usage transparent, fait de reconnaissance et de libre respect ; une force qui doit être progressivement retirée des mains de ceux qui l'accaparent et la retiennent et en étranglent ou en précipitent le flot et le mouvement à leurs propres fins, pour être canalisée par ceux-là qui sont capables d'en faire un usage désintéressé, exact, conscient...

111.

L'argent est une force subtile dont le support est physique dans son signe et sa convention.

Le respect et l'attention qui sont nécessaires à son usage vrai, sont d'autant plus impératifs pour l'utilisation et le maniement des forces matérielles dont l'homme est parvenu, dans l'ambivalence de sa recherche, à s'assurer une maîtrise relative.

Plus on s'approche de la matière, plus on pénètre dans son domaine, et plus on touche à la totalité du monde et de la vie.

Et plus les conséquences de nos choix sont générales, plus notre responsabilité est grande...

Notre apprentissage de la matière s'est fait à contre sens.

Car si notre choix et notre orientation – et notre intention – avaient été clairs, nous serions à présent illuminés dans notre existence d'homme par l'unité que la matière nous révèle. Notre conscience en aurait grandi d'autant, alors que nous avons surtout démesurément amplifié l'ombre de notre « moi ».

Le fait est pourtant que notre conscience s'est développée. Mais pour le savoir, pour l'éprouver vraiment, il nous faut d'abord nous libérer de l'obscur péril de nos contradictions.

112.

Pour bien comprendre ce que la connaissance ou l'usage vrais des forces physiques et matérielles requièrent de notre conscience, il nous faut trouver, ou retrouver, le contact intérieur direct à l'identité de la Terre, à son rôle et sa fonction véritables dans l'évolution, comme à la vérité vivante de tout ce qu'elle porte, soutient et recèle, et à la profondeur et l'intimité qui nous unissent à elle.

Il nous faut réaliser la divinité de la matière.

L'usage de ces forces peut, comme nous le voyons, conduire à un assujettissement et une aliénation de plus en plus tyranniques, à faire de la Terre un désert invivable et puant et de l'homme un désert intérieur ; ou, plus brutalement, à anéantir le corps du possible et de l'expérience.

Et il peut nous mener à une simplicité évoluée de la vie physique, à une libération du temps ; nous permettre l'exploration et la découverte de formes nouvelles plus adaptées à notre besoin d'être ; nous aider à nous délivrer progressivement de l'esclavage aux nécessités physiques quotidiennes ; ouvrir l'espace de notre expérience et nous assister dans l'évolution de nos choix.

Tout est lié.

Dans notre monde aujourd'hui, c'est le mésusage du pouvoir de l'argent qui détermine négativement notre orientation dans la découverte et l'utilisation des forces matérielles.

113.

Dans une vie commune dont le principe à manifester est une anarchie divine, une spontanéité consciente, la créativité de chaque être doit s'unir à sa vérité et en devenir l'expression.

Ce que nous appelons parfois l'art et parfois la culture et parfois la science, est encore l'expression de toutes les influences contradictoires d'une réalité fragmentée, divisée, séparée, arbitraire.

En apprenant à se référer à l'unique validité de sa propre présence au monde, l'individu redécouvre les formes en explorant ses propres affinités au créé comme au possible, et sa propre réceptivité à l'avenir.

Sa créativité se révèle alors selon des rythmes et des intensités qui lui seront particuliers ; sa communication avec le monde se précise et devient le médium de sa libre participation.

A mesure que l'individu se pressent et se perçoit comme une manifestation évolutive de la Conscience parmi d'innombrables autres manifestations, sa créativité s'unit à sa cause, emplit sa vie et son corps, dans une nouvelle relation au monde, directe et mutuelle.

L'essence de ces instants privilégiés de rencontre et d'union, ou de fusion, que l'artiste connaît au sommet de son art et qui lui procure la plénitude de l'accomplissement, ou de ces instants d'intuition blanche révélée, de communion avec les lois profondes de la matière et de la vie que le savant, le chercheur, ou l'inventeur éprouve à l'apex de son travail, est l'indication d'un état de conscience dont la créativité est une force native.

114.

Créativité, communion, révélation, sont des mouvements de force consciente – de Conscience Force.

Apprenant à choisir, nous apprenons à discerner de quoi nous nous faisons les porteurs et les véhicules, et à exiger de nous-même une contribution réelle et non plus la satisfaction de son illusion.

Devenant conscients de notre responsabilité créative, nous connaissons le respect du monde.

La vie entière devient le champ d'un dédie ment libre et offrant.

La créativité unit le sujet et l'objet : leur accord se révèle.

Rassemblant notre capacité de choisir, nous retrouvons la créativité de notre être.

Et nous réalisons aussi que l'espace premier de cette créativité est notre propre personne, physique et vivante : le sens de l'incarnation se fait jour.

115.

La plupart des disciplines spirituelles avaient pour assomption majeure que l'objet, ou le but, de nos efforts était séparé de nous, soit par une indifférence à l'égard de la création, soit par quelque faute originelle que nous aurions commise, soit encore par une succession de niveaux ou d'états qui lui étaient étrangers ou extérieurs, qu'il nous fallait donc apprendre à franchir, dont les forces et les énergies devaient être apprivoisées ou maîtrisées.

D'une manière ou d'une autre il y avait toujours, entre la Cause et le créé, entre le divin et nous-même, entre l'esprit et la forme, une division, ou une distance, ou une paroi, ou une vaste illusion que nous ne pouvions transcender qu'au prix de formidables efforts et de terribles épreuves par lesquels notre ferveur et notre sincérité étaient éprouvées et mesurées.

La vie elle-même était un piège ou une absurdité ou, au mieux, une étape initiatique nécessaire à notre voyage.

Quelque chose a changé dans ce monde.

Le temps et la nécessité sont maintenant devant l'homme de trouver en lui-même le divin, le vrai, le conscient, de le trouver dans la vie, dans le corps et la matière ; de se libérer des formations et des intermédiaires.

116.

La Question brûle, partout dans ce monde.

Il nous faut ce courage de regarder ; de trouver.

Chacun doit découvrir sa propre religion, qui est sa propre et unique relation au divin, à l'essence, au suprême, en explorer le dynamisme au contact du monde, en incarner le sens.

C'est à chacun qu'il incombe de réaliser l'objectivité du Suprême.

Alors la fonction individuelle véritable, la raison d'être de l'individualité, auprès des autres et du monde, se révélera dans un équilibre progressif, sans violence et sans illusion.

Dans Sa « ville » nous aspirons à ce que s'établisse ainsi un milieu tout entier animé d'une réceptivité directe et immédiate au divin, et à l'avenir.

C'est pourtant dans le contexte d'une telle tentative que l'on mesure combien la liberté est encore pour l'homme l'état le plus difficile à assumer, tant nous sommes conditionnés dans notre substance même aux structures de la séparation, et assujettis au pouvoir que nous leur avons accordé.

117.

Nous demeurons ainsi persuadés que, sans intermédiaire et sans guide, sans une discipline imposée, restreignante et purifiante, une méthode prouvée, voire une pratique acharnée et une violence sur nous-même, nous ne pourrions jamais accéder à la sécurité d'une réalisation spirituelle.

Nous tendons à reformer les modèles de telle ou telle réalisation du passé, qui n'avait pourtant rien changé à la vie, et nous oublions la seule nécessité qui est de nourrir le feu de ce besoin central, ce besoin d'être vraiment, et son appel, de nous réunir tout entier dans le feu de cet appel et d'y vibrer : notre point vivant de contact au Réel...

C'est ce besoin qui est notre écoute et notre ouverture à d'autres sens, à la perception de la Force et de la Présence, c'est notre adhésion consciente à son feu qui lui permet d'ouvrir le chemin.

C'est ce besoin qui un jour nous entraînera après Elle, et nous mènera auprès d'Elle, dans l'expérience matérielle d'un Etat plein et entier.

118.

Cette « ville », cette tentative dont j'ai parlé, n'est ni une fin ni un but en soi ; ce n'est le privilège d'aucun « élu » d'y appartenir ; aucune sécurité particulière ne s'y trouve.

Elle n'a de sens que par le principe qui la fonde, qui est celui d'une unité humaine effective, par delà les barrières sociales, culturelles, religieuses, nationales et raciales qui déchirent encore l'humanité ; elle n'a de raison d'être que par la

compréhension qui parfois s'y révèle ou s'y précise, et la pratique vivante de cette compréhension qui parfois, peut-être, s'y fait et s'y fera jour.

Car cette compréhension et sa pratique s'appliquent à toute situation humaine sur la Terre.

Il ne s'agit là d'aucun ralliement à un nouvel âge consommable et rentable, d'aucun remède social, d'aucune ligue, d'aucun « mouvement ».

Il s'agit d'une question, d'un appel.

Et d'un essai pour appréhender le Possible d'après, d'une nouvelle naissance matérielle.

119.

Elle, c'est Mère.

C'est à Elle que ces mots maladroits sont offerts.

Elle, ce n'est pas un gourou. Elle, C'est, simplement,
Absolument, éternellement,
Mère.

120.

Les notes et descriptions de Mère sur Son Travail physique et matériel sont consignées dans les 13 Volumes de
« L'Agenda de l'Action Supramentale sur la Terre »,
Publié à l'Institut des Recherches Evolutives, Paris.

Les Œuvres Complètes de la Mère

Et

Les Œuvres Complètes de Sri Aurobindo

Sont publiées à :

Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondichéry, Inde.

Divakar. »

(Ecrit à « Sincérité », Auroville ; le 9 Septembre 1984.)

***Short texts and poetry written in 1984, Auroville:**

***Why to die?**

"Do you know why people died till now?

Because they became imprisoned by the person they had chosen to be, and they could not grow out of it, nor change it, without breaking to pieces the mould that they had built.

There was no other way.

Suppose for example that a soul wanted to experience the like of a dedicated and unselfish woman in a small country life in times of hardship. It would direct all its energies toward the formation of such a character and it would become that particular woman, down to the tiniest wrinkles of her body, to the last silent tear...

Suppose then that, at some point, it would know in its own silent wisdom that the experience has been going far enough and borne its inner fruits.

What option was left other than withdrawing from the body so formed and let its cells part and spread out?

People around would never have understood that this person they knew so well, related to so firmly and unmistakably, counted on and relied on as she was to them, would cease to function the way they were used to... Their whole world and, to some extent, their own chosen experiences, would have been shattered; or else they would have shut their inner eyes and formally declared that this woman they had known so well had now become mad, due to excess of strain and hardship, and with much commiseration and regret they would have taken this woman into a secluded place, a hospital or a mad house or a remote cave...

The soul would thus have had no chance to pass on to another experience and would have had to know this only, to be treated like a mad old lady and be made to behave such as one.

The human world became closed to her."

***The flower in thy eyes.**

"If I look into thy eyes,
 Merge into thy depths,
 Bathe into thy waters
 And run with thy stream and inhale thy flowers' fragrances,
 I'll know thee, the priceless ness of thee,
 The infinite unicity of who thou art,
 And I'll grow by the knowing, and be
 Ever grateful and ever and ever
 I'll know thou existest..."

I shall not need to know where you are or what you are doing in order
 To find you;

I shall just recall the uniqueness of that atmosphere and that
 Presence

And there you will be

And we shall flow within one another

You and I

Unknown and yet known so

Deeply.

It may well take me to surprising places, and
 Overwhelm me with states never
 Experienced, but there will always be
 The unique quality of your own
 Presence; there
 Will be no risk of my confusing
 Your blooms, your hills, your abyssms
 With any other soul's, and no risk
 Of your wondering who is coming thus
 At your gate
 And entering your garden.
 You will know me not by sound, nor smell,
 Not by sight, nor touch, nor taste although
 It may also be, but
 By some other sense, direct, eternal, of
 Recognition,
 And your response will be always an act
 Of love. »

***Naissance à venir.**

« Oiseaux jaillis
 De la source de vie.

Mille et mille fois elle nous a pris, embrassés, rejetés.
 Jamais on ne l'a connue.
 Les chatolements de son obscure chaleur,
 Intensités des forces qui s'affrontent
 Irréparablement,
 Cendres et fiel d'une sève trahie
 Ou caresse d'une douceur bientôt défaite, jamais saisie...
 Puis vient le temps
 De comprendre :
 D'autres instruments
 Forgés dans l'ombre
 S'éveillent,
 Tirant à leur travail,
 Insistants, injustifiés encore.

Une aspiration appelle
 Le tremblement d'ailes :
 Par une déchirure soudain perçue un bleu s'est souvenu.
 L'aimant d'un espace
 Autre,
 D'une loi qui libère, une loi sans étreinte
 Pour un souffle qui se découvre...

On ne sait pas, on a la joie.

Mais avec soi, on porte ses limites.
 Grandis dans la contrainte d'une force aveugle,

Projetés dans l'étrange immensité d'un espace indifférent
 Habité des rythmes d'une puissance libre intouchable,
 Surpris de plénitude et portés
 Par un vaste qui soutient sans répondre,
 On se découvre
 Petit,
 Noué, substance douloureuse,
 On n'existe qu'à peine. »

***Musings.**

"Evolutionary man is the slow, infinitely patient building of an Axis, the cooperative creation of a unified Channel for the central conscious Force of all the universes to acquire the wholeness of its manifestation...

Il y a un maximum de perfection lorsque, dans le silence et le calme, l'harmonie terrestre née du mariage de l'homme, de la Nature et de la lumière physique, se manifeste : la douceur consciente que l'homme a contribué à la réalité de la Terre, à quoi la Nature est sensible et répond.

Le prochain pas, qui verra naître la prochaine harmonie, s'accomplira par la manifestation consciente, à travers de vraies individualités libres de l'ego, de l'unité essentielle de toute la matière, de toute la substance : l'unité du Suprême.

Etre libre de l'enchaînement de la causalité, être libre de toute poursuite et de tout but, être un avec l'absolu du mouvement du Suprême : le seul chemin est, et se fait, par l'infusion progressive de plus de conscience. C'est la quantité de conscience incarnée qui motivera et produira l'évolution des formes et la réalisation divine en toute substance.

C'est d'abord la qualité de la conscience qu'il faut apprendre à discerner et percevoir, au-delà des instruments. Puis, c'est la quantité de la conscience qu'il faut apprendre progressivement à recevoir, tenir et garder.

L'homme ne peut changer vraiment que sous l'impulsion de la Force consciente, et sous la pression de sa quantité croissante. Il est impossible de changer les mouvements de la nature pour des raisons morales ou idéales. Seule la conscience peut voir la nécessité réelle de tout changement : et dans sa vision est le pouvoir de changer. »

-1985-***1-1-1985, Auroville:**

There was no Fire.

The rain went on all night and all of this morning, till after midday, constant, steady...

***3-1-1985, Auroville:**

Après des jours d'hésitation, j'ai commencé aujourd'hui de marquer les fondations pour la nouvelle maison de Krishna. Il ne semble plus très bien savoir si c'est pour lui-même qu'il souhaite cette maison, ou pour Dom, mais il insiste pour qu'elle soit construite ; j'ai intégré dans les plans les deux possibilités, d'après ses indications.

... J'ai fini de tisser un petit coussin pour Samuel, et je l'ai brodé de son nom.

... Petra est passée, errante et trempée par la pluie, tenant sa petite fille trop maigre, hystérique ; je les ai faites s'asseoir près du feu ; Ar. a essayé vainement de lui parler. Son bébé ne sourit pas : deux grands yeux qui regardent et attendent, et cette idiote ambitieuse joue les folles quand cela l'arrange, par lâcheté – ou par orgueil ?

***4-1-1985, Auroville :**

La situation financière à « Sincérité » reste plutôt insaisissable... rien désormais n'y est plus pris en charge par le fonds central d'Auroville et nous devons nous débrouiller principalement avec ce qu'Ar. et moi chacun recevons. Ce qui me préoccupe, c'est que je vis ici, dans ce jardin, avec quelques amis, comme je vivrais un peu n'importe où ailleurs...

... On a marché jusqu'à l'amphithéâtre, après la pluie, Samuel dans mes bras... J'aime Samuel ! Pas comme un remplacement, mon Dieu, de ma princesse, mais pour ce qu'il est... Généralement, j'aime les tout petits, j'aime être avec eux ; dès qu'ils commencent à parler, il y a déjà une distance... Avec Samuel, il y a une tendre, très douce reconnaissance...

***6-1-1985, Auroville :**

Parce que je l'avais un peu taquiné devant Maryse hier soir, à propos de la visite d'une autre fille, Krishna est venu à moi aujourd'hui, très vexé et dramatique, et j'ai eu droit à toutes les accusations les plus lourdes et les plus spirituellement définitives !

Alors, tout en faisant la lessive, plus tard, je pensais activement à partir, à quitter cet endroit décidément malsain et tordu... Puis, bon, il faut voir les choses telles qu'elles sont : ridicules !

***7-1-1985, Auroville:**

In the first sleep of the night, I was pulled back by a sensation as of someone intruding, entering, and breathing close to me... and I woke up to find that the moon was so full that it was almost scary; I got up and burnt incense; and then I realised, profoundly, this:

Seules mes propres impuretés font que tout n'est pas le Seigneur !

... Avant de partir travailler au Matrimandir ce matin, pour le coulage de béton, j'ai laissé une note à Krishna lui disant que tout allait bien, qu'il fallait seulement laisser ces trois compères à leurs affaires, l'égo, le drame et la mort, et marcher du côté de la confiance et la transparence...

***9-1-1985, Auroville :**

Pendant ma veille de nuit au Matrimandir, John H et moi avons passé un long moment silencieux dans une perception de la matière et du monde, si simple et si vaste... ; les pensées et les mots viennent là-dessus comme des cailloux que l'on jette...

... Ces jours-ci je dois m'occuper de la construction de la maison de Krishna – les matériaux, les ouvriers – et de l'emménagement de D.A et de sa famille à « Existence » ; je continue aussi de peindre, et de tisser avec Barbara, Akash et Ar. ; et, comme d'habitude, les uns et les autres vont et viennent. Barbara m'aide aussi à couper et redresser le fer pour les fondations...

***12-1-1985, Auroville:**

Only today I learnt of the vision Satprem had last September, of Auroville as a ship having ran aground, the sea withdrawing, and no one left to operate the powerful engine that was still aboard and could still take it back out of the mud to the high seas...

... Tonight we all went to watch Sonal Mansingh's performance...

***13-1-1985, Auroville:**

Je vois souvent en moi ces jours ci des mouvements qui n'ont pas changé, des lâchetés, des faiblesses, ou des facilités qui contredisent la présence profonde – qui en moi collaborent au bruit et à la petite mort générale...

... Nous nous orientons vers cette vie pleine et consciente dans la matière... avec des termes mentaux ! C'est encore l'égo qui essaye de « comprendre »... Mais, être « conscient »... pour quoi faire ?...

Au fond, ne plus être et être vraiment sont une même chose, pour arriver LA !

***18-1-1985, Auroville :**

Je crois que ce problème du temps est surtout un problème de concentration. Je crois que l'on peut appliquer cette concentration – qui est aussi prière et offrande – à quelque question que ce soit qui signale un manque d'équilibre : au lieu de laisser flotter la question ou la disharmonie dans le sillage du temps qui passe, entre ceci et cela, une chose et l'autre, on peut choisir un moment, rassembler la conscience et offrir la question ; et beaucoup s'éclaircit et se met en place. Il faut apprendre à répondre à chaque chose par une concentration plus réelle et aussi plus profonde.

... Shankar, cet hypocrite, vient de dresser une grande clôture en travers du jardin... !

***20-1-1985, Auroville :**

Un moment un peu critique avec Krishna : après des jours et des jours chargés d'agressivité, et d'instabilité, il est venu s'asseoir près de moi et m'a demandé de lui dire ce que je voyais... Alors j'ai essayé de lui montrer que l'obstacle, la misère, le dernier camouflage de l'égo, était cette tension désespérée et dramatique dans la volonté de toucher et de vivre la « vraie chose » ; qu'il faut offrir ce désespoir, offrir cette volonté, les laisser se défaire, et qu'alors on peut commencer de percevoir et d'éprouver ce que peut être, ce que sera le vrai service...

... C et R arrivent bientôt, et il me faut voir où et comment Krishna vivra durant leur séjour ; une solution possible est que Barbara revienne habiter avec moi, et Krishna aille dans sa maison...

***22-1-1985, Auroville :**

Nous avons coulé les fondations de la maison de Krishna. Je vois que son agitation constante crée une tension en moi, comme si cela s'introduisait de tous côtés...

Et Barbara aussi lutte pour ne pas être submergée.

***23-1-1985, Auroville :**

La visite de Rajiv Gandhi le mois prochain, le jour de Ta fête, semble se confirmer : la masse des « officiels », l'attention du public sur Auroville, la commotion générale... et l'ouverture aussi ?

***26-1-1985, Auroville :**

Ce matin Akash m'offre une petite pierre ; à midi Anandi m'offre une petite algue rouge séchée et durcie comme un arbre miniature ; ce soir Akash vient me porter d'autres pierres...

... Ce n'est pas facile avec Krishna ; il y a comme de la haine en lui, de la laideur et de l'orgueil qui sortent et qui le masquent, sans que rien ne se passe ; je sens une tristesse, dedans...

***29-1-1985, Auroville :**

C'est le silence, avec Krishna ; un silence obligatoire, presque une fermeture. J'ai besoin, moi aussi, d'une distance ; quand il m'a annoncé son désir de « prendre des vacances », j'ai vu et senti combien j'en avais besoin moi-même, combien une certaine joie et une certaine liberté me manquaient, sous ce poids constant de sa présence, et comme je souhaite retrouver une paix souriante, le silence et la grâce...

***31-1-1985, Auroville :**

Krishna est parti... et revenu ! Plus humble, et très doux ; et ce matin il me dit que, face à cette maison qui se bâtit, il est redevenu pour la première fois depuis qu'il est à Auroville conscient de l'enfant qu'il fut, dans le Sud du Maroc... Puis, son discours mental a pris le dessus et il a continué de parler en développant toute une « compréhension », et cela m'a donné l'occasion de lui montrer combien cette activité est lourde, pèse sur l'expérience, et sur notre relation...

***1-2-1985, Auroville :**

D.A est en réaction devant l'absurdité des conditions qui sont posées aux nouveaux arrivants, et de l'énormité de ce qui est exigé d'eux financièrement...

***2-2-1985, Auroville :**

M est en difficulté, blessée par l'attitude de G.M ; Ar. s'occupe d'elle...

.. Alors que je distribue les paiements aux ouvriers, Krishna vient se plaindre de ce que l'un des aides à la construction l'aurait provoqué par une remarque ou une expression raciste ; s'ensuit alors une longue et fastidieuse discussion avec toute l'équipe des ouvriers, et une tension s'est insinuée que je n'avais jamais jusque là connue dans mes relations avec les gens d'ici, même ceux qu'il m'arrive d' « employer »...

***3-2-1985, Auroville :**

Ce soir M, G.M, Ar. et moi sommes allés voir le film de Satyajit Ray, « Dévi » : un travail très épuré et intense, qui touche courageusement, presque héroïquement, à la fourche du mensonge de l'Inde – son attitude envers la vie d'un côté et la relation au Divin de l'autre : un film presque difficile à supporter tant il colle à la réalité du problème... Puis, nous sommes restés ensemble ici jusque tard... M a ce « don » de tout ramener à l'état le plus ordinaire, pour en mesurer ce qui reste ; une sorte d'intolérance viscérale de tout masque et de toute prétention, c'est très étonnant !

***8-2-1985, Auroville :**

Krishna a décidé de s'éloigner quelques jours, de reprendre une chambre à Pondy ; c'est mieux ainsi : Barbara a été très blessée et secouée par son attitude et sa conduite de ces derniers jours ; il ment trop, et il me semble qu'il y a maintenant presque le danger que s'installe une sorte de « split personality » (ce qu'il est convenu d'appeler je crois « schizophrénie » ?)...

***10-2-1985, Auroville :**

Barbara est très désemparée, comme si Krishna avait en deux jours effectivement détruit l'atmosphère qu'elle avait travaillé des mois à établir dans sa maison, avec Akash – cette maison que Krishna dit maintenant lui avoir « donnée »...

***13-2-1985, Auroville :**

Il faut progresser : pas des progrès psychologiques, mais un progrès d'état... !

***15-2-1985, Auroville :**

Samuel a aujourd'hui un an. D.A m'avait demandé de l'emmener au Samadhi et, si possible, malgré l'interdiction aux enfants de moins de 4 ans, dans la chambre de Sri Aurobindo... Et cela s'est bien passé : j'ai pu monter dans la chambre en portant Samuel dans mes bras, et il a reçu sa carte de « Bonne Fête » et une belle rose rose ; plus tard, à « Existence », j'ai arrangé les guirlandes de jasmin sur le petit lit de bois que je lui ai fabriqué...

... Ce soir D.D était à « Dana » ; après 5 ans sans se voir, le contact a été bon.

***18-2-1985, Auroville :**

Il y a toujours ce besoin de servir ; et rien de ce que je « fais » ne semble jamais être utile, utilisé... Je pourrais écrire encore – il y a la capacité -, mais ce dernier texte a été refusé, et ne semble intéresser personne... J'aimerais pourtant, par exemple, rédiger tout un programme d'éducation pour l'Inde, particulièrement l'Inde rurale... mais, encore pour rien ?

... Je suis allé attendre C à l'aéroport ; elle est arrivée à l'heure ; Shankar se trouvait là aussi pour recevoir la délégation roumaine pour le séminaire qui va s'ouvrir à Auroville et, voyant C avec moi, il a pris son attitude amicale et fraternelle...

Nous sommes rentrés tous les deux ce soir, tranquilles, bien ensemble...

***20-2-1985, Auroville :**

Un premier étudiant, Franklin, Nigérien, est venu s'installer dans la maison ; il a choisi tout de suite de dormir en haut... Tous les étudiants participant à ce séminaire vont être hébergés dans les maisons ; c'est en soi un bon exercice, mais je ne me sens pas particulièrement sollicité par ce séminaire...

***22-2-1985, Auroville:**

A second student was brought to me, who is here to represent the Fiji Islands, of Indian origin; he moved downstairs.

Yesterday evening C was very moved by what she felt to be the inner dimension of the event taking place behind or beneath the surface of this Youth Seminar; we were at the amphitheatre till late, for the sarod performance, in the presence of Matrimandir...

***25-2-1985, Auroville:**

C et moi sommes allés chercher R à l'aéroport ; un R fiévreux, un peu étrange, un peu fou... Et moi, j'ai encore mal aux nerfs : cela dure depuis des jours et des jours ; les vaisseaux capillaires font mal, même la peau fait mal ; je voudrais me retirer dans un sommeil indéfini...

***26-2-1985, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui la déclaration commune de tous les délégués a été présentée.

Cela a été difficile, comme un enfantement, entre les forces en présence – les intérêts politiques, les déformations... Comme un besoin psychique s'est manifesté, dans la situation terrestre... J'ai pleuré, pleuré... Et je me suis senti plus étranger que jamais envers les gens d'Auroville ! Je suis rentré ce soir épuisé, comme si tout cela s'était passé EN moi...

***28-2-1985, Auroville :**

A 5 heures ce matin nous étions à l'amphithéâtre ; tous les délégués, beaucoup d'Auroviliens, et beaucoup de gens de l'Ashram aussi ; et c'était beau, formellement beau et profondément beau ;

J'ai senti l'Action de Sri Aurobindo, beaucoup...

... Une surprenante altercation avec P : il avait affiché, en guise de plaisanterie, la photographie de Lénine au beau milieu de la Cuisine, et je l'ai retirée...

... Franklin est reparti ce soir.

***8-3-1985, Auroville :**

Coni attend son bébé d'un jour à l'autre ; je me sens concerné et j'éprouve les appréhensions qui la traversent et je voudrais être présent et utile ; il y a une affinité en moi pour ce moment unique de la naissance, de l'entrée dans ce monde « extérieur », de ce passage – comme si j'avais là naturellement une sorte de fonction ; mais il n'y a pas avec Coni et L assez de confiance.

***10-3-1985, Auroville :**

Ce matin, alors que je faisais le ménage dominical, Krishna est venu me trouver ; il avait regardé sa maison en construction, semblait aimer ce qu'il avait vu, et voulait que je continue et la termine, même s'il ne sait pas encore où ni comment trouver l'argent nécessaire. Lui et Maryse ont fait tout un périple dans l'Inde ; il est extrêmement tendu, intérieurement agité ; il demande à revenir ici dans la maison de C dès qu'elle et R seront repartis... Parviendrai-je à lui dire nettement certaines choses ?

***12-3-1985, Auroville :**

Coni est en travail depuis hier soir ; Ar. et Myriam sont près d'elle, avec L. Je suis passé un moment ce matin, mais L ne m'a pas demandé de rester ; pourtant il me semblait qu'il ne faisait pas le nécessaire...
... C, R, Barbara, Soaz, Samuel et moi avons passé la journée à Pondy ; puis nous sommes allés à la plage. J'étais préoccupé pour Coni ; puis il y a eu le mouvement psychique d'un évènement...
Juste après, nous prenions le thé avec G dans sa hutte, Samuel a renversé une tasse de thé bouillant et s'est brûlé la main méchamment ; il a fallu attendre d'être de retour ici pour appliquer des onguents qui l'ont calmé, et panser sa main... Et j'apprends alors que Coni a été transportée à Cluny vers 15 heures...
J'allais juste redescendre à Pondy quand je trouve L et Myr sur le chemin du retour : Auroyami est née à 17 heures 25 ! Ar. reste la nuit auprès de Coni...

***13-3-1985, Auroville :**

J'apprends ce matin que John H a été pris hier après-midi d'une soudaine et violente crise de foie ; qu'il s'est évanoui, et a dû être transporté au Nursing Home, où il est sous intraveineuses...

***16-3-1985, Auroville :**

J'ai accompagné C et R à l'aéroport ; malgré le moment encore difficile de la séparation avec C, c'était paisible...
... Une autre étape s'annonce... Je ne sais pas...

***17-3-1985, Auroville :**

En fin de matinée Krishna est arrivé avec toutes ses affaires ; je n'avais pas pensé qu'il ferait cela immédiatement après le départ de C ; j'ai été pris au dépourvu, et cela m'a heurté.

Il a réalisé alors qu'il fallait laisser quelques jours s'écouler ; on est restés un long moment à chercher comment communiquer ; je lui ai dit que j'avais besoin d'une certaine indépendance pratique entre nous, dans la vie quotidienne ; il est reparti...

***18-3-1985, Auroville :**

Krishna est revenu, demandant à ce qu'on se voie seuls. Alors, on a pu ensemble regarder où on en était, et ce que montrait cette impasse dans notre cheminement commun ; il me semble qu'on a ouvert une porte ; j'ai senti une renaissance de joie et je suis redevenu conscient de la validité de notre lien, en Toi et devant Toi...

... John H est beaucoup mieux, maintenant qu'il a pu évacuer des petits calculs de ses reins ; et la main de Samuel guérit vite et bien...

***21-3-1985, Auroville :**

Jean Maslow est venu me voir ; c'est à lui que Tu avais donné le nom de « Sincérité » pour la maison que Tu lui avais permis de construire ici même, cette maison que j'ai depuis reconstruite... Je l'avais aperçu, il y a 16 ans, mais ne l'avais jamais rencontré : un homme ambigu, intéressant ; le contact est vital, mais en arrière, il me semble, il y a la possibilité d'une amitié...

***22-3-1985, Auroville :**

D.M m'a envoyé une invitation à lui rendre visite le jour de ma fête ; ce sera doux de la revoir !

***24-3-1985, Auroville :**

Diane a refusé de me répondre à propos de ces formulaires pour Auragni... C'est comme si Tu voulais tout couper, à jamais, entre Auragni et moi...

***25-3-1985, Auroville :**

Ce matin M a été empêchée de travailler à l'école, parce qu'elle est proche de moi... Qu'y a-t-il encore, Douce Mère ? Des gens que je ne connais même pas, et qui prétendent avoir eu des expériences très négatives causées par moi ! Expériences qui demeurent très mystérieuses, dont ils ne veulent pas parler... ! Ils disent tous que je suis un être hostile, qui doit être rejeté... Ils ont traité M d'idiote, violemment... Je suis aussi accusé d'avoir influencé Coni et L dans le choix du nom de leur enfant (Auro Yami, Yama le dieu de la Mort !), mais je n'ai rien à y voir ! C'est une affreuse soupe !

Ar. aussi est condamnée, puisqu'elle est désormais mon « instrument », et on vient de la renvoyer de la Crèche... !

G.M voudrait que tout cela provoque une réunion générale, et que je demande ouvertement que cela cesse.

Mais je ne suis pas G.M, et ce que je dirais ne ferait probablement qu'empirer les choses !

Enfin, cela souligne au moins pour moi la valeur et la solidité de l'amitié que quelques-uns ont le courage et la liberté d'exprimer !

Dois-je quitter Auroville, Douce Mère ?

***26-3-1985, Auroville :**

Je me traîne, je me pousse et me force à m'intéresser au travail, à porter des fleurs à Barbara pour sa fête...

... Finalement il m'a semblé que je pouvais écrire une lettre un peu forte au Conseil Exécutif, leur demandant que cessent ces actions contre mes amis, et que l'on modère un peu ces élans de zèle fanatique... J'ai montré cette lettre, que j'ai tapée à la machine, à M, G.M et Ar., qui l'ont aimée.

***27-3-1985, Auroville :**

Beaucoup du temps de sommeil se passe à propos de conduites, de comportements – « behaviours » - dans et de la Matière, allant vers la concrétisation, ou vers la subtilisation, en différents degrés, avec toutes sortes d'exemples et de situations ; mais ça ne se transmet pas dans les termes de notre réalité physique, tout au moins celle que nos sens physiques nous traduisent, nous interprètent...

... J'éprouve tout à la fois de la gratitude, une sorte d'abandon confiant, et une fatigue qui dure, qui dure, une lassitude hors de contrôle...

... Cet après-midi M est arrivée seule ici, en catastrophe, au bord de la crise de nerfs, à cause de ses difficultés avec G.M ; je lui ai tenue compagnie, puis Ar. nous a rejoints ; plus tard G.M est venu : c'est toute la question de leur couple, de leur possibilité ensemble...

***Letter to the Executive Council of Auroville Trust – chosen tool, platform, spokesman or instrument of the present community of Auroville:**

"This is a call, an urgent request to consider that particular 'topic' that bears my name.

And this is in a language which, although I myself find it rather unreal and often ridiculous, seems to be the only available language commonly understood, in the context of the present collective experience of Auroville, short of a poor drama in which I refuse to participate.

The problem is, as some of you may well know it, that, to put it briefly, I am held to be, by a section or a number of other actual members of Auroville, either an "asura" or an instrument of an "asuric force".

I had a few tears ago my own (bad) experience of the politics in Auroville; it was a cause of intense pain for me as well as for a few others, and bore heavy consequences on my own life – one of which being that I was brutally separated from my own child and that to this day I am prevented even to see her.

Now this, and a number of other factors, may still be seen as the complex expression of "my own problem", or of the impossibility that lies in my path – in the path of my own transformation -, as we all know there is such an impossibility lying in each person' path.

But there is a point beyond which I cannot, or may not, sit back in my corner; and that is when, in an almost systematic yet unclear and un-frank fashion, whoever else happens to be friends with me meets in Auroville, from the part of the same people, a heavy and arbitrary condemnation, refusal or, in the best cases, a coolness very close to dismissal.

I will cite two recent examples: the first occurred a few months ago, in the Paris Centre for Auroville, where someone who has been my friend for nearly fifteen years, making ready to join at last Auroville with his family of four, in a rather admirable movement of trust in what Auroville stands for, was at the last moment

summoned and given a speech about me and the dangers and risks that a relationship with me would imply or cause, once in Auroville; the second one occurred just two days ago, when someone who has joined Auroville recently and with whom I am friends, was asked to leave the Kindergarten school, at the Centre, where she had begun to work, because of this friendship.

Now, what does this mean, in terms of Auroville?

How can such an action be justified, and does it not call for urgent attention on the dangers of becoming ever more fragmented and the preys to subtler forms of exclusivism, fanaticism, superstition and obscurantism, that are anywhere else the cause of such an amount of misery?

I am not going to play any games, nor seek support of any kind. If we look again at possible guidelines for Auroville – and the clearest ones (which were, if you will remember, rejected by the community) were offered by Satprem, there is not the least reason for me to be condemned, or wanted away.

No one can claim either to know directly from the only true authority we acknowledge and recognise anything that would indicate that I am “undesirable” in Auroville; neither from Satprem.

I am no unbalanced person; I am not flipping, I contribute physically and otherwise to Auroville – insofar as I am allowed to. So what?

I am “different” according to several standards of judgement, yes; I disagree, or lack wholehearted agreement, with a number of positions and stances held officially or publicly in Auroville, yes; so what?

Please, you must understand that this situation cannot go on on this track. Some sort of clarity must be reached, or at least a different understanding, truer and more real, must become actual in our lives here.

I do not know how to end, except with silence.

Divakar.

PS: Since I am at it and since, as you well know, there is no other place I can address myself to without going for a useless and sterile drama, I add another urgent practical request: I need a form to be filled by Diane P. – which I have sent to her already – so that Auragni can remain also on my Passport and able to choose, later on, the French nationality if she so desires and/or needs. I am already more than a week late. Would you please help?”

***28-3-1985, Auroville :**

A midi je suis allé seul m'étendre à la plage, en plein soleil. G m'a invité plus tard à prendre le café avec lui, et m'a parlé de ce que certains pensent de moi, du niveau de leurs réactions, de leurs refoulements sexuels, de leurs jugements... C'est un drôle d'homme, assez libre de l'opinion publique... !

... D.A est devenu tout à fait négatif envers Auroville, alors que Soaz, bien qu'elle souffre de la dureté imbécile qu'il lui arrive de rencontrer ici, souhaite, rester avec les enfants ; et Samuel, lui, si beau et si doux, rond et plein, tranquille et présent, qui s'est encore endormi dans mes bras...

... Ce matin Nata a quitté son corps, à 7 heures... Mon ami Nata, auprès de Toi... !

***3-4-1985, Auroville :**

Krishna est rentré.

***9-4-1985, Auroville :**

Le jour de ma fête...

Tôt ce matin Ar. m'a porté une grande brassée de fleurs ; puis je suis descendu à Pondy rencontrer D.M, comme elle me l'avait demandé : principalement, je crois, elle souhaite me confier la construction de la grande maison temple qu'elle et Johnny veulent bâtir au bord des canyons, du côté de « Forecomers » ; et c'est comme si Tu me disais :

« Reste ! Tu vois, j'ai ceci à faire pour toi, je te fais ton chemin ! »...

Elle m'a donné un plan général, et des croquis.

... J'ai reçu une réponse, à peine polie, du Conseil Exécutif : négative, bien sûr !

It reads thus:

"Dear Divakar. Your letter of 27-3-85 has been read by the Executive Council. We did not reach any practical suggestion which is worth conveying to you.

About the matter of the Passport, we checked with Diane who told us that Auragni was properly registered in the French Consulate and that she could claim French Nationality whenever she wished. Yours faithfully, for Executive Council. Alain Monnier."

... Ce soir ici, Ar., Barbara, M et G.M, Anandi, Myrtle, Soaz et Gwen et Samuel et D.A, Ruud...

***10-4-1985, Auroville :**

J'apprend que Pnina est revenue hier, et m'envoie ses vœux, et souhaite me voir...

... En fin de journée j'ai retrouvé Johnny près de « Forecomers », sur le terrain ou D.M veut construire ; Johnny est peu précis, et trop « spirituel » à mon goût, mais je crois qu'il y a une possibilité de confiance et d'accord harmonieux ; je suis resté seul après son départ, à regarder le lieu, à m'en imprégner...

Je ne sais pas vraiment, mais il me semble que c'est un travail que Tu me donnes, que c'est Ton cadeau pour m'aider à aller vers Toi, à marcher en Toi, et à Te suivre...

***11-4-1985, Auroville:**

There is a bit of turmoil in Auroville: Taï, one of the so-called "tantrics", linked with the "neutrals", has put a case, with criminal charges, against some Aurovilians in "Fraternity" and "Aspiration", and all these "pure and clear and proud" ones are now asking for all of us to have sessions under the Banyan, repeating the mantra in silence... Who will tell them, who will show them their drama, who will stop them from further cultivating this new sort of ego, this false identity derived, through Satprem, from the psychic, and from the "collective body"?

***13-4-1985, Auroville:**

Pnina est venue ; elle est restée dîner ; elle est restée dormir...

La possibilité d'une amitié libre, profonde, sans attachement égoïste ?...

C'est un fait qu'il m'est arrivé plusieurs fois récemment que me soit envoyée une femme que je puisse chérir aussi physiquement, tenir dans mes bras... Et voilà Pnina revenue... N'est-ce pas à moi d'assumer aussi ?...

***14-4-1985, Auroville :**

Avec la présence de Pnina vient l'appréhension que cela avive encore le venin de ces oppositions, lui donne de quoi redoubler d'intensité, et que cela affecte encore une fois ceux qui me sont proches ; mais en même temps, il y a la perception de combien Tu me donnes, et comme toujours la réponse vivante vient à mes besoins, et il y a un grand élan de confiance et de gratitude, avec le sens de devoir contribuer ma propre fidélité : à Toi, à l'amitié...

... Ilangu est venu, puis Gwen, et ils sont restés à jouer et à lire, pendant que je terminais le ménage de la maison...

***16-4-1985, Auroville :**

J'ai dû me rendre au Consulat : comme Diane a refusé de répondre pour ce formulaire dont j'avais besoin, l'Adjoint Consulaire a dû annuler le nom d'Auragni sur mon passeport ; il m'a cependant informé que, du fait que j'avais reconnu Auragni officiellement, c'est à moi que revient en premier le droit légal de sa garde, en cas de litige ; ceci évidemment me donne à réfléchir, surtout maintenant que C m'a proposé d'engager un avocat... Est-ce qu'il m'est montré quelque chose ? Je n'ai aucune sympathie pour ce type d'action ou de démarche, mais si j'étais sûr que cela est voulu pour Auragni, je le ferais...

... Ces jours-ci je me sens à nouveau travaillé, environné et traversé par des courants et des appels qui passent par des femmes – comme des formes de la Mère, différentes, distinctes, pleines aussi ; tous les mouvements déterminants dans ma vie passent pas des femmes...

... Cet après-midi j'ai passé deux heures à Pondy avec D.M, parfois en présence de Johnny mais surtout seul avec elle, à travailler sur les dessins de cette maison offrande...

***17-4-1985, Auroville:**

On my way to "Toujours Mieux" workshop, for the metal drawer I have ordered for Krishna's house, I passed Diane on her bike, my little one riding in her lap, her eyes blinking because of the dust; her little face was so pale; I don't think she saw me, but the message that came through to me is that she is missing me as I am missing her, and something has got to be done...!

So I stopped at the Post Office, bought an inland letter and wrote to Diane asking her to reconsider the whole thing, and to really try and see what is best for Auragni; I also mentioned that I am thinking of starting a legal procedure, but that I do not like to use these means; that I believe there is progress to be made on both "sides", and that would surely be best; and I asked her to answer...

I mailed it, praying to You "let it be as You want it to be...!"

... Je lis « Les Ressources Humaines » de Samuel Pisar : j'aime cet homme !

***18-4-1985, Auroville :**

Je poursuis les études de la maison de D.M ; elle m'a envoyé un autre message, très doux, pour me communiquer des détails qu'elle avait oubliés de préciser ; je suis retourné sur le terrain... Je n'ose pas croire encore : l'habitude funeste, probablement, que de belles ouvertures révèlent des portes d'acier... Alors qu'il y a cette joie qui demande à secouer, dissoudre ou faire fondre cette pesanteur de faux drame...

J'avais cru que ce travail était un cadeau, une opportunité venue de Toi pour une offrande et une concentration... Je ne sais pas ; je sais seulement que, humainement, tout me dit « Va-t-en ! » ; et, divinement, tout me dit « Perd ton ego ! Deviens sans ego ! »... Et les deux ne se rencontrent pas, ici, en Auroville, et tout semble s'aggraver...

***3-5-1985, Auroville :**

Je suis allé voir D.M et Johnny ce matin à Pondy, et j'ai pu passer un long moment seul avec D.M ; elle est si belle ; avec elle tout a un sens, le Sens est là... Elle me fait du bien.

Je prie seulement que je ne lui porte que de la joie.

A propos de cette histoire avec Ed, elle ne veut pas que nous en soyons affectés, mais souhaite que nous travaillions « au dessus », vers l'état d'unité véritable... Avec elle je peux offrir ce travail, et tout ce qui arrive, et arrivera, tout ce qu'il touche et touchera...

***6-5-1985, Auroville :**

Barbara me raconte ce matin la rencontre soi-disant fortuite qui a eu lieu à « Forecomers », chez Ed, hier, de tout un groupe de gens, à mon sujet : Ed et Mauna, Rog, AM, Edzart, P, Ruud et Johnny ; et comment nombre de rumeurs absurdes ont pu être défaits et démontées et nombre de « choses » clarifiées, et la position réelle de Ed soulignée...

C'est la fête de C aujourd'hui ; elle a 72 ans... !

***7-5-1985, Auroville:**

I dreamt a very strange story, the last part of which impressed me in an unusual way; a woman is with me on an airplane, but we are free to move around and even under it, as it flies down and begins to land at full speed; then it wants to take off again, but there are some kind of meshes, wire meshes, all about one side; yet the pilot keeps trying to break through them, in such a frantic and maddened way that we both must let go and return to the ground and watch; we then see the plane burst through the mesh and dive up into the sky at a crazy angle, and soon it rains glass and metal splinters, and everyone on the ground is hit and starts bleeding; but, much more than from the sight of blood and of the pain inflicted, I am struck with a terrible sorrow at something else that I see: a sort of frenzied movement of cloud and light and colour up in the sky, as if the sky itself – a deep and crucial part of the sky – was in an agony of pain...

***8-5-1985, Auroville:**

Ce matin Ar. et moi devons faire plusieurs courses dans Auroville ; nous avons d'abord croisé Diane, et c'était pénible ; puis, dans « Aspiration », j'ai tout à coup croisé ma petite fille, qu'Aurassi s'est empressée d'écarter ; nos regards se sont pourtant rencontrés : elle ne sait plus qui je suis, mais ses yeux sont restés dans les miens... Elle est si belle, et je ne peux ni l'appeler, ni la toucher, ni lui sourire, ni lui donner mes bras...

Alors, j'ai eu une journée difficile...

Dans ces moments-là, je connais la douleur brute, celle de l'animal, et je pourrais tuer Diane, qui refuse toute possibilité, dont l'attitude me semble folle...

Ar. ne savait plus que faire... Je lui ai demandé de me laisser seul.
 ... Il n'y a rien que je puisse faire, sans troubler la vie d'Auragni...
 Et sans respect ni estime, ni amitié pour Diane, comment puis-je agir ? Tout ce que
 je ferais marquerait la division dans la vie d'Auragni... Et ainsi Diane obtient ce
 qu'elle veut...
 Mais comme cela fait mal...
 Je ne comprend pas : c'est comme un jeu cruel et pervers...

***10-5-1985, Auroville:**

Barbara and I spent the entire day in Madras; we each had a lot of purchases to do,
 and she is getting ready for her journey west... But this city is hellish; bodies and
 bodies, in squalor and vacuum, soot, sweat and dust, and neglect everywhere, and
 money reigning over it all...
 ... I have received another letter from Jeevan (R's new name), very tender...

***14-5-1985, Auroville:**

This is a time when I find so much wrong with myself, so much insincerity, and
 such dubious ambiguity deep down, that I am amazed and overwhelmed by it, and
 I would tend to agree with the judgement that is passed on me...!
 ... There was a concreting at Matrimandir this morning; I did my work without joy;
 when I returned here, it was to find that the masons had done it all wrong in
 Krishna's house during my absence, and I had to have them start all over again...

***15-5-1985, Auroville:**

I had an interesting dream activity, in search of the proper receptacle, and the
 proper materials for it: it is to be like a big horizontal copper egg, in two halves, to
 contain fire; and I meet with Anurakta, who tells me of his work on perception, and
 of his search for people with whom he could share his practical knowledge –
 perceiving power through the activation of the charkas –, in a clear and centred
 atmosphere...
 Perhaps I dreamt of Anurakta as I have intended to go to him and ask him to help
 identify a good source of water near D.M's house-to-be...

***16-5-1985, Auroville:**

It seems that Diane has lately been telling people that Auragni is a little "retarded",
 due to my bad influence, and that if she is not able to speak properly as yet, it is
 due to my "grip" on her...
 I am sure, profoundly sure, that Diane is doing something very ignorant and wrong
 and detrimental...
 I now feel that I need people to help with this; not this cruel "sympathy" and this
 feeding onto my "story", but actual, concrete help... In a way I feel that Ar. is the
 one who is the readiest to actually do something, who has the least fear of
 consequences... This evening I saw that, while M is so clear and willing, G.M is quite
 hesitant, and I understand again that I can ask nothing from him...
 So I still do not know... If I act on my own, all alone again, it may have more of a
 negative impact for Auragni, because of the way people are geared to react to me...

***17-5-1985, Auroville:**

J'avais demandé à Seven, en tant qu'ingénieur de formation, de m'aider à calculer les renforcements des barres d'acier pour la structure des dalles de la maison de D.M, après que Piero m'ait refusé son aide.

Mais maintenant c'est l'égo d'architecte de Seven qui vient en avant ; il est mécontent que D.M ne lui demande pas de « concevoir » sa maison, et que je fasse tous les plans sur la seule base des dessins et descriptions de D.M ; mais on est tout de même parvenus à en rire ensemble, et il est reparti plus heureux, et prêt à ne faire avec moi qu'un travail d'exécutant...

... Je suis seul, je crois, dans cette Auroville, à chercher le moyen de retrouver ma fille...

***18-5-1985, Auroville:**

I have asked Ar. to be left alone, these days, until I am out of this ordeal, for, in the presence of anyone who is intimate with me, I cannot help asking for some kind of support and participation, even inwardly; but I only get the impression of an added mixture, of more drama, without any clear "yes"; and the I begin to resent it, which is plain stupid...!

So, better leave me alone!

... I now think the only path that is left to me is perhaps to write an "open letter to all", asking for a fair appraisal...

***19-5-1985, Auroville:**

Today, after the clean-up of the house – it is Sunday – I sat at the typewriter to write a shortened version of my "open call", in which I point to the ill effects of exclusivism, and ask people to understand and to help break this vicious circle and save Auragni from this misery... I know that no one ever did such a thing in Auroville as this "open call" but, at this point, not to do anything would mean, to me, that I am a coward; I also say that I am willing to answer any question, in any forum that may be elected...

***20-5-1985, Auroville:**

I went down to Pondy to pick up Anurakta's answers for the water-source, and to have photocopies made of my open statement; I felt also that I might as well try to put a more personal question to Anurakta, who quietly claims to be in some sort of safe contact with Your Presence (he works with a gold pendulum in the way You have taught him); I chose a formulation that had the best chances, I thought, to indicate whether the answer would be coming truly from You; I asked: "What are the options before me today?"...

Anurakta had prepared all the other practical answers, about the erection of D.M's house, the best date to begin work – he wrote the 9th of July -, and about the drilling of a bore-well...

When I had the Xeroxes ready, I felt I wanted to try one last time to communicate with Diane, before going ahead with this; I wrote to her, then, requesting her to reconsider the situation, and warning her that I was thinking of issuing a public statement... I mailed it at once.

***21-5-1985, Auroville:**

Anurakta's reply is very gentle, spiritually very kind, but I do not think it bears the stamp of an answer coming from You... It says that I must be here and help bring peace into the soil of Auroville...!

... My nerves are much weakened again; I feel constantly that I am pushing my limits, a step at a time, before me; I have another bout of haemorrhoids, and allergies... Whatever I may have developed, acquired, or realised appears to be fully engaged in providing me with the bare endurance I need. There seems to be no margin left.

... I have decided that if, by tomorrow, no reply has come from Diane, I shall post my statement, and... "Adviene que pourra!"...

I need no help from anyone to conduct my self-examination... but I do need help to find my princess again!

***23-5-1985, Auroville:**

Diane has not replied.

This morning I posted my statement, and gave several copies of it to the Messenger.

... Today is D.M's birthday: Auralice, Johnny and I symbolically marked the house on the ground.

... This evening I received a message from Jane, of "Fertile": "I trust you, I believe you..." How sweet!

I want to see it through, this time!

(This is my statement: "TO ALL: A PERSONAL CALL. 20-5-1985.

I can say that I know now, through experience, how a minority, any minority in any grouping, can be driven to acts and attitudes that are more and more wrong, desperate and detrimental and, by so doing, justify more and more the group's initial rejection, too often based on its mere inability to accept and to embrace difference. I know that it takes an extraordinary strength not to get overpowered by this process.

It is, in all human history, the exclusivism and the incapacity to accept difference that has caused the most of all misery, and still does.

People in Auroville make grave confusions.

It is one thing, and a necessity at this early stage, to offer guidelines and lay down a few basic rules and to expect everyone to respect them, but it is quite another thing to actively exclude any person on the mere basis of difference, subjective feelings, or whether or not this person fits into the superficial consensus reality of the group.

I believe there is only one exclusivism that a human being is justified in cultivating, and that is, for each individual, to want to be 'exclusively under the influence of the Divine'.

But today we have groups and clans, stands and positions; or else we have complicity, always using 'others' and 'they' to reinforce it. Yet if we look within, I am sure that we all find that none of this is it, and that it all leaves a taste of ashes.

I wish here to bring forward my own example of what exclusivism, wrongly-based, does and can do; to do so, I have to share what can be taken as 'personal' elements. But we should know there is no such distinction as we still make it in the reality that calls us.

And I have to do this because I need help and understanding. I do not mean 'sympathy' or any emotional echo. But I mean understanding in the sense of clarity of thought, feeling and action.

I have been separated by people of Auroville from my own child with Diane, Auragni, for more than two years – against my will, against my aspiration, against everything I believe in.; separated from her by people who call me an 'asura' sometimes.

And to my understanding, this is an insane statement.

I have seen people lie because of that, just lie.

I have seen how important the play of influences in Auroville is. I have had innumerable proofs that all these so-called 'clear' positions held by many people here arise in fact from very shallow water.

When Diane herself was away in Australia for four months, the winter before last, with our daughter, she would write to me every week and wait for my letters. Yet as soon as she was back in Auroville, she begun again to refuse me access to Auragni, involving even her own children to prevent me from seeing her, and asking other people to lie to me so she would be 'safe'. And this because I was still not accepted by the group-formation to which she wanted so much to belong.

Are we all sick here, do we all fall so contrary to our true aspiration that we have such a devouring need to ostracise others, and to protect our individual weaknesses and shortcomings with big words?

I call for help. I call for Diane to realise the extent of this stupidity. I call for others to realise it leads us nowhere, nowhere at all.

I want to see Auragni. I want her to know that I am there for her, and with her. I have tried everything I could, alone. I have feared, sometimes, to fall prey to violence, or to madness. I want this story to stop. I ask for a moment of reconsideration of where we stand, of what in us allows such situations to develop and fix themselves among us.

I want Auragni to be free of all that and never to hear of such misery. I want Auragni to be a child of a true Auroville, cared for by all, including me. There is something true and real between her and me. And I cannot bear any longer that the very people who have gathered to discover what Mother's Truth means in their lives are the ones who prevent me from living it. I need help.

I am willing to answer any questions, provided they are put straight to me, without ill-will, in any forum people may choose in Auroville.

For how is it that never anyone has come to tell me frankly, openly, what was held against me? How is it that I am only subject to this constant dishonest undermining?

In trust,
Divakar"

***24-5-1985, Auroville:**

Barbara, Ruud et Akash s'en vont demain, et Deepti est venue leur dire au revoir; elle est restée assez longtemps en fait, à parler avec nous de ma situation dans Auroville, de Diane, d'Auragni... Deepti semble très lucide à propos de Diane, et de ceux dont elle désire tant l'approbation et le soutien ; elle semble voir très clair dans tout ce jeu et les mensonges des uns et des autres, dont elle souffre également ; mais elle ne m'a pas encouragé, redoutant pour moi que je ne rencontre qu'un mur impossible à franchir et, en m'exposant ainsi, ne donne à ces gens que plus de prise et le moyen de me détruire ou de me faire quitter Auroville...

... Je suis allé avec Ar. assister à la réunion générale – au sujet de « Fraternité », de la menace de nouvelles arrestations, des « neutres » et des « tantriques »... Il n'y avait pas la place de demander de l'attention sur « mon problème »... !

Diane était là. Je ne puis retenir une certaine admiration devant sa froide réussite. Malgré ses mensonges, sa petitesse et sa lâcheté, elle gagne sur toute la ligne. Elle a re-gravi les échelons de la hiérarchie, patiemment, et se trouve à la place qu'elle a toujours souhaité occuper, presque « grandie » par l'expérience... !

... On m'a rassuré aujourd'hui, en me disant que ma princesse va bien, et qu'elle est harmonieuse...

***25-5-1985, Auroville:**

Barbara had her "last" breakfast with me; she, Akash and Ruud left for Amsterdam this afternoon. Soaz and the kids have moved into Barbara's house for the duration...

***26-5-1985, Auroville:**

Ce soir à « Dana »... J'avais l'appréhension de trouver G.M fermé ; il fallait bien qu'on se retrouve, et que ça s'éclaircisse... On est restés tous les deux près d'une heure, pendant que M et Ar. parlaient de leur côté.

Il m'a raconté une sorte de cauchemar que M avait eu juste après que je leur avais demandé de m'aider : je venais à elle avec une grande intensité, lui demandant de faire quelque chose, et dans le rêve elle savait que ce ne serait pas bon pour elle d'obéir, d'accepter, ni même de me regarder ; que si elle me regardait, elle ne pourrait plus refuser – et elle a eu très peur et s'est réveillée, et elle a senti une présence dans sa chambre... ; pourtant elle est restée très calme, et a éprouvé le besoin de faire la part des choses et de ne tirer aucune conclusion...

En rentrant, plus tard, marchant avec Ar. sur la route, j'ai regardé le phénomène... peut-être est ce en partie l'effet d'une habitude, ou d'un acquis en moi, provenant d'un développement passé, d'émaner une volonté pour obtenir un résultat ? Un mouvement spontané que je n'aurais pas appris encore à réellement T'offrir ? Ar. et moi en avons parlé ; elle a contribué ses propres observations... Cela m'a aidé à toucher, pratiquement, une sorte de mécanisme inscrit dans mes mouvements...

***29-5-1985, Auroville:**

I am dragging myself along, dizzy and tired, without joy... I know well, though, that there will be no true joy ever, until the whole consciousness is one, and filled with the Lord's Presence... Until then, it is bound to be tedious, yoga or no yoga!

... Mother, help me, help Auragni... People tell me she is not happy, there is really only one lady to look after her... this is crazy, this is absurd, please help me... I am asking You even though I am ashamed for having been so conspicuous, for having created, or brought about, so many tensions in the midst of Your Work here, all these years...

***30-5-1985, Auroville:**

I got word today that, if and whenever I wish to write to Satprem, Abhay Singh is willing to see that it reaches him directly...! This is a security for me. But I do not want to bother Satprem again with this story as long as I can still hope for some substantial change here; the general meeting is to take place tomorrow...

... This evening Jossie, back from the hills, came to tell me of the water-falls, the deep grass in the clearings of the old forests, swimming at dawn in the misted lake...

***31-5-1985, Auroville:**

This has been horrible.

I am left with such disgust, such a sense of rot, in myself, and in the people here... They went at my wounds with teeth and claws and tore them open, and I was trapped in the circle of these fanaticisms...

It actually started in the morning: I had to go to "Toujours Mieux" workshop to pick up some tools I had ordered for D.M's work, and to see about having a wheelbarrow made; Thierry was there, and Jean too; Thierry began by telling me that they do not like me to come there, therefore he had not gone on with the work I had ordered; then Jean joined in heavily, attacking me viciously, saying that I had anyway no right to be in Auroville as You had told me to go away, and the fact that I had returned just after You had left Your body – this is the first time I hear this lie directly – clearly showed who I was and whom I served...

I tried at first to respond, telling him he was uttering lies, that he knew I had returned before You left, and also that You had only told me to go after Purna had played her games; but I saw that it was pointless and told him to express his opinion at the meeting; he replied that I would get nothing out of any meeting, because there were enough people who KNEW who I was and had the experience of it, and they would never change their minds about it... I left, and went to work...

I felt that, indeed, I had wasted all these years and only caused trouble and ought to have stayed away...

And this afternoon, Ar. came with me to the general meeting: people asked me to present my "case"; then Jean, Al.B, Rakhil, and some others went right ahead : how could I possibly question Your word!? You had said "No", so that was it, wasn't it!?

I tried to tell calmly the whole story of how it had happened, and what had been done to me, and how Your instructions had been reverted, and what advice had been given me... But it only got more confused.

Even someone who I had thought and believed was my true friend, F.Ga, said something absurd: according to him I had asked for the Grace to let me go! And therefore, whenever I asked You later to take me back, You refused... Then he added, for good measure, that he knew that Satprem had termed me "a little snake"...! Big J even joined forces with them, saying that this was only a just return of things as I had in the past wanted to throw her out (which isn't at all true!)...

Al.B was standing right behind me, and I heard him then say, loud and clear, that he felt and believed that I was "utterly false", and must leave Auroville... Rakhil chimed in... And both of them have been my friends...!

A few people – Myrtle, Arjun, a couple of others – tried to bring the whole issue into some perspective, but they were denied... And that was it.

There was a man there, Jeffrey, who has come to Auroville to invite us to be part of some international forum working to establish, wherever it is possible upon earth today, places where the land is held in trust for the whole earth; they have worked out a legal frame and already succeeded in Canada and in England; he spoke at length; he said that, out of his experience of what had gone on in this meeting, and in previous meetings he had also attended – and he said this with much intensity -, he had found a terrible lack of commitment to human unity, and couldn't but state it... People giggled uneasily... It was all so frightfully wrong...

I do not know...

... If I turn to Sri Aurobindo, I understand the difficulties of this process, inherent and implicit in such an attempt as Auroville, and I can accept.

But otherwise, I am tormented with doubts...

People also said that I was hiding behind Auragni, drawing pity on me so that the real issue would be ignored...

... I have struggled all these years to live by Your Grace, Your smile and Your love, fully aware of my impurity, my resistances and my trends of ego; somewhere and somehow I also have a sense of humour, and I am free also of all this soup and this mess...

There are so many aspects to it... I resent Satprem's loose tongue, and his lack of wisdom in encouraging such a "spirit" to develop in Auroville; but who I am to resent anything from anyone!? I myself seem to have contributed only division and conflict!

... But, what am I to do now?

***1-6-1985, Auroville:**

I feel sullied. I feel that I have shared in a flaunting of inner truths, in a betrayal...

It leaves me with a fear, an anguish that nothing will come out of all this – that the time has been postponed, that no one here will be able to shift to another state, concretely, let alone a group...

I don't know what to do.

I try and imagine myself away from here, perhaps in Brittany, painting or weaving or writing, away from this "dream", and anonymous... Or else, cutting all connections and disappearing somewhere... And perhaps it might be simpler for Auragni... And Auroville will progress, and Matrimandir will get completed, and... we shall see...

What about my commitments in the "now", then...?

I feel a terrible shame and disgust, as if I had participated in a desecration...

... Ce soir Ar. vient me dire que, d'après Myrtle et d'autres personnes, ce que j'avais fait, devant ces gens assembles, était courageux, et que cela avait permis de voir derrière certains masques, ou de les faire tomber, que ce n'était pas une défaite, et qu'il fallait que je poursuive...

***2-6-1985, Auroville :**

Le dégoût et la honte ; et une sorte de révolte...

***3-6-1985, Auroville:**

The more I look and the more I find myself in the strangest situation...

And sometimes I am aware of... a "kid", who is also me, rocking with laughter...!

It is also as if I have now touched bottom and drunk my fill of poison...

D.M now and then sends me some Aphorisms of Sri Aurobindo, and they always hit the mark... In this way, she helps me...!

***4-6-1985, Auroville:**

For days I have been trying with Jagannathan to obtain records and land documents at Vanur, for lands that are adjacent to the site; Indian administration, at least in these parts, is hopelessly and grotesquely steeped in corruption; all

these offices are breeding rats that make their living, like suckers, on the back of people...

... I am reading "The Confessions of Nat Turner"...!

... There is such disgust in me, and a rejection of the whole thing...

***6-6-1985, Auroville:**

I tend to see only shadows, as if from the time of Your "departure" Auroville itself was in shadow, and Satprem's story, all of our stories, and my story, in shadow...

I find all life, and all positions in it, all choices, so absurd and so vain – unless one is satisfied with the substance as it is...

And yet today, somehow, a tiny trickle of joy was beginning to seep through again...

***10-6-1985, Auroville:**

I had the oddest dream with Rajeev Gandhi last night: he had come to visit a house here, and a huge crowd had gathered to see him arrive; there were demonstrators too, and the army in full array... and this rather simple man; despite the noise and all the people watching, I have a good contact with him when he is taken in for his meal; we speak both in French and in English, and it is quite beautiful, until suddenly his wife comes in and sits next to him: she is wearing a sort of tiger-skin coat; everything freezes, Rajeev is completely swallowed by her...

... Whenever I catch one more wrong movement in myself, I feel so ashamed of my resistance, my stubborn, prideful, stupid, obdurate resistance...

... Johnny has given me Rs 3,000/- more so I can really finish Krishna's house...

***15-6-1985, Auroville:**

Vaya came by this evening; she had several times told Ar. that she wanted to speak to me of a difficult experience she'd had about me; I was not eager to hear anything of the sort... But she came now in a different mood, saying she had thought I ought to try and play the "Gayatri" game (she and Bhaga have "invented" this game, a little in the line of a "Yi king" instrument, based on Sri Aurobindo's Yoga), as she knew from experience how helpful it could be as it allowed one to understand how each of us creates the situations we live... But later Ar. told me how deviously Vaya had managed to tell me what she had wanted to say, without my noticing it... I do not understand people!

***22-6-1985, Auroville:**

Tous ces derniers jours j'ai pu me concentrer tranquillement dans le travail pratique et physique – ici et pour la maison de Krishna, à « Forecomers » pour la maison de D.M, et pour l'achat des terres, et puis pour m'occuper de Samuel, et de ceci ou cela... Et ce soir je reçois une lettre de C me racontant l'entrevue qu'elle et R ont eue avec D.D et Klara, au cours de laquelle ils ont beaucoup parlé de moi, de ma situation ici, du jeu des forces, de la condition ou de la mentalité que tout cela révèle, etc. Et je me sens très gêné de cette attention, d'autant plus que, depuis cette dernière crise, je suis passé dans un état où tout cela n'existe presque plus : quelque chose a changé en moi, comme si cette dernière épreuve m'avait délesté d'un poids d'ombre dans la conscience que j'ai des autres...

Il y a un élément de rejet et de révolte en moi, mais je le sens pour le moment comme un rejet assez sain et ouvert.

Je n'ai presque plus la sensation qu'il s'agit de « moi »...
 Et pour Auragni, je ne sais pas... Je rêve souvent d'elle...
 Mais... il n'y a que le Suprême en tout. Et c'est de Cela dont j'ai besoin !

***24-6-1985, Auroville :**

Mon ami JFD m'a envoyé de France une copie du livre de Satprem « La Vie Sans Mort »... Ca fait du bien!

***27-6-1985, Auroville:**

Today is my princess's birthday; she is 3 years old...!

I was painting, at home, when two students came by, who wanted to talk, and I had to try and speak to them about architecture in Auroville, and individual and collective sadhana, etc. Towards the end they mentioned in passing that they had to be back in "Aspiration" for... Auragni's birthday...! They had no idea that I am her – estranged – father! And that is all that came my way today!

***29-6-1985, Auroville:**

Whatever it is, without Your active Will, without the Force, it is hopeless and helpless and a dead end. Only the Force can make room and break through the vicious circle of my nature...

***30-6-1985, Auroville:**

I am having interesting dream-adventures, going out in space far from the earth – this time with a group of people – and coming back against a number of odds, reaching first into the ocean... very intense experiencing...

***1-7-1985, Auroville:**

Je suis dans une grisaille stérile et sans joie ; ce manque, cette absence de joie, est comme une honte profonde : la honte de n'avoir rien à donner, de ne rien transmettre ; ou la gêne de ne pas adhérer au vieux pacte, au vieux marché de la vie, et pourtant d'être incapable de manifester quoi que ce soit de plus vrai, de plus tangible...

Je ne sais me perdre ni dans l'aveugle besoin de la vie, ni dans l'appel central de la Présence...

Je passe maintenant chaque après-midi sur le site de la maison de D.M ; souvent Johnny m'y retrouve, et nous devons voir ensemble toutes sortes de détails ; j'ai un peu de mal à devoir parler autant... Je ne sais pas bien moi-même comment je fonctionne, mais c'est presque toujours à tâtons, à l'écoute dans le moment ; il me faut regarder beaucoup, et parler le moins possible, et intégrer les mouvements et les contributions des uns et des autres, comme des circonstances, tout en gardant un axe et une orientation... Je ne sais pas « penser » de manière organisée ; si je trouve une méthode quelconque, je ne m'y tiens pas, cela ne me sert que d'amorce pour entrer dans quelque chose de plus matériel...

Je ne sais rien, ne vois rien, ne suis bon à rien...

***2-7-1985, Auroville:**

Soaz related to me what she's been told about me lately: that I am next on the list after Tai, and that I am generally responsible for the illnesses in Auroville, and in particular for the still birth of M.H's baby last year...

***10-7-1985, Auroville:**

Ar. tells me that Namas has been diagnosed as having skin cancer.

***11-7-1985, Auroville:**

Ar. had gone to "Pour Tous" this morning, to deposit some money – she and I have been receiving and distributing the baskets for "Sincerity" for quite some time now -; she returned with the news that, while she was there, she had been handed a letter by Christine, which read: "We do not want to work for Divakar anymore."...

So there it is again. No more "Pour Tous" basket for me...!

Somehow it still comes as a surprise! What is it that is working in them so constantly and so intensely? I don't know! I myself tend to forget, and to concentrate on the daily experience, in all its aspects...

Ar. now says she intends to bring it up at a general meeting, as this is the main Service being cut for me and such a step cannot be taken without a general agreement...

The question rises again: should I leave, or must I fight?

... This afternoon we started the foundation work for D.M's house, and the workers were singing all the time...!

***13-7-1985, Auroville:**

We hear today that there is to be no general meeting for at least two weeks; that the Executive Council is practically disbanded, as most of its members are in Delhi; and that Diane plans to take over the distribution Service in "Pour Tous", replacing Christine who wishes to stop... There.

... The usual throes. But then I put it all back in the Lord's hands!

I shall not interfere, but just watch and offer my ego-sense, and see the way You give me to walk on, wherever it may go...

But my nerves are not improving...

And today I heard another story about me: I am supposed to have possessed a Tamil lady and occultly manipulated her so that she would go and take Auragni away; she was discovered "in a trance" by MH and Michel near the "Aspiration" kitchen...!

... And I found a snake inside the room here...!

... I have been reading a novel on the situation in present day Lebanon: all these exclusivisms at play, this endless fragmentation, bloodier and bloodier, till... what? Till every human being alive on this earth must review their assumptions on each and every issue...?

***14-7-1985, Auroville:**

Résultat apparent : Jossie, P et Ar. se retirent de « Pour Tous », c'est-à-dire que chacun ira désormais faire ses propres courses... Ar. veut mettre une note d'information sur le cahier du Messenger...

... Je trouve un second serpent dans la maison...

... D'un côté il y a ici, l'harmonie d'ici, et l'amitié de quelques êtres.
 De l'autre côté il y a, lancinant, le fait que Tu m'avais dit, après ce retournement que je n'ai toujours pas élucidé, que c'était « la meilleure chose à faire (de partir) », et que je le verrais, le sentirais et le comprendrais... Que je T'avais obéi et que j'étais resté en France trois années, sans voir ni sentir ni comprendre en quoi c'était la meilleure chose ; et que j'étais revenu sur la seule base d'une nouvelle confiance dans le Seigneur au centre de ma conscience ; que je suis resté ces douze années sur cette seule base, envers et contre tout bien souvent...
 Et maintenant j'ai honte de tout ce gaspillage, et j'ai honte de n'avoir toujours pas compris...

***15-7-1985, Auroville:**

Johnny tells me today that, were I forced to leave, he and D.M would not go on... This, in its way, is quite binding...!

... I went to talk to P, to ask him whether he really wants to continue with our common budget and organisation here, or he would rather stop: I have been sensing quite some ambivalence in him and I wished to clarify it... While talking, it became obvious that our contact has indeed been warped by all these formations and judgements, and that it would be simpler to put an end to this material sharing...As a consequence I will soon become quite isolated, even here...

People have asked P if there are many snakes here; he replied he hadn't met one yet... I didn't tell him I'd just found two in my room!

... Is it a lack of maturity that is common to all these people, a kind of emotional grossness, or lack of experience? What is it?

Ramesh has also told P that he had seen, physically seen that I was penetrated by a dark force... But that much I know that it is not true: I may have many problems, but not that one!

***17-7-1985, Auroville:**

Today is the last day of my work for Krishna's house. I wanted to finish more details and offer it fully ready, but he has been too impatient and heavy, lately, as if he did not appreciate anything in it... So the time has come to hand it over to him and step out... Anyway I am more and more needed at the site for Johnny and D.M.

... Samuel is spending more time with me, and I am not too sure of what I am doing, as Soaz is wavering between staying on and going back to France, where D.A has already returned, and it may not be wise to let attachment develop further between Samuel and me...

... I spent the entire afternoon cramped in an office smaller than a prison cell, packed and jammed with a dozen of yelling villagers, around a jumble of contradictory documents and records, just in order to find out the actual status of that piece of land... We must at least ascertain whether our legal claim is founded or whether it is, due to the SAS's prior dealings, unsound... I try to just watch and learn...

... Today it was so unpleasant with Krishna: he spoilt another opportunity for joy... I have spent about 6 months building his house, and he now throws me out of it... So be it!

***20-7-1985, Auroville:**

P came to tell me that Luca has offered to take over the collection of the monies for the electricity, the pump, etc.; that this would protect me from further exposure to nasty blows... I take this as a sign and a token of Your care...

In this sense, I wish not to interfere in any way; for I am also aware that all this is Your modelling touch and that through all these apparent contradictions I am being led, fashioned, clarified and purified, and that I am closer to the truth of things when I experience gratitude, no matter what happens...

***23-7-1985, Auroville:**

Samuel has been stunned with fever, vomiting and belly ache for a few days... Now he seems to be recovering and had a better night – Kamala's treatment, or the body's own self-healing process or both... I feed him biscuit and glucose water; this attachment is growing: he cries whenever I move away from him... I must find the right balance, for him!

... Today for the first time I merely watched the concreting at Matrimandir – always I have worked; except for the few times when I was sick; or when I had gone away with Krishna... So it feels very strange not to be participating, but I have now understood and seen that one cannot build Matrimandir in an attitude that allows or justifies hostility among us...

***24-7-1985, Auroville:**

G.M called me this evening, to confirm with me what I had already guessed: that, during M's absence, he had linked up with F...

***25-7-1985, Auroville:**

I do not know what is happening: I cannot sleep; there is a strange physical wariness, almost anguish, and like a sense of a battle being fought at the centre above the head; and the only safety, these days, seems to be deep behind the heart; but I am so used to relating to the flow above that I get almost panicked...

***27-7-1985, Auroville:**

G.M has received a card from M, written in Khajuraho, where she'd accompanied her ex-husband on a tour; he brought it with him, like a kid who has done a huge "bêtise"; she writes that she loves him, that she is homesick for Auroville, and is eager to come "home" to him... What to do? Both Ar. and I are very worried for her; it will be an awful shock for her when she comes and finds that G.M has joined with F, and so promptly too...!

***29-7-1985, Auroville:**

Soaz brings me Samuel in a rush: he's just fallen down and wounded his forehead; it is bleeding a lot and he yells till he falls asleep at her breast... I do not feel it is worth the trouble taking him for stitches, with all the additional shock it would entail... I make him a tight bandage... Soaz had been right in the next room, in Barbara's house, when it happened; she had left Samuel in Gwen's care, but Gwen isn't so careful now that Samuel has started to walk about on his own... Soaz is very tired and worried; it is one thing after another, and she does not feel up to the task

with those two kids here, alone, D.A not knowing whether he wants to come back... I have been wondering a little if I shouldn't take them all with me, to give the kids a more balanced environment...

... Ar. and I looked at the last Bulletin of the Auroville Association in France... These people make full and blatant use of their close rapport with Satprem, in a way that I feel is sickening, and very detrimental to Auroville: they alone are the real ones! And, according to them, Matrimandir is now the "cathedral of nought" ("la cathédrale du néant")... What is the game...?

***31-7-1985, Auroville:**

There is a bit of drama with Seven who complains that I am putting far too much steel reinforcement in the pillars of D.M's house, arguing on the basis of his diplomas against my having none...!

... P.V came to me so I would sign a petition regarding an "old" Court case against about 30 of us, my name heading the list... It is so ironic that all these people who now want me out of Auroville must yet sign below my name...!

***2-8-1985, Auroville:**

Seven came here to see me today, under some pretext, but obviously with the wish to set things right between us, quietly; I found that encouraging...

... Ar. brings some refreshing news: it seems that Bill S has listed 5 points for consideration at the general meeting, in an attempt to lift up matters in a truer light; one of the points is the necessity to reaffirm that no collective Service can be withdrawn from any individual – and here my name is mentioned – without the full assent of the community... Perhaps Bhaga, who came a few days ago to ask me my views and understanding of the situation, has helped him to come to that...

... I received a sweet letter from Barbara; she, Akash and Ruud are staying in our house in Brittany, welcomed there by C and R; they are soon to return here...

***4-8-1985, Auroville:**

This morning Kanu, of the Ashram, came to see the site of D.M's house; it was good with him: the communication was clear and calm and poised; he gave a few good advices; he liked what he saw and understood my concerns for strength and stability, on this eroded land at the edge of a canyon, and his appreciation came as a relief for Johnny...

... I met with Ojha today, on the road... As usual he went on telling me that I must return to an "active life" in Auroville, and that he always supports me...! Isn't that funny...?!

***9-8-1985, Auroville:**

I spent a long time in my sleep – at least I remembered it more clearly this time – with the question of how to extirpate the "germ" of death from the cells; the problem remains, terrible, of the contagion: in order to transform a whole organism, a whole assembly of cells making up a single human body, and to give it enough time to receive, or become conscious of, the true life and discover the ways of the future, one should be in outer space, where particles are far apart and no other complex organisms are there, otherwise the contagion of death is infinitely

too constant, and negating... And I asked then, in the dream "what if one is held and surrounded by Mother and Sri Aurobindo...?"...

... Ar. came this evening with her report of the general meeting: one of the issues was that no Service could reject any individual member without the full assent of the community; and therefore I was to be "allowed" to use the "Pour Tous" Service again; it also appears that those in "Pour Tous" who had written this declaration of rejection have now left the Service, just as it seems that some of the people who have been most active in wanting me out of Auroville are now themselves leaving Auroville... And it goes on and on...

But I do not want to go back to "Pour Tous"...

***12-8-1985, Auroville:**

I went early morning to the Airport to receive Barbara, Ruud and Akash; they are happy to be back, and to find the garden lush and thriving after all these rains; they have brought just a little bit of money to fix the leaking roof of the house...

***14-8-1985, Auroville:**

There is this worldwide explosion of concern and anxiety over this "new" machiavellic disease called "AIDS"... It is being spread in such a way as if fear – the very worst of all perversions – could ever be a help in getting rid of all the other perversions human nature teems with... But one never grows from fear...!

***15-8-1985, Auroville:**

Today Sri Aurobindo is 113...!

Something a little puzzling happened: I was just trying hard, while sitting at the Fire, at dawn, to firm up my resolve to banish "all desire", and particularly that stubborn desire in me to experience again an intimate friendship with a man... Soon, Samuel wanted to return here with me; we found G.M waiting for me and, next to him, Ilangu, who had simply decided he wanted to spend the day with me; I could see that G.M wasn't too happy with Ilangu's presence, but I couldn't possibly ask him to leave; a while later G.M left; others came and went; Samuel eventually fell asleep and I settled him inside, quietly; so then Ilangu was alone with me and I realised he had responded to an attraction that has long been felt between us, since the time he worked here as a carpenter; his attitude was very sweet, very candid and fine and genuine; there was a sense of given ness with him that touched me; I understood then that he was still a virgin, and felt very hesitant to delve further into a relationship with him... But through this, or in the event itself, I also felt... what...? like a tender sign from the Lord, and a smile... For the Lord alone knows what it is I am truly yearning for...!

... I experience all the time this struggle in relation to energies... It is like life, the whole of human life, is steeped into and supported by flows and currents of energy which, generally and usually, are blind, that is, not consciously aware of the Lord; they are there to sustain and fill up and enact a condition, groping and imperfect, the human condition. Without these energies, everything would fall flat, or return to some vegetal state... So the situation, for those who have become somewhat conscious of the Lord's direction in evolution, towards another, truer status of manifest material existence, is that one must learn to shift from the support of these energies onto the truer and deeper support of the Force, which they normally

occult and veil. And this must be done at every step, for every movement and every activity, before there can be any question of changing them...!

And as long as we remain dependent on them, even for a very small part, we remain bound in our substance to processes that necessitate death, for death is their pole and their balance...

So, in this way, death is also the guardian of material Truth realised!!!

It is there to see that nothing that has not become absolutely Thine, pure in Thy Force, can be set free in Matter...

Thus one sees with great clarity how at the same time one needs more duration in life, in the body, in order to learn to let that shift operate, and yet the more one is prey to the necessity of death for all that is not fully transformed...

... Krishna came this afternoon, wanting me to listen to the tape of the music he had composed for today: a cry for Sri Aurobindo from a lost spaceship filled with humans...!

... This thing, this brief experience with Ilangu, hangs about me, with equal amounts of attraction and repulsion... I do not wish to fool myself and simply take it as "God-sent"... It would rather be that You let me now and then reap the results of my active desiring...!

I do belong to Thee, yes; but it is obvious that I still retain "I ness" and still affirm "my" needs... And if I ever make the "right" choices, it may not be for the truest of reasons...!

***16-8-1985, Auroville:**

Plodding on... I feel acutely the need of a physical renewal, as in those periodic cleansing rituals ancient societies used to practice...

***19-8-1985, Auroville:**

Today I had to acknowledge simply that I miss Auragni, and that I feel her inwardly calling me, in some way... F has been told that she is not happy and also that Diane is considering going back to Australia...

... This afternoon David N, visiting us at the site, told me he'd just been witness to a heavy scene about me, at "Pour Tous", between Jean and Ramesh, Jean forbidding Ramesh to ever let me have a basket again, and Ramesh reminding him of the general meeting' decision; and it seems that Ramesh quit his job...

... I have decided to write to Satprem; nothing personal, but about Auroville...

***20-8-1985, Auroville:**

Une longue communication de Satprem à Auroville est mise à la disposition de tous aujourd'hui, une copie chez Piero et GI, et une autre copie à « Fraternité » ; il s'agit en fait d'un entretien de Satprem avec Sujata, enregistré et transcrit par Sujata, à propos de la situation présente d'Auroville, et des suites et effets de la lettre de Luc où, depuis sa position de secrétaire et d'intime de Satprem, il déclarait qu'Auroville était « finie » ; et c'est ainsi qu'un certain nombre d'Auroviliens ont récemment décidé de quitter Auroville, qui serait passée au service du mensonge, etc.

Je suis allé lire ces 8 pages dactylographiées ce soir : un langage très simple ; c'est l'individu, c'est chacun qui doit trouver au-dedans le pouvoir et la capacité de marcher, et de vraiment progresser, et c'est seulement ainsi que les forces vives de l'avenir seront tirées, sollicitées, déclenchées, et se multiplieront... Satprem, avec ces mots, rétablit une perspective, gentiment mais fermement, et rappelle à chacun

que c'est justement en marchant que l'on réveille et provoque l'adversaire et le dévoile, et d'abord en soi-même... Cependant il laisse aux mêmes individus qui croyaient pouvoir de bonne source condamner Auroville, le loisir de continuer de croire que ce sont eux qui sont sincères, que ce sont eux seuls qui portent la flamme de l'aspiration véritable ; il les admoneste, et leur rappelle encore la Révolution française, mais ils demeurent les « élus »...

... Enfin, le message de cet entretien m'a fait un peu de bien ; je me sens plutôt idiot maintenant d'avoir envoyé ma lettre juste ce matin... Mais ça ne fait rien... !

(Août 1985, entretien de Satprem avec Sujata :

Satprem commente avec Sujata les dernières nouvelles d'Auroville : les réactions soulevées par la récente lettre de Luc à Serge, où Luc laisse entendre que pour Auroville, c'est « trop tard » ; ce qui incite 13 Auroviliens à quitter Auroville...

Satprem : « La belle avance... !

Cela me rappelle ce que Mère m'avait dit en... je ne sais plus, en 70 ou 71, en parlant d'Auroville. Elle avait dit : 'La sincérité de la réalisation doit être telle que les éléments indésirables sont obligés de s'en aller...'

(Riant) Alors on arrive à une situation inverse !

C'est triste. Quelle bouillie...

(Silence)

Ce que Luc a écrit à Serge (j'ai lu cela il n'y a pas longtemps), c'est vrai ; mais c'est une vérité linéaire et mathématique. C'est comme cela (geste en ligne droite et mince), c'est vu en ligne droite mathématique. C'est vrai, ce qu'il dit. Mais la vie est rarement linéaire et mathématique : elle a des creux et des bosses et des abîmes et... et des grâces. On n'a pas le droit... je comprend bien pourquoi Luc a écrit ; il voulait secouer probablement ces Auroviliens, n'est-ce pas. Enfin... chacun voit les choses à sa façon, et il y a une utilité. Donc certainement, l'acte de Luc a eu une utilité. Seulement, comme les apparences sont toujours mensongères, les gens regardent juste la ligne et ils ne comprennent pas quel est le but derrière : ce que cela veut faire surgir à Auroville.

Mais on n'a pas le droit, à mon avis, de dire qu'une chose est 'finie', a 'échoué'... On n'a pas le droit de dire des choses totalement négatives sans proposer une solution positive. Sa négativité est réelle, n'est-ce pas, il a beaucoup de raisons de le dire... Et quand on regarde Auroville, c'est un peu attristant.

Ce qu'ils ne veulent pas comprendre (ce que j'ai essayé de leur faire comprendre pendant, combien ? - douze ans...), ce qu'ils ne veulent pas comprendre, c'est la nécessité d'un progrès intérieur : ils veulent faire des progrès extérieurs. Et le progrès intérieur, c'est difficile. Et si l'on ne veut pas faire le progrès intérieur, on se détruit. Les apparences peuvent être vivantes, mais on se détruit.

C'est l'histoire de Shantiniketan, n'est-ce pas : après le départ de Tagore, quel effort y a-t-il eu pour que ça vive ? Ils ont vécu de ce que Tagore avait créé, avait posé. Mais quel effort y a-t-il eu pour créer, vivre, progresser ?

A l'Ashram c'est la même chose - c'est pire. Alors les choses se fossilisent, deviennent une institution : elles ont toutes les apparences de la réussite, de la

reconnaissance officielle... Shantiniketan est un grand, grand... je ne sais pas quoi, mais c'est une espèce de coque vide, vide et délabrée. L'Ashram a des apparences superbes, mais c'est poussiéreux et mort : la rivière a passé ailleurs, le courant a passé ailleurs. Si l'on ne veut pas faire l'effort... (ça alors, on peut dire que c'est mathématique et vrai !), si l'on ne veut pas faire l'effort, on se condamne.

La seule chose que Mère m'ait montrée... Ils disent : 'je ne suis pas au courant', ou 'je ne reçois pas l'information juste' – qu'est-ce que j'ai besoin d'information ? Ce n'est pas une question d'information ou 'd'information fausse'... c'est tout informé !

Sujata : La vérité vous est montrée, n'est ce pas, avec des images.

Satprem : Les gens peuvent penser ce qu'ils veulent, X, Y, Z pensent ce qu'ils veulent, cela ne me regarde pas ; mais moi, Mère m'a montré une seule chose, c'est ce bateau, avec ce moteur formidablement puissant qui était encombré de toutes sortes de choses invraisemblables, qui n'avaient rien à voir avec le bateau. Alors le moteur ne marchait pas, ne tournait pas, n'est ce pas. C'était un de ces gros blocs moteurs, et c'était encombré d'un bric à brac impossible qui n'avait rien à voir avec le moteur – et personne ne le mettait en route. Ca, Mère me l'a montré. Et puis la marée qui reflue, et la boue au fond. Bon, cela, c'est montré. Ca, c'est la situation vraie. Alors ils peuvent raconter tout ce qu'ils veulent, ou pour, ou contre – on me montre exactement ce qui est juste, ce qui correspond à une réalité. Eh bien la vérité, c'est qu'on ne met PAS le moteur en route. Ca, c'est la vérité. Et c'est la racine de toute l'histoire d'Auroville : s'ils ne mettent pas le moteur en route, ils se condamnent à mort, c'est évident ! Mettre le moteur en route, ça veut dire vraiment faire le progrès intérieur et la véritable chose. Pas des allées, des plantations, et des conseils exécutifs, des résolutions – pas tout ça ! Le moteur, cela veut dire, vraiment, la puissance intérieure – qui est formidable. Qui est FORMIDABLE. Et c'est cela dont ils ne se servent pas. C'est ça, le mal d'Auroville. Alors s'ils ne veulent pas s'en servir, ils vont à la fossilisation... réussie, n'est ce pas, ils seront comme à l'Ashram, ils réussiront très bien !

Mais personne ne met le moteur en route ! Ca, on me l'a montré – alors je ne le discute pas. C'est un fait. C'est le fait d'Auroville. Le reste, ce sont des histoires.

C'est cela qu'ils ne veulent pas comprendre : c'est la nécessité du progrès intérieur – du vrai progrès, celui qu'aucun copain ne peut voir, n'est ce pas : personne ne peut voir ça, il n'y a que Mère et Sri Aurobindo qui peuvent le voir. Pas des choses qu'on 'montre'. Et cela, c'est le vrai progrès, difficile, ardu ; et puis l'ennemi montre toutes les dents et les griffes dès qu'on veut faire le progrès. Ce n'est pas commode. Ils sont très tranquilles parce que, justement, l'ennemi n'a pas mis de griffes dedans. Il les laisse proliférer : 'allez-y, mes petits, allez-y, faites de jolies choses...'

Sujata : C'est-à-dire qu'il n'y a pas l'effort pour sortir du domaine de l'ennemi ?

Satprem : Non, il n'y a pas d'effort dans le vrais sens intérieur qu'on est à la fin d'un monde, que l'homme est en train de disparaître, n'est ce pas – de disparaître. Il s'agit de savoir si quelque chose de cette humanité va survivre et se transformer ou bien si un être nouveau (par quel moyen, je ne sais pas), si un être nouveau se manifesterà. C'est cela le problème. Sri Aurobindo a dit : 'Si l'homme ne veut pas se dépasser, il sera dépassé ; un être nouveau viendra et prendra la tête de l'évolution.'

Eh bien, c'est la phrase clé de ces quatre milliards et demi d'ignorants qui vivent sur la terre – c'est pourtant la clé de leur destin à tous. Et c'est la clé de cette

bande de petits Auroviliens qui ne comprennent pas la Grâce qui leur est donnée. Alors qu'est-ce qu'ils veulent ? Est-ce qu'ils cherchent vraiment à dépasser l'homme ? Ils cherchent à l'améliorer, ils cherchent à mettre des petites peintures, des petits temples, des petits comités, et puis 'on a la reconnaissance de celui-ci', 'on a Monsieur Rajiv qui est avec nous', 'on a Monsieur...', enfin toutes ces idioties – qui sont en train de périr, justement, et de périr partout.

Alors ils vont demander : mais qu'est-ce que cela veut dire, 'dépasser l'humanité et faire l'être nouveau ?' Eh bien, il faut MARCHER pour le trouver ! Ce n'est pas donné, ce n'est dans aucun livre ! Il faut marcher, il faut faire des pas. Et dès que tu fais un pas, tu vois l'Ennemi qui sort ses griffes et ses dents, et qui est là. Alors là, tout de suite il est là. Tout de suite. Et tout de suite, on est sur le chemin. Tout de suite. On est sur le chemin, automatiquement – c'est la chose la plus merveilleusement automatique, ou abominablement automatique (comme on veut), qui existe. Il faut simplement vouloir comprendre cela, qui est le nœud du problème : cet être nouveau, le faire, le fabriquer – comment ? Alors on se dit... (si l'on aime Sri Aurobindo ou si l'on comprend un peu Mère), on se dit : bon, Ils savent ; donc il y a un moyen, donc il faut le chercher. Et comment ? Et COMMENT ? Et COMMENT ? Eh bien, ils n'auront pas besoin de poser la question trois fois avec un peu de sincérité, parce que dès la première fois, l'Ennemi sera là pour les griffer à la figure.

C'est cela, mettre le moteur en marche.

Il n'y a pas besoin de livres. Tous les livres possibles ont été donnés – il y a besoin de se mettre en marche, c'est tout. Dès qu'on veut faire le pas – un pas, un tout petit pas -, tout vous saute à la figure. Parce que l'Ennemi, il comprend très bien de quoi il s'agit. Tout vous saute à la figure – alors là, vous pouvez dire : ah, bon, je suis sur le chemin. Là, ça commence. Ça commence. Parce qu'il y a la Grâce formidable qui est là aussi – qu'ils n'ont pas utilisée. Il y a cette Puissance formidable qui est là, dont ils ne se sont pas servis. Et ça, c'est la vie. C'est la vie automatique. C'est la VIE, tu comprends ? C'est la vie d'Auroville. Tout de suite : ça vit. Autrement, c'est de la poussière. De la poussière dorée et institutionnalisée – comme à l'Ashram. Ils ont été, ces pauvres, ils ont été contaminés les uns après les autres par toutes sortes de 'poutchis'. Et les plus terribles, ce sont les poutchis de l'Ashram. Ca, les microbes qui se sont transportés de là, hein, et qui vont à Auroville, ils sont sérieux ! Et ils ont de jolies apparences (geste séduisant), et ça a de si belles idées, et c'est si noble – les imbéciles ! Ils ne comprennent rien au chemin. Et surtout, ils ne comprennent pas la puissance des forces qu'ils déclenchent en essayant de faire ce petit progrès. Ils ne comprennent pas que les individus sont de tout petits masques pour des forces FORMIDABLES. Alors ils peuvent mettre en branle une Grâce suprême, et ils peuvent mettre en branle la pourriture... oui, celle du monde justement, qui veut tout bouffer. Ca a des apparences merveilleuses, n'est ce pas, tout a l'air de coller si bien – et puis tout se décolle, tout craque.

Le progrès... il faut marcher, il faut marcher, il faut se casser la figure. Il faut mettre en branle les forces. Alors on comprend. On comprend sur le vif ce que c'est – ce qui se passe. Et cela, c'est le cœur d'Auroville – enfin, cela aurait dû être le cœur d'Auroville, justement, sa puissance. Mère disait (Mère savait, n'est ce pas), elle disait : 'C'est la seule chance d'éviter une guerre mondiale'

Alors comment une petite bande d'olibrius comme cela, dans un coin, peut-elle éviter une guerre mondiale ? Ils ne se sont jamais posé la question ? Ils n'ont jamais compris ce que cela veut dire ? Ils ne comprennent pas qu'ils sont vraiment les petits pantins de forces si formidables – dans les deux sens. Ils ne veulent rien faire... Extérieurement, ils font des tas de trucs, ils font des tas de discours aussi.

Enfin, c'est... Ils ne mettent pas en branle les forces. Ils ne donnent pas à la Grâce divine l'occasion de se manifester. Ils font comme à l'Ashram – ils ont été corrompus. Invisiblement corrompus par ces gens de l'Ashram. Ils n'ont pas compris le boulot que Sri Aurobindo et Mère ont fait au milieu de ces cancrelats... qui ont tout bouffé : ils ont fait un festin de Mère et de Sri Aurobindo – ils les ont boulottés – tout ! Alors, maintenant, on va à Auroville parce que là, on a plus d'aise, on a plus de 'liberté', on peut...

Sujata : C'est pourquoi Mère disait qu'Auroville n'était pas assez loin de l'Ashram.

Satprem : Oui, de l'Ashram. Ils ont été corrompus par les gens de l'Ashram. Et ils ne se rendent même pas compte !

Ils ne se rendent même pas compte.

Mais enfin, c'est inutile de dire : c'est ceci, c'est cela – de faire des accusations extérieures. Le fait est là : le fait qu'ils ne se servent pas de la Puissance qui est là. Et pour cela, il n'y a pas trente-six méthodes, hein !

Alors, à quoi ça sert d'être négatif et de dire : 'Auroville est perdue' ? Qu'est-ce qui est perdu ? Il faudrait faire une distinction, d'abord, entre Auroville et les gens qui sont dedans – d'abord. Auroville, c'est quelque chose à venir. Mais les gens qui sont dedans, c'est quelque chose de présent. Alors on peut discuter tout ce que l'on veut sur les modalités d'Auroville – on s'en fout, n'est-ce pas, c'est l'affaire de l'avenir. Ce qu'il faudrait discuter, ce sont les modalités internes, et la sincérité des gens qui sont là – leur capacité de mettre le moteur en route. De le mettre en route pas pour faire des 'réformes' d'Auroville, mais pour faire des réformes de leur propre nature.

Alors, bon, quitter Auroville, qu'est-ce que cela veut dire ?

Pour moi, 'l'institution Auroville', ou le grand Auroville avec un grand A, pour moi c'est une affaire secondaire. L'affaire essentielle, ce sont les individus. Parce que c'est de ces individus que dépend l'autre : l'Auroville, A majuscule.

Et l'Auroville 'A' majuscule telle que Mère l'a vue, formée, conçue, c'est là-bas (geste loin devant), il faut y aller. Et le problème, ce sont les individus qui sont là. Alors il faut distinguer entre la collectivité d'Auroville, et les individus d'Auroville. C'est pour cela que dire aux individus : il n'y a rien à foutre... autant dire qu'il n'y a rien à foutre avec l'homme ! Parce que nulle part il n'y a à foutre avec les humains. Justement, ils ne veulent pas faire de progrès. Ils veulent s'en remettre à la Médecine, à la Science, aux Lois, aux Constitutions, à la Police, au Clergé, aux Ashrams, aux... ils veulent s'en remettre à tout, sauf à eux-mêmes – sauf à leur propre moteur.

Alors la question 'Auroville est perdue' et tout cela, pour moi, cela ne veut rien dire. Ou bien 'est-ce qu'Auroville réussira ?' – je ne suis pas prophète : ce qui sera, je n'en sais rien. Ce que je regarde, ce sont les individus. Et la vérité du problème, c'est cela, c'est ce moteur, c'est cette Puissance qu'on met en route – ou qu'on ne met pas en route.

Bon.

Mais il y a une logique simple, c'est ceci : à quoi sert de ficher le camp, alors que des forces conjuguées... peuvent... peuvent s'aider, peuvent, justement, se multiplier – la capacité individuelle peut être multipliée, n'est-ce pas. Alors le fait qu'on est plusieurs à vouloir quelque chose... Si les meilleurs éléments d'Auroville se retrouvent isolés à... je ne sais pas, à Paris, dans un coin d'Himalaya, bon, ils pourront peut-être faire leur progrès individuel, c'est possible... Mais tout de même, à Auroville, il y a une chance, c'est quelque chose qui a été intérieurement (je ne dis pas extérieurement), qui a été intérieurement formée par Mère. Alors il vaudrait

mieux que les quelques-uns qui sont sincères conjuguent leurs forces ; mais 'conjuguer', cela ne veut pas dire former des comités, n'est-ce pas ! Cela veut dire que, silencieusement, sans même le savoir, chacun de ceux qui sont sincères, automatiquement et invisiblement va aider les autres : les forces se multiplient, n'est-ce pas, se conjuguent. Tandis que cela ne sert à rien de partir. Cela ne sert à rien, d'être négatif.

Il y a un certain nombre d'éléments qui sont là, et qui sont sincères – eh bien, qu'ils poussent davantage leur sincérité.

Ils vont se retrouver sur le pavé de l'Occident, ou sur les routes de l'Himalaya, ou que sais-je, et... pfft ! Quoi ? A quoi ça les avance ? Il faut la construire, Auroville, il faut la construire du dedans. Sri Aurobindo n'a pas arrêté de le dire : le monde nouveau, il se construit de l'intérieur. Alors qu'est-ce que cela veut dire ? Ils ne se posent pas les vraies questions ! Moi je me suis usé les pieds à me poser des questions ! Je les ai posées, tu sais, en bouloignant.

Ce n'est pas la question de changer d'endroit, ni même que chacun change le travail qu'il fait (que ce soit, je ne sais pas, planter des cacahuètes ou... je ne sais pas ce que font les uns et les autres), ce n'est pas la question de changer leur travail, c'est réellement une question intérieure. Et individuelle. Leur action extérieure peut être ce qu'elle veut – elle sera nécessairement imparfaite parce que tous les hommes sont imparfaits, et nécessairement ils se heurteront à d'autres ego parce que le monde est plein d'ego. C'est comme cela. Mais tout change à partir du moment où réellement on... on décide : mais voyons, Sri Aurobindo a dit cela : 'Si l'homme ne veut pas se dépasser, il sera dépassé ; un autre être viendra et prendra la tête de l'évolution.' Ils ne comprennent pas la... le Sésame... Ils ne comprennent pas ! Ils ne comprennent pas qu'il y a des clés formidables – ils ne s'en servent pas. On est au moment où toutes les clés sont là (geste sous la main), c'est une Grâce sur la terre. Et ils ne s'en servent pas – quoi, qu'est-ce qu'ils en font ? Qu'est-ce qu'ils en font, de cette Grâce formidable, qu'est-ce qu'ils en font ? Ils veulent 'arranger' Auroville, c'est ridicule – on n'arrange pas Auroville, on n'arrange pas... ça n'a aucun sens, d'arranger Auroville. Ce qui a un sens, ce sont les individus qui FONT DEVENIR Auroville. Auroville n'est pas. Elle est dans... (geste au-dessus). C'est une possibilité. C'est comme l'âme : chaque individu, chacun de ces quatre milliards et demi d'ignorants naît avec une âme – mais qui s'en sert, de l'âme... Elle est là, comme ça (geste au-dessus, un peu loin), et il y en a combien sur un million qui pensent, qui savent qu'ils ont une âme et que cette âme a un pouvoir ? Combien ? Eh bien, à Auroville c'est la même chose : il y a l'âme d'Auroville qui est là... quelque part (geste)...

Mais si l'on ne met pas le moteur intérieur, il n'y a rien : ça reste là-haut (geste), c'est tout. Ou alors il y a une caricature, comme à l'Ashram, comme à Shantiniketan, comme partout, toutes les institutions. En Europe... en France, ils sont partis avec des mots magiques qui étaient vraiment des mots très merveilleux il y a quelques siècles : liberté, égalité, fraternité – c'est beau, tu sais, c'est beau, il y a de quoi faire brûler des cœurs. Ce sont quand même des Français qui ont crié ça. (Satprem contemple les trois mots) Liberté... Egalité... Fraternité... Ah ! la République a bien réussi en France, hein ? Elle est belle ! Alors, qu'est-ce qui reste de toutes ces choses ? S'il n'y a pas la puissance intérieure, il reste des masques grotesques.

(Silence)

Ce n'est pas la question d'Auroville, c'est la question des individus qui sont là, et de leur capacité de faire le progrès réel. Alors on pourra reparler d'Auroville.

Le progrès, ça veut dire quoi ? Que tout se casse : c'est ça, le progrès. C'est très difficile, le progrès. Si tout va bien, c'est qu'on n'y est pas du tout... !

(Silence)

Il faudrait conjuguer les forces. Il n'y a pas beaucoup de temps – il n'y a pas beaucoup de temps. On m'avait montré vingt centimètres d'eau sous la quille – c'est peut-être la quille du monde. Il n'y a pas beaucoup de temps. ET vraiment il y a une puissance si formidable qui est là – qui est là, comme ça (geste sous la main). Qui en veut ? Seulement, ça brûle, hein ! ça brûle ! Oh ! ce n'est pas difficile de se mettre sur le chemin : on s'en aperçoit tout de suite ! On s'en aperçoit tout de suite, on vous le fait percevoir tout de suite.

Donc, les quelques-uns qui comprennent un peu, il faudrait qu'ils comprennent encore plus profondément. Ça, ce serait plus efficace que de s'en aller à Paris, à Berlin, au Kamchatka ou je ne sais où ; ça, ce serait le vrai chemin. Et il n'y a pas besoin de former des 'équipes spéciales' : c'est un boulot individuel, n'est-ce pas ; et c'est ça, le vrai pouvoir d'Auroville – qui n'est pas. Qui est là, qui attend. Alors, la 'perte d'Auroville', vraiment, cela n'a aucun sens pour moi : ce sont des choses de l'avenir – je ne suis pas prophète. Mais son présent, ce sont des individus. Et cela, c'est l'affaire de chacun – ils comprennent, ou ils ne comprennent pas. Mais en réalité, ce sont eux qui tiennent la clé du moteur d'Auroville. C'est tout.

Il n'y a pas autre chose à dire : c'est l'essence.

Sujata : Vous avez dit tout à l'heure que ce pouvoir formidable qui est là, comme ça, 'brûle'... Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire exactement : si c'est non utilisé, ou... ?

Satprem : Si c'est non utilisé, il ne brûle nullement ! Il vous laisse à toutes les forces qui sont là – il vous laisse être bouloité par tout le reste, c'est tout. C'est une grâce, cette puissance – une grâce difficile – mais si l'on ne s'en sert pas, si l'on ne veut pas l'appeler, elle vous laisse à la bouillie générale du monde, jusqu'au jour où : plouc, c'est fini, et puis voilà... on recommence. Mais si l'on appelle la Grâce, si l'on se met en route, alors là c'est du feu... ouf ! C'est du feu, et c'est une bataille. Là, on comprend tout – on le comprend automatiquement. Tu sais, il n'y a pas de discours à faire, il n'y a pas de livres à écrire : on le comprend sur le vif. On comprend la réalité de l'Enjeu, les forces qui sont là – l'ABOMINATION qui est là. Et la Puissance merveilleuse qui est là (geste côte à côte). Mais l'abomination, elle sait vous montrer comme elle est méchante...

Le chemin est automatique. Automatiquement on met les forces en branle. Il n'y a rien de plus 'enfantin', si je puis dire. Sri Aurobindo disait 'le Supramental s'expliquera de lui-même'. Eh bien je t'assure qu'il s'explique très bien de lui-même ! Il n'y a pas de discours à faire. Seulement, si l'on ne fait rien... eh bien, vous ne faites rien : vous avez un joli nom, tu vois, et puis votre joli nom ira en poussière, et puis voilà. 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité', c'est une farce, n'est-ce pas.

Alors j'espère qu'Auroville ne sera pas une farce, c'est tout.

Mais Auroville n'est pas. Auroville, c'est ce que les composants le feront devenir. La situation interne d'Auroville, je la connais bien ; ce qui se passe à l'extérieur, c'est la bouillie habituelle, avec des plus et des moins, mais enfin cela ne m'intéresse pas – ça ne me déçoit pas ni ne m'enthousiasme. Mais les individus, les éléments du Travail, qu'est ce qu'ils foutent ?

Depuis douze ans que Mère est partie, eh bien toi et moi, on a peiné, et on a marché, et on ne savait pas où mettre ses pieds... Eh bien, c'est ça le progrès : on ne sait pas où on va, et c'est peinant.

Qu'est ce qu'il y a à dire d'autre ?

Tu as quelque chose à dire ?

Sujata : Ils ne font même pas l'effort...

Satprem : Mais oui, je n'arrête pas de le dire, n'est ce pas.

Depuis le début, depuis dix ou douze ans que j'essaie de leur dire : attrapez cette Puissance, attrapez Ça, attrapez la vraie chose.

Mais c'est la seule chose qu'ils n'attrapent pas.

Ils ne comprennent pas que, réellement, on va dans le noir – on va dans le noir, et c'est blessant. Je ne sais pas... j'ai tellement usé, usé, usé des peines et des chemins comme ça, sans rien comprendre, sans rien savoir. Et pourtant, tu vois, c'était de marcher qui importait, c'était de se casser la figure qui importait. Il n'y a pas de livre pour ça, il n'y a pas de recette pour ça. Il faut mettre la Puissance en route, c'est tout. Et alors, tout le reste découle. Tandis qu'ils font l'inverse : ils veulent 'bâtir' Auroville sans mettre en route la puissance intérieure, alors c'est une farce, c'est un mensonge. Et ça, c'est beaucoup la pourriture de l'Ashram – beaucoup ! C'est l'Ashram qui les a contaminés. Enfin...

Ils veulent faire une petite humanité 'proprette'. C'est cela, leur idéal le plus sublime. Proprette, et puis décente, avec un bon nom, et puis on a de l'idéal, on fait une jolie ville, c'est 'l'unité humaine' – une belle petite humanité toute proprette, là. Eh bien, ce n'est pas ça.

Une humanité proprette, ce n'est pas possible, parce que l'humanité est faite pour être dépassée. Elle est finie, l'humanité, elle est en train de crever. Alors c'est là, le prochain pas. Mais le prochain pas, personne ne le connaît : il faut le faire.

Et alors, on met en branle les forces. C'est tellement fantastiquement automatique.

On met en branle les forces – tout de suite. Tout de suite ! Dès que vous voulez faire un bout de... un centimètre sur le vrai chemin, alors là vous êtes attaqués : tout de suite l'Ennemi montre ses vraies griffes, ce qu'il est. Et tout de suite il y a la Grâce qui est là (geste côte à côte). A ce moment-là on est en route. Alors on commence à voir tout le Jeu ; on commence à comprendre le Jeu du monde.

C'est la seule chose que j'avais à dire : ça ne sert à rien de changer de pays. Il faut changer de manière d'être. Et l'opération est aussi difficile que pour un vieux poisson de sortir des eaux et d'inventer des poumons. C'est aussi difficile. Il ne s'agit pas de changer d'idée, hein, il faut changer de manière d'être.

(Silence)

Il y a comme... quelque chose de Mère qui dit : 'Tout de même, encore du gâchis ?' Mère n'aime pas le gâchis. Alors pourquoi gâcher des forces, encore ? On peut encore essayer de le leur dire...

Voilà, il n'y a rien à dire. Moi, ça me fatigue de parler – je ne suis plus dans ce monde-là... »

***21-8-1985, Auroville:**

I feel the Force again, and I am at once grateful and anxious...

Let it stay, and not leave me again, let it act and burn and work and break and dissolve and churn, and bring the peace and silence; with it the world, and all life, all existence make sense; without it, nothing does...

The moral censor in me tells me this is not possible, as I must first give up all desire, sincerely etc. But my experience is the other way around: when it is there, present and active, all desires simply go to ashes, and only then, in its Presence, comes the joy of surrendering, of being taken apart and remoulded into whatever it sees...

... Ar. tells me of another stupid, pretentious letter from the French Association... I find that there is an obtuseness, a thickness...
C'est la bêtise qui est l'élément commun à toutes ces attitudes...
We have to laugh!

***25-8-1985, Auroville:**

On his way to the airport to receive M this morning, G.M stopped here, seeking encouragement... And this evening, Ar. and I were walking back from the Green Belt, G.M stopped his taxi, alone, to say he'd botched it all and M had gotten down at "Sincerity"; it had turned very sour between them; she was waiting for me...
So I spend the evening with her, trying to dissolve the drama, by letting her see the various elements and the different levels; she then decided to go to "Dana" and pack the rest of her things, and she asked to come back here, either at Ar.'s or in C's house; I drove her to "Dana" late tonight, stayed with them for a moment, and left them...

***26-8-1985, Auroville:**

Krishna this morning refused to lend me a ladder which I needed... What is this game he keeps playing with me? I do not know. But, on a plain human level, I find it rotten, and I find him opaque...
... There is a funny "side effect" to the Pressure that has become active again – or of which I have become aware again -: a layer has risen up, which I did not know and had not experienced as yet; it is a layer all imbued with violence, or in which violence is a "native" expression... Does it come from another, distant life? It is quite foreign to me now, in this present make-up; but I find myself, at odd moments, and quite simply and "naturally", ready to punch and knock down the first person who will cross me...!

***28-8-1985, Auroville:**

M and G.M have been trying to reach some clarity, but it doesn't seem to work out...; they come now and then to see me, and sometimes separately, but what can I do? And today M tells me that she had been warned, earlier in the relationship, by Louis and several others, that she must be very careful about my influence lest their couple breaks up... There! I am responsible for that too...!
M has now moved to Ar.'s...

***29-8-1985, Auroville:**

Nothing is outwardly different, I don't seem to be any more this or any less that, but something is being... condensed, behind the psychological mask... It is Your hand, Douce Mère, and I can't help praying, asking "do not ever withdraw it again!"...

***1-9-1985, Auroville:**

A lot of silence...
I feel that I should be, that I can be, and that I really am, a friend to people...
But, to bring it out, to put things in their place, I also need to be dynamised, accomplished, fulfilled...

In this life I have long felt that, in human terms, it is as if I have no destiny. And this is not easy.

But I have a true destiny, in the sense of a function which I must unite with, a manifestation of the Presence... And this is in the Lord's hands!

... Today, fleetingly, I saw my own true physical self: my face, in profile, and the top of my body; almost the same features, nearly the same eyes, but full, a contained strength, a wholesomeness...

***2-9-1985, Auroville:**

Nous avons fini de nettoyer et briquer la maison de C pour que M puisse y habiter un certain temps... Je suis frappé par l'honnêteté de cet être ; dans la difficulté, elle manifeste ce besoin de comprendre et de se donner, de progresser ; j'ai rarement vu quelqu'un se débarrasser de ses gangues aussi rapidement...

***5-9-1985, Auroville:**

Both Ar. and M have seen my little one, while at the dentist: she was with Coco, Rakhal and their child; they tell me she is well, and looks lovely, and is very articulate...

***12-9-1985, Auroville:**

One of my dreams last night was most strangely difficult: I am looking after a group of infants, 1 or 2 years old, and I take them to swim in the ocean; but there are too many of them, perhaps 6 of them, and there are under-currents that are too strong and carry them away, and they all drown; I can only pick one up and swim hard to carry him back to the shore alive; but then I cannot accept that the other 5 have drowned; I can't take it; I walk and walk along the shore, till the tide begins to bring them back and I see them, the little ones, and pluck them out of the waves and hold them with their heads down, trusting their bodies, shaking them; and one by one, they revive, all of them...

***19-9-1985, Auroville:**

Ce soir G.M me parlait des dernières « idées » de Piero à propos de la couverture pour la sphère du Matrimandir... Mon impression est qu'il faut absolument que la sphère soit simple et forte, sans aucun « effet » ajouté ; il faut que ce soit Ton endroit, pour que Tu puisses y travailler...

***20-9-1985, Auroville :**

Il y a quelque chose en moi qui appelle, quelque chose de profond, et de blessé qui appelle, et à la surface cela laisse une tristesse et une brûlure...

... All day, and especially this afternoon and this evening, there is an inner flow, with the potential of an intense sadness, as an expression, or a misinterpretation of the opacity that remains between That, its Presence within, and its tangibility to the body – particularly in relation to people, to others: the superficiality of what goes on between separate beings becomes so... inadequate, and so noisy, so messy... Even when it is calm, it is still asserting itself, thick and obtrusive, eating away time and space, not knowing how to yield, how to give way...

***22-9-1985, Auroville:**

I can't stand G.M and M's trip anymore; it bears on my nerves, it gnaws at the atmosphere here: they're both lying, lying... And what affects me most is precisely to be affected by it...! It's as if they do not want to make a step, and they are trampling on the occasions given them to move forward; it's like a mushy affective pull all the time around me... They had another heavy scene this morning; G.M came to complain... Is that all he contributes to the gift of friendship? It touches me deeply that G.M is not more motivated to be truthful, or to at least try...

***23-9-1985, Auroville:**

I am re-reading "Seven Days in India" – the entretiens with Satprem – and I find that it is actually the clearest communication he has made in these last years; I go through it again very happily.

Somehow I seem to understand everything all over again, because there is a new readiness, or willingness that has opened in my nature.

I am just anxious for Your hand to stay on, on, on...

... This evening I went to visit with Barbara and Ruud; their life together has picked up its own rhythm and accord; they both have a sense of humour...

... Douce Mère, Tu es vivante: sois mon chemin...!

***25-9-1985, Auroville:**

This morning I felt the atmosphere here had eased a bit; M was quieter, and I sensed that G.M on his own had taken a slight step away from the drama...

Between two rain showers, I went with Barbara over to "Forecomers"; I checked the work there for the day, and showed her around; then we rode down to Pondy through the back road, that was like a young river, and the canyon alongside was flooding rapidly. We had a good moment in town, our first since she came back from Europe, where she could express some synthesis of what she has experienced in this past period, with some clear joy...

... Johnny has now taken the name of "Janaka"; and the place we are creating may now be named "Ravena": by the cry of the soul...

This evening, the sky was so huge, limned with a crown of crazy moving monsoon clouds, all lit up and rolling along the circling horizon...

***26-9-1985, Auroville:**

With the least imbalance in the energies, with the least weakness in my awareness, with the least veiling of that contact I need so much, I begin again to see things, Auroville, and our situation here, in a crude and critic light, and the sensation returns of a zoo, or rather of a sort of weird pathology Museum, and I can't stand anybody anymore...! I would scream for some human beauty, some human harmony; I could scream for the sight of just one person who is in harmony...

Sitting at the Samadhi this evening, I saw Pranab and a few others: they all looked to me like monsters, deflated monsters, wrecks or shadows of other beings, depleted, abnormal, grotesque; and we here are sometimes looking the same, prisoners of our self-created formations, stuck...

***27-9-1985, Auroville:**

I have been given a work that consists mainly in watching; it solicits attention and care, but nothing much else... I could surely yoke myself to some creative work as well, by disciplining the daily time so I could paint again, for instance; but it seems to be just a trick, now, an illusion, in the sense that it makes no difference to the capacity to BE when nothing external happens, when no energies – with their own purposes – are invited in or through one: death remains, separateness remains... What I need, what I thirst for is to open to the movement of Your Force, to be drilled by it, so that... Your creation takes place...!

But when I begin to feel, to experience something of it – and to hope that it may have a bearing or an intent on this existence –, it dwindles away, and leaves me groping after its trace, fixed in the perimeter of my own limitations; and I am reluctant to go into the currents of habitual, un-offered energies...

I don't know... It is surely Yours to decide, and I can't complain... It is probably just the ego, part of it, which misses the thrill...!

***28-9-1985, Auroville:**

No news from anywhere, neither from Auroville, nor from inside myself... Have You given up on us, on "me"? Sri Aurobindo says that the psychic being never makes demands and is always surrendered to Thy Will, even if it be that nothing happens, and one must obey an apparently pointless existence...!?

***30-9-1985, Auroville:**

It seems that Your touch is back with me... But in relation to others I am caught between two states, a strange helplessness and sadness, which is quite overwhelming when those others are somehow close to me, as I feel then that I ought to have something to give them, to manifest for them... I often think that perhaps I must only learn to move deeper in it, with more confidence, dropping all pretence at a reasonable and ordinary appearance, un-threatening, because this sadness has also the character of a semi trance state – my ability to speak is very diminished, and to formulate even the simplest statement becomes difficult; I don't know; I dislike so much, and feel so ashamed, to impose this sadness upon others... And the funny thing about it is that, as soon as I am alone, it changes character and becomes just a silent yearning that borders on a sort of ecstasy, with how tangible the contact is and how intense the yearning...

***1-10-1985, Auroville:**

Is there – is there not – someone on the earth, at this time, whom I can cherish and hold and discover Your way with? I feel so sorry to have nothing to contribute, nothing to offer... Sometimes it seems to me that the right relationship with the one right person would be the key to my living offering, and all the rest would follow...

But it's alright: I am facing the wall, and knocking at Your door; I do not wish to escape. I only pray that this may be a real facing, a real knocking, on the real door! I do not doubt the way, but I doubt myself, my own validity and my own experience...

***3-10-1985, Auroville:**

One very vivid dream last night, as if from another life: I am with a friend and we are witnessing - and at times trying to help - the defence and defeat of a village fortress, in the olden times; the attacking army is at the end using huge charging animals that look like lamas or camels, with long dark hair; the place is up on a plateau, with high mountains nearby, and the village itself is like a beautiful maze of lanes and work areas, with much sweetness to it... I love my friend and it hurts so much when he too must go, and he leaves me...

This was followed, perhaps, by an interesting activity that brought out some old initiatic itineraries, in Corsica, that are somehow connected with the existence of Auroville now...

... Nothing went smoothly today: just confusion and delays... And to add a cause of unease, I received a telegram from E.B asking me to pick her up at the airport on Monday: for her to come back to Auroville in her present mental condition would seem like sheer stupidity... but, what do I know? I lack the clear impulse to telegraph her back not to come; so I do nothing...

***5-10-1985, Auroville:**

All that felt real has gone behind the veil, and I am just moving along, in nowhere, emptily moving just because that's how it is here; one moves, and rides, and pretends...

Perhaps You see no possibility in me, and I just have to grope through this shallowness that life will provide...

I get upset at myself and at the way of things... This afternoon it happened with Janaka too: the least hint of "spirituality" revolts me now: spirituality is gone, it is a farce, or it is just another miserable way to store one's experience so that one can build a "higher" persona; but within that, there is nothing, nothing that makes any real difference...

You alone have the capacity to make a difference, to realise the world, and to focus it true. And That chooses.

And so if none of it is going to take place right here, in what "I" am, then no amount of gymnastics of any kind will alter that fact...

There is You and only You...!

... I learned today that, despite Satprem's letter, Coco and Rakhal have decided to leave Auroville...

***7-10-1985, Auroville:**

I feel physically vulnerable; there is an extreme sensitiveness whenever I go out of the area...

I am taking more and more distance from an aspect of the experience here that I would call the pathological dimension, as regards the necessary change in our human condition; I cannot stand anymore this display of "flips" crowding onto Your way - including my own "variety"!

But I have to acknowledge too that my nervous endurance seems to be deteriorating: there are many energies which, at the least contact, create havoc in my own aggregate...

... Ar. has kept me some dinner; she says that she is now worried about M, about her psychological state: M is taking more sedatives, and that cuts her off from her own capacity to respond to the difficulty, while it numbs her pain; G.M is, I am afraid, cornering her into a nasty situation...

***8-10-1985, Auroville:**

I have now learned of Shankar's decision to leave Auroville; perhaps it will make some people happy, but not me: even though I am far from supporting his manner, still, he is a brother; and to leave, at this point, seems to me just another symptom of... as Satprem puts it, our incapacity to start the engine of the ship...

... I don't know... I am afraid not to progress, not to move, not to BECOME: it frightens me, it scares me...

***9-10-1985, Auroville:**

There seems to develop a sort of deepening crisis, at many levels; and it is more and more absorbing; the questions involve more and more of "me"... Time is passing, and I look and look, and I don't know: I don't think it is despair anymore – there is too much gratitude for that now; but, what is before one?

It is only when the action of the Force makes itself felt, unmistakably and beyond any need for physical proof, that all this questioning ceases...

***10-10-1985, Auroville:**

Mother.

Mother.

Mother.

Mother.

***11-10-1985, Auroville :**

Tout le jour je me suis senti si mal, si intensément mal, dans le physique, dans la vie et dans la conscience ; comme l'incarnation d'une impasse : être une impasse... Et il y a ce besoin d'aimer, d'une ouverture pour aimer, d'un support vivant pour apprendre à aimer, à couler dans le monde, avec le monde nouveau...

Ce sont des mots : alors que l'expérience est presque insupportable dans son impossibilité. On pourrait hurler ainsi.

Et, en fait, il y a comme un espace en arrière, un espace qui est le contrepoids de la condition humaine, où l'on hurle, sans cesse... Et c'est terrible.

Il n'y a pas de chemin.

Sans Toi, sans la Force, aucune expérience n'a le pouvoir de faire la différence, de révéler un autre Etat, vivant enfin...

Et j'ignore, finalement, pourquoi il m'est parfois donné de Te sentir, et parfois cela m'est refusé...

***13-10-1985, Auroville:**

Sunday... Gnanivel came to see me; this was sweet, but it put me late in my cleaning of the house; then E.B came: I am refusing to be her crying place; she has to make it straight, or return to France; she left her passport and ticket with me for safekeeping...

... I had planned to go down to Pondy with Barbara; but then Ar. was uneasy about it, Soaz brought me Samuel, who wanted me to stay, G.M came to ask me "permission" to go and wish Shankar's birthday (!); on and on... I should have paid more attention; but, leaving each to their drama – M to hers, Ar. to hers -, we took off...

And on the way down – I don't know, I was not alert, and Barbara was talking to me, and I was emotionally held with my having left Samuel crying -, just as we rode past Jipmer, a small girl jumped and ran out onto the road: like an arrow she came in the front of the bike... I did all I could to swerve and avoid running over her, and I think that is when my front brake snapped, and we skidded and fell sideways, and the whole weight of the bike came on my leg...

Then, it was rather extraordinary: Barbara got up unhurt, without a scratch; the little girl got up and was at once taken away by on-lookers, and a small crowd immediately gathered around us; everybody was extremely gentle, reassuring me that the child was unharmed and telling me to leave, and showing concern about my knee: my pants were torn out and one knee was scraped raw... The bike was a little damaged, dents and broken pieces, and it took me some time to start it again. We left and rode into town. We were both quiet. I was very much touched, and feeling that this should not have happened, should not ever happen... I must be really off the track, really wrong, to allow for such violence to intrude...

We did our shopping, both stunned, and had dinner in a restaurant...

Returning, I found a letter from Ar., confused and resentful... I wrote her a long and firm answer: it is time to move on...

***14-10-1985, Auroville:**

I was half awake throughout the night, the scene of the accident repeating itself from different angles, along with some other symbolic situations...

... Today is G.M's birthday; he came to spend an hour with me early afternoon; then Soaz brought me Samuel and I took him with me back to "Ravena"; I told Janaka that I would not go ahead with the alteration he and D.M have been pushing for and that I wanted to have nothing to do with it; I handed him a letter I had prepared for D.M, stating in effect my refusal to follow what they term as a "spiritual progress"... This may look like blackmail on my part, but it isn't, because in fact I am ready to leave, almost too ready...

***15-10-1985, Auroville:**

Une curieuse expérience dans la nuit : il y a eu une sorte de catastrophe, précédée d'une guerre stupide – comme un dernier acte d'arrogance de l'homme devenu conscient de la nécessité de changer -, et c'est une débâcle générale de tous les survivants, la nuit, dans l'océan ; c'est un chaos terrible, percé de lueurs ; des foules se débattent sur des épaves, des débris de constructions qui flottent épars ; je me trouve là, lié à quelques-uns, et je ne cesse de montrer qu'il faut aller seul, sans supports, et nager librement, sans peur de ce qui est dans les profondeurs de l'eau ; et nous avançons à la nage au sein de ce tumulte, nos corps parfois couverts de créatures sous-marines, dans cette étrange clarté de fin du monde... Au moment de la guerre, déclanchée par la stupidité des dernières convictions, j'observais à distance, et je voyais la seule issue possible, sur le front de mer, et de loin j'apercevais tel ou tel se détachant de la folie générale et se dirigeant aussi vers l'océan ; et je crois que j'y guidais C aussi...

And there was a strange dream with Diane and Auragni too: I find them in a big house, in "Aspiration"; a house quite full of funny people, all working gaily; there is a sort of on-going conference; when she sees that I have no aggressiveness towards her, Diane accepts my presence and becomes friendly; and then Auragni wakes up: it is not that she recognises me but... somehow she awaits me, and when

I touch her, it is like a bursting, and we both hug each other so completely, without a thought, almost madly...

***16-10-1985, Auroville:**

This evening I had very clear moments with D.M and Janaka, at their place in Pondy; I shall go on with the work... I had a quick dinner in town, by myself; P.P was sitting there, and I was spontaneously glad to see him, back in Auroville... but I had forgotten where he stands: I saw him glaze his eyes and turn away; I am the Enemy...!

***17-10-1985, Auroville:**

The situation with Ar. is precarious; she has a hard time accepting the opening up of our relationship, and I do not know how to help... She came with me to "Ravena", then to Pondy, after the Puja. While we have lunch she tells me how violently resentful at me she becomes when she cannot see me as much as she needs to; that she cannot stand this any more and she is thinking to move away from "Sincerity"... There is a kind of threat implied in the projection of such dramatic move, but I do not mind now; I just want to walk; my need to walk has grown: wherever, in whatever way, this life must grow into You; make me walk...!

***19-10-1985, Auroville:**

I had a very interesting and complex dream-experience; it seemed to occur at several levels simultaneously: I enter and begin climbing inside a very intricate house, very luminous, with many storeys; at first it seems I am climbing down; there are symbolic objects arranged in certain ways, and the general pattern seems to be repeated, with variations, at each storey; it is all very colourful and quiet at the same time, vivid and full; after many such levels, it begins to be that I am climbing up rather than down ; and, with a sort of mounting joy and alert liveliness within me, I also begin to try and levitate, as I do in some of my dreams when I shift my centre of gravity and move in the air. Then I enter vast rooms, that are empty except for paintings or illustrations on their walls, very rich in colours, all relating to an epoch long gone, extremely evolved – and it has much to do with the inner reality of the American Indian. At one point Samuel enters after me and runs toward me in one of these vast rooms, all so joyful... Yet at the very same time all this happens, it also seems that I am making a very difficult and intense physical journey, filled with obstacles and psychological stress, on a lorry...

... I wonder now: if instead of this Kali Yuga we would live in Satya Yuga... I presume death would still occur...: would we still aspire for transformation...?

Because I can see that, say, in my sattvic parts, I suffer from this twisted world and I yearn for one of straightness – "Ritam, Satyam, Brihàt..."; and perhaps this very suffering, or this very yearning, is itself too self-satisfied, and it keeps for itself a part of the offering I need to make to That, to the new world...

***20-10-1985, Auroville:**

I was supposed to drive with N over to some stone-quarry...

We were hardly on the road that my clutch cable snapped... But N kept focussed and had it replaced in no time at all and we drove off; the place was actually farther away than I had thought, in the area of Gingee – a large group of rocky hillocks,

extremely silent, and filled still with an ageless atmosphere, as if one was stepping on pathways that belonged simultaneously to very ancient times, into a deep permanence of India... We placed our order and rode back at night, and I spent over an hour with D.M and Janaka in town, while N had his meals on his own, going over sketches of windows, cupboards and benches... I let N drive on the way back; I liked this little trip, and his self contained sweetness was helpful...

***21-10-1985, Auroville:**

Early this morning Ojha came to visit here, and I had to drive him back home later... He and his family are moving to Brindavan, where a set of rooms have been made ready for them; Myrtle and her kids can now return to their house, but one needs first to assess the damages and do the necessary repairs... We meet there later in the day: the house is filthy, like a dirty camping ground; what with an army of useless servants who had no care for the place itself, the house has been badly neglected...

Incidentally, Ojha told me today that Diane had been asked by "some people" to quit her work in the Auroville administration so that she would take better care of Auragni...

... G.M came to see me at "Ravena", fully drunk, asking me to come and see him – he had left a note yesterday but I had not gone... So I spent part of the evening at "Dana" with him and F, who seems to be able to take him as he is... There was quite a drama in the Green Belt, though, with fires being set to some huts and several thefts being committed in the evening; we had to go there and try to help; but the reactions and responses on display, by the Aurovilians residing there, were not exactly... a joy to see...!

***25-10-1985, Auroville:**

Il me semble assez indispensable de trouver soit une relation privilégiée, soit un ensemble de relations créatif, dans le sens de la Force : qui s'offre à la Force comme terrain d'action et de transformation... Il me semble qu'isolément c'est trop difficile de faire le pas nécessaire – comme s'il fallait être stimulé ou dynamisé pour trouver la densité du pas à faire... Mais Auroville n'offre pas à présent cet ensemble de relations ; et la relation unique et privilégiée qui me rendrait réceptif... semble m'être refusée...

Je comprends mieux pourquoi l'homme s'accroche ainsi à ses passions et ses ambitions ; par-delà même la satisfaction de l'ego, cela demeure encore la seule manière de se mettre dans le mouvement du devenir.

Car si tout cela s'arrête ou s'annule, l'on a alors à faire avec le sens d'une telle incapacité, ou d'une vacance si absolue, que peu d'êtres, me semble-t-il, sont capables de supporter...

... Je voudrais tant me tourner physiquement vers Toi, Douce Mère, mettre devant Toi toutes ces questions et recevoir de Toi, plus que des réponses, l'état de conscience, la conscience qui les contient... J'éprouve tant le besoin d'être travaillé, brûlé, transmué par Ta Force ; mais je vois aussi que, tant que l'ego subsiste, l'action de la Force est encore mésusée ou détournée dans des intensités qui satisfont l'ego...

Alors parfois je me demande si, pour parvenir à brûler et dissoudre tout cet ego, il ne faudrait pas mieux vivre des situations et des circonstances plus extrêmes, plus extérieurement exigeantes et plus révélatrices...

***27-10-1985, Auroville:**

Every night seems to contain a mine of elements, but it is not clear what one is to do with it or about it... Two distinct instances, last night: there is this extraordinary woven cloth, so very beautiful, in a material I have never seen before, at once loose and sturdy, and interwoven in it, in Japanese characters, is the word "Peace"... And then I am in Brittany, in the shop of an old sage who knows the secrets of the Mont Saint-Michel, the reality of the forces represented there and their relations to the Hindu gods; and his own grand-daughter is there, whom I meet and want to stay with me...

... I tried to go and visit with Barbara at her house... But, I can't connect any longer; not only have I nothing to say, but, in general with people now, when there is not the presence of aspiration, or of some intensity of need, I feel utterly disconnected, unrelated... The whole thing of "meeting", of sitting together becomes unclear and pointless...

The one thing that still draws a response in me is when there is some sexual energy emanating in a diffuse manner, as is often the case with men here; but that is my particular trouble, the thing I am not able yet to dissociate from...

... I see most of human existence as mechanics, now, the mere mechanics of living in a shallow state of awareness – the mechanics of drawing on and being drawn on by, forces and energies which, once exposed, cease to be convincing...

I can't get past the realisation that, unless and until another Life comes forward and manifests, even expressions of the psychic presence are bound to be misused and swallowed up... I seem to be growing into some kind of frozen stone and it scares me sometimes, but there is also a perception of being slowly shifting into a position that... would connect to the other side of the Veil, but here itself – as if one would eventually wake up in a reality that is filled, with That, right here... And that only then will everything be reconciled and our very existence be justified...

***29-10-1985, Auroville:**

With the work at "Ravena", we are getting into more and more details as we proceed, and it makes one giddy sometimes, seeing that Janaka must go back and forth, sometimes twice a day, to communicate between D.M and I; but there is a real process in it too, each of us being faced with one's rigidities and preferences...

And in this way I am becoming increasingly involved, as if this external construction was also the means of substantial progress for each of us and for us together... It is quite beautiful...

... But I am still stuck with this sexual energy; it sits there, itself and unchanged, and quite unwilling, and it seems to be only through lack of opportunities that I remain "a good boy", so to say...: protected despite myself, kept apart...

... I go through many states in a single day... Sometimes I feel so exposed, almost endangered; or there are sudden difficulties that crop up, and they are not mentalised; and flows of contact; and periods of dullness that are hard to bear...

***30-10-1985, Auroville:**

The sun now travels at an angle and the light is golden white, crisp and revealing... Today is Satprem's birthday; I have been feeling it all day, even though I thought we were the 29th...

Will You want me one day, in this life? Are You leading me towards a participation in Your Work? Shall I ever reach a state of readiness, transparency and receptivity, where it can really begin?

Douce Mère, le chemin que tracent Tes pas
 Est ma seule lumière
 Et mon seul amour.
 Si obscur je sois encore dans ma vie
 Tu es ma seule réponse...

***31-10-1985, Auroville:**

In the moment to moment experience, I seem to have come beyond the point where known, or even anticipated notions, could provide an explanation for the mysteries of the difficulties and fluctuations that occur; these notions, as when I read Sri Aurobindo, remain valid from a general point of view; even their validity seems to grow; but in the hour, seemingly left alone and groping from state to the next, crossing currents, losing ground, finding a flow, being dropped the next minute, one must, one has to, develop another, yet unknown, ability to orient oneself... I don't know...

... It has been a while now that I frequently feel, physically, a kind of disgust, or acute unease with myself. It has variations: from the sense of being stuck with a form that does not evolve according to what I now feel to be the truest or the most necessary; to a yearning for the presence of youth, that is now gone and yet not gone, but for something fuller, more complete, luminous and rich, that is not yet there...

... There is at the same time the sense that the necessary changes are so considerable, so formidable, and the way to go so... immense... and yet too there is this sense of immediacy: that it may merely be a question of reaching, of stepping over and into... a true world... Both, simultaneously, are there...

***1-11-1985, Auroville:**

The light is so lovely, every branch and every line is so vivid in the crisp, cool air... N has at last returned with a trailer full of granite posts... I didn't probe him too deep: he was evidently exhausted and, anyway, he made it!

... G.M came, to talk... He is stuck, and so is M and so is F, to the point that it seems to each of them that there is no other solution but for one of them to leave Auroville...

... Samuel has learnt now to hold himself in front of me on the bike, so he can spend every afternoon with me no matter where I go or what I have to do...

***2-11-1985, Auroville:**

Des choses, des états qui passent... et les contradictions de cette Auroville viennent dans ma conscience comme autant de questions, et d'impossibilités... Cette séparation qui se creuse entre différentes parties d'Auroville, différentes approches : je le vois, je le sens, et je n'y suis nulle part... il ne reste qu'une sorte de chemin très mince qui, dans ma vie à présent, se manifeste par ce travail avec D.M et Janaka, vers quelque chose de plus grand, de plus vrai, de plus réel...

Mais il y a ce qui me reste de vie « privée » ou « personnelle », qui ne semble pas progresser ; les rares relations qui me sont données ne semblent pas correspondre à ce que je ressens être mes besoins... Et je ne sais pas comment marcher : j'essaie, mais cela ne sembla pas bouger...

Je suppose que je réaliserai plus tard pourquoi il en est ainsi : Auragni qui est là-bas, tenue dans l' « autre Auroville », et ici près de moi personne, à part Samuel, en qui je puisse couler...

***3-11-1985, Auroville:**

Not much progress today... It rained throughout the morning while I cleaned up the entire house. Gnanivel came and stayed a long time: I am not sure what he feels or what he has in mind or even of how aware he is, but he seems to give it importance, and it is very sweet and quiet with him... I tried to work more on that painting I have started, thinking to offer it to L, but I am not satisfied with it... I did the laundry; Samuel had his bath with me here; Ar. came for her hair-cut...

I spent the evening in town with D.M and Janaka, about the construction; but I felt a little sad: as if all this tension to do the right thing, to overcome resistance in oneself regarding each detail, so that there is no distortion or disharmony in the materialisation... appeared now in a poor light, or as if some interest or some concern in me had snapped; it was less of a discovery, less of a revealing process... But later D.M and I were able to communicate in more general or inner terms, and that was good...

***4-11-1985, Auroville:**

M and G.M came and told me that C's house had been broken into last night – or perhaps it was early this morning: I did hear sounds from there, through the rain, but I'd thought it must be M returning from Dana and didn't give it more attention... Few of M's things were stolen, and a big empty suitcase, but apparently none of C's things... There has been some heavy raiding all over the Green Belt... It is always this almost repulsive sensation of intrusion, of someone entering the atmosphere with an alien will, and I can't help resenting a little the confusion that M lives in as an opening for this to happen...

***5-11-1985, Auroville:**

It stuns me sometimes, what an opportunity is given us here to open and to use all the time of life for the real thing, when anywhere else we would be bound by necessities that veil, delay, obstruct and oppress...

... It rained only at noon and the work at "Ravena" could go on all day. D.M has sent me a note to let me know how she has often felt that Diane is projecting a lot of bad will on whatever I do, experience or touch, and that I should not keep any material connexion with her, such as the aquamarine stone I wear on my neck, and that this might be the cause of those bad dreams I have been having...

***6-11-1985, Auroville:**

In my sleep I saw and experienced a large gathering, at the Banyan tree, and the condition we are in as a collectivity: people were arriving late, and there were forces of disintegration active among us – them -, and the place in each of us for the central Force was not clean, not ready, it wasn't kept alive and offered...

... Samuel was with me all afternoon at "Ravena"; we took N home on our way back; and that is where I am disturbed: the attraction is very strong, this yearning in me to let go and melt in the arms of another man I can turn to, is so intense and so imperious, and it goes so far back and so deep that I am quite helpless in the

face of it whenever it is triggered back through an actual contact in life... I suffered hell in the years of my adolescence because of it and later on I had to keep struggling with it and balance it with complementary or even opposite experiences, but I have never been able to totally disengage myself from it, to step back from the phenomenon itself... This seems to be the thing that still detains me, would detain me even in death: I know it, I understand it, and yet I am still as helpless before it...

... A few times, straight out from the centre like a direct ray of song, a free utterance of the mantra has come – not in search for control, but as a simple expression of a free state... I so much sense the absence of an active conscious atmosphere, progressive and creative of the Way – as used to be Your physical atmosphere –, and how much this is what I truly want, and how steeped I am now in the inertia that veils or hampers it... And I can't even ask for Your help in my nature, so much I am identified with its separate yearnings...

***7-11-1985, Auroville:**

I feel as if the will in me has been warped... like a ship without a rudder, or a body without a spine...

***9-11-1985, Auroville:**

I have sometimes this need or yearning to shift perspective and to look at our condition from another angle: we are glued to Nature's ways of channelling energy through the centres, and vitally the process is so thick and gross and inevitably mortal... And it is like I am at the same time aware, but in fleeting, un-caught seconds – just a sense, or instant sight, almost a sensation – of the state that is waiting to come forward, waiting for room to be made, for an assent that will be substantial enough, and how it will amount in fact to a very slight shift of position... And then the entire, crude process appears so ridiculous, so comic, so childish too, and awkward; and there is, in that instant perception, like an echo of a loving, radiating, free laughter, but it has also a quality, to our sense, to what we are now, that is... a little frightening, scary, that inspires awe... And yet one senses too that this is what one truly is: that I truly am one such being, over "there" and yet here, hidden, knowing and loving and seeing... and awe-inspiring for whatever in oneself has not let go of this human condition...

***10-11-1985, Auroville:**

It rained all day, without a break... This afternoon I took a long walk, over to "Ravena" to check on all the bunds and dams, and I found real cascades and water falls, torrents rushing with enormous force...

***11-11-1985, Auroville:**

I doubt my own life... And I see us, I see people ageing around me, and the stuff of life in them has remained the same: just as pointless, hollow and uninhabited as it ever was – or perhaps even worse because, with their mental aspirations or ideals they may have imposed on themselves restrictions and orientations that have deprived them of experience and left them with choices that are in themselves powerless to change, unless they would have followed them far enough to reach another state... It scares me...!

***12-11-1985, Auroville:**

The rain has abated a little, but there is now more wind – which can turn nasty now that all the tree roots are in saturated soil and the branches are heavy with water and may break easily...

... Tency has been helping with the preparation for the boring of the well, and now that the big rain seems to be over, the equipment may arrive any day with the crew from Pondy...

... There is some difficulty with the making of the "vitrail" window in the form of Sri Aurobindo's star: D.M is concerned with drawing and realising as perfect a thing as can be done with Your help, while she cannot move by herself and cannot see the materials physically and must cope with our reports and descriptions, which are unavoidably biased even with the best of our good-wills... She had asked me to work out all the proportions as per the rules given by the Ashram – by Pavitra I think – and, now that it is ready, she feels that the central square is too large... I can see the arrogance, or rather the false assurance in me, that distorts or may distort the manifestation of something that aspires to express a high perfection; and parts of the complex mechanism that brings it out... but it seems so pointless and worthless: I think she is wrong to entrust me with this work, and yet, deep in me, I also know that it is right that I do this for her and with her... I just am so aware of how impure and unprepared I am...

... Ar. is being very unhappy and feeling miserable just now; I know she feels that she needs to be with me in order to progress, and it is cruel that I do not, cannot feel the same... I am myself in need of such a relationship, which would make the way alive, and give it dimension... But I do not find it with her... Then what?

If I could be free of all affective yearnings, perhaps I could take the plunge by myself – in You, with You –, having left any expectation, in human terms... I am not there yet, and time passes, and the years go by, and when it will come to be old age and all the lower energy will cease to flow, then there will be no more chance of opening the substance to the Change... This life will have been a waste and an absurdity... And I can't stand waste; I don't think anything affects me as much as waste...

... I spent the whole evening with D.M in Pondy; she wanted to tell me more of how she feels about my connexion with Diane and my princess Auragni, and about the stone I still wear around my neck (Diane's only gift ever); she thought she would ask me to give it to her, and she herself would call Diane and return it to her, asking for Your help in the act so that all the hatred in Diane would be dissolved; and that, on my part, I must truly offer Auragni to You, directly and completely...

It still surprises me that she can feel so strongly about it all... I sort of dissuaded her to act on this line, mainly because I would not wish to see her so exposed; but I also said that truly I do not know... I gave her the stone. She wants to offer me another one...

She also told me she has realised how much she missed being in Auroville; but "Ravena" won't be ready for another year at least: what to do, then... I offered the house here, though it is not at all equipped for her needs... Mother, what do You see, what do You like? Will You make it clear?

***13-11-1985, Auroville:**

I have prepared the drawings for a smaller Sri Aurobindo's star... I miss physical work: just supervising, or looking after Samuel, isn't enough, and I feel clogged and silly...

Mother, if You were not there, what could one live for...?

***14-11-1985, Auroville:**

There seems to be such a great absence in me... And yet I meet very interesting people in my sleep...! Last night there were those people who have material powers so bewildering, riches so enormous, and who are so far beyond showing them off... These are individuals with their questions and commitments and they absolutely want to find their own orientations by themselves, and each one is so interesting...
 ... This afternoon after the work at "Ravena" I had tea with N at his "house": where he lives is actually worse than a shack in a slum; his mother-in-law has given him, his wife and their two children, this "shelter" where there is no air and no light and hardly any room to stand, damp and dark and filthy... And that is their life... And I have no idea how we can communicate, on what basis; through what experience, and yet there is current between us which I had not, so far, felt with anyone from this pool or background...

***15-11-1985, Auroville:**

Last night, a peculiar experience with... a fox! First it is a place, then it is a real being. Un renard, ou une renarde, dans mes bras, et il y a une étrange et touchante tendresse, une confiance qui jaillit.
 And this is followed by an experience about the phallus as a symbol of a reality to be assimilated individually: one, two, three, direction, dynamism, origin...
 ... The people of the Department of Agriculture in Pondy came to say that the boring equipment would begin to arrive at "Ravena" this coming Monday... But we'll need a constant water-supply during the drilling, and I found that Ed's pump is still out of order, so it may all be a bit hectic...

***16-11-1985, Auroville:**

I am struggling with this feminine part in me which, as they say, "falls in love", head over heels; and I don't want to fight it as I used to, by drawing the wrong force: I want to learn to offer it to Sri Aurobindo, because I know He truly understands the genuineness of that yearning, behind the ignorance of the movement, that a man can sometimes experience for another man...

***17-11-1985, Auroville:**

Mother, it is true that I am holding on to this yearning, that I am not willing to give it up... But it is true also that it has a terrible power and does not let me go, and that it has been laid on my life by a cause I cannot yet fathom... Would You help me, please...? Perhaps if I could be given to live a mutual, free, sincere relationship, at this point in this life, then I would be able to offer it all and move into You, with gratitude; because it is in my nature to offer in gratitude more than I fight and strife...

***18-11-1985, Auroville:**

Last night in one of my dreams, there are small children in my care, and Samuel is one of them; and suddenly he slips from a high branch of a huge tree, where we have gathered: he falls slowly, while I call You all the way, and he lands quietly onto a pile of sand...
 And Samuel was so sweet today...

... I went too late to the Kitchen this evening, there was nothing left; I saw Myrtle a moment; S, when I passed her, told me mysteriously that she had come to see me yesterday night, but I wasn't there... and it struck me, there and then, that in Auroville today she is the only woman with whom I have a physical, simple and healthy contact, and she is perhaps the only woman who is physically beautiful, in a full and generous way; why she came, she didn't say, and I didn't ask, didn't think of asking...!

... M brought me a letter from Ar., very straight and sober, saying that she now feels to break up our relationship and has decided to move from "Sincerity" to help her do so, but that she needs and wants to preserve our true contact; it is beautiful the way she puts it, and I want to thank her for it...

... This morning I heard that Muthu, a young guy staying at "Utility" had just died in a road accident; and that Volcan had died a few days ago, from an extended fast...

***19-11-1985, Auroville:**

There is a bit of strain with all the confusion of details and things to organise at the same time, at "Ravena"; and this morning I reacted to some comments made by Janaka and... it was merely demonstrating the accuracy of Your description of anger, as a movement of an unregenerate and obscure vital...! It is fortunate, though, that some inner distance always remains tangible enough and one can watch and laugh at it as it happens...!

... But sometimes a certain amount of anger can be a psychological support to get rid of confusion in one's own nature, it seems... I am having a rotten temper today, but it has made me see, for instance, how my precious N is just a kid playing ignorantly with his smile, showing off and unaware of what he is within, only aware of his tiny seductive power and only interested in himself, without a care for any commitment; it has helped me too to move away from more words and endless explanations with D.M... But through it I also see, as tonight in the Kitchen, the terribly self-satisfied shallowness of many people here who please themselves with the sensation of being part of a "spiritual adventure of a new kind", when their own problems are in fact of a very ordinary nature...

***20-11-1985, Auroville:**

This evening, after the work at "Ravena", as Samuel and I have our bath together here, as it has become our daily routine, I feel again what a lovely kid he is, and how our relationship seems to strengthen of itself and to grow more real with time; and it is Your gift; at least that is how I experience it...

Then E.B came, in a state again; and when she goes past the point of wanting to be set back straight, then I worry that no one will be able to help her...

***21-11-1985, Auroville:**

I just spent an hour with Ar. at the amphitheatre; she'd come earlier to ask me if we could talk; she wanted to tell me of her "decision"... But of course, just sitting together quietly, she was happy again and could no longer see the point of leaving "Sincerity"...! She had even thought of asking Arjun and Deepti to trade houses with her... but I could not sense that this would have a sanction; it is not clear to me anyway that she must leave. But then she mentioned that a few nights ago she'd had a nightmare and awakened from it scared by something she felt was coming from me, and she had an explanation for it: that I was angry with her – which I

know I wasn't...! So, in that sense, and if that sort of confusion persists, then obviously it would be better for her to cut the contact... I do not know...!

***22-11-1985, Auroville:**

This desire, this yearning is still there... How did Sri Aurobindo go past and beyond that? What did it become in Him? I so wish I had been born earlier and known Him physically...!

... This afternoon I made a wonderful promenade with Samuel around "Ravena", in the canyons, and we found a place where there runs a real little river, of clear water, and there was such a radiant light and such a lovely silence...

***23-11-1985, Auroville:**

No call to speak of my "aspiration" these days... I am a mere puppet! It is just "N, N", which, how lucky for me, happens to be a most beautiful name for the Divine... It's "being in love", like a young girl but worse, if only because I am a man, and 36 years old! It is ridiculous, I know; I am caught, I know; yet it is also sweet and bears its own delight! A tormenting, disquieting, unsettling delight, but a delight all the same; and I can laugh about it! It does not really bother me as long as I have "things to do", places to go, circumstances to respond to, or when I read Your Agenda... But as soon as I am by myself, I just want to hold him, to feel his warmth with mine, a purely animal comfort, and also a wanting to let go of the flow of emotion that is stuck in me, in a free gesture of physical tenderness... There!

And there is every reason against it – would it only be social consideration, or for the sake of the work at "Ravena"; but the one factor that stops me is the fact of his not coming forward, not responding in a clear or definite way... There it is, Mother! I am not hiding it from You anymore than I hide it from myself... What worries me is that this stupid, imbecile breach in me will never heal, will never close in this life, and that I will not be able to move beyond a point...

... The drilling crew had hit a fault in the sub-terrain, just below the top water table, and they have been working since yesterday night at sealing it with clay, so they could continue deeper towards the second aquifer; they finally succeeded in sealing it, this afternoon, at 38 meters depth...

***24-11-1985, Auroville:**

Something... You...? ...has made it a good day today, with a promise of light...

Already yesterday night, before sleep, I touched a sort of mechanism, which became concrete and tangible, something I can work with, to achieve inner freedom and living sincerity; and today I could start learning how to handle it quietly...

... This evening I went to D.M in Pondy; she had prepared a gift for me, wonderful: she'd had the gold band removed from the aquamarine that Diane had offered me years ago, and in its place had had set for me... a sapphire! (This sapphire has been with me a long time). She herself fixed it on my necklace chain... She had also prepared for me a new tape of Abdul Karim Khan... She then spoke a long time on Science and Medicine today, and how it has become the stronghold for the Adversary... I am grateful for her, Douce Mère...!

***26-11-1985, Auroville:**

Such days are an enigma to themselves... On the one hand, nothing works and every move is met with delays or breakdowns and every instrument fails; and on the other hand, there is much energy, and a sort of placid trust... There is not at all the sense that this entire material resistance means we have to stop what we are doing or that we are doing it wrong... The well, for instance, turns out to be an exceptionally good well, with deep cavities and faults in the sub-layers that are huge reservoirs of clear water... And yet it is one obstacle after another: the "Abri" tractor broke down; G's tractor broke down; then on the way to a village where there is a man who might rent us his own tractor, the Yezdi broke down... It was past 6 pm when N and I finally returned to "Ravena" along with that tractor and its driver (somehow, without my trying for it, he and I spend a lot of time together, and this too is mysterious, considering the psychological havoc it causes in me!); and later, returning from a quick trip to Pondy to buy petrol and diesel, I skipped on the sandy canyon road and fell, bike, jerry cans, Narayana and all, and burnt my leg on the silencer and broke a pedal... I have never experienced before such situations... It seems sometimes that I am being connected to confusions and encounters with Matter that are not my own: the state I find myself in at present, in relation to Matter, is one that I have seen, over a period of time, occurring in Janaka, for example, and in a different and more drastic way, in D.M... And I sense that I must try and assimilate it well and deeply enough, before it gets worse... It is as if a certain protection which I had learned to keep physically around me since I came back, 12 years ago, is now proving insufficient; or rather, that I must learn it all over again, in a more complete way... I saw this evening how I yielded to confused energy and began to react stupidly...

***28-11-1985, Auroville:**

I got rather distressed by the haggling over money; I was ready to send away tractor, N and all, moved almost to tears in the face of this miserable game over cash, pulling and bargaining; I tried to feint anger, but the emotion was stronger... In the end we settled for a price, and the "Abri" tractor, now fixed, will come back to work with us: Ramachandran had a very sweet and loyal response when he saw me I that state... I like these people; but I want the work to be straight and honest...

It is strange: I can still feel the tears rising...

... The well has been drilled down to 107.5 meters; the crew will have to ream it to 14" before placing the 6" casing in, which will only reach a 48 meters depth... I don't know why I write all that down; it's like I am being pushed into this material mind...

... With N it has cleared up a little; I am up against the state this civilisation has reached, and how it is rooted here; simultaneously I find myself increasingly drawn to it and, at some fine physical levels, assimilating it all in my own body and its rhythms; and yet having to fight its obscurities, the lies and twists that have become ingrained in its substance...

This year particularly I am aware that there is in my physical and subtle being a movement taking place, which I don't know how to define, but one would say that, on those levels, I am becoming "Indian"... It's been twelve years now that I have not gone anywhere, and in a fine psychological way, within the body itself, it is a fact that I can now sense quite clearly...

... Janaka and I chose a spot for a temporary house for D.M, Auralice and him, which we may start building very soon, as D.M is becoming more and more uneasy and unwell in this airless house in town...

... Tonight I had to go and see Ar., who had left me a dramatic message, and try to cheer her up, and take away the gloom and the shadow from this attachment she nurtures for me... I spent nearly two hours at her house, and I don't know that it served a purpose: she is not even trying to surrender, in herself, this attachment! She says, and I understand, that she can only feel whole, quiet, centred and open when she is with me, and that without a living contact with me she feels lost, or else she would have to be in an entirely different set of circumstances, living another life on her own...

***29-11-1985, Auroville:**

I had to leave Samuel a little earlier today, and he cried; I regretted my lack of finesse: I could have done it differently!

Anurakta's room in Pondy has changed and evolved; the atmosphere in it is densely packed with that high crystal power I know well, that can fill objects offered to it; I liked it a lot more this time than the last time I went. I fetched from him his findings for the Institute' well...

***1-12-1985, Auroville:**

While I was cleaning the house this morning, N came to see me, under the pretext of ordering fencing materials so we could start planting tomorrow, when the soil is still damp.... I gave him breakfast. He talked at length about the fears or frights "Tamil people" have of the dead ones, and how he has himself several times been attacked, since he was a child; that they – the dead people – always tried to enter like air, or else by pushing through his legs, and bring about a sort of possession, or chronic fright, which only the temple swamis know how to exorcise, through dances or ritual beatings... And how frequent and part of the ordinary life these things are... Then he expressed the view, commonly shared, that we – the foreigners – lived here because here we didn't have to work as hard as in the West and could live the way we wanted...

This gave me the measure of a sort of unbridgeable gap between us, a fact which seems totally impossible to change – and how stupid it would be to even try to change it... And yet, all the time, there IS a communication, of which both are aware one way or another, and it runs deep...

... E.B came and called me down, in a terrible state of affective need... And what am I to do, when I myself, at times, feel just about the same way...!? It is all so ridiculous, and yet so very much the stuff of life... I had to send her away after a while though, with as much gentleness as I could muster...

... Tency came to let me know that the compressor test in the well of "Ravena" was done and showed an exceptionally high yield – about 16,000 litres an hour: a magnificent well!

***4-12-1985, Auroville:**

Today I had only time to go and watch, with Samuel, the end of the concreting at Matrimandir; and it was so beautiful to see so many of us up on the structure, in the evening light, working... But when I went up, I at once got a heavy wave from

Piero, which put me in a great tension; it acted in my body like a tetanus thing, all my muscles ached from it, and I went back down and left...

And this evening, when I related this experience to G.M, he told me that Piero has been talking very unpleasantly, for sometime now, about "Ravena", and about my work there, with people around him, especially with Giov... And I understood, then: Piero's jealousy and spite at not having been consulted as an architect and planner, etc... And it explained what I had felt yesterday, in Toine's office: I had gone there with the plan of "Ravena" to discuss details of electrification with Toine, and Giov happened to be there too, and when he looked at the plan, I had felt soiled, and had regretted not to have had the reflex to protect it... This is this harsh, stony little mental ego that draws its energy from the Work, sucks it from the Fire in order to subsist and persist and impose a bit longer the rule of its shallow understanding and judgement... And the vulgarity of these attitudes, of these people...

... Tency came this evening to bring me all the receipts, vouchers and statements for the bore-well; it has been good with him, to work as a team during those past two weeks, and he too is, I feel, happy about it... And this well has now proven to be one of the two best wells in the whole of Auroville, drawing not 16 but 50 thousands of litres an hour...!

***5-12-1985, Auroville:**

E.B came to find me at "Ravena" this afternoon, in a miserable condition... It is a little frightening to see a person who has met You and received so much from You being now so closed, blocked to any and to all physical help and yet moving rapidly towards a sheer physical dead-end... At least that is how it appears to be... I refuse it; but I also cannot help; I am not capable of helping her, although she does seem to find some support, some security and a bit of sanity by being near to me from time to time...

***8-12-1985, Auroville:**

Ar. wrote to me this morning; she is again in that state of frustration, obscure attachment, dependency, anger and fear, and I just don't know how, or whether at all, to respond to it... In my experience, I have only known the pain of attachment when sexual desire was threading itself into it; yet there seems to be other types of attachment, as I must believe Ar. when she describes her states – and I set apart my experience regarding Auragni, which I do not think can be termed as mere affective attachment...

***9-12-1985, Auroville:**

Tency told me this morning how it went for the new well at the Institute: Piero had refused to alter his plans in order to accommodate for Anurakta's findings for the best location of this well; he had instead insisted that it must be done where he had decided, declaring that he had no confidence in "those methods"; and Tency had given up and gone along, and the boring crew had worked where Piero had wanted; and that now they had drilled down to 200 meters and still found no water, which means that they will now have to gamble and tap into the deep aquifer... Piero is so damn sure of his little rational mind and so set in his positions...

***10-12-1985, Auroville:**

I do not find I am making any progress these days; time passes in a sort of cosy physical ease, the material enjoyment of the pure light of day, of its cool glow, and of being part and instrument of the realisation of a beautiful dream...

... Clearing up a pile of mail and papers, I read through some of my old journals, from 1977-78... And it scared me a bit: how long, how many years will it take before room is made for a temple, and for a concrete, living change and Presence...? And it almost seems that at the time there was more aspiration in me than there is now...! The atmosphere in Auroville was certainly different: we were still somehow trying, and experiencing the sense of a shared adventure; and so much of that is gone, now. It is very different... But also, it's like all words have become very misleading...

***13-12-1985, Auroville:**

When I got up this morning – it was grey and drizzling and warmer -, I realised that E.B was walking around the house waiting for me, and I had to tiptoe out till I was ready to face her... I could see then no other solution than demonstrating a severe and brutal attitude to jolt her out of this delirium and hearing voices she was lost into; she was also physically ill with diarrhoea and I gave her medicine before sending her away... But I am acutely aware that there is no one around – and I doubt there is any one in the Ashram nowadays – who would have the ability to see occultly what is eating at her and to help her get rid of it, or at least to understand what she must do... She repeatedly complains of voices entering through the back of her head, and of abrupt bursts where she loses all sense of proportion and gets hooked up by the top, her feet dangling in the air, in a whirl of interpretations and formations... Being myself so ignorant, I choose to keep addressing her as my sister, who is being nasty or stupid and self-indulging, but it is clearly not enough...! She responds to it in the moment, and is better off for a while, but once by herself she does not have the inner space to go on fighting...

In this sort of situation one feels so inadequate and so profoundly ignorant and impuissant... Psychology isn't sufficient; gentleness does help, but solves not...

***14-12-1985, Auroville:**

Being half-way is being in nowhere' land, and worse: parts are resolved and ready to receive, or to enter; other parts are still hooked onto the ignorance and not giving up their separate sense... I feel almost ashamed of all that is given me, when there is such misery in people, in beings... I feel ashamed of what even to myself appears to be more harshness in me towards people... I have seen that most people, when they reach a certain point in suffering, starve for human warmth and proximity more than for anything else and... it doesn't seem to be that way for me... I can, and do starve for missing relationships, but, when I suffer, I starve most for the harmony of the Presence...

It's like today, after this episode with E.B, I felt in a mess and all mixed-up and open to distressing perceptions of the general condition, sick with impuissance and soiled, and what I most needed was to recover, like a plant, in a harmonious and private context; the contact with people wouldn't help then, but only aggravate...!

E.B came to me late this morning, haggard and scared... D had just confirmed to me that she no longer wanted her in her house, and I realised that this couldn't last much further, what with her not eating properly and not sleeping, being out of sedatives, she might go at any moment over the border... So I started to arrange

for a taxi and worked to convince her she must move out of Auroville and perhaps go back to France for a while, to catch hold of the work she must do in herself quietly and patiently, so as to become able to return here again... It was tough to get her together enough to pack up a minimum; then it was also tough to find a place in Pondy where she could stay, and tough to have to leave her there alone... G.M came down to pick me up so I could get back to the work at "Ravena", and he and M will go this evening to bring her the correct medicines... Later I went to see Arjun and a few others to ask them to visit E.B often during the next few days; and then I'll see how to arrange for her plane ticket, although I'd rather wish she would open to Your help and Grace and find the time and place here, in India, to recover and rebuild herself anew, with a clear purpose and a central understanding...

Douce Mère, E a besoin de Toi; il n'y a personne d'autre que Toi qui puisse l'aider...
Mère, on est si misérable, on est si petit, et on est si laid... ! C'est terrible!

***15-12-1985, Auroville:**

I am looking again at this question of multiple personality; through E.B's difficulties, as through G.M's, as through mine, each in different ways, I can see that this is to some extent a real danger on this path, as long as the psychic being has not been able to unify all these threads and facets through surrender... There are moments when the step between multiple personality and split-personality is very short and frightfully easy, almost tempting...

It is a fact, of life and of consciousness, that no human being is ever just one person: each of us must integrate and harmonise many different personalities and identities; yet this is never, initially, a haphazard or arbitrary assemblage; there is for each of us the central possibility of gathering all the threads that present themselves in one's experience. But it is also clear that this can be truly done only through yoga, through conscious surrender of the ego in each and all of these parts... I am quite aware for instance that as long as ego and desire are not surrendering to the central purpose and orientation, one remains vulnerable to contrary pulls and conflicting yearnings, and to the resulting tensions...!

Perhaps for the first time so consistently, I now feel the need to do some tapasya... But I don't know how to organise myself practically; I can only think, at the moment, of making one hour available for japa and concentration, as a start... But I have to move; I have to make a step, to make my offering more active and substantial... I can't stay like that on and on, this is too ridiculous, pointless and absurd...!

***16-12-1985, Auroville:**

I seem to be solicited a lot by other people's problems... But this is filled with little snares for one's vanity...!

The atmosphere in Auroville, probably, is not good; it sure is not good enough! And it seems that wherever and whenever it can slip off and go wrong, it does and it happens!

Kenneth is having troubles again, this time externally triggered by his house having been broken in, in a rather weird fashion; he needs people to stay near him: he came here to ask for help, just as I was listening to G.M's accounts of another dramatic meeting at Matrimandir; we both agreed to go and spend tomorrow night with him at his place... (It seems that both Arjun and Piero have gone very far into

a nasty exchange and that Piero is being particularly silly and dishonest these days)...

... This afternoon at "Ravena" with Samuel has restored me somewhat... It seems that I have no resources when people pull too much; I have not learned yet to draw from above as it goes, and so I need harmony, physical and material harmony, to get back together...

***18-12-1985, Auroville:**

I think I could actually write a book about any of these days... Instead, I just throw some laconic notes!

But it is a constant and tangible learning, and I can't complain! All the troubles only arise from the resistance of the ego to give itself up, to "abdicate" as You say, it is obvious...!

... I took Ar. down to town this evening, so she could do her shopping, and I went to see E.B. She has been given some more appropriate medicine by a French doctor from the Consulate, and she had slept well, and was better able to communicate... We ended up having dinner the three of us; she has practically accepted now the necessity to return to France, and her reservations are being made, but she is also frightened. Later there was a moment of clarity, when she could express her need to receive and to feel a clear indication of what she is meant to do at this junction; and I had then to withdraw my own pressure, so as to let her call and to call with her; for, if she can open to You again, everything is possible, and she could even find the way to stay here, or in Pondy... But I still have the impression it would be less risky for her to go back to Europe for a while, until she can manage without medication, rather than remaining exposed to all the tensions here...

***20-12-1985, Auroville:**

I left at dawn, to pick up Jagannathan at his house and drive with him over to Kilyanur, half-way to Tindivanam, to meet with Elumalai there and impress upon him that he must now finish, one way or another, this land matter... It felt freezing cold, and a radiant mist was laid all over the fields, far into the distance, towards the red slow powerful globe of the rising sun; it is wonderful to be up and about at this time of the day now...

***22-12-1985, Auroville:**

N brought me a message from D.M and Janaka: there is apparently some "problem" with the roof of the small temporary house, about which she wants to talk to me this evening itself, before I meet E.B... I have to get over a feeling that D.M is somehow being very whimsical... It doesn't help that I feel this way!

... I found E.B in a very improved condition; we had dinner together and she was harmonious and well-poised, simple and tender; it is not yet clear, between the Consulate and Mondial Assistance, how she will travel to Madras tomorrow, but she knows I am ready to go with her if need be...

***23-12-1985, Auroville:**

E.B est partie, dans une voiture envoyée par Mondial Assistance ; elle est venue me dire au revoir à « Ravena » cet après-midi ; j'ai trouvé qu'elle était capable d'aller seule si je donnais devant elle des instructions précises au chauffeur ; elle était très

belle, avec la présence droite dans ses yeux de son être intérieur, et cette reconnaissance fraternelle du chemin...

... G.M has received a telex from Vincenzo, saying that he can have a 6 months contract from January, back in Sudan; he wants to go; he believes it is necessary for him to pull out, that this may be the only way to come out of the impasse he's been in...

***26-12-1985, Auroville:**

I got tired of G.M and M's story coming to me day after day; now that G.M has decided to go back to work in Sudan, and M has now decided she will go to France, the whole thing feels like ashes... I went alone to the Kitchen, to be away from them and from Ar., who is again coming every day; but when I returned, both G.M and M were waiting for me; so I had to tell them frankly how I felt about it all... It is always the same with me: either I am too open and too available, or else I withdraw too much and cannot maintain even basic warmth and welcome...

***30-12-1985, Auroville:**

I have now seen more clearly what it is that makes it difficult for me to be at all times available to Ar., and it is very simple: her consciousness, her awareness, does not reach; it nests itself and wraps itself around a part of "me" only, and this is not and cannot be my base in life...! In that sense, the woman who reaches the most centrally is D.M...

... This trip in the Madras city has been tiring and tedious; Jagannathan is no better than me there; he is scared of the traffic, doesn't know his way around and is treated like a peasant by the street people; we managed, though, to do most of the purchases...

... It seems, and it feels like, until You came and brought the Will for Transformation, nobody, no one at all, had ever considered the task it meant, its enormity or complexity or immensity; it's like, up until then, all revelations, all intuitions, and all knowledge, were obtained or received from a certain threshold on the way upward, so to speak, but never anyone had attempted even just to measure the scope of the work to be done so that the Divine could become manifest in Life and in Matter... It feels as if there had only been so far a sort of "mystic bavardage", which was satisfying as long as one was not committed to a real, actual change, and it now appears as mere pretence and hollow words... But actually calling the Truth, calling the Divine here itself in our very substance, one begins to sense what it means, at all levels...

It seems that the more the central need is rooted, anchored in integrality, and the more one is confronted with all that prevents, with all the "impossibles" inherent to our condition and substance...

To take but one example, that of attempting to truly communicate with another human being, another individual consciousness, raises such an amount of issues and reveals such a complex reality...

... I want to become able to follow in Your steps, Mother; anything that can contribute to my growing capable of that is and will be welcome, whatever it may be...

For humanity, I am useless. For the Divine, I am useless – for opposite reasons, it would seem... This point of consciousness "I" am is an absurdity, and will remain an absurdity, as long as it does not belong entirely to You...

... On the way back I was praying, intensely, to the edge of tears: "Mother, Mother, give someone I can love wholly; You had Sri Aurobindo, Sri Aurobindo had You, You must understand... It is not possible to walk Your Way without the experience of the support of love..." Praying, and praying... I belong to You, I have given myself to You again and again; I cannot go away searching for "my love": my love is in You, it is with You, it can only come from You... Mother, Mother, do not let me dwindle into an absurd contradiction of all You stand for... Make it right, so that I can grow into You, and not be a shadow...

C is sweet and young as ever... while R is obsessed with his new toy, a video camera, and sceptical and unquiet...

-1986-

***1-1-1986, Auroville:**

I didn't stay long at the Fire this morning; the atmosphere in Auroville is not very good; yesterday night some of the Auroville kids got involved in a fist fight with some village kids who'd come to watch the play... Boris got beaten up...

... The more I look for people with whom to communicate and the more frustrated I become and the more the sense of being isolated grows – while, in truth, it is with You, it is with the Lord within that the communication exists tangibly and is meant to become more and more conscious...

I have often seen that I may experience a conscious, wordless communication with someone's inner being, but it only translates in the outer consciousness according to the realisation that is there, or to the outer being's traits and habits; rarely does it ever correspond, and only in fleeting moments of gracefulness...

... Externally I am stretched out; it is very taut at the moment; part of me complains, but I also know gratitude, because I sense Your teaching hand and pressure and Your watchful presence...

Whenever I hold before me the reality of Your complete love towards all beings, of Your active, discerning, total compassion, I feel so humbled...

***5-1-1986, Auroville:**

Barbara came to have tea with me, and to ask me again to renew the contact (there has been a distance since she settled anew into her family life), saying she needs it to do her own inner work...

... This evening, C, R and I walked over to 'Dana'; G.M was alone with Klara and it was tranquil; I could feel again how much I love him, in a very human sense, and how sad I am at his going away...

... I am afraid I am very taciturn these days, and uncommunicative; but with C and R, there is a harmony we know how to share, which needs no words or outward gestures; it is confident and open, and I appreciate it a lot...

Throughout the day I am often praying; I cannot say it is all the time, because I still have these moments of desire, or else the awareness dulls and goes under a veil of grey...

But I want to progress; I want to walk Your Way: whatever the Lord wants... And when I am thus aware, there is the sense of a formidable security: everything is, and will be, part of It...!

***6-1-1986, Auroville:**

I do not understand how real equanimity is meant to develop here; there may be a form, or an aspect of it in my daily life, but it is mere appearance, because in fact I go from one state to another, from this moment to the next: joy, ease, fatigue,

dullness, aspiration, ego-depression, meeting an obstacle, working over or past a desire, waiting, descending, perceiving, feeling tender, or indifferent, or eurhythmic... and all without the least sense of continuity...!

And the nights only contribute more questions, feeding the enigma...

***7-1-1986, Auroville:**

N has been sick; I went and visited him at his house: he's had acute dysentery...

... Juergen P came at lunch time to ask me to help him with some money, as he's having too many repairs at the same time at his place and cannot cope; I gave him Rs.500/-, it felt right.

Kenneth came by: a "voice" had told him to come and see me! But I felt him open, as if some inner part of him was asking for clarity, and there is a possibility of communicating...

***8-1-1986, Auroville:**

I have been struggling all day not to get sick; there is a strange physical depression; struggling through waves of influence, as through my own ego' peculiar traits... There is a strange unease in the body – an unease which, I feel, could declare itself in a number of different illnesses... There is some fever, the muscles are weakened and the liver is acting up...

... R, at dinner, went on pushing his "scientific", materialistic gospel of death...

And G.M all so eager to have his ticket for Sudan, escaping, running away...

***9-1-1986, Auroville:**

I am amazed at how, depending on whom I meet, my reactions and responses vary: I may be sad, or withdrawn, unresponsive, or I may be open and quiet, with a quality of tranquil, positive joy, even though I may, as now, be fatigued... I no longer try to find explanations for these changes of "moods": it is too complex and is at too many levels at once, though it translates not only in body expressions but in actual physical emanations...

... Today with Robi we fixed the wheel and the wing onto the wind-mill tower, as well as the tail, and we connected the rods, and at exactly 4.30 pm, the water flowed into the pipes for the first time... Today is the 9th.

It has gone very well. Robi has done, with simplicity, a beautiful job all the way.

***14-1-1986, Auroville:**

This evening C and I have a long entretien, about her work and the possible true function psychoanalysis could have, or acquire, once its perspectives are more founded...

***16-1-1986, Auroville:**

I find it difficult to cope with the weight of this nonsensical existence, when then is such an absence of need in most people; it intensifies the question, and projects me in a state where only the awareness of what is called "accelerated evolution" makes it all bearable...

And yet the problem remains of how to be resilient enough to keep the sense of perspective, and allow for where others stand, in relation to that central need...

... After the work at "Ravena", I took C for a walk into the canyons... There and then, as if in response to my need for a tangible support, an incarnation, something of You became concrete: Your eyes of light, Your physical presence, and... our true relationship; and it did not come as a striking "experience" between moments; I only realised, slowly almost, that it was there, that it IS there, and that it is real, it IS You and it IS me...

And then it seems quite possible to change, to grow, to walk Your way, to become...

***17-1-1986, Auroville:**

N came to have breakfast with us here this morning; D.M has been asking for fresh goat milk, daily; so this is one more task to be achieved now! How to get a milch goat over to "Ravena", how to look after it and feed it and... milk it...!

I received a letter from Pnina today: it is not easy in Jerusalem...!

... I am reading the book R's father, Arnault Tzanck, had written years ago in the 40s, "La Conscience Créatrice": this man made a beautiful offering... He would have loved You so much! He was so isolated, in those years, as a scientist and eminent researcher, and yet he needed to offer a true basis for further evolution, all by himself, with only his own perceptions to guide him; and he managed to express quite a bit of what the Two of You have said, hoping and perhaps believing he would meet with some understanding. But, as much as he was celebrated as a scientist and discoverer, he was scorned for this most essential attempt, which remained ignored to this day...

***19-1-1986, Auroville:**

Dimanche... C, R et moi sommes restés un long moment paisible sous l'arbre de Service... Puis G.M est venu, bientôt suivi de M, plus odieuse que jamais envers lui... J'ai un peu de mal à ne pas lui en vouloir d'avoir férocement imposé ce drame constant, particulièrement maintenant qu'il eut été plus normal et naturel de respecter l'espace de l'amitié entre G.M et moi, avant son départ... Lui, est mieux centré, à présent qu'il est presque délivré de cette situation impossible... ! Il part mardi... ; pendant au moins 6 mois : une énorme distance de temps, en termes de progrès, de passages...

***20-1-1986, Auroville :**

Après le travail à « Ravena », j'ai emmené Samuel avec moi à la recherche, dans le village, d'une chèvre laitière... ! D.M m'a encore écrit aujourd'hui, me disant comme elle est misérable dans son corps, et me demandant de prier pour elle...

Je ne sais pas, Douce Mère ; mais Toi, Tu sais...

Montre-lui, Douce Mère !

Montre-nous le Vrai, le Corps de Ca... !

... G.M s'en va demain... Tout le monde bouge et se déplace... et je suis là ! Tu sais!

***23-1-1986, Auroville:**

Your Agenda, Mother, is so incredibly precious! It is truly like the purest of milks!

I love you, Mother!

That much I know is true!

For the rest, my ability to love is rather... questionable! And today I have been struggling repeatedly through some subtle condensations of hatred directed towards me... From where, I do not know; but it was there!

... C is listening to bhajans with me; tomorrow is her last day here: it is not easy... But it is calm and it is offered.

***25-1-1986, Auroville:**

It was 5.30 am when we left in a taxi for the airport, C, R, Klara and I – Klara being on the same flight as them; we were mostly silent on the way, but it was sweet and attentive; C swallowed bravely all her tears but a few at the exact moment of parting when, having succeeded to sneak through, I yet had to let her go at the last security check before enplaning...

... The one thing I keep hoping and praying for now is that You make sense of this life: that it does not turn out as a waste or a freak; that it grows into something meaningful, whatever You want, that will be worth the trouble, in Your terms...

This is selfish, in some absurd fashion, I know; but it is bound to be so, until You undo all traces of this stupid, ugly and sad ego and there is nothing left but Your conscious rhythms and works of creation...

***26-1-1986, Auroville:**

A puzzling Sunday... I had finished the clean up of the house and had just applied henna on my nails (I discovered it was the best fungicide), when I came to visit with me, after long; and I guess the henna saved me from another intimate encounter I would have regretted; but he stayed for a couple of hours, very quietly, while others came and went... Soaz came with a grumpy Samuel, to get the moped keys and, when she made to leave with him, he cried so much that I understood that he wanted, or needed me to keep him, instead of him coming to me; so I took him in my arms and he became quiet at once, and Soaz left, and he gradually fell asleep, completely still, on my lap... In the evening when Soaz came back to fetch him he cried again, not wanting to leave me, and it was disturbing because it felt deep... But she was determined, and carried him off forcefully; the entire episode left me sore...

***28-1-1986, Auroville:**

Sometimes there seems to be like a major theme to the many dreams of one night; last night it was perhaps about friendship; there was along activity, rather meditative, about the laws of friendship, and of geometry and philosophy, and the living practicality and usefulness of well measured and honest philosophy; and this was related to a search into the Tamil reservoir of inner culture... And then I spent a long time with Krishna: he came to me with good food that he has collected, despite A's warnings and condemn of me as an "evil force" with all the "proofs" she can think of; still he comes to me with messages and with all the things he wants to put in my safe-keeping, as he has decided to leave again, for some time; and at the last moment he turned into his deeper self, gathered his energies, and realised all he went through, and we meet again, and we hug one another with all our love resurrected and flowing again and secure; we are by then among a large crowd and people begin to stop and watch us and they are touched and as if contagioned, and something begins to happen at large, triggered by our embrace...

... I am reading, on C's request, a book called "Moksha", written recently by an Indian psychoanalyst, Sudhir Kakar, as she wishes me to tell her about it so she can progress in her own work... It is perhaps interesting but this sort of study, amounting to a rather risky gymnastic, makes me all the more grateful, if ever I needed to be, for the grace of being Yours, of knowing the Two of You...

***31-1-1986, Auroville:**

Ar. stayed for a quiet dinner... The speech made by Gorbachev, with his proposal for the complete cessation of armament, has greatly impressed us...

***8-2-1986, Auroville:**

G.G and S invited me to sit with them at the Kitchen: they had met with Roger A and been convinced by his vision of Matrimandir's external appearance, and they both wanted to tell me about it...

I feel myself as a weird person sometimes, communicating so seldom and having so little to contribute...

***9-2-1986, Auroville:**

I had agreed to let N take me to a "real" Tamil movie; so I picked him up in the evening and we drove down to Pondy and saw a film with a famous Tamil actress who is beautifully shown fighting better than a man, representing justice and purity in a way half-magical and half-humorous; it was interesting to watch, but I could not stand the noise from the audience, and we got out at the interval and went for dinner in a quieter place and rode back... My own desire for a physical harmony with N had to be offered into something else: the sweetness there is between us has to be sheltered and protected into a relationship that to him seems to be almost sacred...

I returned here to read Your Agenda...!

***10-2-1986, Auroville:**

It is as if Someone was slowly but patiently, steadily filing away at my manacles; and at times, like today, it feels like they are just about to give; there is hardly anything left to hold me... Yet they are still there, and I am still a slave...!

In spite of the fever I want to "Ravena" as usual, but returned mid-morning, and was surprised to find I waiting for me... And so it happened, even though there is simply no way we can consciously communicate; there is such a sweet abandon in him... It was more of a parody, awkward and so limited; yet the range of emotions is there, and it is straight and real and lasting...

And then Kenneth came, asking if he could stay in C's house for some time...

Then Ar. came and wanted to accompany Samuel and I back to "Ravena" for the afternoon; I said, alright, but I apprehended the confusion it might create: I cherish these afternoons alone with Samuel, this is the one relationship I have where I feel happy and alive and willing... A child of 2!

***11-2-1986, Auroville:**

I was at "Ravena" till 5pm; Forrest and Marti came – a weird couple – to investigate about large birds swarms in the area, as they want to produce a "scientific report"

before some Government officials in view of preventing the building of an airport very close to Auroville land; they were so insistent that I had to sit and talk with them for a while... And then G.G and S came to visit and I had to show them around... Then I drove down to Pondy to buy some gifts for Samuel's birthday, this coming Saturday...

... The thing is that I do not particularly "like" people, at least those who are in Auroville at present – I find it scary that Auroville attracts only this sort, rather than individuals who are more open, more harmonious; and I definitely dislike what happens between people here... I wish individuals would come who have already tested the limits of human experience, who have discarded dishonesty and pretence and yet have known to preserve a will and a love for harmony and are ready to mature into a need for You...

But I guess it's just that I feel lonely, or deprived...!

***12-2-1986, Auroville:**

Some nights are such bursts of dreams... In one, Ar. has somehow managed to bring, as a surprise, Auragni to me; she recognises me, with her deep, lake blue eyes, lovingly; but I meet the light green eyes of Diane and it is like a shock, as if those of a viper; and then confusion invades and falsity tries to block the way, with people lying about me and fabricating stories about my present life, and even Ar. gets caught by it... In another, I live in the city and there is a man, very sweet and very gentle, who lives in the same street, and I know he will be waiting for me, and I need his affection, I need to give that part of me... In yet another, there is a complex development with "my" workers: I find that Devaraj has broken into C's house and I catch him, and beg him not to lie, not to lie; and the scene turns into a much larger and complex event, where a large number of "workmen" are let loose, without support or orientation, and they turn to the wrong route and begin to die inwardly, and I cannot help because I am alone to see it, and I go mad and desperate and I walk endlessly in the streets of this great and beautiful city, crying for You, crying for Your world, and calling and calling...; and then I meet Shyama and M, both much more beautiful and light and harmonious, with a joy full of fun in them... And on and on...

... I am doing my night-watch at Matrimandir; I feel very tamasic, at present, inwardly inert and dull; but there is also the sense of preparing...

Outwardly the work at "Ravena" is what animates my daily life, and then there is also my relationship with Samuel; and there is the harmony of "Sincerity", of the house and the garden, of this solitude... But nothing deeper seems to move, not even to stir...

In relation to Auroville, I seem to have lost all contact, but for that painful status quo concerning Auragni: that just hurts, and nothing, nothing has changed; only time has passed, and Auragni has grown, she will soon be 4 years old! And it's like, really, my life as an individual is an utter failure...! So, either I have not understood my lesson and am merely resisting, or else there is something deeply wrong in this Auroville I terms of its relationship with You and the guiding Force... The question remains with me, unaltered...

***13-2-1986, Auroville:**

When I read Your words about "the divine sun of laughter behind and within", I know the resistance of my shadowy ego...

***14-2-1986, Auroville:**

Aujourd'hui j'ai lu dans Ton Agenda quelque chose qui m'a semblé recéler, ou contenir, la clé vivante qui peut m'ouvrir le chemin et me libérer de certaines mauvaises attitudes et contradictions, quelque chose dont je peux faire une loi pratique : quand Tu tentes de décrire l'expérience du Seigneur qui avance et, à mesure de Son besoin évolutif, retire de la manifestation ce qui ne correspond plus à la plénitude à venir ; et combien, en s'unissant simplement à ce mouvement essentiel et constant de Sa Conscience, les contradictions, les drames, les peurs, et toutes les ombres sont dissoutes... C'est le Seigneur qui marche et qui constamment Se réalise en avant, reprenant en Lui-même ce qui n'est plus nécessaire, révélant de Lui-même ce qui le devient pour une plénitude toujours progressive de Sa Manifestation...

... De la confusion ce matin, et de la mauvaise humeur de ma part ; trop de détails matériels à régler à la fois, ici et à « Ravena », avec cette hâte à terminer la petite maison temporaire pour le jour de Ta Fête, afin que D.M et Janaka puissent y emménager : tout le monde fait son possible et ce sera peut-être prêt, je ne sais pas encore...

... Soaz m'a apporté un Samuel tout sonné par la fièvre et le rhume ; je l'ai emmené avec moi à « Ravena » sur le vélo et, une fois arrivés, il s'est endormi dans mes bras, parmi le bruit du travail et les ouvriers, et cela m'a donné des heures d'immobilité réceptive...

... La question d'Auragni est à nouveau présente dans ma conscience active, et je ne sais pas pourquoi ; la situation, pour moi, reste la même : je n'accepte pas, je n'ai toujours pas accepté ; tout au fond de moi la douleur est la même, la blessure est la même, l'incompréhension est la même ; ce n'est pas « juste » ; ce ne peut être vrai. C'est tout. Alors, pourquoi une telle situation est elle tolérée par Toi, je ne sais pas ; je ne comprends toujours pas...

***15-2-1986, Auroville:**

This morning, with Soaz, I took Samuel to the Ashram, and up into Sri Aurobindo's rooms; this time again I managed, even though all children below 5 or 6 are strictly forbidden to enter, and it went well, in calm and poise...

***16-2-1986, Auroville:**

Je ne sais vraiment pas où j'en suis. J'éprouve beaucoup d'antipathie envers ce que je manifeste, ou plutôt envers mon incapacité à contribuer quoique ce soit d'utile, humainement ; je suis gêné, oppressé par l'étoffe de l'ego dans mes mouvements, qu'ils soient internes ou apparents, et je doute profondément de la qualité de mes choix et de la validité de mon expérience d'Auroville, à contre-courant et en marge, rejeté et moi-même rejetant.

Il n'y a qu'une « chose » qui me réconcilie : lorsque la brûlure de Ca est présente et active, le nectar de Ca, le Fait de Ta Présence.

Mais ces temps ci je ne suis conscient que d'une terrible insuffisance, et d'une solitude sans issue...

... Guide-moi, Douce Mère... !

Il est bien possible que j'aie fait une erreur énorme en revenant à Auroville, il y a près de 13 ans. Je n'en sais rien. Je suis incapable de trouver comment faire le moindre pas en avant, je suis incapable de marcher sur Ton chemin...

Je suis conscient d'être né, cette fois ci, pour un travail difficile, et j'ai absolument besoin de Ta Lumière, de Ta Force, de Ta Présence, inconditionnelle.

Je n'aime pas Auroville, cette Auroville ; il me faut bien le reconnaître : je ne crois pas à ce qui s'y passe, du moins pas dans les termes par lesquels les gens se situent à présent. Mais, de mon côté, je ne puis rien y apporter, ne serait ce que par le fait que, dans ce contexte, un doute essentiel a été posé sur mon existence même...

Et pourtant, honnêtement, je constate que je suis gardé ici, tenu ici, par le Seigneur au-dedans et au-dessus...

Douce Mère, je ne sais pas : quelles qu'aient été mes fautes – nombreuses, et peut-être graves -, aujourd'hui je suis prêt à aller où Tu le veux, et à faire ce que Tu veux ; du moment que c'est Toi, Toi vraiment... Me montreras-Tu ?

Il y a un tel malaise dans ma conscience ; et pourtant, en même temps, la gratitude... !

***17-2-1986, Auroville:**

It is, I suppose, another crisis... It's like something keeps telling me intently, almost violently, that I am not at my place, that I am wrong to be here: that I shouldn't be here at all and that I can't "aspire" for the Truth and remain here at the same time, since, to begin with, the Truth didn't want me here at all, etc... I have wondered – but this isn't really interesting – whether this hasn't been activated again when, on the day of Samuel's birthday when we went to Sri Aurobindo's room, we passed Al.B, who was receiving his own red rose for his own birthday, Samuel in my arms... However, this crisis had already started then, so its real cause is definitely not there...

... John H. joined me at dinner, in the Kitchen, and he later rode with me down to "Ravena" to check on the overtime work at the small house; we are trying to make it for this coming Friday, but it is quite demanding on all the men... John H told me that Sujata has written some kind of essay on You, or on the Agenda, and the first of 8 Volumes has just come out...

... I don't know what I am meant to do; I cannot see well. My life, my existence, is a burden, and it will remain so as long as I have an ego; I want You to be, instead of me; but probably – certainly – I am not sincere enough... And I am prey to the same perpetual torment: not having ever any possibility to verify with You directly whether there is any truth in this formation that I am an adverse being and that I should never have come here...

Everyone is alone with and before the Supreme, yes!

But then there is another level or aspect to the question: whether, in Your love, You were seeing that the truest way for me was not to be here at all, but away from here, and then it would have only been through the misleading ego's insistence that I returned and stayed on for all these years... And whether, now, when I ask You and ask You and ask You, it is still possible to show me the way, whatever it may be...

***18-2-1986, Auroville:**

I bought Sujata's book (it is the first Volume of a series of 6 Chronicles about You), and started reading it. It is obviously written like a story for children, probably in order to reach a wider audience, both here in India and in the States... I am always disturbed by something in their presentation – Sujata and Satprem's - of themselves as the only two beings who have understood You and Your Work... Even if that was totally true, it would still not be up to them to say so...! And I would say

that the truer it is and the less they should feel the need to state it... This is truly disturbing...

***19-2-1986, Auroville:**

I have finished reading Sujata's first Chronicle, and it leaves me wondering a little; I don't know, Mother... I know You like it all to be said in the simplest way, as a beautiful story for children to know and feel that their deepest and truest dreams can and will become real here on earth; but there are some subtler aspects there, and this is not a presentation that makes me feel completely at ease or happy...

... I have been considering the possibility for me to go away, back to Europe, for an indefinite period of time, once the main house at "Ravena" will be completed, that is, in a year or so, and find out quietly what is really the Lord's Will for my life – and then, if and when I would return here, there would be no room left for this questioning...

***20-2-1986, Auroville:**

I went to the Institute to ask P.E to lend me a vibrator, and on my way picked up Samuel at the Crèche and he rested with me at noon, here in the house, peacefully asleep in my arms: a refreshing, pure moment, pure by the grace of his purity...

***21-2-1986, Auroville:**

Les derniers meubles et caisses sont arrivés dans le petite maison qui vient d'être terminée, et D.M et Janaka y ont emménagé dans la journée ; l'atmosphère, je crois, y est bonne.

J'ai été touché par l'énergie que tous les ouvriers ont bien voulu donner pour que tout soit prêt... Mais aussi un peu bouleversé par la découverte des jalousies, des tensions et des ressentiments qui, par la pudeur innée de ces gens, n'apparaissent qu'à contrecœur et avec une sorte de souffrance enfantine ; et je crains que j'en sois en grande partie responsable, pour avoir laissé se créer cette situation entre N et la plupart d'entre eux ; c'est pourtant lui qui probablement en souffre le plus...

Et il y avait une tristesse en moi aujourd'hui devant cet état de choses et cet état des relations humaines, quel que soit le contexte, et devant ma propre ignorance...

Je vois bien les défauts et les petites choses de chacun, mais que puis-je y faire ? Rien, évidemment ! Alors, il me faudrait mieux garder les choses strictement dans le domaine du travail pratique et matériel, où mon rôle est précis et bien défini et où les ouvriers sont des ouvriers d'abord...

***22-2-1986, Auroville:**

This morning D.M called for me at her new house, and we spent a happy moment together; she and Janaka are so relieved to be back in Auroville, and they love the house, and the garden, and the whole place...

***23-2-1986, Auroville:**

At dinner John H told me about the direction the administration of Auroville is taking: a full Government Takeover of the land and assets in 1987, with full and permanent control through an organisation that must be solid and reliable – and all

the bureaucracy and the rigidity... What to say? And Roger A is pushing for his "discs" on the shell of Matrimandir...

I don't know... To look, to listen even just a little, these days, to what seems to be happening, is discouraging and depressing...

It is better to remain occupied with what comes directly to one's experience, and see where that leads...

***24-2-1986, Auroville:**

I began my work day at "Ravena" grouchy and grumbling: this ugly aspect, resenting any disruption or interference in my "hold" over the scene; but the objective part of it is that Janaka must understand, now that he has moved there, that I cannot keep 40 men together with a minimum of harmony and efficiency if he goes on issuing separate instructions whenever he needs something to be done... But I was also lazy, and nobody was concentrated, and there seemed far too much to be done yet for us to be ready for the concreting of the main slab on Wednesday as planned; besides everyone had their mind onto the festival in Pondy, and yesterday had been the day of the elections in the villages around, with quite a lot of bad fight in which most of them had been involved...

Then I had to go down to Pondy myself, to the Bank and also to pick up M, who had gone there for G.M's bike; I met her in a café, and her attitude was at once so irrationally and bizarrely aggressive, and divisive, that it turned out quite sour; something quite unclear must have been brewing in her for some time, of which I had not been aware... But it triggered a movement of almost brute anger in me, which I had to hold separate by sheer will; so, returning without her, I decided to immediately bring to her place the old Radjut bike, which I left there, in "Dana" with a note, and I walked back here. Ar., who had been there in the café with Ritam and watched the whole incident, was also very surprised...

In town, I also met Deepti, who told me with more detail and first-hand information what is going on about the Government Takeover and the call for the proper organisation in Auroville to respond to the needs, sharing with me her own views and feelings, which I always appreciate, about this situation; there seems to be a lot of divisive energy running through Auroville at the moment; and then there is also this ugly and dishonest battle raging at Matrimandir between Piero and Arjun over books and accounts...

But I saw today that I probably miss being part of a whole order of circumstances in my daily life, which would allow me to work more closely on my own responses to such movements of anger when they are thrown around... I always tend to isolate myself, wanting Your Force alone to burn it all directly; but I do not call for it with enough sincerity, and so therefore it all remains half-hidden in its lair...

***25-2-1986, Auroville:**

I have been searching all day in Pondy for a mixer machine I could rent; finally as a last recourse, I resolved to try here in Auroville, at the Institute, and I met L and then P.E who is in-charge there of the day to day work; after some hesitation, he accepted to lend their machine, although he is well aware that both Cristo and Piero, who are hierarchically above him, have vowed permanent enmity toward me...! Now remains to be seen how to transport this machine over to "Ravena" tomorrow without it being noticed...! That is how it goes!

I bought a nice painted image of the god Murugan to preside over the concreting; the men wanted it to perform a puja, so here it is...!

... I received this evening an unsigned invitation to read some of my poems, among other guests, at a soirée in the Auroville Library on the 28th; this is, I suppose, a gentle gesture from some quarters – the “Fraternity” people had refused two of my poems for publication once they learnt I was the author... Anyway, I answered as gently that I did not believe much in reading one’s poetry in such contexts...

***26-2-1986, Auroville:**

Sometimes I feel nearly drowned into some kind of thick milieu, with this material work at “Ravena”, between all this mentalised matter, the tools and machines and equipment and the working of them, and the weight of these 40 men’ energies... By now I have become aware of what goes on beneath the layer of smile, what goes on between and among them all, and it is nearly as suffocating as anywhere else... And at present with the tides of politics struggling and ebbing back and forth all over this area of Tamil Nadu (DMK, a party rather inclined towards fascism, has won in most places), there is a degree of gloom in the general atmosphere...

This morning, though, the mixer machine was delivered safely; practically unnoticed... And I should say that things went rather well; I had to go back to town with Jagannathan to find another vibrator and get diesel, and got sunburnt on the way... I couldn’t rest at noon, as Kenneth came and sat and talked nonsense for a full hour... This afternoon I decided with the bar-bender to add a few more steel bars to the reinforcement, so he will have to stay overtime to finish it all... When I saw that everything was as ready as it could get in these conditions, I let everyone else go home; we shall do the puja tomorrow morning.

... At dinner, I had a conversation with Ruud about the Matrimandir shell and the meeting that is to take place tomorrow with Roger A...

Mother, I do not feel “entitled” to, but I pray that You look at it all and put Your pressure for the right thing to emerge, out of this tamasic confusion and blur of opinions and influences...

Do not let Matrimandir alone, please!

It must grow of itself, simple and evident, filled with the power and presence that come directly from the Supreme, and fulfil its function here, which we are far too small to encompass and can only tamper with if allowed to...!

***28-2-1986, Auroville:**

A « Ravena » nous avons fait la puja à 9 heures hier matin et commencé aussitôt le bétonnage...

Plus de 258 sacs de ciment, 22 heures de travail intensif continu, avec des interruptions de 15 ou 20 minutes ; il était midi quand, 27 heures plus tard, nous avons fini.

J’ai appris beaucoup.

Je suis rentré ici épuisé, les pieds rongés par le béton, et j’ai dû passer une heure à me nettoyer... Debout les pieds dans le ciment frais à vibrer pendant 27 heures ou presque tout en m’assurant que tout se déroulait bien, avec 60 hommes supposément à diriger... Mais c’est Autre Chose...

Ar. et John sont venus aider toute la nuit, et c’était doux ; Narayana est aussi venu, assez longtemps.

D.M était contente ; et elle m’a invité ce soir à venir manger la nourriture qu’elle a elle-même préparée...

J’aurais beaucoup à dire, je crois, mais je suis comme hébété...

Aujourd’hui est la Fête d’Auroville.

Je ne sais pas quel est mon chemin...

***1-3-1986, Auroville:**

It is mainly through Ar., and sometimes through John H, that I get reports on the present events and meetings in Auroville; and it is not encouraging: there seems to be much hiding and covering up and twisting, and the whole issue of the Government Takeover is being worked at, disguised or arranged or dressed up so as to appear presentable...

... I am having a hot bath for my feet: they do look spectacular, swollen and greenish, and they hurt! My hands too are sight, but they don't hurt half as much...

***2-3-1986, Auroville:**

Last night I was trapped in a Western city unknown to me, and I must run and run, having grabbed the spooked iron bar the low man had wanted to kill me with, and I hold it as a help to run faster, with longer and more forceful strides across the city, leaving my pursuers behind; and little by little I realise that there is a friend along with me, and when he is really there, physically, everything turns and becomes easier and friendlier...

... It is Sunday; Hans came to see me at home: he would like me to come along, sailing away on that small sailing boat that is anchored near "Sri Ma", off and around Africa, and later travel to the USA together; that is, if I was willing, he would be ready and happy... It touched me, his whole way of simply hinting at things, his clear eyes, his rough and beautiful presence... But, for the moment, I am clearly bound and held here...

... Martha has written to Ar. – and to me, in fact – about those poems of mine that had been refused by the "Fraternity" group for publication in a compilation of Auroville's poetry; it is a gentle and straight statement, and she herself has resigned and withdrawn when the issue came up; I answered to her this afternoon...

***4-3-1986, Auroville:**

When I woke up this morning, I didn't feel too clear or too sure about "doing" anything in relation to the general situation in Auroville; but in that particular state, almost subliminal, between sleep and wakefulness, there are also elements of cowardice, laziness and false guilt... Later in the morning I thought of going to Myrtle's and share with her my sense of a practical action one could take; and on my way I happened to meet U and we talked spontaneously and I could find again that there is a like perception in the same few people who do not get deceived and who carry a like need in them... U too is searching for some indication of whether anything at all can be done, and I found this encouraging...

... Myrtle was apprehensive, as she does not feel strong or intrepid enough at the moment to face any hostility, to take the backlash that any such open commitment would be likely to invite, but she wanted to think more about it all...

... Ar. told me that the abrupt turn-about in M's attitude was caused by her belief that I had interfered in her relationship with G.M and she now held me responsible for their separation...

... I looked closely at the proportion of ego in my movements, and my actions – as in that text I have prepared as a possible statement; and I prayed again for it to be burnt away, as much as I can endure it...

I see now that ego is the disease of the soul. It is no longer of any use. It must go, it must melt, abdicate, everywhere and in every part: it is ugly and false and hard; it twists, it causes confusion and disharmony; it feeds the shadow. It must go.

***5-3-1986, Auroville:**

I took Jagannathan with me to "Tapoloka" to see with Myrtle the carpentry work she needs to have done; Deepti was there, "by chance"; but I felt it was meaningful, and strengthening; I found with her a support to my sense of the necessity to somehow try and counter this present manipulation of the direction of Auroville; she, being directly involved as a member of the "Executive Council" and having participated in the work in Delhi, could tell me many things she has seen and witnessed, and it all confirmed a lot of what I had sensed. She read my draft of a statement and was touched, but she also felt that my name would only bring a hostile reaction to whatever was said or tried; then both Myrtle and her felt that perhaps they each could ask a few people whom they knew are feeling uneasy with the present trend and orientation to also write their views, and these statements could then be grouped together and made available at "Tapoloka" as an open contribution and offering. In this way the positions expressed could not be dismissed as caused by my influence; they would have to be considered...

***6-3-1986, Auroville:**

This evening Barbara made some heavy, loaded comments on how she found Myrtle strung up and uptight, and I felt again the same web being weaved: everything I do will be interpreted in the same way, according to the same formation, and now I will be "seen" as possessing and using Myrtle and, if she collapses, I will be held accountable, with one more victim to my score...

... I had to cope with a revolting scene this afternoon at "Ravena", with this contractor for the shuttering materials we had rented out: those attitudes that are so totally and darkly and inertly in contradiction with the Divine's Presence in Matter... And seeing this amidst all the lies and the deceit that I am made to "discover" among the men I work with, I nearly cried...

... D.M and I had an epic moment this evening; out of some misunderstanding over measurements for the windows and balustrades upstairs, we clashed like two flames... And a moment later we were kissing and laughing...!

***7-3-1986, Auroville:**

I keep remembering this dream Sujata had, years ago, in which Sri Aurobindo had told her that she would have to keep the aspiration alive and burning for a thousand years...

It is as if one could find nowhere any support or any response for the need of That which You have incarnated; it is as if each one was left with the impossible and incommunicable responsibility of holding, alive and vibrant within oneself, unknown, the contact with That...

But perhaps it is only my ego that prevents me from finding the like response in others, in life itself, I don't know...

Today I am adrift; external things don't hold my attention, and I have to force myself to feel concerned with the pace and rhythm of things...

***9-3-1986, Auroville:**

I am reading again Savitri's pursuit of her love into the realms of Death, and her battle with Death itself, and I find hardly any response in myself to her claims for eternal, puissant and victorious love... And on the other hand I seem to know the tricks of Death, but as if from another standpoint... This question of my own opening to Love has been there for years, and still it is an enigma... And this shows me crudely, and intensely, the proportion of ego in my inner condition.

But I find that I am aware of and relate to a Love whose nature is almost alien to any of the images a human being can conjure of it.

I responded to the presence of that Love in You, once You had gone past a certain threshold, which I cannot define, of total surrender to Something that, at last, could incarnate unhampered by the very ideals and forms man had always referred to...: Something so other and yet so totally essential, far beyond all emotion and yet so central to all that is...

I seem to be waiting, waiting for some call or response from somewhere, some place or some level – where beings are more evolved, or capable of embodying more consciousness, and by their presence I could at last pull out of this inertia that binds me still to these recurrent formations and habits... It's like, here, I can see all the strings that make people think and feel the way they do, and there is no unknown here, there is no discovery, and there is no way...

***10-3-1986, Auroville:**

Again and again I find myself, at night, in New-York; Manhattan, the water-front, and the city seen from the air...

A strong rain came this morning and now the soil is softly drenched and the air is sweetly warm...

Since yesterday I have this intense, overwhelming physical need to... "make love"... What to do? I just want a nice girl, a lovely body: not a monster like the women in Auroville, but a sweet and warm and lovely woman, and to make love with her... I can't help it, it just doesn't move, it doesn't change, it is there... I am nearly 36 years old and I am still full of that energy and, when on no other level do I communicate well with anybody, at least there I know I can communicate, and I miss that, I miss not being able to do so... And I resent the absence of womanhood here in Auroville...

... Myrtle is going ahead with our "idea" and she has informed AL.B and the "Executive Council" this morning; so far there are only 4 statements available: apart from mine, there is hers, there is U's and there is John H's... She plans to post a notice informing that these statements expressing another point of view than the one officially presented are being offered for consultation... I had thought that perhaps these statements should better be left unsigned so that people can relate to the views and positions expressed without any personal bias, but U, it seems, felt strongly to sign, so we all ended up signing and we have now to fasten our belts against the return wave...!

... I blew out at Ar. this evening; I felt that she misses the point entirely, as regards Auroville today, and it suffocates me to have only her company, when it does not communicate beyond a certain level; it makes me want to yell, sometimes, and today it burst and there were tears and spite and anger and reproach...

***11-3-1986, Auroville:**

In the night I woke up crying, from a dream of Auragni: I was with G.M in another place; we had travelled; we came upon a group of the French people, and among them were M.H and Subir and P.G; somehow they got to trust me a little, and one of them felt to call Auragni nearer so that I could see her and perhaps meet with her; but I was frozen, and I saw that she was wearing glasses; I saw that my princess had been stifled and had withdrawn deep within; I saw the creature of their group-formation, and I walked out, desperate; I began to crawl on my hands and knees up a long street to get away from it all, and it was painful and arduous and I was at my limits; and then I realised that Auragni had come after me, that she had seen me crawling absurdly... I sat up on a bench and opened my arms out to her and she rushed in and it all came out: how she had been feeling all these years, deep within herself, and I get to crying, crying, crying endlessly... She was now in my arms and we could now begin...!

... I asked, during the day, why, what for was coming to me this flow of formulation concerning the present Auroville issue – a flow which feels like one of truer knowing; and it seemed that the answer was for me to write it down and to make it available, without any fuss. So, this evening, I sat down and wrote for about two hours: four pages. I shall see tomorrow how it feels and if it is possible to have it typed...

***12-3-1986, Auroville:**

I have been going through states that are living questions, which are themselves questions, if not contradictions; I can sense some indispensable progress I must make, but... I am just not making it...!

I received two sweet letters today, one from O.P and one from G.M

Myrtle came early this morning to tell me that she had finally posted the notice, although she had almost given up, feeling our attempt rather futile in the face of all the "conversions" that have occurred in the past two days; yet, she decided, we must still try...!

***13-3-1986, Auroville:**

Ar. came, in tears ; she'd had a hard time at Matrimandir in the morning, and she needed to talk about her affective needs, about "us"; always we return to the same point: she can't turn to another person because my presence dominates her consciousness, and she wants to give herself to me only and, she says, in comparison, all other relationships seem flat and partial; and I cannot turn to her in the same way, because to me she is not the full person I need... What to do?

... I don't have much energy, nor interest, for "Ravena" at the moment: Janaka's funds are being held up in the States and there is an imbalance in the atmosphere as it is not clear on which footing we must go on; the men feel it, and do not relish the prospect of having to seek another job, and there is an undercurrent of subtle competition so that I will keep some rather than others; this isn't easy...

***14-3-1986, Auroville:**

This whole present issue in Auroville does not feel good at all... Will You not do something about it? Will You not show Kireet, or Satprem, how to break through it? I saw a terrible image this afternoon when I went, late, with Samuel, to join the General Meeting: the image of a ridiculous and frightful masquerade, with all these

"Aurovilians" up on a podium, seated on metal utility chairs in a circle, a big photograph of Your "Salute to the Advent of Truth" at the back, and that sensation or impression of death, death killing all joy, death on the voices, and no push, no call for victory... But Samuel was babbling along so loud in the echoing auditorium that I had to withdraw almost at once and gave up trying to surmount what I thought was perhaps mere negativity on my part... No! This can't be it! This is a bad, bad joke!

And this evening Ar. herself returned beaten, hurt and awed by the solidity of the obstacle, of the contradiction... Yet, in the morning, she had been filled with hope when she'd heard P.A, at Myrtle's, expanding upon the proposal he wanted to make for the organisation of Auroville as he had intuited it from the very symbol of Auroville and its physical pattern as You have drawn it... To me it had felt as a rather insufficient, mentally based enthusiasm; that he was merely carried away by one of these keys of harmony that Auroville provides, which cannot come to life as long as we do not begin consciously from the centre, within ourselves... But Ar. said that at the meeting P.A was fully crushed, along with the rest...

Yet, perhaps, there is still a chance, as there are enough individuals now who do not feel at ease and who may go on searching and probing and delving, and this perhaps will be enough to reverse the trend...?

... I received "Le Nouvel Observateur": it is the same all over the world; treachery and many new ways of lying are creeping in all the issues, in all contexts...

Burn me, Mother, burn me, burn all that is not real, relentlessly, there is no other worth in living, today...

***15-3-1986, Auroville:**

Last night in one of my dreams, I was with children, and I met a young girl who had been hit by a disease of the cells when a very small child, and whose body had not developed properly; she could not speak either, but her presence and her eyes were intensely centred, and she became very dear to me...

... I am upset with my own responses: for almost everything, in almost every situation, it is the smallness, the narrowness, the cramped ness of a nature that lacks wide receptivity and offers only self-conscious and twisted attitudes... Either I should be tossed and thrown about and shaken up by a variety of extreme situations, or else it should burn up in flames... But nothing happens!

There is sadness too, before this human mush – this indigence...

I had to lay off eight more workers today, and it is not an easy thing to do; there are many factors at work, if one looks; and yet they appeared to take it better than I do!

The uncertainty in life may be a means for progress, but one wishes it would be replaced by a more harmonious way...!

... Myrtle told me this anecdote at dinner: K.T had come to her to borrow the statements so as to Xerox them and take them to Delhi, and forgot them at the Secretariat! And then he phoned there and got Al.B, and asked him to pass them on to Pala who was then to return them to Myrtle..., who hadn't yet received anything!

***16-3-1986, Auroville:**

Douce Mère, je crois que j'aurais besoin que Tu me donnes une discipline à suivre, quelque chose à quoi m'accrocher, pour construire une réponse dans ma substance.

Je ne parviens pas à éprouver le mantra « officiel » ; il y a un mantra qui me vient quelquefois, depuis longtemps, et qui pour moi est chargé de Tout Ce qui doit venir... Mais je ne suis sûr de rien ; j'ignore si c'est d'une telle discipline qu'il s'agit ou bien si, pour moi, la question est de rester ou de partir...

Je suis tiré entre deux extrêmes par rapport au mode de vie ou à la mentalité qui domine ici ; soit un extrême vital, c'est-à-dire un retour à une intensité plutôt désespérée à travers des relations sexuellement libres, soit à l'autre bout – « bout » pour le moment – le besoin profond, et le manque aigu, d'une sorte de communauté « gnostique », et d'un mode de vie tout entier offert et activement soumis à un travail de transformation par-delà toutes notions de « bien », de morale et même d'idéal...

Par rapport à la vie qui est partagée ici, je me sens de plus en plus aliéné, étranger, incompatible ; je n'ai ni l'énergie ni l'enthousiasme pour me donner à cette sorte de partage...

I am out of tune; I need more, one way or another... I have no heart for this state or this condition, a little enlightened, trusting life and enjoying a certain harmony, while making mild efforts at achieving some unity of purpose; I can feel that one only needs, in order to adapt to it, a simple opening in the heart, and a sort of simple joy that accepts the conditions of the moment, makes no fuss and is able to relate; that very joy that is itself a bridge to connect individual solitudes, in a context that is somewhat open and graceful... But I don't have it and I cannot find it in myself; the more I would try, and the more incompatible I would get...

... Il me semble ressentir à présent comme le fait d'une bifurcation pour Auroville : d'un côté un chemin se présente qui peut être relativement harmonieux dans une sorte de tranquille ignorance et bonne volonté, mais qui s'en va tracer une courbe terriblement longue ; et ce serait une Auroville acceptée et protégée par le Gouvernement de l'Inde, comme un lieu privilégié sur la terre de l'Inde où, sous des conditions qui devront être définies assez vite, l'on peut s'établir et s'offrir à travailler à la représentation d'une certaine unité humaine.

Et de l'autre « côté », ou presque dans une autre dimension de l'expérience, un autre chemin, inconnu, qui repose entièrement sur Ta Force, c'est-à-dire sur la capacité progressive à s'y donner, à la percevoir et la servir ; où, dans un même contexte, de nombreux niveaux, ou degrés d'évolution pourraient s'imbriquer, depuis le plus extérieur, le plus visible et le plus abordable au monde ordinaire, jusqu'au plus intérieur, au plus discret, mais aussi au plus accéléré, bénéficiant ensemble d'un milieu et d'un environnement protecteur suffisamment éclairé et orienté...

Et il me semble que si ce second chemin, pour moi le plus essentiel, est occulté, ou repoussé ailleurs ou plus tard par le premier, alors je ne pourrai plus rester ici, car je me sens incapable de m'ajuster, de m'adapter à cet idéal de vie qui nivellerait et réduirait les possibilités d'évolution et l'action de la Force...

Je sens beaucoup que ce « choix » est maintenant dans la balance... Mais certainement c'est là un sentiment très ignorant ; car, « qui » ferait ce choix ? Quel serait l'agent vraiment déterminant ?

Quand je songe à partir et que je me projette dans une situation quelconque loin d'ici, il me semble qu'en fait ce serait bien pire ; ou bien je serais incapable et devrais dépendre d'un seul ordre de circonstances, ou bien, isolé, cloîtré, je piétinerais dans un demi vide effrayant, sans espoir...

Mais si Auroville s'engage dans le premier chemin, il s'ajoutera une fausseté de plus : celle de prétendre à un idéal qui, en soi, me laisse indifférent, ou incrédule : j'ai trop touché les racines des misères et des contradictions de l'état humain pour croire encore qu'une simple bonne volonté humaine, même dans des circonstances

tout à fait privilégiées, peut avoir le moindre effet tangible sur la condition humaine en général. L'utilité d'une telle entreprise me semble se situer exclusivement sur le plan d'une ouverture mentale à la nécessité de dépasser et transcender les facteurs sociaux et culturels et raciaux et ainsi de réduire leur emprise sur la vie même, c'est-à-dire la démonstration locale qu'il est possible de vivre en paix sur la terre, si toutefois les conditions matérielles sont assez bonnes...

Mais, dans mon expérience, cela me semblerait devoir être, plutôt que l'objet d'une recherche, l'un des résultats ou l'une des conséquences naturelles d'un autre Travail, plus intégral...

Mais la question demeure : s'agit-il d'un choix de la Conscience, étant données les conditions générales maintenant – et alors ce serait par fermeture et résistance que je serais incapable de m'adapter à cette étape du Chemin ; ou s'agit-il d'un manque de réceptivité locale, dans cette Auroville physique, qui aurait pour conséquence inévitable la réduction du champ de Travail, la diminution des fonctions de l'instrument « Auroville », et cela pour un temps indéterminé ; et si dans ce cas Tu conduiras ceux qui en ont besoin sur un autre itinéraire physique qui devra s'ouvrir, quel qu'il soit... ?

... C'est en marchant ce soir que ces questions se sont présentées, et j'ai eu besoin de Te les écrire...

Sans Toi, Douce Mère, il n'y a pas de chemin... !

***18-3-1986, Auroville :**

Ce matin, « on » m'a donné des réponses, qui sont toutes dans un même sens de pratique, de progrès et de marche, et qui me ramènent à une même, simple nécessité... C'est venu à travers Ton Agenda et à travers une entrevue avec D.M, entrevue intense, chargée, vibrante, à la fois orageuse et souveraine, durant laquelle nous nous sommes faits pleurer l'un l'autre et nous avons ri aussi, et où son attitude centrale, plus encore que les mots et le besoin de Vérité, m'a rendu à la confiance...

Mon Dieu, quel imbécile je suis, et quel nœud pas joli !

Ce qui me fait honte et me décourage à la fois, c'est que cette patience, ou cette compassion, ou cette compréhension qui apparaissent nécessaires en regard de toute cette petitesse et cette pauvreté que nous sommes, semblent aussi absolument hors de portée, et pratiquement surhumaines...

Mais peut-être c'est encore un faux problème ; peut-être y a-t-il simplement un seuil à passer, à partir duquel on bascule dans une perception, un discernement et une collaboration essentiellement autres, et qu'alors il n'y a plus le moindre effort de tolérance, de patience ou de compréhension à faire... On voit, on sait, on agit selon les rythmes d'une Vérité qui contient tout, qui est en tout et partout – et on n'attend plus rien de personne... S'il en est bien ainsi, alors je peux sentir le besoin de grandir dans cette direction...

***19-3-1986, Auroville:**

I am quietened; either I have given up my concerns or else the situation has somehow evolved, I do not know...

At "Ravena" we have removed all the posts and shuttering, and the space of the house now revealed is extremely beautiful and noble and... evident!

... Samuel has a cold and is feverish and he stayed in my arms the entire afternoon; at Myrtle's, on the way back, she wanted to tell me at length about Kireet, things she has heard both in the past and recently regarding his relation to You and to

Your Work and his own action... I don't know; I find that when one follows this sort of "impressions", one soon finds oneself not only inhabited but also surrounded with varying degrees of adversity... And what's the point of that?

Practically and in effect, one has only the field of one's daily experience to cultivate true discernment and evolve true reliance...

***20-3-1986, Auroville:**

Many of the activities I remember having in my sleep are too complex and have like their own internal language and significance which do not translate into our mental terms; for instance last night, I was somehow made to see examples of disorders in the body – it began with a case of inflamed blood vessels and varicose -, and their collective healing through the communication of a convincing harmony on all the affected points, and there were like illustrations of the relationships between these points...

***21-3-1986, Auroville:**

Last night I was involved in or identified with an ancient tragedy: it was the story of a woman, the last of a dynasty of puissant people who, betrayed by the strength in her blood, pushed her son's life in a way he could not endure and realised her error only as he was about to die; then she brought him to "us", so that he could die a reconciled and peaceful death, while she went away on her own and died a hard, terrible, solitary death...

... I have today realised the obvious...! It is up to me: either I trust and accept that my inner being has shown me indeed the mantra I can use, the mantra which corresponds to my needs, and this mantra is effective, that is, it has the power to dislodge and illumine all the movements that are contrary to Your Presence, and I truly want You and my prayers, my aspiration and my call are sincere... or they are partial, wavering and uncertain and I better not ask for any such discipline... Because I have seen how little prepared I am to truly, really offer and let go...!

***22-3-1986, Auroville:**

Ma condition individuelle, et depuis longtemps en fait, peut se résumer ainsi : un vide, où subsistent encore quelques attaches (qu'elles soient virtuelles ou actives ne fait qu'une différence minime) ; un vide, par conséquent, qui ne peut pas encore être un appel pur, et donc ne peut pas encore commencer de recevoir la vie nouvelle, ou la vraie conscience vivante...

C'est tout.

C'est ce manque de sincérité qui me garde comme emprisonné dans un « nulle part » malaisé, pauvre et inutile, une contradiction permanente de ce qui doit être...

***23-3-1986, Auroville:**

I read again this passage of Your Agenda where You explain how You had reached the point – in 1963 -, where it became imperative to discard the sort of acute discernment that was mainly concerned with what must change, what is still part of the great Deformation, and to concentrate instead exclusively and actively and creatively on the vision of what must be...

And I looked and wondered: I have not got the slightest notion, nor a single positive impression of what must be; and yet I can very well understand the

necessity to concentrate thus, rather than weigh upon, dwell upon all that is now wrong and false...

***25-3-1986, Auroville:**

Last night I saw a very big and powerful and fantastic sort of hurricane, but it was all orange, of that deep orange of the sannyasin's robe, with streaks in it of grey and brown, a formidable moving mass of wind and orange dust whirling and advancing on the land of Auroville...

***26-3-1986, Auroville:**

Samuel is still unwell, with a kind of near-chronic bronchitis, and he has worms in his intestines, and he is grumpy and whimsical and he complains, and suddenly he is all smiles again and he lays back and is sweet for a moment... It is rather depressing to be so impotent before these "natural" attacks on such a sweet little body, so vulnerable...

... At my night watch, I sit near Matrimandir, listening to a tape of Your Agenda; John H has just left; he has told me of the situation at work, with both Piero and Arjun hardening their positions... But it is so in so many places on earth today, on the very verge, it would seem, of an explosion, whether in South Africa, in Central America, or in the Near and Middle East...

... You know, Mother, I have felt today that I want to say this, to affirm this, to stand on this: I belong to You – I belong to You – I belong to You...!

***27-3-1986, Auroville:**

I am told that, according to Al.B, I am "behind" the opposition, within Auroville, to the Government projected organisation... What is funny is that I dreamt of him again last night and it was very open and almost tender between us, as if this unreality of the ego's barriers had melted away... while in fact he must be fuming against me, along with a few others...!

***29-3-1986, Auroville:**

There is the faith, inside me, that, one day of this life, I shall be truly Yours... Today it is 6 times 12 years that You Two first met, this time...

***30-3-1986, Auroville:**

On my way down to town I passed, midst the cramped traffic, coming slowly the other way, my princess, with Diane, on Diane's moped; I had a good look at her: she was blinking against the dust while shouting about something she was seeing; she was well tanned and full and strong and looked healthy; she didn't see me, I think, and anyway she could not have recognised me... I had conflicting emotions for a moment; then I told myself to be happy because I could at least see for myself that she is well and cheerful and growing healthy and strong...

***31-3-1986, Auroville:**

Myrtle today told me that Al.B has managed to pen a clever covering letter to be sent as an introduction to the statements that K.T has planned to take to Delhi and

show to Kireet, and it says that these statements represent only a handful of people, while the large majority of the Aurovilians was actually happy about the Government Takeover...

...It's like I am in a perpetual crisis, and yet nothing ever seems to come out of it: a kind of status quo, and never any breakthrough...

***2-4-1986, Auroville:**

Narayana sat with me for part of my night-watch; he asked me to start working again every day at Matrimandir and to organise a new team with those who are available and willing... But I don't know how I can practically manage to put several hours daily at Matrimandir, as I am keeping Samuel every afternoon and wouldn't stop doing that... Yet, is that Your answer to my prayer to be used...?

***4-4-1986, Auroville:**

Ar. wanted to know how I wished my birth day to be set, next week; but I do not want to think about it; I just wish it would be Yours, truly Yours... Perhaps one day, one year, I will have something worth giving; but at present, nothing is really established and so, there can be nothing to celebrate; this, I told her, is how I feel...

***8-4-1986, Auroville:**

More and more I feel as if non-existent: rather, existing merely as an inertia and a resistance; a lack of response to the awareness of Your Presence...
I gave taken up drawing again, every afternoon; and this evening, once more, I forgot the time and was too late for dinner at the Kitchen...

***9-4-1986, Auroville:**

Il y a à la fois le sens d'un état d'être, très proche, très abordable, tout à fait simple et conscient de Toi, conscient de Ca ; et, à la faveur de toutes petites circonstances, la réalisation évidente, indubitable, de l'énormité du changement nécessaire pour que cet état devienne vivant et manifeste...

***11-4-1986, Auroville:**

Blank: the demolition goes on...

Outwardly I find it difficult to have no proper work or defined activity, as a frame for the daily progress; to merely make others work – to "supervise" – while doing nothing physically myself...

***12-4-1986, Auroville:**

I need the days to recover and recuperate from the nights!!! There was a period last night when I went into a sort of "pondering" the niceties of pseudo spiritual imagery, while in actual terms the process of undoing the physical ego implies practical questions which are far removed from such representations... But perhaps this is only because I am hardly even a "beginner"? I tend to see and feel that the very first necessity is the concrete and direct intervention of a Power different in nature, so that the opening of the physical consciousness does not become a feast

for all the opposing ignorance in Nature - this was, I guess, triggered by the bite, one more bite, by a cockroach, obviously mischievous, intentional... -, a Power that is protective and incarnating at once...

... The US Navy is again cruising towards Libya; it is as if Reagan was actively pushing and provoking a situation that would enact all the threats of today' world...

***13-4-1986, Auroville:**

Every night, for part of the night, I go into adventures, improbable, novel-like situations with people and in places I do not know; last night, one such place was a sort of power plant, located on a sandy rise near to the sea, very green with beautiful grass and a harmonious arrangements of hedges, and there on that sandy stretch almost fully surrounded by the ocean, are kept white sheep and white geese...

... N came to fetch me at dawn and we drove over to the village of Pattai, to a place that is still beautiful, despite the falsity of today' Tamil society, and vibrant with India's deeper reality, to attend the marriage ceremony of Jaïmurthy; the scene was interesting, and Jaïmurthy held himself very straight and very clear; and I was happy to have come, for his sake and the sake of friendship; Janaka also came with Auralice; with N it was sweet, the way he was sort of openly declaring, with pleasure and confidence, our relationship...

***14-4-1986, Auroville:**

There is the sense of a persisting adversity, either in me or using me, pressing against me, taking my life, my existence as a support; and the sense of being increasingly cut from the others, from people and from life itself - it would seem by my own choice, but that choice is determined by this impossibility I seem to represent; the sense of being less and less able to communicate, at simple life-levels, with others... In my experience I am aware of no intermediate levels of communication between the flow of sexual attraction, on the one hand, and at the other end the flow of consciousness between beings who are given and belong to the making of the new creation; while everyone I know seems to be naturally able to move between these two ends or extremes... This gives a sense of solitude that is sometimes hard to bear, when compared to a creative situation of having someone to love, someone to cherish, with an interchange to evolve and a rapport, active and alive, with the world through that relationship... This is my ego veiling, obstructing, weighing, deforming...

... D.M had asked me for dinner, to see with her and Janaka about some details in the finishing of "Ravena"; we fought again, this time over the issue of "tradition"; and of her lecturing me; and, as every time, it dissolved into smile and laughter and the trusting awareness of one another; and the rest of the evening together was very quiet; Auralice performed some dance steps she had just learned, and I bathed for a while in an atmosphere of simple and genuine human harmony, seeing too how Janaka is a happy man, and a fine one too... What have I done to be so hardened to life, so wholly incapable of living...?

***15-4-1986, Auroville:**

The US have raided and bombed Tripoli and Benghazi in Libya last night. I heard part of Reagan's speech: the perfect incarnation of that insane moral righteousness that still stands valid for so many forces in today' world... It is useless at this point

to expect any one of these politicians to utter the truth: not one of them can be honest anymore, without blowing apart the entire apparatus... But India has pronounced against the US action...

I heard the news at 10 am: it is of course alarming; but somehow I also feel that this blunt stupidity, through all these confused issues, has the merit of being frankly what it is, no more and no less! Perhaps a lot of quick readjustments in the balances will take place and the perception of the world situation will evolve in unforeseen ways, allowing for new energies to flow...?

It struck me, at the Kitchen tonight, how already a subtle alignment has occurred: there are those who rejoice over Reagan's stance and fully approve of it... And, once more, there are no surprises here!

... I took Samuel with me to see D.M; he is alright now, and it is good with him, although it is also obvious he goes through affective phases and is, in his own way, aware of his father's absence, of Soaz's questions, of my place near him, and perhaps even of their projected journey back to France – Soaz has received their tickets, but without any return fares, and she has begun to panic at the thought that her parents may intend to try and keep her and the kids away from Auroville...

***16-4-1986, Auroville:**

I listened to the news on the radio, after the afternoon rest, and I felt like trying to write down some short essay on the general situation today, and the necessary steps to be taken to help the Change, by the Western countries; but I had no time to go beyond the introduction, as Soaz soon brought Samuel to me, and I drove back to "Ravena" with him and, later, to the beach, where he was quite happy and freely moving today, a joy to watch and be with...

***17-4-1986, Auroville:**

This morning I decided not to linger in "Ravena", once I had given all the instructions, and to return here early, without any moral sense of guilt, to go on with the writing of that short essay I intend to send to Jean Daniel, the main editor of the "Nouvel Observateur", which I have now titled "Un Appel à l'Ouest"...

***18-4-1986, Auroville:**

Samuel is doing very well now. But I can already feel that... it will be hard for me to part from him, and I will miss him... And how will it be when, and if, he comes back...? But anyway, it is all Yours!

***19-4-1986, Auroville:**

I seem to have spent a long time, in my sleep, with You, and Satprem, and the Agenda team in Europe – and there were more misunderstandings, and there was Your constant love, always ready to pour, to soothe, to clear the way...

... I want to help the undoing of the ego here, everywhere here in what I am; I can see and sense and feel how happy an egoless state must be! Happy in a true sense, of trusting, living, fulfilled surrender, beyond illusion, time and death, beyond all circumstances; and that really then one may begin to serve You and know Your company...!

***21-4-1986, Auroville:**

I have made a failure of trying to discipline myself today! And now I am completely lost; I don't know which way to turn, what to try...

... As John H put it, at dinner today, to be useful is to do Your Work! He certainly does!

As for me, I am not optimistic as to where I stand in relation to this truth... Perhaps I may do Your Work ten minutes a day, when I am collected and centred at "Ravena"; that is all it requires at present; and that means that for almost 24 hours I am nowhere; and I realise there is nothing and no one to blame but my own ego!

I also realise, with a growing shame, that Truth IS Joy; necessarily so; and it follows therefore that I cannot be aware of Truth, since I am rather effectively shut against Joy!

I am in the condition of one who drags himself on and on, without the least sense of being rooted in the Flow, of having an origin in Joy; everything under the immediate surface comes to the same for me: there is a sort of utter indifference, deep down...

I do not know; no words fit.

I just wish You would give a work to do, whatever it may be. I am unable to get rid of the ego without You. Only You can do it.

... I have finished reading "Om", by Talbot Mundy: a nice story of wisdom; it touches and moves me, but leaves me all the more irresolute; it is as if, somewhere, I feel as old as the world. And, without You to gaze at, without You to follow into a density of Presence, I feel like an endless, interminable waiting. Waiting. Waiting. Just enduring the obligation to live, to exist. And clinging to shreds of beauty, of harmony, physical harmony, so that it is bearable...

***22-4-1986, Auroville:**

I have been looking and looking, and it seems to me that I can formulate two things.

One, that there is in me, or I truly am, or I exist by and from, a true force of manifestation; by its very nature, it wants to manifest; but this want, until I am freed from the ego, creates problems, because first one must discern what must not be manifested (and that takes time), and then one must become aware of what truly needs to be manifested now (and that too takes time) and be integrally surrendered to it... And I can trace that issue all through my life, at all levels.

And then there is the second thing: what is truly my aspiration to, for, or toward? What is it that triggers it, or fires it, or sustains it, or calls it? For I have no motivation, and no aspiration really towards anything, except for One thing...: This whole world, the whole experience of it, the whole becoming of it, the entire range and gradation of realities it gives access to, ultimately make no sense whatsoever unless there is an opening, in Matter itself, directly to the Supreme – and if this is, as I feel and believe, the way You have come to open, Mother...!

And then all the rest becomes quite secondary, and almost irrelevant; whether it leads to being, to love, to unity, or to something else, matters little...! Because, from that "point" on, it is the Supreme who is present and conscious, and whether from this side we can, or not, mark any number of His attributes, makes little difference, after all...!

But putting those two things together, alas, does not make this present life valid in itself. For, the passage between this present state and That One seems so obviously to require an impossibly long process (long in terms of a human life) of... what... undoing, burning away, melting, dissolving, without death, that, to live the

present moment, and the next, and the next, and respond and answer constantly within limits, becomes all the more an impractical, and absurd, necessity...

***25-4-1986, Auroville:**

I don't know at all what to do with life...! This "I ness" is so cumbersome, so boring too, and so obstructive, vain and pointless; and yet it sticks, and persists...

I think the only moments when I am alright is when I lie down and read Your Agenda; then also when I am contemplating some physical harmony, and there is this sort of peculiar ecstasy I am most familiar with...

And then there are all these moments when, for reasons I ignore, the pressure of the Force is no longer tangible... But, when It is there, or when I am aware of It, then everything and every moment is part of It, is embraced by It...

***26-4-1986, Auroville:**

I now suspect that my ego is largely behind this want to "progress", to advance, to "become" this and that, to monkey its way on – while, perhaps, everything is just how it has to be, and one simply has to wait, one is here to wait, in humility, keeping one's commitment actual and thorough, without expecting anything "in return"...

Yet everything is infinitely clearer and more valid when... I can feel You, feel the Force pouring, active, burning and melting...

Ego... the ego... hiding even forward, and profiting by the unknown, mimicking, adapting so well, so "subtly"!

Sometimes when I look at it thus, I think it is better to lead an ordinary life, simply, until, unheralded one day the Force picks you up, gathers you back in Its fold and sends you forth into the new world...

The problem is, though, that I am not sure I could lead even an ordinary life at this point...!

***27-4-1986, Auroville:**

The weight of having to carry and assume one's separate existence is crushing...

Sometimes I fear that I am far out on a very wrong path... And yet, as long as I experience a growing comprehension of Your Agenda, it cannot be that wrong...!

I don't know, don't know, don't know...

***28-4-1986, Auroville:**

An oddest episode last night: a woman I know has given birth to seven twins! And, although I am not their father, they turn to me, and I begin to look after them too; this is taking place somewhere like Brittany, near the sea...

... Samuel did not want to stay with me today, he preferred to go to the beach with the other kids and Soaz; it is also, I feel, that we are both preparing for the "separation", in about 3 weeks; otherwise it may be too abrupt...

***30-4-1986, Auroville:**

In one of my "dreams" last night I saw a very interesting painting, at the centre of which is an empty armchair, in a perfect peace, charged with the Presence...

***Texte d'une lettre ouverte adressée à Jean Daniel, au "Nouvel Observateur".**

« Monsieur,

Je me permets de m'adresser à vous, et à la tenue et à l'intégrité dont vous faites preuve, avec l'espoir que vous voudrez bien considérer cette contribution, sous une formulation qui pourra paraître simpliste à certains, d'un « appel à l'Ouest », rédigé avec les moyens du bord.

Vous serez peut-être sensible au fait que, étant dans la position de quelqu'un qui d'une part est géographiquement éloigné et d'autre part ne dispose d'aucune lettre de crédit, d'influence, n'a rien accompli de notable et ne possède aucune qualification particulière, mais a quelque chose à communiquer à la lumière des événements qui agitent le monde à présent, je n'ai pu songer qu'à vous comme le forum possible pour partager une compréhension qui me semble aussi urgente qu'essentielle.

Etant abonné de votre journal depuis de nombreuses années, et bien que je déplore intensément une certaine vulgarité de ton qui nuit beaucoup à la clarté et à la précision de l'information et à la possibilité de progrès collectif que représente cet hebdomadaire, et que je puisse me demander parfois par quelle gymnastique vous-même parvenez à justifier votre caution à cet état d'esprit très falsifiant, j'ai pu constater toutefois, avec estime, que dans vos éditoriaux vous tendez constamment à vous exprimer du plus haut de votre conscience.

Alors, comme beaucoup d'autres je le crois, j'aimerais tant que cet instrument dont vous avez la maîtrise puisse servir à dire un peu plus et un peu plus fort certaines vérités nécessaires, à s'engager un peu plus avant dans la prise de conscience – inévitable, mais évidemment moins brutale si un peu partout l'on apprend à collaborer, à ne pas y faire obstacle – du sens de notre temps présent, sur la terre.

Alors que je vous écris, dans toutes les agglomérations humaines il est probablement question de l'action menée par l'Administration des Etats-Unis contre la Libye du Colonel Khedafi.

Les sympathies divergent, les mouvements viscéraux se heurtent à des perceptions plus globales ; la conscience de la quasi-impossibilité de nos jours et dans les termes ordinaires à être politiquement honnête, est en conflit moral avec l'apparente nécessité d'agir... Et ainsi de suite.

Mais ces événements ont ceci de remarquable qu'ils symbolisent et expriment très ouvertement le problème majeur auquel les pays de l'Ouest doivent maintenant faire face, et auquel ils doivent apporter la vraie réponse, celle qui dégagera le chemin d'une évolution terrestre coopérative.

Car il y a une autre voie que celle qui consiste à opposer sans répit les morales et les cultures sur un champ de bataille planétaire.

Il est une leçon radicale que l'Ouest doit apprendre vite : c'est que le temps est passé des ingérences, des interférences et de l'expansion d'une nation quelle qu'elle soit aux dépens des autres.

Le milieu dans lequel nous évoluons a changé. Les conséquences du moindre faux mouvement ont leurs répercussions immédiates à tous les niveaux de vie, partout sur la planète.

Le temps de l'interférence est révolu.

Mais surtout, le temps est révolu de toutes les morales et de tous ces codes de conduite qui justifiaient l'interférence.

Il est indispensable que les pays de l'Ouest, c'est-à-dire ces pays qui ont atteint un seuil d'autosuffisance et sont en mesure de permettre une qualité de vie à chaque membre de leurs communautés, fassent le constat lucide et compréhensif de la situation et se déclarent volontaires pour pratiquer de nouvelles orientations.

Ici je souhaiterais souligner les données majeures de ce constat, et tenter de formuler les indications des changements nécessaires qui leur correspondent.

Il n'y a eu et il n'y aura jamais qu'un Alexandre.

Désormais la complexité formidable des données à résoudre pour la conscience humaine contemporaine est si évidente qu'il est devenu tout à fait inutile de vouloir se garder d'une éventuelle ambition totalitaire et dominatrice par une quelconque des parties concernées.

L'interdépendance des problèmes posés est telle qu'une domination effective de la planète par quelque groupe humain que ce soit est devenue irréalisable, à moins d'un anéantissement plus que partiel de sa population.

Or le moyen le plus concret et le plus rapide de prévenir définitivement une telle éventualité est justement de renforcer et d'encourager à tous les niveaux la communication et les échanges entre tous les groupes et sociétés humains, de telle manière que chaque individu devienne rapidement conscient, dans son expérience quotidienne, de cette même complexité et de sa réalité évolutive.

Il est donc profondément nécessaire de miser sans réserves sur les potentiels de cette communication planétaire et d'accompagner activement, de manière souple, attentive et éclairée, toutes les prises de conscience qui en résulteront.

Dans le même ordre évolutif, il est souhaitable que le mélange des races se produise de manière croissante et de plus en plus diversifiée, à la condition de respecter le choix libre des individus.

Cela est souhaitable pour une raison très simple, dont quiconque a longtemps vécu au contact et en présence d'une culture entièrement différente de la sienne pourra témoigner, et c'est que seul le corps est capable d'intégrer les différences dans une résolution vivante.

Il faut aussi considérer attentivement et sans parti pris la réalité évolutive du pouvoir financier. C'est là une donnée cruciale, car elle est indissociable, de nos jours, de toutes les autres.

Il est un principe fondamental qui doit être établi de manière irréfutable : c'est que l'argent ne doit pas servir à faire de l'argent.

Le pouvoir financier doit être utilisé exclusivement aux fins et au service de la qualité de la vie – qui est synonyme de la qualité de la conscience. Toutes les autres utilisations de ce pouvoir sont soit des déviations relatives de cette vérité essentielle, soit de graves contradictions qui multiplient sans cesse les obstacles à une manifestation progressive de l'harmonie sur la terre.

Si l'Ouest donne à ce principe la place et le rôle de critère déterminant pour ses choix et ses orientations dans tous les domaines, nous verrons pratiquement que les grandes impasses qui font l'objet de tant d'études et de débats ont en fait une voie de résolution, difficile certes, mais juste et profondément évolutive – qu'il s'agisse de cette fameuse « aide au Tiers Monde » qui n'est hélas qu'un alibi et un masque, ou qu'il s'agisse de l'armement de pays en conflit, ou des divers fléaux de la civilisation industrialisée, tels le chômage ou les conditions de vie des « immigrés »...

Il est par ailleurs impossible à quiconque de nier honnêtement le fait de l'influence déterminante du pouvoir financier sur l'orientation des recherches scientifiques en général.

Or l'utilisation éclairée du pouvoir financier dépend directement d'une capacité de compréhension vraie de la situation évolutive de la terre.

Que nous le voulions ou non, que nous soyons ou non à même d'en mesurer l'ampleur et la portée, nous sommes tous à la fois les témoins et les participants de l'émergence d'une nouvelle conscience ; nous vivons les affres d'une nouvelle naissance.

Or nous pouvons aider.

Le pouvoir financier doit être mis au service de cette nouvelle naissance.

Supposons que les nations de l'Ouest deviennent rapidement capables de se rassembler dans le soutien d'une résolution commune pour une proposition terrestre énonçant clairement et distinctement les orientations pratiques qui auraient des conséquences mondiales, dans l'immédiat comme à terme indéfini...

Toute proposition terrestre valide issue par les Etats de l'Ouest devrait nécessairement inclure les termes de la conduite à tenir en cas de conflit ou d'affrontement en n'importe quel point de la planète, et prévoir l'éventualité d'un conflit où l'une ou les parties concernées demanderaient officiellement l'intervention de forces armées efficaces.

Or il apparaît à tout examen attentif qu'une telle intervention ne pourra être réellement utile qu'à certaines conditions : - elle ne pourra avoir pour objectif que celui d'arrêter l'affrontement destructeur qui a lieu ;

- elle ne pourra prendre place qu'à la demande expresse et sans équivoque de l'une ou des parties concernées, dans ce même et unique objectif ;

- elle ne pourra émaner que d'une formation inter nationale, ou plutôt a nationale, c'est-à-dire établie par un consensus mondial et ne dépendant aucunement d'affinités entre différentes nations ;

- son choix ne pourra en revenir ultimement qu'à une Commission également formée par consensus et après examen impartial des données de la situation en question, sur la base d'informations, d'évaluations et d'études recueillies en permanence ;

- les armes employées devront être sophistiquées, au sens d'une précision et d'une efficacité maximales, dans le même

objectif de faire cesser l'affrontement dans un délai et avec des dommages minimaux, bannissant entièrement et radicalement l'usage d'armes qui peuvent avoir des effets nocifs sur le milieu et l'environnement.

Ainsi, pour prendre l'exemple d'un Etat au moment de définir son budget, ses dépenses en matière de défense et d'armement seraient formidablement réduites à une contribution à la force d'intervention dont cette Commission serait la dépositaire et la gardienne.

C'est-à-dire que, pour ne mentionner que ce domaine de l'armement, un formidable potentiel d'énergie créatrice serait libéré et rendu disponible pour le service d'une aventure évolutive humaine et terrestre.

Evidemment ces orientations impliquent nombre d'actes courageux face auxquels l'Ouest ne cesse de louvoyer et de tergiverser, mais jusqu'à quand ?

Ainsi, tout trafic et vente d'armes doit être activement exclu de la vie humaine ; toutes les industries qui collaborent à la destruction doivent se recycler dans la manufacture d'objets et d'outils utiles à la recherche progressive de la qualité de la vie terrestre.

(Et ici il faudrait tout de même relever la multiplication des signes et symptômes de la banqueroute, ô combien salubre, des techniques et pratiques d'espionnage international.)

L'aide des nations qui ont atteint le seuil de l'autosuffisance pour celles qui sont en difficulté doit procéder selon des principes et une éthique nouveaux ; il n'est plus question de charité, mais de coopération et de respect.

L'aide, le service rendu, doit intervenir sur la seule base d'une requête clairement formulée, et sans conditions d'aucun côté.

Elle mettra l'accent sur le partage des connaissances, la maîtrise des techniques et du savoir, plutôt que sur les biens matériels, sans y mêler aucune influence idéologique.

Elle s'efforcera sans cesse de favoriser l'accès pour tous à ce que Samuel Pizar nomme « les ressources humaines ».

Elle n'interviendra en aucune manière sans requête préalable dans l'évolution, si ardue soit-elle, d'une culture ou d'un peuple donnés, mais s'appliquera constamment à soutenir tous les échanges sociaux et humains à tous les niveaux d'activité.

Elle s'intéressera, en tous points du dialogue permanent qui pourra ainsi s'établir, à mettre les moyens justes à la disposition de tous ceux, individus et communautés, qui sont à la recherche d'une qualité de vie et d'un progrès de conscience.

Elle donnera son plein soutien à toutes les recherches des moyens pratiques d'utiliser intelligemment et dans un respect total de l'intégrité de la terre toutes les ressources matérielles et naturelles, en ayant à cœur ce principe fondamental selon lequel, de là où l'on prend, là il faut donner.

Ces propositions ne manqueront pas d'apparaître « utopiques » à ceux qui, de par leur propre confusion, sont en retard dans leur évaluation des temps présents.

Il en est d'autres – et c'est là l'un des faits de la bataille intérieure qui se livre en tous points de la conscience humaine – dont les intérêts et les attachements immédiats sont évidemment menacés par de telles orientations.

Mais c'est là où nous en sommes, et il incombe particulièrement à ceux qui peuvent le voir de contribuer toutes les énergies dont ils disposent pour amener l'Ouest à la pratique de ces vérités.

Les circonstances de la terre entière crient cette nécessité.

Le terrorisme, qui est l'objet aujourd'hui de cette campagne « magistrale », ne peut être dissous qu'en en traitant la cause.

Et cette cause réside dans l'impossibilité vivante où se trouvent actuellement des millions d'êtres humains de constituer un corps de valeurs adapté au déferlement d'une conscience terrestre, puisqu'ils sont privés du milieu et de l'environnement indispensables à cette démarche.

La conscience de l'humanité, comme sa substance, est une, et ce qu'elle crie, ici ou là, doit être entendu.

Ce qu'elle crie n'est pas les mots employés, n'est pas les idées galvaudées.

Ce qu'elle crie est le besoin vital, impératif, de l'espace nécessaire pour opérer une mutation harmonieuse à un état planétaire.

L'Inde, pays où je vis moi-même depuis près de quinze ans, est une représentation bouleversante de tous les maux qui nous accablent et frappent aux portes de notre conscience.

L'Inde qui, malgré, en dépit de et avec toutes ses contradictions, tient pourtant le rôle d'un espoir et d'un exemple pour nombre de peuples et de nations en difficulté.

L'Inde qui a le courage et la détermination de représenter la voie du non-alignement, alors qu'elle-même souffre gravement de la succession d'ingérences et d'interférences qui ont grandement contribué à sa propre division.

L'Inde, dont la réalité profonde a été défigurée par la partition survenue au lendemain de son Indépendance, et qui n'a pas encore pu évoquer, en elle-même, la force véritable qui la rendra à son identité. André Malraux l'avait bien vue, cette vraie unité de l'Inde, dans le conflit qui précéda la création – elle-même un autre compromis douloureux – du Bangladesh.

L'Inde qui a compris qu'elle doit trouver directement les forces nécessaires à sa survie et à son accession à ce seuil encore incertain après lequel elle pourvoira à l'intégrité minimale de chacun des membres de sa vaste communauté.

Combien la tâche lui serait facilitée, en termes réels d'évolution, si aucune de ces « puissances étrangères » ne poursuivait ses propres intérêts fallacieux dans son environnement immédiat !

Combien de situations terrestres, de conflits et d'impasses n'auraient ils pas enfin la possibilité de parvenir à leur propre résolution évolutive – quelles que soient les épreuves que la morale confuse des Occidentaux leur fasse redouter – si les puissances des nations « développées » s'engageaient à pratiquer la juste attitude ?

Et quelle richesse d'expérience n'en résulterait-il pas pour chaque individualité !

Je suis bien conscient que, d'une part, les « bonnes idées » ne manquent pas et que, d'autre part, pour prendre l'exemple de la France, le jeu des forces est tel que les énergies de bonne volonté vont au seul effort de neutraliser les effets d'attitudes étroites et exclusives, ou du moins semblent devoir le faire.

Mais il faudrait peut-être suivre une autre démarche, qui consisterait dès maintenant à clamer et répéter inlassablement ce que sont les véritables nécessités des temps présents, jusqu'à ce que l'on soit entendu.

Qu'importent les dénominations, momentanées, dont ceux qui parlent clair sont ou seront affublés.

Ce qui compte est de communiquer une compréhension et les éléments d'une orientation pratique effective.

Il serait bon de noter, pour ceux de l'Ouest, avant que par une ironie du sort ils se trouvent dépassés, que de telles propositions sont déjà partie intégrante de la démarche et du discours de certains pays dits « non-alignés ».

Et que la balance des forces est en train de changer irrémédiablement.

Reste que, en comprenant, en adhérant, en prenant des initiatives transparentes, l'Ouest peut énormément réduire le coût en souffrance du travail évolutif et contribuer formidablement à la circulation libre d'énergies nouvelles et d'une harmonie globale.

Vous dénoncez avec persévérance et ferveur ce que vous considérez en France comme une remontée du racisme, et vous tentez de mettre en garde contre la variété de ses masques.

Mais le phénomène même de cette « remontée » indique simplement que la civilisation et la culture occidentales, avec toutes leurs prétentions d'universalité, n'ont pas pu devenir le médium pour les résolutions des différences raciales.

Même la morale la plus haute ne peut qu'imposer le contrôle d'une tolérance active sur des mouvements dont nul n'est à l'abri, tant que nous n'avons pas réalisé concrètement, dans le corps, que toute la substance humaine est une, et que la conscience est un continuum qui ne connaît pas de barrières.

Cette réalisation fait pression sur nous tous, où que nous soyons.

Nous pouvons aider à son incarnation.

Négativement, nous pouvons nous abstenir de toute surenchère et reconnaître simplement que, dans l'état actuel de notre conscience, d'une race à l'autre nous ne nous comprenons pas toujours ni en tout.

Et créativement, nous pouvons et nous devons encourager et aider de toutes les manières possibles et à tous les niveaux la circulation et les échanges d'énergie, sur des bases intègres et non ambiguës qui respectent profondément le droit de chacun au respect de soi-même.

Dans toute l'histoire connue de l'humanité, trois états ont parfois été capables de transcender les différences autrement insurmontables : l'amitié, l'amour et l'expérience spirituelle véritable.

Transcender, mais pas transformer.

La transformation n'aura lieu vraiment que dans une conscience du monde tout entier, dans le corps et la matière.

J'ignore évidemment ce qu'il adviendra de cette « lettre ouverte », comme je ne puis que conjecturer sur la nature de l'accueil qui lui sera réservé.

La raison me dicterait de ne rien espérer.

C'est donc une tentative déraisonnable que je vous prie néanmoins d'accepter, si vous voudrez bien juger vous-même de ce qu'elle vaut.

Comment terminer une telle lettre ? L'on peut toujours s'adresser un sourire !

Divakar (né Français, résidant en Inde), le 17-4-1986. »

***Entretien de Ch.J et F.J à propos de la lettre ouverte à Jean Daniel, enregistré en Novembre 1986.**

ChJ – « Bon, je t'ai passé la lettre de Divakar à Jean Daniel : ce qui m'a frappée quand je l'ai lue, c'est que c'est un peu un cri ?

FJ – Oui.

ChJ – Ce qui m'a frappée aussi, c'est que, bon, je suis d'accord entièrement avec tout ce qu'il dit ; et qu'en certains passages, au niveau de ce que tu appelles l'exigence morale, vous êtes vraiment jumeaux ! Enfin, je veux dire que ce qu'il dit m'apparaît évidemment un peu abstrait ! Je pense que... qu'il essaie de pratiquer !

FJ – D'accord.

ChJ – Ca m'a frappée. Je ne suis pas étonnée que Jean Daniel n'ait pas répondu, à cause du début, qui est un peu naïf !

(Rires)

C'est-à-dire quand il dit qu'il y a une certaine vulgarité de ton, à laquelle Jean Daniel donne sa caution, quand on connaît Jean Daniel qui a ses qualités, mais qui est un écorché vif, il ne peut pas pardonner cela ; je veux dire, je pense que la non-réponse est assez...

FJ – C'est-à-dire qu'il y a même une contradiction à ce propos, parce que d'une part Divakar lui dit qu'il y a une certaine vulgarité de ton, et lui reproche en quelque sorte de donner caution à ça, et d'autre part il lui dit qu'il a la maîtrise – je ne sais plus où c'est : oui, qu'il a la maîtrise du « Nouvel Observateur »...

ChJ – Je pense que Divakar, quand il parle à Jean Daniel de lui, il parle de ses éditoriaux, et il fait une différence entre les éditoriaux de Jean Daniel, qu'il apprécie beaucoup, et le reste du journal, qui est... bon !... quelquefois.... !

FJ – Je l'entends bien ! Mais c'est au reste du journal qu'il reproche une vulgarité de ton, et il s'étonne que Jean Daniel n'y remédie pas ; alors je pense que Jean Daniel n'a pas le pouvoir, n'a pas la maîtrise, justement, contrairement à ce que suggère un autre passage de la lettre ; en fait, je pense que c'est beaucoup plus complexe que ça, et que l'on n'est pas tout à fait le patron, bien qu'on soit le rédacteur en chef, même un des principaux actionnaires aussi ; mais enfin, non, ce n'est pas si simple...

ChJ – Sur le fond, est-ce que tu es d'accord avec ce qu'il dit ?

FJ – Sur le fond, d'une part je suis totalement d'accord en ce qui concerne le sens, l'orientation ; et d'autre part j'ai été très, très intéressé par le fait que, pendant presque toute la lettre, Divakar s'adresse à Jean Daniel pour lui parler de la géopolitique en quelque sorte, c'est vraiment à l'échelle de la planète ; et que tout d'un coup, vers la fin, il parle de ce que nous pouvons faire là où nous sommes, et,

si tu veux, il me semble que... on doit en effet clamer, que c'est dans le sens qu'il indique d'un bout à l'autre de la lettre qu'il faut aller, même si c'est impossible actuellement : il faut en parler, il faut le dire et le redire. Je ne pense pas que ce soit praticable aujourd'hui, justement si on le situe à l'échelle de la planète, parce qu'il y a beaucoup trop de contradictions, beaucoup trop de puissances en jeu, beaucoup trop de forces diverses, et que nous ne sommes vraiment pas en mesure d'agir sur ces forces, d'agir de façon concrète sur des forces qui sont, en elles-mêmes, assez incohérentes ; mais en revanche je pense que c'est en effet toute une attitude qu'il s'agit de propager peu à peu, cela étant, sur un autre plan, celui qui est signalé vers la fin de la lettre ; je pense que nous pouvons tous quelque chose dans l'immédiat, dès maintenant, là où nous sommes.

ChJ – Lui à Auroville, et toi dans ton travail, chacun là où l'on est, et dans ce que l'on fait...

FJ – C'est ça, voilà ; je ne sais plus très bien où sont ces lignes, mais... ah ! oui : 'Cette réalisation fait pression sur nous tous, où que nous soyons... nous pouvons aider à son incarnation...' Où que nous soyons : et ça c'est sûr, nous pouvons aider à son incarnation – on ne peut pas l'incarner à l'échelle de la planète, actuellement c'est tout à fait impensable ; je dirais, par contre : c'est un peu, si tu veux, la différence que je fais quand je parle de l'esprit d'équipe ; un service entier, une centaine de personnes ne font pas équipe, ne peuvent pas faire équipe, mais peu à peu on peut propager l'esprit d'équipe au sein de ces 100 personnes, tu vois... Eh bien, peu à peu on peut propager à l'échelle de la planète à force de le dire et de le redire ; c'est pour ça qu'il a raison de s'adresser à un hebdomadaire d'idées comme ça, on peut propager une certaine revendication, une revendication d'ordre moral, et ça ne peut pas s'exprimer encore en termes de revendication pratique, parce que c'est impensable...

ChJ – C'est ce qu'il dit d'ailleurs dans un moment de sa lettre – 'ce que je vous dis va vous paraître idéaliste ou utopique'... je ne sais pas ce qu'il emploie comme terme ; c'est vrai au niveau, donc, de la planète, et comme tu dis il faut être en avance pour propager ça, il faut être idéaliste et utopique ; et, au niveau de l'incarnation, être relatif et quotidien...

FJ – Voilà ; et local, tout à fait ; mais je crois qu'il y a deux manières de se faire reprocher d'être utopique – de toutes manières dès que l'on dit des choses comme ça, on se le fait reprocher ; même je dirais, quand on parle par exemple d'agir là où on est, eh bien, les gens vous disent 'à quoi ça rime !?', puisque tout le reste continue de faire pression sur nous, même ça, tu comprends ; mais enfin, je dis qu'il faut quand même bien arriver, pour soi-même, à situer les deux plans et se dire que... même le mot 'utopie' n'est pas si vilain, d'ailleurs ! Moi, je suis près à l'accepter... Mais se dire qu'il y a deux utopies, si tu veux, superposées : il y en a une qui concerne l'ensemble de la planète, bon, et il faut aller dans ce sens, mais on ne peut y aller qu'en modifiant les attitudes, et ça, les médias peuvent y aider, s'ils le veulent bien, si certains des hommes qui y travaillent font propager ça, là où ils sont ; c'est toujours la même histoire, même pour ça, il faut agir là où on est, avec les armes que l'on a, avec les moyens que l'on a. La deuxième utopie, c'est quand on se met au travail là où on est, pour faire bouger les choses ; et même dans la pratique alors, eh bien, ça doit finalement aller vers une transformation de l'ensemble ; c'est une utopie aussi, enfin je veux dire que rien ne prouve, rien ne prouve que ce soit possible, mais en même temps c'est la seule chose qui soit à

notre disposition ; et finalement les deux plans se rejoignent parce que, même quand il s'agit de propager une attitude, on est bien obligé de commencer par faire ça là où l'on est ; ça aussi, c'est nécessairement restreint, c'est-à-dire... à moins que tout à coup Messieurs Reagan et Gorbatchev ne chantent en chœur un psaume de réconciliation, en disant que tout ce qui a été fait jusqu'ici est absurde ! Non, le problème c'est ça, faire là où l'on est, d'une part pour faire gagner du terrain à une certaine attitude, et ça c'est l'exigence morale ; et puis, là où l'on est aussi, on peut déjà faire bouger les choses, pratiquer les choses, et ça c'est ce qui me semble le plus urgent, fondamental même, je dirais...

ChJ – Alors, en dehors du fait de la maladresse, disons (dans le début de la lettre), justement, pourquoi est-ce que l'Observateur n'aurait pas publié cette lettre ?

FJ – Parce que, si tu veux, d'abord la lettre est trop longue : aucun journal, aucun hebdomadaire même – une revue à la limite, oui, peut-être une revue, c'est un texte à la dimension d'une revue, pas d'un hebdomadaire -, parce qu'il aurait fallu justement que ça leur soit présenté comme un truc à deux niveaux, que ce soit bien clair pour eux ; parce que, tel quel, comme ça, les 9/10 du texte leur paraissent utopiques au premier sens du terme, ils oublient le 10^{ème} restant ; mais le 10^{ème} restant est peut-être le...

ChJ – Mais ça, je me demande si ce n'est pas un problème qui se pose à tous ceux qui sont depuis longtemps à Auroville, et qui d'une certaine manière ont perdu un peu un certain contact pour savoir ce genre de choses ; si on s'adresse, tu vois...

FJ – Je ne crois pas que ce soit ça, parce qu'en fait, moi, je suis très, très saisi par la connaissance au contraire des problèmes internationaux ; non, non... non, là, je crois que c'est très clair, c'est quelqu'un qui est dans le coup...

ChJ – Je parle au niveau concret : ce que tu viens de dire, que si on veut être publié dans l'Observateur, il faut faire court ; sinon il faut s'adresser à une revue, tu vois, au niveau pratique...

FJ – Ah oui, d'accord ! Et puis je crois qu'il faut aussi aider les gens à se repérer rapidement dans ce que l'on dit, parce que sinon ils sont tentés de balancer ça – 'oui, ça c'est vraiment une utopie totale', et... je pense qu'il faut le leur pré digérer un peu...

ChJ – Il faut faire le travail de journaliste !

FJ – Oui, oui... Ce qui me paraît sans doute le plus fort dans tout ce texte, c'est ce qui concerne le rapport à des races différentes et à la nécessité d'une diversification, d'un mélange de la diversité, comme ça, et en passant par le corps, et ça, ça me paraît extrêmement important ; et chaque fois qu'il revient à deux ou trois reprises là-dessus, je crois que c'est capital, ça. Pour le reste évidemment, il y a des propositions qui seraient très intéressantes en ce qui concerne le problème des armements...

ChJ – Il faut avoir des pouvoirs...

FJ – Oui, je pense que vraiment il y aurait là des thèmes à propager, comme on disait tout à l'heure, qui seraient à mon sens bien supérieurs à ceux que

manipulent, que manient, que proposent les écologistes, les verts, et d'une certaine manière, d'une manière aussi très semblable, les anti-militaristes, car la vue des anti-militaristes est très courte, très, très courte, et les écologistes aussi, à mon avis... Là il y a une morale par-derrière, une morale globale, cohérente... Moi, ce texte me paraît excellent. Il faudrait certainement pour qu'il ait des chances d'être publié ailleurs, il faudrait le remanier et le raccourcir, je pense, et le clarifier au niveau des intentions : c'est ça, surtout ; parce qu'il risque de créer des malentendus, tel quel. Mais, sur l'exigence morale en effet, je suis totalement d'accord, et sur tout ce qu'il dit, encore une fois, au niveau des différences entre les uns et les autres, la nécessité de les mettre en rapport, de les prendre en compte, et de les vivre charnellement, je dirais...

ChJ – Moi, je trouve que c'est un très beau texte...

FJ – Oui, oui...!"

***5-5-1986, Auroville:**

Nervously and physically I seem to be rather low, dragging on... I bet that, should I see a doctor, he'd find a number of things badly wrong; but then there's no point to it; it is something else... More and more I am learning to dispense with vital energies; and so, externally, I lose personal interest in most of what presents itself and I feel also less able to cope energetically with any of it, unless there are no interferences and I can find my own rhythm... I do believe that I am being taught: despite all the drawbacks, the blank and bleak moments of helplessness, I feel a growing trust in that process...

***8-5-1986, Auroville:**

I have a hard time with the heat this year; often my eyes are burning, my scalp aches and my skin itches, and all the small blood vessels seem to want to burst at the seams, and I only feel alright at home, drawing or painting or reading... As there is no imperative need for me to stay at "Ravena" very long, I have no guilty feelings, for the moment...!

***9-5-1986, Auroville:**

Back from "Sri Ma" beach where I took Ar. and Samuel this afternoon; the time is drawing nearer when he will leave, with Soaz and Gwen, back to France: just one more week. I took many pictures of him today. I do not know what is best for him. I cannot insist one way or another... But he has been such a gift for me...! For which I am so grateful.

... The wind has turned; it is 38° in the shade...

***11-5-1986, Auroville:**

If I lie outside at night, on the terrace, I keep starting and jumping awake as cockroaches and big black ants come to bite me, really as if "on purpose"; if I lie inside behind the screens, it gets stifling hot and I am soon drenched; if I let one

screen open, then I have half of both problems at once...! So I must get one of these bamboo beds, to move out of reach of these creatures: it is uncanny how they seem to know the exact moment when to bite, just as I am sliding over into sleep, and they always go either for the face, or the waist or the sex... This sort of behaviour doesn't help in feeling "one with Nature"!

***12-5-1986, Auroville:**

Samuel had a little fever today. I must control my emotions about him... It is not easy to accept that he is going, going away, even if it really turns out to be for 3 months only; but I must be careful, so that there is no pull between us and he does not suffer, in his own way, from the separation...

***13-5-1986, Auroville:**

I was with D.M a moment today; I am always happy after seeing her, it's like with her there is the right sort of energy, an energy that comes from You, and is rather un-mixed, and... it helps!

... Reading, drawing, fixing a jade stone in my carving of a peacock for D.M, I don't mind this pottering about in the house...

***14-5-1986, Auroville:**

In the middle of the night I had a sexual dream, which triggered a volcanic release of semen; this hadn't happened for a long time... I had changed my orientation last night, trying to sleep with my head to the East; I wonder whether it is connected?

... There have been a few clear moments today, and a lot of groping within a grey and senseless life zone, feeling unused, displaced, and close to something unhealthy in terms of a way of life, with no given stand, no simple, straightforward function, no one to give to, no situation to help create: only "me", "me", that ego, that greyness, that stupidity and that weight dogging on and on, and no flame, no aspiration – or not enough of it... And yet, clearly, it is up to me! Your Presence is available, You are there, I just have to stand up straight and step on, but I am sleeping...

... I read passages of the text I had written in 84; I still do not understand why it was not, it is not supported, why it has to lie unused, when all my experience in writing it was of being exceptionally centred and integral under the flow of the Force... There is still this weird sensation of being encased as if in a glass shell, unable to communicate because of that transparent wall all around me...

... I took Samuel to "Sri Ma" again; it was so good to be just the two of us... I wish there was a woman here whom I could love the way I love Samuel, when I am just content watching him, tendering him, flowing in simple affection and that sense of physical harmony, grateful for his own unselfconscious purity...

***15-5-1986, Auroville:**

The mechanical mind is jumping again, like so many squirrels. And the element of desire is back on stage...

... At Matrimandir, people have been twice attacked by a swarm of giant bees, after some kid had thrown stones at their hive... They all had to flee!

***16-5-1986, Auroville:**

Il me faudra peut-être écrire à propos de l'équilibre des énergies. C'est un problème quotidien, permanent, qui n'est pas personnel. Il est sûrement coloré par mes propres déformations comme par mes propres aspirations, mais il est humain et terrestre. Et le fait d'être à Auroville souligne avec acuité cette quasi impossibilité pratique d'atteindre à un équilibre, là, dans ce domaine, qui ne soit pas constamment remis en question, si l'on a en soi le besoin de se donner à Ton Travail de Passage. Il n'y a qu'un moment où cela ne compte plus du tout, où cela n'existe plus, c'est quand le psychique et le corps sont unis dans un même élan, une même prière, une même expérience... Tout le reste du temps, on traîne un malaise, le sens de ne pas être à sa place, ou d'être inadéquat d'un côté comme de l'autre, et de ne justifier en rien les privilèges reçus...

... This was my last day with Samuel; Ar. came with me this evening to their house in "Existence"; I brought all the gifts, and I played with Samuel until he was fully quietened and fell asleep... I don't see the point for him to go back there, to that world; but I have never felt entitled, or guided, to interfere. And perhaps things may yet come together with D.A, his father. But I prayed to You to take care of him, to make of this journey the best for him!

***17-5-1986, Auroville:**

I couldn't focus my attention on anything external today. I just wanted to cry. And, this afternoon, when N looked at me and saw clearly what was wrong – that Samuel had gone –, I did cry...

There is the experience I have never had, never truly had, and without it all the rest is terribly lacking: it is the experience of the joy to be, the joy of existence...!

Many times I just have to say: "if only existence could be taken away from me, or me from it...!" It is not that I want death either: I have no "sympathy" towards that! And if the Lord keeps me alive, for reasons I can't fathom (it appears so pointless to me!), then I shall endure: this is clear. But it is all so dull and... ungracious, when one cannot refer actively to a centre of joy...

I seem to hold together on the mere strength of a need for beauty and harmony; in life, I know of nothing that can hold me the same way, except, when it is given, a relationship such as I have had with Samuel...

***18-5-1986, Auroville:**

I spent a long time in my sleep with Nature: there were trees and plants and creepers, in a wonderful garden, and I was made aware of all sorts of surprising relationships between them – for instance the relationship of a small creeper lodged in the moss between the huge branches of an old, old tree...

... It keeps coming to me, each time more cruelly underlining the uncertainty, that perhaps what I miss most as a basis for progress on the path is what will be there if and when I find the right woman, that this is Life, not life in a vital sense, but Life with a capital, Life with the joy of being manifest, with the fullness of purpose...

I can apply myself to a number of disciplines and strive to progress in a number of ways, all of which are valid in their own rights, but the impulse, the foundation and the very force of the progress do not seem to be sufficient. I miss the poise, the balance, the space wherein I can truly be at peace with myself and with the world, with life and existence, because it is all there, virtually perfect, and the dynamics are in place...

It seems to me this has nothing to do with desire, or vital dissatisfaction; it is more basic and wider at the same time.

On the one hand, I trust that this will be given its right answer, through You; on the other hand, because of my past and of the strange contradictions that have surrounded me for so long, I doubt that anything will ever come in place in this life, without You directly putting it right. And that doubt is frightful, in the sense that it throws the shadow of a perpetual pointlessness on the way...

... D.M sent me some fruits; I was to go to her this evening, but she is not feeling well. About two days ago, she and Janaka asked me to find a male cat, russet coloured or tiger striped, so that they would have help against the rats in their house; and tonight, as I walked back from a quiet stroll over to the amphitheatre, I heard the desperate meowing of a kitten coming from the woods near here; I stopped and called softly, till it came to me; and I saw, in the moonlight, that it was the right colour; I took it with me and fed it and found that it was indeed a male, of a lovely fauve and grey colouring, and grey-green eyes; and it is now getting accustomed to this new situation, exploring the terrace and making lots of useless sounds... I just hope it will let me sleep:

***19-5-1986, Auroville:**

I go through the day with no clear sense of direction, no impulse one way or another, no sense of whatever I may or may not be doing, except for those moments when comes the need to concentrate, to gather whatever energies I am aware of into an active offering of concentration, the only need that is meaningful...

All the questions about having some organic function within a larger whole, are coming again and again, but everything now, everything can be summed up in one single Necessity: *devenir conscient de la joie d'être au centre de tout, ce point du Suprême qui seul valide tout le reste, toute la manifestation et tout le labeur...*

I am like a parched, hardened soil that thirsts for one thing only: Joy, the Joy of Being...

Sri Aurobindo, often I turn to You, nowadays, with the need of You, with the need of the Two of You...

This is all so absurdly tedious...

I don't like to moan and complain: I don't want this "I" at all!

Somewhere, not very far, I know also that I am free. And I am aware too of a certain, partial delight...

***21-5-1986, Auroville:**

An odd dream-experience last night: I am looking for Ina at "Brindavan", and some strange people steal my cycle, and I go searching for it through different workshops, storerooms and courtyards, and nearly get into a fight with workmen who are lying to me, and finally I find the man who has hidden my cycle, and this man is dying, and he has such a poor, awful karma, and I realise I am there somehow to help him, to assist his dying, and it is a terrible process which I try to make less of a hell...

And then, at another moment in the night, I find myself with the statues of Easter Island, and particularly with a large number of them that are hidden, smaller in size, and are figurative of the different racial types on earth...

***23-5-1986, Auroville:**

It is D.M's birthday. N came early this morning to help me carry her gifts over to "Ravena", the carving of the peacock and the painting of the American Indian Thunderbird...

... I went to Pondy to run some errands, and sat on the sea shore for an hour; I bought beer then, and brought it to "Tapoloka" for that dinner with Myrtle...

We are so conditioned by the supposed duration of a human life-span, with its predetermined phases, and this programming one way or another twists all our experiences and, if it cannot alter or affect their nature when they are high or central enough, it does twist their effects...

***24-5-1986, Auroville:**

D.M is not well ; I sense that it is somehow connected – although she has said nothing at all – to what I have pointed out in my letter to her the day before her birthday; since then I have felt, in some peculiar fashion, that I was as if carrying some of her own shadow... But I do not have faith in one's mentally delving into these areas: all this is meant to be offered, through and in each of us; it is not to be pointed out for one's own selfish satisfaction...!

... I took N to his new house and had coffee there with his wife and kids, as it now sometimes happens; this relationship seems to hold and gather substance as it goes; it seems to matter in a truer way, and there seems to be a kind of internal or inner melting...

... This morning my body rejected a big worm, an intestinal worm I suppose; it must have been 7 inches long... I had suspected there were worms, because of this constant fatigue, this weariness all the time; normally I tend to attribute this difficulty to keep going to the inner workings, their complexity and intricacy; I also know that I have anaemia since childhood, and that may partly explain the fatigue; but I know now with certainty that there are these creatures feeding on my organism, and it feels wrong, and I want to do something about it; but I don't know what is to be done actually, apart from swallowing these heavy chemicals they make nowadays... Perhaps my body was enabled to reject this worm after yesterday' beer?!!! We are so steeped in ignorance!

***25-5-1986, Auroville:**

N came to pick up the money I was keeping for him for his cycle; he said he now doesn't want to go through the temple ritual of walking on burning embers, during this festival (it also involves a week long of special pujas), as he feels that I do not like it; but I wonder about exerting such pressures; however subtle, on him to change his life: it is not right. Yet I just couldn't be enthusiastic about this whole ritual, which I can't help feeling as a kind of slavish submission, under the guise of 'tradition' to a kind of dark cloak that wants to keep the people's lives in *tamas* and squalor, on a mere survival level... And perhaps there is something in N that has driven him to seek my friendship as a support for moving and growing out of it... But how can I trust my own movements when there is desire in me...?

***26-5-1986, Auroville:**

Il y a une sorte de veulerie dans l'être, dans la conscience physique : un refus de l'aspiration et un manque de volonté, ou d'engagement... La seule chose positive là-dedans est qu'il m'est précisément démontré que je ne puis blâmer rien ni

personne, et par conséquent qu'il n'y a aucune vérité dans la dépression ou le désespoir : si je ne progresse pas, si je ne m'ouvre pas, la cause se trouve là, juste là, sous mon nez... ! Car Ton Aide est tangible dès que je suis capable, ne serait-ce qu'un moment, de me concentrer dans la flamme et le besoin...

.... Je ne sais pas, je ne sais plus ; je suis au bord : le chemin est tout prêt, mais je reste au bord.

J'ai vu plusieurs fois récemment, à des moments où ce Travail pouvait se faire avec ma participation un peu consciente, que tout mon être physique et nerveux est encore très noué, très tendu, comme un animal recroquevillé... Il faut beaucoup de patience, et d'harmonie ; il faut du temps...

***27-5-1986, Auroville:**

A striking dream-experience, last night: it is a big house, where I am living with other people; some of the rooms, the important rooms, suddenly get invaded with huge insects, entering in rows and lines, very wilful and organised, ugly insects; once they are established they make obeisance to some dark invisible presence; then I felt impelled to act and, first with shyness and self-distrust, then surprised by the clarity and strength of my own voice, I went into each occupied room and sang the mantra, slowly, distinctly and loudly and, in one room after another those insects either retreated and left, or they disappeared... It matters to me that I have used the mantra thus: it is important, and I am grateful...

... Sometimes during the day, I let my mind form the conception of a country given to be organised, an utopia, and how to govern it, how to lay down its rhythms and flow – like a story to be told to children... I still do not understand how a situation like Auroville's can manifest something truly different: it is either too cramped and limited, or too loose and too open to influences, unless there would be a strict hierarchy with incarnate Truth at its centre, and profound and exacting commitment from each of its members. While, it seems to me, if one would start from a vaster area and a more complex situation, and have the power to determine, to an extent, the whole organisation, that could bring about the right conditions...

***28-5-1986, Auroville:**

I read today reviews of Jean Genet's last book; I'll ask C to send me a copy... He was writing it still when he left his body; this man, this being, has had such a determining influence on my way, since the time he came into my childhood; I have met him only once, later in life, in the lift of a palace in Paris, and he still knew me... As I knew him still...

***29-5-1986, Auroville:**

I am sitting in a Pondy restaurant by the ocean, recovering from having passed, quickly, my daughter, seated in front of Diane on her moped; I just had time to see that Diane has cut my princess's hair very short, like hers; it didn't feel right; she must have seen only my back, as I drove by... What, Mother, if my daughter had a deep intuition of who I am, and yet I would remain alien, a man in the street, just because they won't let me turn to her...? What, Mother? I have not accepted it, You know! I have not forgiven Auroville for being able to do that to someone, to anyone. It happens to be me, but the lie is the same, the deep, essential outrage is the same; and all the pretence, the terrible futility that goes with it...

***30-5-1986, Auroville:**

Last night, in one of my "activities", I was driving a sort of spaceship over the land of another living planet, abandoned or uninhabited; there were problems of survival there, and with a few others we must first begin to cut down some trees that have gone crazy and lost their balance; water was there too, but a different kind of water...

... Tonight over dinner at the Kitchen, Ar. tells me something which she has known for some time, and that is that Diane is now living with Sylvain, and these news made me rather happier; he is one of the very few French men, on that side of Auroville, who has retained some humanity, and I always have felt a good, spontaneous contact with him; I like him, without knowing much of him, and I have the impression that he cannot do any harm to my little one and that he will know only tenderness towards her, and she too must like him. For Diane also, I feel it is rather a sign of progress that she would appreciate and trust a man like him...

***3-6-1986, Auroville:**

I asked Myrtle when she'd like to go for dinner, as I had promised I would take her out before she leaves for the US; but she replied in a negative and almost defensive manner, and it was puzzling... People, women mostly, are ready for anything when they feel there can be some passion, some commitment at the affective and emotional level, but they very seldom go for friendship alone, unless they have a role in it, such as confidant, or adviser, or motherly refuge... With B it has been similar; she wanted an intensity, even if it had to be only "spiritual"... But when one looks at it, it actually comes down to a sort of bargain...

In this fashion, one after another every relationship seems to fall away, and none reveals itself that would be superior, or more real, or truly valid...

Less and less do I experience what is called "sentiment"; there are different sorts of unease, different degrees of lightness or opacity; sometimes, rarely, there is the sense of being at home with someone; but most of the time, I am incapable of contributing anything within those patterns, and impuissant to bring out anything truer...

***4-6-1986, Auroville:**

A long time last night in my sleep involved with the special preparation of substance, and of light, as if before an arranged battle that is at once a discovery and a change – objects and their forms and textures and their responses to light...

... I finished reading this historical novel – "the Mogul": there are moments in it of accurate perception of the Indian conscious inner being and reality, and some interesting descriptions of those times; it made clearer to my mind what are the different lineages that have woven into the Indian psyche, with their different origins...

... For this painting I am working on at the moment, I really wish I had more technique, because I am doing it for You – like the one I did about two years ago – and when there is something like that, something like a movement towards You, it is in itself fulfilling... If I would go more fully into painting, as I am sometimes inclined to, I would have to make a choice: to open to waves of inspiration, endless streams of colours, relationships, patterns and textures, and perhaps work on several paintings at once, till I develop some kind of specific stamp that would itself filter and select; or else I would have to take as a discipline only subjects, whether abstract or figurative, that carry an experience of You... Right now I wouldn't know

which way to go. The main thing, or priority, would be to first unbridle myself, to get flowing, to cease being constricted about it, to quit fearing the waste of it...

***5-6-1986, Auroville:**

I seem to have completed the main work on that painting of Your Samadhi; I still have to inscribe Your mantra on it, on the base of the "Service tree". Of course, I am not satisfied with it... I painted it all bare, without flowers, as I believe You would prefer it to be: it is for You only...

... I have bought an interesting book, written last year by a woman from New Zealand, about the inner reality of the people called "Maori"...

These days I am not able to work with the mantra, simply because there is too much resistance to the naked awareness of the Presence – not an ill-willed resistance, but more of a need to assimilate, to grow without tension...

I have been wondering about that twist – real or formative, I do not know – within my heart: that thing that has made people recoil from me, distrust me, or condemn, judge and fear me. Lately I have been praying to the Lord to rid this being of that "I", of any and every poison. I believe I now understand how this came to lodge here, and what it exactly is; but it has driven me to form defences and barriers that have then become obstacles on the way, and I need to be rid of it all now...

... B sent for me, needing support: Ruud has been taken to the hospital this morning, urgently, for some paroxysm heart-trouble; he could not cope any more, his heart beats were 4 times faster than normal...

***6-6-1986, Auroville:**

I was busy last night in a strange "study" of different sorts of death: deaths by capital punishment (all the ways of it) as opposed to "normal" deaths, normal ways to "die"...

... I took B and Akash over to Jipmer Hospital to be with Ruud; the crisis seems to be over, but he is dull and as if shut to the call; yet it is working! He is a complex person, and a very likeable fellow...

... All sentiments seem to be gone from my experience...! I know I must grow beyond that empty space, but for that I need to be much more purified; so, in the meantime, I feel either alien or alienated, sort of inhuman, but not at all superhuman!

***8-6-1986, Auroville:**

I am very impressed with this book – Keri Hulme's "The Bone People" -, with the woman's integrity and honesty in the telling of this moving story, of her relationship with an autistic child, and her unique ability to communicate so much substance...

***9-6-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka asked me to take him down to Birenda this morning, as he couldn't function properly: he had woken up with a numb arm and weird sensations all over his body, and both D.M and he were very concerned...

And later I went with B to help moving Ruud out of the Hospital; I went ahead, back to Pondy, to find some suitable lodgings so he could rest for a while in a comfortable space, and found a room at Goyle's, and we settled him in late

afternoon... I had some more errands to run, and we ended up having dinner in town, B, Akash and I...

Every circumstance is an occasion to assess the progress one has to make; it happens all the time. What I miss, though, is the very life of the experience, that which changes one's energies. Women in general seem to have an easier access to that level of experiencing, when they have conscious and developed inner beings, and I wish it was spontaneously there with me as well, instead of looking at it from within or from above... It is in that respect that I sometimes miss a relationship, a complex interchange that could knead one's responses anew... But I know very well that what I truly seek must come directly, it must be a direct breakthrough, and for that I must become aware of the Universal at the life-level, and learn to open there, to receive there, and to experience there...

***12-6-1986, Auroville:**

J'ai fini aujourd'hui de lire le livre de Kere Hulme ; ce livre m'a bouleversé ; il est si rare de rencontrer des êtres qui vont jusqu'au bout les yeux ouverts – et plus rares encore sont ceux qui peuvent témoigner, avec respect : c'est une grande offrande à l'amour de toute conscience... !

... C'est une impasse qui s'approfondit et s'étend de tous côtés... Il me semble à présent qu'il n'y a qu'une issue véritable à cette formidable absurdité, et elle se trouve quelque part à travers, ou au cœur, ou de l' « autre côté » de la Matière...

Un brin d'espoir me frôle quand j'ai l'impression que, peut-être, par la peinture (ce type d'activité physique) je pourrais me concentrer dans cette direction, ou cette écoute... Quant à la vie même, c'est un poids ; et ce n'est vraiment qu'un poids...

... A « Ravena » ces jours-ci je dois lutter contre la tentation de tout laisser, de me retirer tout à fait de cette scène ; tout me semble un tel artifice, fastidieux et laborieux... je ne sais pas ; je ne sais pas...

Toi, ici, Tu souffrais trop.

Et, sans Toi, il n'y a pas de sens... !

***13-6-1986, Auroville:**

This morning at "Ravena" I talked to Janaka, asking him and D.M to take more interest in the work, and to provide me with the required precisions in time, as I have been feeling I was holding on to very little and it had become hard for me to keep looking after it all, while sensing that D.M was withdrawn... A while later, D.M called for me; she admitted that, even in herself, it had been as if something was trying to stop the house, and she knew she must focus and be actively aware again; she too has been in a deep crisis... We sat together for a long while, clearing up many details; and she eventually started laughing again...

***15-6-1986, Auroville:**

Mother, show me a way that is inclusive, a way of growth and real change: not this misery! A little spark in that leaden wood...: it is all so vain, so absurdly vain...!

***16-6-1986, Auroville:**

I don't know what's happening, in what sort of process I am caught. I woke up today with a sort of realisation that what is amiss with me is that, because of some obvious vital defects I have been afflicted with, I was made to distrust my entire

vital being, to the extent that I have become more and more divorced from it : and now I just cannot cope any more... I need a healthy, balanced and trustworthy vital so that I can relate, to circumstances, and to things as well as to people...

Today also I had one of these open glimpses into the state of life and consciousness (of un-consciousness, I should say) that more and more dominates this country and its peoples: ugliness absolute and tamasic chaos are spreading day by day, and people become smaller and smaller; and it weighs terribly. One usually tried and avoid seeing it ; it is already enough of a task to balance out in oneself this inertia that prevails all around... These glimpses are almost terrifying...

I have not gone abroad for the past 13 years or so; so I do not actually know. But I don't believe it is everywhere as bad: this complete, utter carelessness and disregard...! And sometimes I am just tired of being only a "vella kara", a "white skin", a "foreigner"...

I have no idea how one can be "happy" in this world! The more it goes, the more imperative it becomes to reach the One Supreme Joy – as all the rest seems to rot on itself faster and faster...

... Jagannathan and I went to Villianur, to a frightful area - dirt and smoke and chaotic, noisy ugliness everywhere, the living nightmare of this human world that does not even have the monstrous majesty of a western metropolis, a plain tide of cement and bricks, dirt and iron and offensive flesh like a huge vomit to feed sub-humanity... We had to go and check on the manufacture of the bricks I had ordered for the completion of "Ravena"...

... I received another letter form Pnina: she is feeling quite intensely lost; the situation in Israel is another facet of this earthly hell... Is there anywhere a message of joy?

Is there any way for this world to be drawn back into some sense and some harmony, without a major cataclysm?

The impasse seems to only grow more complete...

I have seen several times recently what material unity actually implies, in one's body. And again today I had a small, trivial example of it, when I saw, at work, one of the helpers who'd had a severe migraine for the past couple of days, and he looked quite strained, and I had a movement of sympathy: immediately I felt his headache as mine! I had to shut it off, but it is striking: the immediacy of it!

So, which way to go?

You seem to have "surrendered" and "left"...!?

Who am I, who are we, who is any of us, to think one can try and follow in Your steps?

And yet, there is nothing else that makes sense!

***17-6-1986, Auroville:**

Stray examples of what I seem to be doing at night: I am with the large golden king cobra that lives here near the house, trying to protect him when a large crowd comes in, intent on doing some major work; I must protect him even against N, whose instinct is to try and kill him, and even from people of Auroville, who have fear but do not want to show it... And then I am involved with the story of a woman who becomes the favourite of a very great man after a hard life alone on her own... And then I meet a strange child, a prodigy, the son of Hilde, who tells me he was Hilde's first son who died before she met Tency, and this child is a very moving person, very sensitive, who has some difficulties, according to human standards, to coordinate, but who responds beautifully when one is open and aware – even his size increases as one communicates with him; John H is out walking with him when

I meet him... And then I am with another child, a very special child who, in moments of trance-like experience, looses or secretes, through his mouth and nose, a strange substance – I have already seen this substance in several such “dreams” – that is jelly-like in colour and consistency, and no one knows what this substance is, it also comes from the lachrymal glands, and I keep wiping the child all through his experience...

***18-6-1986, Auroville:**

For years I have been holding on to a bare minimum of joy.

I know from experience that one cannot survive, cannot exist without somewhere a thread of joy. For me it's always been just, just enough to go on, and again and again it is like a force of resistance, or of oppression, that goes out to kill it all, and again and again that sliver of joy surfaces back, it peeps back again, just enough, a glimmer of Presence, a shimmer, that holds me together... Yet I find, as it goes, that there is a growing need to unite with joy, probably because I now sense more tangibly that, in order to transform all that mass of resistance that lies below the normal awareness, one must have a tremendous endurance: and I find that endurance must be fed with joy...

... At “Ravena” these days, every time I find enough confidence to move freely, and contribute even a tiny creative gesture, D.M responds with a negative statement, and it dies off, and I'm left hanging, between tears and anger and the impulse to quit. Today again it happened, about trees I was planting – they were not those she wanted, and there were more misunderstandings... But what it is exactly that she wants from me, I do not understand...!

... I have started to prepare a new painting, which I saw while riding my cycle and concentrating, of just Your Face, white against white, all in white light... I have no idea how to do that, but I shall try!

***19-6-1986, Auroville:**

Today I found in Your Agenda something which may be the answer to my present question: You say that, as the consciousness grows and realises more and more what is truly missing, and the body yearns more and more for Divine Love, to which Matter as a whole has been closed until now, then it takes enormous courage, a sort of heroism, You say, to go on, to continue to exist without it, knowing only that one must be thoroughly prepared in order to become able to receive and hold it...

I understand that. I have no mystic sense of exaltation in my nature toward what people nowadays call “Divine Love” but, deep down, I believe that I know a little what it truly is, and that is perhaps what I put in the word “Joy” when I use it within myself and before You...

Somewhere I can well accept the necessity for being prepared; it is just that, in the meantime, one feels so absurdly poor and useless; terribly useless, yet still taking place and consuming energy, and responsible for whatever one manifests; without anything really to give...

***20-6-1986, Auroville:**

D.M called for me this morning, to see together about more details; then it came on to the garden aspect, where a series of misunderstandings has occurred; I was reluctant to talk about it, as I felt that they – D.M and Janaka - actually did not need me for that part of the work; but then D.M did what always gets me unhinged,

she came on me with some "Sri Aurobindo said" things, and I blew up, loud and clear...!

We had then an epic scene that lasted for about two hours, and it went like 5 minutes! There was humour in it too; and somehow, I don't know what really happened, but we three felt rather ridiculous and we laughed, and I felt closer to them again; and, strangely, instead of feeling ashamed at my outburst, I felt lightened, as if a weight had been lifted, a heavy mantle...

***23-6-1986, Auroville:**

I attended for a while the special general Meeting that had been called; there was, I found, a quiet humility in some persons, something that was rather new; the issue presented was the need to seek together for some format through which, as a "community", Auroville could begin again to practice at least some of its purposes...

***25-6-1986, Auroville:**

Today my whole metabolism was off-balanced, I don't know why; I had lots of vertigo, and several times I had to struggle so as not to black-out; my heart aches, and there is this soft tingling in the left arm, etc.

... This morning I prepared a large envelopes with two nice children books in it, which I want to send to Auragni for her birthday, without a word, so that Diane can feel free to say whatever she wants when offering them to her... Then, on my way to "Ravena", I also dropped in the Messenger box the note that I have decided to write to Sylvain, and I felt as if pushing through some subtle barrier: that's when, I think, my heart-beats started to go off, I got tension from that. Yet, within myself I could not trace any negative indication that I should not do that; but it has obviously put me up against a rather massive resistance: I expect nothing from it, though, I leave it all to You...

... D.M called me to see some more details, and it was sweet and rather happy; but Janaka is now extremely tired; he is not doing well at all and this has become worrying. He is getting very thin and strained, and his ankles have swollen up, and his arms sometimes go numb...

***26-6-1986, Auroville:**

My sending of this invitation to Sylvain (my note was mainly to invite him for a quiet talk) has made a sort of breach into what was both a barrier and a protection, and tensions I had moved away from are now back around me... This enables me to appreciate the fact that, most of the time, that is, when I do not feel impelled to walk out and expose myself (a foolish thing probably), I am left very quiet by people; in this, I believe, and whatever their own reasons, they respond to a higher "Reason"...

Perhaps then, this is all a "closed episode"? I don't understand anything!

The only things that make sense to me, that speak to me directly, are Your experiences in Your Agenda... Nothing else seems to ever fall in place, to ever be right, to ever make sense... All the rest is a groping and a wandering into the unlit areas of physical life and consciousness, where nothing is evident but for the flowers and the birds chirruping and hopping away...

***27-6-1986, Auroville:**

Last night I was involved for a long time in the monitoring of a small city' revival; its economy, the points of power-generating, the use of energies, all in a spirit of silent and caring study: the relationships between energies, the distances, the rhythms, and the architectural harmonies and the distribution of the flows; it was very interesting, and the criterion seemed to be always a measure of the degrees of joy and ease...

... Ajneyam Auragni is 4.

There has been no sign, no reply from Sylvain, and no sign either from that side, from my princess, and no contact whatsoever. We are thus kept apart, and for how long? But I want no drama in me. I want Your Way, even if and when I understand nothing...

... Ar. had a small accident today, and I felt at once there was a connection, as there'd been so much tension around me; she fell with her Moped on the way to Bharat Nivas, slipping in the sand; she couldn't recall anything special before that, in her or about her, she had been quiet, undisturbed; and when she landed suddenly in the dirt, bruised and scraped, she was stunned; she at once came to me, like a child, so that I tend her surface wounds, and we could laugh about it...

... Janaka is feeling miserable physically, with numbness in his limbs; he could hardly walk today and he is exhausted. It is alarming, as he is shouldering all the daily load of looking after D.M's every need and the house and Auralice; without him up and about, D.M is totally helpless.

... I seem to have at last finished a large painting I had started perhaps two years ago: it is of the cosmic Egg, that has cracked, letting out flames of coloured light into the flaming light of the psychic ... I can't say exactly what it stand for, but I have a strange regard for this painting...

... The lesson I gather from these last two days – with this last attempt to establish some contact with Auragni's life – is that I must keep to my own, and really and truly trust that law that whenever there will be a necessity for me to move or act I shall be made to know it directly, without my interfering... It is indeed a lack of trust in me: I believe this to a point, and then it becomes a mental belief, not a living faith, and its opposite presents itself as well, that I must also "contribute" and "make steps", and it plays havoc... Whenever I shall have to make a step, in Your terms, I shall know it unmistakably: it will not be in the same domain; it will not be confused with "goodwill, participation, "striving for harmony" and what not... It will be clear: a clear, integral necessity...

***28-6-1986, Auroville:**

I had to take Janaka to Pondy: he is spectacularly down; he can barely walk, his hands are now swollen as well, and he moves like an old woman – there is plenty of humour about it, and it remains light and clear; he is such a fine person...

***29-6-1986, Auroville:**

In my sleep last night, there was a large collective work-out, and I'm very glad to be getting fit again; there are many Auroville people quietly joining, without any fuss, each one guided by a clear need, and we, or I, practice rising above ground, learning to work with the force of gravity, but I am still too corrupt and I can rise a little and stay off the ground, but I cannot move up and away as yet... And this is followed later by another scene, something about my own impurity, strangely expressed: we are roving in a city, there two or three friends with me, and it is a

special day, there are celebrations everywhere, there are collective prayers being held, and meditations; we enter a kind of large church, very richly set, and a service is going on; I go straight to a chamber, where I am on familiar ground, and then, as the priest is uttering the words, suddenly from behind a screen, prototypal animals come out and jump down among the people, each with a special function and intent and then, at one point, a black powerful dog comes straight at me and sniffs me, moves around, and for some reason I cannot figure, comes back at me barking loudly, and catches hold of me, with a firm and controlled grip, and pulls me out of the place...

***30-6-1986, Auroville:**

I was busy gluing some of the paintings I am working on, late morning, when Kenneth came in; he talked and talked, but there was a genuine sense of friendship between us, and I felt glad he had made the move to come over. We also talked a while about painting, and he made me a surprise, later, by bringing to me a bunch of beautiful art books on several famous painters...

***1-7-1986, Auroville:**

After dinner Ar. and I went over to Bharat Nivas to watch a video (this is a graceless means of communication, which I have so far avoided) that promised to be interesting: "the Deer Hunter", with Meryl Streep, Robert de Niro and other very good actors, about the terrible trauma thousands of young people underwent in the Vietnam war: this is quite a moving work, which may have helped at least some of those "veterans" to integrate and move beyond the experience...
And now, quite late into the night, Ar. came to call me: her house had been broken in while she'd been out, and her loud speakers had been stolen...

***2-7-1986, Auroville:**

In the night a she-dog came to deliver 6 puppies right by the house; I had to decide what to do about them this morning... The first "instinct" is to respect all life, to let things be, not to interfere. But when I returned from "Ravena" later in the morning, something else came to me that felt more real, given our context, but also demanded more from me: I chose then to drown them all. I put them in a bag. I would rather have left one alive for the mother, but I asked around and no one knew where she belonged, and we cannot afford more dogs here. So I carried them over to the pond; their eyes hadn't opened yet; I plunged the bag into the water, slowly, and concentrated quietly; this was a strangely calm and sweet experience: for just a few seconds they seem to panic a little, then they shifted over and back into the rhythm which they had just left at their "birth", the rhythm they had known within the womb; I looked at my watch; I saw that for nearly twenty full minutes, they went on moving very quietly and naturally – twenty minutes...!

Then I asked Rad to bury the bag in a freshly dug pit.

While I was drowning these pups, I was turned to the Lord, and to that reality that supports the laws of manifestation; I was turning to that with the awareness of the world as it is, with its disharmony. It was calm and poised.

... Today I finished reading "The City of Joy" (a recent book on the work of Christian missionaries in Calcutta); I can appreciate what this stands for, but those motivations could not move nor guide me, not out of insensitiveness or indifference, but... You stand so far beyond that...!

It is good, though, to be reminded of all these ways and all these efforts towards a living truth...

***3-7-1986, Auroville:**

Last night Ar. was robbed again ; this time the guy came in even while she and Ritam were asleep upstairs, and tried to take the tape-recorder, entering through another window; Ar. didn't hear anything right away, but reacted slowly and clumsily, and the guy had time to run away; we all went there, but it was too late... So today I bought whistles for every house!

***7-7-1986, Auroville:**

It is difficult. There is a strain, a restlessness: to have to exist, minute after minute, while being cut off from the Supreme... It is all a matter of energies on this side of things: one must carry oneself at all times, and the more so as one withdraws from the usual human tricks of getting attuned to vital energies and striking a bargain with them...

Alright, I am supposed to know that what is needed is to surrender one's ego and let the Lord take over, and then one ceases to worry... Or so goes the lesson...!

... On my way to "Ravena" I went by "Abri" to check on that outrageous electricity bill; and there was Jean, so resolutely and so "yogically" hostile and positively ostracising that, for just a moment, I felt I could, I wanted to punch his virtuous, self-righteous, straight and pure face of his...

***8-7-1986, Auroville:**

Leaving Jagannathan with the lorry to go and collect the bricks, I went and bought myself a book, the last of Carl Sagan's, in which he expounds on his conviction about the existence of other conscious beings somewhere in this material universe; as he is well up to date on the latest progresses of most sciences, it makes for a very informative reading...

... I returned "home" feeling rather desperate about the human condition around here – this part of India at least, is in such a complete mess!

I don't know how to say... Always stand before me the doubt, a doubt as to whether perhaps I was misled when I chose to return here in 1973, and there is like the sense of a curse acting on parts of my life – while at other levels this very curse is really and truly a Grace.

But it seems that this aggregate I am can never come whole...

... Jagannathan came back this evening... without the bricks; he'd met with more troubles from that Chettiar, who is really below the human: a sort of viscous dirty lump of devious consciousness...! So I'll have to go there tomorrow again...

... Suhasini sat with me at dinner; G.G is due back soon; I couldn't give what she needs to a girl like her; at moments I could, but not the life she needs...

***9-7-1986, Auroville:**

I am made more and more aware of the stuff that is woven into the physical consciousness of the people here – of what causes which effects and consequences, and where lie the roots of the rather monstrous condition they are in, all the superstitions and fears and formations and influences that play in every moment of their lives; and the more I see of it, the more I tend to feel that it is rather

hopeless... at least for this generation it seems that not even intensive education could change a iota of it; this generation seems to be doomed. Perhaps those who are now born, in the midst of this chaos, will have to reach for another sort of survival, and from that a change will become possible, without some catastrophe... Being white, and European-born, whatever takes place in my bit of substance and consciousness is of no consequence and can in no way affect or contribute to the general substance and consciousness here – and I wonder often about the sense of being transplants, a colony of transplants... It isn't easy...!

... There is something in me, something conscious, that greatly suffers from disharmony; disharmony in myself first of all, but in a general way from the artificiality of this material existence, from all these intermediaries that are felt as so many interferences and deforming agents; and I haven't found the way, yet, to accept it all so that it can be offered for the change...

***10-7-1986, Auroville:**

Soaz has written again: they are doing well, and their relationships with D.A have improved and quietened and seem to have settled at the right distance, and Samuel, she writes, is alright, and very aware that I am with him, even at night...

***11-7-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka is in a pitiful state, just bones, and he can hardly stand on his feet now; one of his legs is fully swollen and painful; it appears to be like the effect of some poisoning of his lymph. But – of course – he won't go to any allopathic doctor...

***12-7-1986, Auroville:**

This morning was my weekly Kitchen duty; I was a little tense for a while, because I had decided to try and do something about the mess this place has been in lately, and for that I first had to talk with Sylvano; I made my observations and suggestions when he came, and listened to him describing the difficulties he has in collecting enough money around to merely keep things going and to what he thinks and feels of the situation in Auroville; and everywhere one looks, it is an absurd, unwholesome and disharmonious situation, no doubt, whether at Matrimandir, or in the general distribution of energies, or in the running of Services; in the smallest necessities of daily life as in the larger issues nothing seems to make much sense in the way of progress... (Every time I hear Ar. tell me what goes on at Matrimandir, I want to hit the wall!)

But what is the alternative before one? To keep to oneself more and more? To me this work at the Kitchen is my last link to a community life... Or else, to jump back into the fray, and to try to fight and to contribute?

... I have nearly finished reading Carl Sagan's study, "Contact"; I am very attracted to this experience of meeting the material point where time and space zero in and instantly become at once a threshold and a channel; I feel that it meets with Your movement, and that it concerns each of us tremendously...

***13-7-1986, Auroville:**

This has been a peculiar day; it is today exactly 10 years ago that D.M fell off the scaffold at Matrimandir...

I was just about to start with the Sunday clean-up of the house when N came with a message from D.M: Janaka had fainted and was now so sick that he couldn't handle anything and couldn't look after her; so I must replace him. I went back and forth the entire day, till Janaka had rested and felt a little better, in the evening...

***14-7-1986, Auroville:**

Today Janaka was a little stronger, and they needed me for a while only; I joined the concreting at Matrimandir for part of the morning. There are two levels left to the top of the structure for the shell.

... I stayed the evening with D.M and Janaka, who has too much pain in the leg still to do much more than hopping from bed to chair, and I had dinner with them and Auralice came home late, and I so I stayed on, once more, till everyone was tucked in bed... These three beings have chosen to live together so completely – partly due to D.M's physical condition, but also because they feel that they are progressing best this way; they have no privacy, no individual space; they share every moment of life and seem to enjoy it, even after all these years... I see that, I see movements of different natures; I have questions, and I have respect, and I have hesitations; but on the whole, I find it very valuable.

Yet I do wish, oh how I wish, that D.M would walk again now, soon... 10 years...! Hasn't she learned now whatever was there to learn from that experience? Can't she be helped to move now to another stage?

***15-7-1986, Auroville:**

Back from "Ravena" late morning, I started on the paintings of both Your Symbols... Later, something happened which made me sad, and worked in me the rest of the day: Krishna came by and called me out, to "see something in the garden"; I went with him to the small cactus garden we had built together, and he said he had felt recently that he would like to have "back" the large stone we had laid at the centre of it, a stone which manifests a sleeping dove, a very beautiful pattern, that has really been the soul of this garden... I said "well, I suppose that if you don't love this place anymore, then you might as well take the centre of it, its soul, and there'll be nothing left...!" He agreed, with a weird smile. He really wants to go to the end of this divisive process: this is how he sees the clarity he wants to prove! It didn't hurt right away; the pain came later, slowly, from deep, and it rose...

On my way to "Ravena" in the afternoon, I nearly cried; but I had other matters to attend to. When I had time later to ponder it, I saw that this was going to throw the place here off-balance, and that he'd better then take everything from around here that carries even a little of himself in his experience, so that I too could see more clearly where things stand, and recreate a harmony that will be protected from such intrusions and claims...

***16-7-1986, Auroville:**

I am tired, or something is tired. There is in me this tendency, whenever I am in close contact with people, with others' lives, to feel the weight of their situations, of their own contradictions or impossibilities, beyond any ease or happiness, like and dislike, beyond even harmony... Also this thing with Krishna has affected me: he hasn't yet come to take the stone, but now it is like an imbalance that has entered the atmosphere here, and a waiting...

***17-7-1986, Auroville:**

Tomorrow it will be exactly a year since we started to build "Ravena", and today we completed the top roof! The structure is now complete, a full cycle. This was not planned, by me or anyone of us; it just took place.

... I spent again the whole evening with D.M, Janaka and Auralice, taking care of them and all, and saw them to bed. I feel breathless: this is such a vulnerable situation, so delicate and so demanding too...

***18-7-1986, Auroville:**

I had to stop by at "New Creation" to see A.T about a marble cutter and a sculptor; the scene around him, or else something in his eyes, or in his personal atmosphere, left a strange impression in me, and for a while I felt like crying: something behind pity, but far from the ordinary pity, but... It is not mentally clear at all to me... His two kids, though, have a beautiful presence, and a very straight gaze...

***21-7-1986, Auroville:**

Jagannathan and I made another useless trip to Kottakuppam to see the Village Officer; I don't know, this whole mass of woven intermeshed dishonesties, corrupt actions, political sidings and grabs for money and status...: we are still trying to purchase that land next to "Ravena", but there is no record that stands scrutiny, it is all a mess, and it feels that nothing can possibly ever come right, out of such a world...

... The weather is upsetting too, dry burning grey air, and everything here looks miserable and untended, all the trees' leaves are drooping or curling in and termites pop up everywhere...

***22-7-1986, Auroville:**

There is some happiness in me this evening; D.M often puts me in the right place, by her own centeredness, her truthfulness, and the authenticity of her striving... I spent a long time with her this morning; she is having a hard time and, while talking quietly after our work on drawings for the door carvings, she made an opening for me to express a few questions regarding the effects on her condition of some exclusivism that I have often seen at play; so we looked at it together, and at the whole process she has been committed to since her "accident" 10 years ago... Her sincerity always radiates; and I am grateful...

I cannot help; I do not know how to help her; but if at least the building of "Ravena" can be a small contribution, then I am glad to go on with it...

***23-7-1986, Auroville:**

I had some unusual moments last night in my sleep – unusual for me: I am with a few friends, in a gleeful state, and we are breaking and dismantling engines and machines, going round old disused workshops and factories, and, with power in our hands, we are like kids kicking useless balls, demolishing everything, and there is wide silence abroad...

***24-7-1986, Auroville:**

It impresses me how little I seem to be able to bear, how quickly suffocated and oppressed I become whenever, for some reasons, I cannot be physically in my own atmosphere...

I see so many elements and so many movements, little disharmonies, little lacks or little excesses, and all sorts of mechanisms; I see so much the stuff that makes the days and the lives, and how it interacts with the beings' inner aspirations... I see how we create our own environment, or rather how our environment is one accurate, detailed and exact outcome of what we are at the moment...

D.M sent for me urgently at 5 am this morning; Janaka had fainted again, and he couldn't stand, couldn't move, was vomiting bile and feeling cold and giddy, even when lying down...

I found D.M very depressed and worried, and feeling abandoned to her helpless physical condition; the atmosphere wasn't bright!

But in either of them there is that trust and that love for You and that sense of humour – a need to be worthy of You and to serve You at least a little...

So I spent the entire day there, helping them both physically, working on reviving Janaka – these two crippled bodies, in a mini-chaos of things and animals to tend to, with meals to prepare, and the main site to look after as well...

D.M felt very much the urge to communicate to Satprem – the only being she could turn to, today, for some conscious help; she wrote the text of a telegram and I later asked Ar. to post it to Luc in New York...

... We found a practical way, finally, to end the day without a drama: I took Auralice in the evening to Bharat Nivas for her to watch a video, returned here to shave, bathe and change, and be alone for a moment in the peace You have given me, and then I picked up Auralice again and we went back to "Ravena" and I put them all to bed and stayed there for the night...

I have been asking, almost crying: "Why all this, Mother, why all this?" And I do not know the answer, if there is one; but I feel that You are not anywhere in particular, but rather that You are within each of us who cares, and perhaps even whether one cares or not, towards the Supreme... oh! I don't know what words could begin to say what is being perceived: it is so simple, and yet so difficult to live...!

***25-7-1986, Auroville:**

D.M had a very difficult start today, feeling at first very desperate; but after some hesitations we figured together that the best would be to get N, who is the gentlest and also the cleanest of the permanent workmen at "Ravena", to help out and take turns with me from tomorrow on; because it has become evident that it will take time for Janaka to recover, and I cannot possibly look after them both, and the animals, and the house, and the construction work and be available 24 hours... So it is now clearer how one can help, without any one of us getting too much of a charge or burden: I'd had a few terrible moments when I just knew that I would have to say I couldn't cope, all alone...

***26-7-1986, Auroville:**

Vers 9h30 ce matin, à Yercaud, où B, Ruud et Akash, en compagnie de la sœur de Ruud et ses enfants, ainsi que du cousin de Ruud et de son amie, étaient allés – très stupidement – passer quelques jours de « vacances », Ruud a subi une soudaine attaque cardiaque, qui l'a emporté.

Il ne s'était absolument pas préparé à ça. Il avait même refusé, assez évasivement d'ailleurs, de faire le travail intérieur qui lui avait été présenté comme nécessaire au cours des dernières semaines ; à un niveau plus psychologique, il s'est aussi laissé dévorer par la formation de la « famille », et la présence lourde et obscure de sa sœur...

B a dû se débrouiller seule sur place, pour parvenir à ramener son corps ici : elle a dû faire un voyage terrible, dans un taxi bondé, pendant 7 heures de route, Akash et elle et Narasimhan et le corps de Ruud et 3 autres individus de Yercaud qui lui ont extorqué de grosses sommes d'argent...

Beaucoup d'entre nous ici, Auroviliens et villageois, nous sommes organisés pour que tout soit prêt et que le corps de Ruud puisse être gardé sur un lit de glace jusqu'au lendemain...

B a ramené le corps vers 22h30. Nous l'avons alors lavé, vêtu de blanc, étendu sur la glace parmi les fleurs...

***27-7-1986, Auroville :**

Beaucoup d'entre nous ont veillé la nuit entière, tandis que d'autres ont travaillé, au Matrimandir, à préparer et construire la boîte...

A 9h ce matin nous avons placé le corps de Ruud, ainsi que des choses qui avaient compté pour lui, dans le coffre de bois et une procession s'est spontanément formée pour faire sa dernière marche autour de Matrimandir.

La boîte a été mise en terre vers 10h.

C'est le moment qui m'est venu le plus terrible.

Je n'aurais jamais pu, jamais voulu, jeter la terre.

Ca ne va pas comme ça. Nous devons faire Ton travail.

J'ai un peu craqué, là.

Il me fallait retourner en hâte à « Ravena », et je sentais tellement que Janaka, lui, devait faire son travail pour ne pas nourrir encore ce mensonge de la mort par défaite...

D.M et Janaka ont senti mon état, et ils m'ont laissé pleurer, pratiquement dans leurs bras...

***28-7-1986, Auroville:**

Yesterday night before sleep I had a difficult moment, and there was the necessity for me to repeat, aloud, that I belong to You, I belong to You... till I could experience Your solar ease and smile, and the dark had to recede and give itself up...

***29-7-1986, Auroville:**

This evening when I came home I found, stuck to the door, a mysteriously blank message addressed to Krishna; as I am aware that he is at present very unhappy, in his heart, and I have been wondering if, and when, I should go to him, to bring him back the book of African pictures he had left with me, this message on my door seemed to be a little sign; so, on my way to B's to wish her good night, I stopped by Krishna's house and called hi; he responded with a mixture of desperate, sarcastic and demanding violence, mocking my "infinite love" and threw back the book over the wall... I know that he has become obsessed with a sense of isolation, with a devouring need to love and manifest, and an enormous formation of racial division... I felt then so utterly inadequate, because instinctively, since that time he

hit me and wanted to kill me, I recoil from his physical violence and it throws me off-balance. I left, and calmed down...

Then I spent a long while at B's with her; Deepti and Arjun were there too, waiting for me to arrive so they could leave (we all have been keeping B company)...

***30-7-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka semble retrouver un petit peu d'énergie, mais je dois encore m'occuper de lui comme d'un nourrisson.

Pour D.M, c'est une situation qui ne peut pas durer ; c'est très difficile. Je vois aussi que leur vie va devoir changer, de rythme et d'harmonie, car D.M, à mon sens, ne pourra plus demander autant de Janaka, ni de la même manière...

I wonder about many things...

... You gave me a sweet surprise: Krishna came, briefly, beautiful, smiling and tender, to apologise; we hugged each other.

Tonight I went to B, to spend that moment which she expects me to share; she showed me the "messages" that Anurakta has received, purportedly from You, concerning Ruud. They are okay.

***31-7-1986, Auroville:**

I am sleeping like a log these days. I could sleep many hours longer. I do not feel in harmony when I cannot assimilate thoroughly, and in silence, such intense experiencing...

Janaka is having a very tough and troubled time. It is like he is only half in his body; he has lost all sense of body centring, he does not know where he begins or ends and he keeps repeating "I am lost, I am lost..."

And sometimes he doesn't get the words straight either; it is terrible.

He gets painful twitches in the right side of his head, and this afternoon I had to make him breathe with my hands for a long time and keep him going...

D.M at times is confident that what he is undergoing is part of Your work and belongs to it and will lead farther on Your way, and at times she is hysterical and becomes very confused, trying anything that comes to her mind, calling You, calling Satprem out loud...

I have been trying to actively centre and be open to Your Force, since neither D.M nor Janaka has any experience of it physically, but, as Janaka says, "nothing works..."

And then he yells for help, help, and we are holding him, and he doesn't even know it.

Birenda came, towards the evening, and D.M asked him to stay overnight.

Sometimes in me comes again this formation that I am bad, that I am connected to the worse influences, and then... I think that perhaps I shouldn't be near Janaka, perhaps I am making a block; perhaps I prevent help to come... or what?

... There are moments when I feel that this situation is an impasse, and what can D.M do?

Is it a play with death that has entered the atmosphere, or is it a challenge and a battle waged with Your Help and Will and Force? Or is it an expression of the thinning out of the barriers, an erosion of the illusion that separates both worlds?

Sometimes when I hear D.M calling You, I do not understand to whom she calls, nor why she has to call, as if You were far... It sounds hollow to me, like a play...

But if I centre and refer to That directly, then everything is different, and what I cannot understand then is why D.M and Janaka are so ignorant and unaware...

***1-8-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka is, I think, at the limits; in the morning it had become peaceful – I'd felt I could simply try to centre and channel some peaceful, as a service to You; but then Birenda came to visit, and wanted us to take Janaka to the Hospital; he was all exercised about it, because he'd become frightened and, I guess, did not want to bear any responsibility; mainly to calm him down (both D.M and Janaka wanted nothing to do with hospitals), I told him to bring a doctor if he wanted...

With Janaka himself, it comes and goes: parts of his body become numb or inert, and then respond again; he is extremely weakened, and he's lost so much weight that, tall as he is, I can now carry him in my arms as I carry D.M... But even though it is so very hard, every chance is taken by him and by her for that wonderful sense of humour...!

The doctor came, eventually, around 5 pm; I think he was at once very afraid and deeply moved; he refused any payment and sort of ran away backwards, once he'd done his examination and pleaded with Janaka to get admitted into Jipmer Hospital for complete check-up and immediate treatment; he first said that this might be a case of infection that had got to the brain; but, once outside, he mentioned that infamous modern ghost... I wondered, what is the use of opening to all this naming and fixing? D.M is adamant that Janaka must remain here in Auroville...

My concern is how long, how far we can go on, practically, without any help; N was exhausted this morning, and confused... I have asked J.L to help me, or at least to look for someone in Auroville who could, and take turns with N at night; he said he himself isn't available, but promised he'd try to find help...

***2-8-1986, Auroville:**

Midst all the night activities, there was one of a different character: there was a very strange and very complex, multi-levelled and multi-layered place, that was made up to express and enact, like a game that anyone could play, the forces that concur to animate the experience of being manifest...

... I have so much to assimilate and no time for it... Today I got some anger at D.M over her extensive, overwhelming emotional and "wisdom-oriented" movements: she was making it so complicated to feed Janaka that I ended up doing it all myself, but I was angry, and it altered the atmosphere; she found me hard and she cried; somehow though, this brought in a kind of challenge to which each of us three had to respond truthfully, and it seems to have brought Janaka back to some sense of physical harmony...

... D.M has surrendered all her ideas and judgments regarding medical help: she just wants him to heal, and fast, one way or another. This perhaps has eased some tension.

Then the idea came to call for Dhruva (Ar. had mentioned him to me), and Janaka wanted to try. So I sent for him, and it was good; I was glad to meet the man I saw this afternoon: he was very calm, did not try to formulate any diagnosis, and was actually quite puzzled; we gave him as complete a picture as we could, and Janaka himself talked quite a bit to describe what he'd been through... Dhruva left with the promise he would try and figure the kind of help that ought to be given. Later Birenda came back, and this time he accepted the choice not to go to any Hospital...

***3-8-1986, Auroville:**

N came back with some medicine sent by Dhruva, along with a message for me; but Janaka refused to take it until he'd have seen Dhruva again; his left side is now inert.

***4-8-1986, Auroville:**

In my sleep last night I had some difficult moments looking at a sort of direction, or drive – or bent – that is powerfully inscribed within D.M's situation itself and that, to all my sense, is wrong, wrong, and yet can also be felt as true: it is not false, it is wrong; like the wrong truth, or a truth at the wrong place. And I resist being pulled along... Somehow I almost wish You would relieve me of it all, house and work and care – and let others see it all for themselves: I have tried to communicate to D.M, but it does not work...

... I have been feverish all day, with weakened nerves, and an attack of piles, and it all says: "rest, rest, have a couple days off...", but no one comes forward; J.L hasn't come back with any help... I have asked Ar. to try and find Bill S and explain to him the situation...

There are moments when I just want to leave it all... D.M is a terrible brain-washer, and she has no peace, and her very own situation, having people to move her and move for her, is a kind of monstrosity; Janaka, for nearly 10 years now, has done any and every thing she asked... I suffocate sometimes, and sometimes it quietens and there is communication at the level of deep, living truth, and I learn much. But most of the time I sense a lack of peace, of inner silence and surrender, and an odd assortment of values that takes up too much space...

***5-8-1986, Auroville:**

This morning I was so obviously unwell that D.M kept very quiet, and asked me as little as she could; also, Bill S came, on my request, and he said he was willing to help and probably could find one or two more people to take turns with him... So this afternoon D.M and I figured out the most practical schedule for the days to come, and we told Bill S about it this evening.

***6-8-1986, Auroville:**

Quand Tu me rends un petit peu conscient, dans Ta Paix qui regarde et embrasse et discerne et travaille, alors je suis comblé.

J'ai – il faut – tant de chemin encore pour qu'une transparence et une disponibilité réelles de tout l'être soit établies...

Il y avait ces quelques mots : « Tara, c'est Toi qui fais... ! »

... B et d'autres avaient choisi de se réunir auprès de la tombe de Ruud en même temps que sa famille le ferait en Hollande, le 12^{ème} jour après qu'il ait quitté son corps ; B m'avait demandé d'être là.

Je suis allé en avance, et suis resté à l'écart, voyant et sentant plus que je ne pourrais dire... Quand c'est conscient, c'est à la fois très simple et très dense de sens, et les mots tirent l'expérience hors de son état réel et puissant...

... Ed et Bart ont aussi pris des tours de relève à « Ravena » ; si cela peut durer ainsi, j'ai quelque chance de me rétablir, en prenant un peu de repos dans la journée... Mais, pour D.M, c'est bien difficile de se trouver ainsi exposée ; chaque personne représente pour elle un nouveau travail, alors qu'elle est déjà si fatiguée et anxieuse.

***7-8-1986, Auroville:**

I am not too well: the whole area at the bottom of my spine is tight, inflamed and painful and I can hardly bend; there is still some fever too, and my intestines are running amok...

It might have been impossible this morning, but for Krishna bringing me a sort of cataplasm based on belladonna to lay on my spine, and with this on I was able to move...

I could sleep a few hours midday, though, and I tried to get my bearings.

***8-8-1986, Auroville:**

This evening D.M decided, after much hesitating and questioning her own intuitions, to try that Ayurvedic medicine, which is a nut called "Anacardia" in Latin, that grows in the Himalayas; it took some special preparation, and Janaka swallowed it bravely, surrendered as he is to D.M...

... Gupi and J.L have also taken some shifts now; I had to introduce J.L to the scene today, and together we worked with and for Janaka, and I was glad to have him there, he is dear to me; with Gupi, I am reluctant towards what comes through as a sort of folkloric of... You know, the perfect apparatus of goodwill, cheerfulness, unconditional surrender and trust in the Grace in the face of every difficulty: such a model attitude broadcast at every moment... I know, I have contacted a psychic being there too, a child of Yours, but I can never take his ambulatory advertising number...! So I keep quiet and somewhat distant, but I like him well enough, despite what all he threw onto me in the past, in relation to my princess...

***9-8-1986, Auroville:**

D.M has a lot of shakti; but, in her untransformed parts, it becomes a tyranny. Yet she is my sister, and You have put me there!

... Janaka is perhaps very slowly improving, reviving; I feel that he is still searching for some direction as to what he is supposed to do next, how he is supposed to serve; he wants and needs D.M to be given at last the power or the means to undo that that terrible physical condition; while D.M wants him to get back on his feet so he can take up again his work with her.

To me there is not enough space in this situation, in the way it is set, for a real change to occur. But there must be trust, and they are both calling, and the situation itself is a call. Just like the name of this place, "Ravena": the cry of the soul...

***10-8-1986, Auroville:**

Last night there was an episode about time, and the arbitrary rule that prevails, the insistence on everyone wearing a watch, and I am refusing this sort of coalition to make people mark the time linearly, exclusively one way, thus remaining under the influence of the same old power...

... I am aware that every moment is an opportunity for one progress or another, and I am grateful for all that I am given... This story, though, isn't making enough sense, isn't making full sense; I am not happy with Janaka's attitude at present: he does not care enough... I don't know; perhaps it is just the difference in our natures, his being quite far, on the spectrum, from mine...

***11-8-1986, Auroville:**

Last night, at some point, I had a vehicle, rather like a horse-cart, that must be pulled by a huge and beautiful animal; I don't know its name: it has a long graceful neck; it has something of a horse, but also of an elephant and of a giraffe...

... The thing of having several people taking turns near Janaka and D.M does not work very well, and I end up having either to organise it myself or asking N to fill in the gaps... Gupi came part of the afternoon, but mostly talked; D.M was looking very dignified; I don't know: I can't stand anymore any "spiritual" attitude; it makes me want to break things apart, to blow it...

***12-8-1986, Auroville:**

I do not understand how to progress in the nights. It's like there is a strong energy in my body – it isn't really "sub" conscious – that translates the information directly into live formations, circumstances, people and scenes; it cannot be just one individual: rather, energy is felt as central everywhere, seated in each body, recreating forms, and almost an objectivity, out of information received... And the first part of the night is usually just that... While the second part is usually more complex, a mixture of processes; last night for example there was for some time an interesting sequence, in a composite place: a small baby boy has come to me, who looks a little like Satyavan, plump, alert and tender, and a little mischievous, and together we dance, it is tuned as if for a Rio de Janeiro carnival dance, it beats in my veins, with a quiet physical joy and rhythm; people are there, sort of tsiganes or gypsies, who have settled around my house, in their own rights...

... This evening D.M was rather desperate; she does not feel capable to go on much longer in this situation, and yet she has no choice but to bear with it, or go crazy... Janaka is like frozen in a strange and unusual silence – but it may just be also what his body needs to rebuild itself without sequels or damages?

***13-8-1986, Auroville:**

This morning I didn't even try to note down the things of the night; I feel so weary of these hundreds and hundreds of nights that remain devoid of any progressive clue or help or substance, and contribute nothing to the way, to its discovery, to the becoming, or at any rate nothing I am aware of; and yet, I'd rather remember than not!

... Janaka was more alert this morning, and full of humour; but as the day wore on, he relapsed into this strange, almost vegetative presence...

... I could spend a while at the concreting at Matrimandir, and with John H, who is to take a shift with Janaka from today on...

... B had called me for dinner tonight; she and Akash are on a "special reinforcement" diet, and it bears results; they've both put on some weight, and they sleep better and looked rested and calm. Ruud's book has just come out: it's been well done and has quality to it, and it will certainly be very useful, even, I believe, in Auroville.

***14-8-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka had fever again; D.M had decided to stop giving him the nuts – the Ayurvedic medicine -; but then he wouldn't drink enough, until, this evening, I managed to let him see the choice he had, and to make him drink more so that the fever could be fought down...

... I find myself confronted with the ugliness of death, and wanting all the more our bodies to learn how to receive light, conscious light, so that they can become progressive and responsive to the true becoming – and all the more annoyed and upset by all the attitudes or posturing, the spiritual attitudes particularly, that do not collaborate in that direction...

And then, often these days, I “think” of my princess, and I miss a living relationship with her, and I miss news, any kind of news, of her...

***15-8-1986, Auroville:**

I went at dawn to the amphitheatre, for Your Birthday, Sri Aurobindo... I stayed there only a short while: it was a small, too modest fire; there’d be so much to burn!

Today I had to fight, in myself, with a mixture of anger, ego-assertion, helplessness, and shame not to be able to help truly – anger, anger at attitudes that do not help bring the conscious Being down, down into Matter; anger at that fever that struck at Janaka yesterday and weakened him again so much; anger, trying to direct it in some constructive way... I got into nearly forcing Janaka to drink, to drink...

... Nothing is worth the trouble, as long as there is ego... And there is ego between the Two of You and “me”: the distance is ego... It’s just that I haven’t grown yet to the point when You will direct me to my true dynamic place, wherein I shall have my own direct unquestioned living relationship to the Two of You, on all levels...

Still, I love You: this is love.

***16-8-1986, Auroville:**

This continuing contact with D.M and Janaka’s lives and experience is making me quite impious...! It would turn me into an atheist, if that was possible!

To me there are excesses of “spiritual orientation” that are so unreal, and so close to superstition, or religion. But with them it is not at all so obvious; it is something else: it is a sort of self-purring into a status of “we are devoted to the Divine; our lives are to serve the Divine and to grow into Him...”

I just don’t know how to pinpoint what makes me angry: by reaction, I’d behave like a street lout! There are mouthfuls of beautiful words at every possible, and impossible, occasion... I’d have to relate one entire single day in detail to show what I mean... There is no lack of humour, though, and a rather sweet reservoir of self-deprecating humour at that; still there is something there that keeps disturbing me, moving me to react...

I am tired, too – from not having the time to let go, to let it all be assimilated and integrated in my own awareness, this awareness that You have been making grow, in “me”... Instead I go on, on a sort of nervous strength, filling all the gaps that call me... But I cannot complain, I do not complain: I learn through it...!

***17-8-1986, Auroville:**

There are small, short-lived bits of experience that come now and then and are part of a complex development of awareness; I don’t know if I should try and discipline myself to write them down as they come; it seems to me that what matters is how much they allow for one’s becoming more real, more conscious and more free of ego – and on that score I can’t say there is much progress: I keep reacting, reacting, over and over again...

Because, as things stand, the alternative to reacting would be suppressing, and I don't want that; with more time by myself I could at least try to offer it all, instead of having to react; but the time isn't given, and so I offer my reactions instead...! Praying that they can serve a little of Your Purpose!

This evening I said frankly and rather brutally to D.M what I thought. She blew up; and then she cried a lot; and then it was calm.

But I truly don't know that I am doing any good there, and often I feel that I should be removed; that perhaps I am merely arrogant and very ignorant in front of more truth than I can take... I don't know: it is hard to know as long as there is ego!

... Today Janaka has vomited twice, and D.M has now decided to let him choose whatever he wants to absorb from now on – a good step, I think...

***18-8-1986, Auroville:**

I feel a little uneasy telling Ar. so freely about the situation at "Ravena", day by day; I do so in humorous terms, both so that she feels I am sharing with her, as she is helping so much anyway, and so that I too may turn the fatigue and the weight into a lighter process... Still...

... Big J came on to me today, the poor woman; she wanted to find some support for her projection onto Janaka, or else perhaps she wanted to be relieved of that pull in herself; and I had almost to lie to her, as I knew that Janaka didn't want her at all to focus on him or on "Ravena", telling her that he was now alright; it is a half-lie, and I don't like that, and I resented being put in that spot. But he certainly has been open to strange people, before...!

... Janaka vomited again today; but he is getting a little more alert, and some things are cleared. D.M and I had another heavy scene, ending with more laughter, and Auralice joined in as well... It is a mad house, but a sweet house, everyone in it living for the love of You...!

... It seems that Narasimhan Rao, JRD Tata, M'Bow and Kireet are coming to Auroville this Saturday, to "take a decision", and that Rao intends to meet with the "Neutrals" before the General Meeting takes place... I don't believe in this: worse, I smell a rat!

***19-8-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka, I think, is silently working through the blocks; his physical presence is returning, but he still has much trouble keeping food in and functioning...

***20-8-1986, Auroville:**

I know much of this fatigue is entirely due to my own stupidity, because I let myself drown in the noise of the physical mind; I absorb so much nonsense, agitation, confusion, so much concern over food and body functions, and material details, that this physical mind is all agog and in chaos; and I just try to remember how quiet and open to silence it was...

... There is some effervescence in the general atmosphere of Auroville and a small whirlwind is causing people to move like puppets, with the coming visit of all these VIPs who are supposed to determine the destiny of Auroville...!

***21-8-1986, Auroville:**

I have copied in capital letters the statement I have written last night, for the members of the Advisory Council, who are coming on Saturday to Auroville.

Last night Janaka had some sort of attack that demolished the progress of the last few days; his left side is once more inert; he was very depressed when I came in this morning and D.M was desperate and feeling abandoned by You...

... This evening Gupi came to help for a good while, and the two of us did some intensive care on Janaka, and later he went to sleep quietly, relaxed, the energies flowing better...

***To the kind attention of the members of the International Advisory Council for Auroville, 21-8-1986:**

"The brief statement that follows is written by an individual (resident of Auroville for many years) and is not the result of any group or collective consultation; yet it hopes to reflect the inner conviction of many, and it is offered as an attempt to stand for the objective reality and worth of Auroville.

Please accept it as a humble contribution to your search, work and service.

Thank you,

At the service of Truth,

Divakar"

"21-8-1986.

As regards Auroville, it is essential to have an active trust in the wisdom of the Mother.

It is She who has created this possibility She has named Auroville, and in its very foundations She has clearly and unmistakably set it apart from all human formations, and even from Her own formation of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram.

There must be a place like Auroville on the earth.

In our hearts we all know why it could only happen on the soil of India.

It is true and a fact of its progress that Auroville has met, after the Mother's "disappearance", with severe contradictions, and that help and understanding have been needed and received from such human agencies as the Government of India, in order to face certain dangers. And whoever cares for Auroville is and will remain grateful for that help.

Yet for all contradictions to be truly cured it is ultimately and effectively the Mother's Force alone, the Force of the True Consciousness, that will act and be victorious through an actual change of our nature.

For Auroville to serve the Mother's purposes, it must keep its unique identity.

It must be protected, sustained by our aspirations, and cherished.

Its relationships with all willing agencies must be encouraged in their creativity.

But its unique status, of which the Charter is the one and only formulation given by the Mother, must be absolutely respected."

***22-8-1986, Auroville:**

I am puzzled with what is given me to experience; for as long as I can remember, every night of my life, I have been swimming in the sub-conscious planes, watching, watching, for no purpose that I can comprehend... And now it is in the day-time as well... Last night, for instance, I was made to experience, for what

seemed like hours, a terrible activity and situation, looking after the decomposing body of Ruud, with some of his consciousness still alive in it, as a sort of brotherly help he asked for... And day after day, for weeks now, I am made to attend all the bodily functions of Janaka and through it all I carry a kind of tenderness which has always been deep in me for the "lowest" end of life in Matter, and the sense of Thy Presence there, of it being Thee, belonging to Thee.

But, as with Janaka's condition, it is all a sort of continuous battle against uncertainty, absence or lack of awareness, and the possibility of defeat, of undoing, of one more waste...

On the other hand, here in Auroville, things that I hold to be true I cannot contribute – such as this statement, which, I feel, is true and faithful to You; I would not be allowed: I am excluded by those who are in charge of Auroville's affairs and think all the worse of me...

***23-8-1986, Auroville:**

Sometimes, as today, I recoil from the sense of a comedy being played – the comedy of our emotions, our sentiments, our goodwill, the comedy of the spirituality as the one of the materialism: comedy all, because it is mere noise and confusion of our ignorance, before the silent Awareness we lack so badly...

... Today' events, from what Ar. came twice, gently, to tell me, and from what Ed reported to us at "Ravena", Tata, Rao, M'Bow and Kireet are happy and comforted by what they have found here in Auroville...

... There is a level of harmony, to which most people here seem to tend and be satisfied with when they reach it, in which however I do not, and cannot, believe... It relates to this fixed image of Your benign smile: "let my children be at peace and have goodwill..." I don't know; it throws me off. Or rather it is the sense of one's own insufficiency, inadequacy that throws me off.

Mother, make me conscious, make me conscious...!

***24-8-1986, Auroville:**

It has rained well this evening; a good deep rain, and everything is fresh and cool and washed clean; it will be easier for C and R's arrival tomorrow...

***25-8-1986, Auroville:**

C, R and I returned from the airport at 3 pm, all 3 very tired...

When I went back to Ravena this afternoon with Janaka's apple-juice, the first thing the workmen told me was that N had had another intestinal crisis – he's had this several times, rolling in pain and sometimes falling unconscious: they'd had to take him to the Health-Centre, where Kamala had treated him with homeopathy and spoken of some necessary operation... I'll have to see her about it; it shocked me: I guess I am overly fond of N... But it is also the fact that there is, or there appears to be an accelerating propensity towards disintegration or defeat in that situation – I was counting on N to take shifts every afternoon, as we can hardly find any one to replace me in the middle of the day...

... I found Janaka more articulate today, and quite sharp, but rather bereft of any hope, in his profound humorous fashion. It is D.M who is in more trouble now also; she is becoming ill from the stress and strain adding on to her paralysis; she gets hysterical and very fatigued and her body is threatening to give in to one disorder after another: this is a crazy spot we are in. They both call You all the time, beg

You to come and to help, and... I don't understand! They call You, D.M especially, as if You were far, hidden, out of reach...

***26-8-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka had a very difficult time after I'd left late morning, and vomited a big worm that must have lodged in his stomach; he probably may accept to take some medicine to purge his organism from such hosts; he had fever too, and much pain in his legs... For D.M it is extremely taxing... P.M came, also during my absence, to tell them that Satprem had received their telegrams and wanted, or perhaps it was Luc who wanted, more information; perhaps Satprem will be able to see something useful?

C stayed near me a long while at noon, and showed me all the sweet things she had brought, and gifts from C.E. and from FJ and ChJ, and handed me a letter from Soaz saying she has chosen, with some sadness, not to come back to Auroville now, and to work, and to come and visit later on with Samuel... I could have cried; but I kept it still... Not to see Samuel... I don't know: it may be right, but it's like... what is the point?

***28-8-1986, Auroville:**

I had a little time for some work in the garden, and to have tea with C. I can't give her much time and I feel bad about it, but perhaps it will ease a bit; although, judging from today, things are rather extreme: D.M isn't well at all, and Auralice came home with swollen tonsils...!

... So far Janaka hasn't responded to the allopathic anti-parasite treatment, and I can't help feeling it is all getting worse and worse; and why...? Why all this? Sometimes D.M asks me to say what I "see" or "feel", but I can't. She knows so much, she gives herself so completely, she does such a fine job near Janaka with her purity of love... but she is not aware!

***30-8-1986, Auroville:**

This morning D.M freaked out; she blew up at You, stridently. She is so stretched. She held it against You that she and Janaka must go through this constant torture without any help... I kept quiet, and it all calmed down... Sometimes it is good to yell...!

... Perhaps I comprehend some things, perhaps I don't... Often I find myself on the edge of a "crisis of faith"; but, as I see it, it comes from the surface, from others, from the atmosphere, and it knocks at my door, and the door is wide open, and I let it pass, without much concern... it is no more a matter of faith: and that is what is difficult to explain, because at the same time I am obviously as un-transformed as anyone else!

***31-8-1986, Auroville:**

There was a heavy scene this morning at "Ravena" when D.M refused to give Janaka the allopathic medicine prescribed by Datta, having read on its label that it was carcinogen to mice... She threw it all out, uttering curses and blowing up at half the world, and nothing was done... Through that small incident, small but charged and intense, I saw more tangibly what, to my present awareness, seems to be basically wrong, or lacking there; and I also felt very uneasy with these curses, and

the whole expression of a certain line of tapasya that I now sense as old and barren and contrary... It made me withdraw; and, later, a deeper pain surged, bringing tears...

Somehow, the more I go on living, the simpler Your Work appears to me... And very often it is not the way people tend to see it, or expect it to be and to manifest.

I don't know what words to use for it, but perhaps it is something like that: Your Work is to channel true consciousness into the living substance of those care and thirst for it, and every drop of true consciousness is a "more" into the world and the human condition and implies, necessarily and automatically, a corresponding change in our nature. Therefore we can only open to and receive a drop of it when we are ready to change in proportion. And You have Yourself opened the way; You have Yourself offered material substance to the Action, towards an integral change in Matter: You have called It down to the very foundations of the world...!

All the rest is old, useless nonsense.

A drop more of true consciousness means that we become different, and more aware; and there is no end to this becoming! Only, there is first a beginning, beyond our mental status.

What I see lacking in D.M and Janaka's approach is that it is "spiritual" and their field is the physical; while, it seems to me more and more, Your field is... consciousness, being, becoming, through and through, and Matter is where Consciousness must recover Itself... This looks like a mere play of words, and I wouldn't try such a formulation with D.M: it would become at once an argument. But I do sense a concrete border there, and the necessity to go over it, beyond it...

***1-9-1986, Auroville:**

It all went wrong when I went to "Ravena" this morning; I was late, having to cycle over, and I burst at D.M when she vetoed, in what I felt a petty way, the use of Janaka's bike, and the things I'd wished to be able to communicate to her truly all came out in words that betray them, and D.M went into arguing and alternately crying and self-pitying and complaining that she is now all exposed and all what she holds true is being mocked at, and she is left with nothing at all... I can't even be angry at myself, there is no use... I am just too small, far too small, to communicate truly, to contribute...

... I did go back to "Ravena" this afternoon, with some reluctance and apprehension; D.M and I tried to talk quietly, but she has blanked at some level I cannot break through, and it comes down to further arguing and preserving some sort of self-image... Yet we somehow patched up, I guess because of that deep affection between us that remains untouched whatever else takes place. And I saw that, because I hadn't cared this morning, things were all in disorder... I don't know... I need That, That, That...

***2-9-1986, Auroville:**

This afternoon, on Ed's initiative - and D.M being very confused as she often is -, a young doctor from Jipmer came to visit Janaka while I was away, and made it seem his diagnosis of a stroke, hemiplegy and thrombosis; he advised that he be admitted in the Hospital for a several weeks treatment, failing which Janaka might have multiple attacks and irreversible damage... When I returned, I found them struggling out of this fearful formation; D.M was revolted and fighting the fear...

Yet today we tried the first part of an Ayurvedic treatment to get rid of these parasites - which that doctor considered as irrelevant -, and it worked well enough.

I don't know; it is more difficult to try and quietly perceive the right orientation when there are waves upon waves of anxiety, helplessness, suffering, and so much advice and so many ideas... What one may quietly perceive doesn't have the assertive strength to dominate the rest; it wants a quiet receptivity as well!

Mentally I do not know at all what is to be done...

... Ar. asked me today what I "thought" of a proposal she's had of going to earn money in Abu Dhabi as a secretary for several months... It's like more and more, and from all sides, all the notions and values You had cleared away for Your Work with us are surging back, not brutally but very softly, very "normally", proving themselves right as they regain lost ground... But one can say nothing for someone else, one can only remain watchful and cling to You within, and that's all...

***4-9-1986, Auroville:**

D.M and Janaka have received a short answer from Satprem, at last:
"We love you."

***5-9-1986, Auroville:**

I am not doing it right, not with the workmen at "Ravena", nor with D.M and Janaka; it went quite wrong with Jaïmurthy today: he'd done a mistake, something that implied the misuse of his responsibilities, and I learned it, but it was through N who is also behaving foolishly; there are all these jealousies brewing, these prides, and all these lies, and I am nowhere near to finding a position that would make everyone feel right; or perhaps it is impossible, I do not know...

And Janaka had a heavy bout of fever this afternoon, and vomited a huge amount, and there were white things in his urine, and D.M was hysterical and J.L, who had replaced me till I returned, was helpless and very sorry.

And I don't know where to stand. When I leave them in the evening, I feel almost like a traitor, abandoning them. Yet, what to do?

The more I go and the less difference I see between "madness" in any of its forms and the body's diseases: they all arise out of a loss of balance, and that loss of balance seems to be always caused by either a wrong attitude or an insincerity... In Janaka's case it would have been a wrong attitude... But there is also, and perhaps most importantly, D.M's condition and her experience of the last ten years, which is... maddening!

***6-9-1986, Auroville:**

D.M was in trouble this evening, in more trouble than usual; she had a strong fever and was shivering uncontrollably under five blankets when I came in after the pay and the accounts at 5 pm and it took a while to get her warmed up and relaxed...

... This cannot go on much longer; John H has dropped out, Ed refuses to come more than twice a week, Bill S had a heavy argument with D.M, and N is getting overwhelmed and sometimes afraid - not to mention how much more can D.M and Janaka endure...!

***9-9-1986, Auroville:**

There is this impression of being taken up, occupied, invested, invaded and pulled by or into a reality that makes insufficient sense in terms of awareness - or

perhaps it does, I don't really know... It certainly shows me a lot on this question of objective versus subjective, and on the nature of true consciousness...

***11-9-1986, Auroville:**

I was told that Satprem has recently announced, to someone in Auroville I think: "Mère arrive...!"

Whatever happens, it is the ego that must go, be undone and yield to the concreteness of truth... I thought to You: would You be then "their property", the property of all those who label themselves "Satprem's faithful followers"? Would You, could You enter there? You are too big, Mother, much, much too big...!

But any of these thoughts could not even be there at all if there was no ego left: there would be no question; there would only be Your Touch on the unified stuff of my consciousness...

***13-9-1986, Auroville:**

I found at the airport a book I had not read yet of Jane Roberts, "Adventures in Consciousness"... D.M had asked me to send another telegram to Satprem – she'd had a big fright this morning when it looked for an instant that Janaka was gone -; but the airport had no telegraph service, so I asked C to send it tonight from Bombay...

***14-9-1986, Auroville:**

To me, very often, D.M and Janaka's relating to You amounts to superstition; they have both made the choice to rely exclusively on You for the reality of the body, in such extreme circumstances, but they are not aware of Your Presence and they do not have, as sometimes D.M acknowledges, a conscious basis of experience to sustain that choice...

I cannot help. There may well be some occult problem behind that nasty fever that keeps coming and rising in Janaka's body, demolishing every time whatever small progress was made and pushing his consciousness out, or in weird positions in relation to the physical sheath; and I have no clue as to who, around here, could help...

... It seems to me that Janaka is also full of very mixed notions towards karma, guilt and justice, and I often catch glimpses of attitudes, these days, that are quite unhealthy and wrong... It is often as if there was some malign will behind all this to make them both go mad...

This morning D.M freaked heavily, and screamed for a long time, because Janaka would not swallow some potion, and she couldn't bear it any more...

I have considered alternatives, but none is clear; where could Janaka be taken, and who among us would take care of him when D.M herself needs constant care?

... I had a moment of depression this morning: C and R's leaving made like a hole in the tension, after the strain of trying to be available to them as well during their stay...

***15-9-1986, Auroville:**

Today was perhaps a better day for Janaka; I made contact with this Ayurvedic Doctor Rao and he visited this afternoon and found an infection of the kidneys which was causing the fever, and we started this evening a new treatment to

control the fever and fight the infection; he said also that the damage to the left side of the body included half of the brains and part of the head, but that this was not irreversible and there were chances to revive it all once the infection was cured... These findings somehow lightened the atmosphere, and we were all cheerful this evening, teasing Janaka who was making all sorts of funny sounds in reply; it is helpful to know what it is we are fighting against...!

This morning was also interesting for me personally, because I found that I was able to pass calm physically, while centring on Your Presence, with my hands – as I have always been able to put a child to sleep, the same seems to happen with Janaka, and it makes me feel grateful...

***16-9-1986, Auroville:**

Just after midnight, Li Mei and Gupi had their baby boy.

***19-9-1986, Auroville:**

D.M sees what goes on in Janaka as a battle between the dark and the true; I see what she sees but I comprehend it in a different way, not as an opposition; it is rooted in a different space. To me, each of them in a particular way is steeped in notions that I find often shallow and misleading, about karma, truth and falsehood, and about Your Work and our position in it...

Sometimes I just want to say "good bye" to all of this soup, however "luminous" a soup it may be... But I stay on because I feel there are behind all this, still imprisoned but clear and pulsing and vibrant, a true and genuine Need, and much beauty and commitment...

Dr Rao came again this evening at my request, and this time D.M got more of a resolve to administer these medicines to Janaka and ignore or break through that rather nasty game that part of him is sometimes playing...

***20-9-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka has refused to continue with the Ayurvedic treatment. So, this is one more "secondary help" out of the way... But he was also somehow quieter today, and D.M cheered up. It is then in Your hands only...? I do not know how much of their awareness is needed for Your Action to be effective; I know nothing. But the situation itself, regardless of its causes, is now just one obvious call...

Yet, how many human beings on earth at this very moment are in such extreme physical misery...? Something else than the fact of it must be involved, something which I can only term awareness...

***21-9-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka sleeps a lot, has much less pains and is much less agitated; the fever has also decreased and only comes briefly...

***22-9-1986, Auroville:**

Through Gupi, and my own petty foolishness, I was reminded this evening of that pain that has only been buried inside me, of the separation from my princess; for Gupi, who had played his part and acted against me, seeing me as some adverse being, has now too a baby...! Will he then understand how hollow were his words, in

the face of this reality? I can't stand his secure "truth of attitude", his constant loud singing of the mantra, his cheerful "positive" goodwill... Even though there is someone there whom I can love, it all exasperates me; I went out while he was massaging Janaka's body, and the pain, unnoticed at first, came back up, as if a whole life of mine, unaccomplished, unfulfilled and almost killed, had come back into focus... But it is alright, for I am also grateful for the solitude that has been mine, and the harmony I have found through it...

... I am happy – "happy" isn't the word, the feeling is richer and deeper and quieter: whenever I am back in "Sincerity", the house is a living welcome, the garden is a sweet wonder, so alive, all within You...

***23-9-1986, Auroville:**

I often wonder during the day whether I must go on "helping" in this way... Is it really a help? What is truly needed, wanted there?

I tend to say, within, that if no marked progress soon, I shall have to quit, so that something central to the situation will have to move...

Yet, day after day I go back obeying the call, and with a certain gratitude too because, still, even if it is misery, it is Your Domain, it is one place where You are actively, unquestionably needed and wanted...

... Tonight D.M asked me again what I see; I could only say that the only practical means I know is to centre in the flow of Your Force physically so that all disorders may be dealt with directly and harmony is re-established, with an acquired awareness... But, what do I know?

I know, because I have had the repeated experience of it, that Your Force exists, and that It can act as Harmony, and that It is the vehicle of the true Consciousness: that much I do know.

... I have nearly finished reading Jane Roberts's book; at several points she unknowingly describes, quite strikingly, some of the experiences You have had, and even suggests a framework for understanding them in their real perspective; it is very interesting to find that someone, without any other influences than that of their own direct experiencing, is able to put in their own words so much of the reality of the true consciousness, and to communicate it at large with such simplicity and well-founded trust...

***24-9-1986, Auroville:**

My heart is all unsettled again; there is a funny, uneasy pressure all around it and, whenever the physical mind looks at it, the panic rises... I feel it is connected with the recent events here, with Ruud particularly: the grab of death, like claws, wherever in our physical consciousness we have remained unoffered...

***25-9-1986, Auroville:**

This morning I had a fight with D.M. It would take a book to really describe all the elements at play there; but I was tired already, and became more tired from the sound of her constant preaching to Janaka and his constant moaning to her in response; and then Janaka asked me to take him upstairs – a crazy proposition, practically; but it induced my saying something which I see as quite obvious, and that is that they are too mixed up in their relationship and this creates a block and diverts the needed energy; at this, D.M dramatically and violently reacted against me, Janaka freaked as well, and I got upset in return, and then Bill S came in...!

I left rather abruptly, upon D.M saying to me "don't come back...!", thinking to myself that this perhaps may help, that this situation may require a brutal change so that this block is shaken off and Janaka is awakened to a clearer choice...

I didn't know whether I would return at the "normal" time; I distrust this capacity in me to cut off, to pull out, to withdraw: it is too extreme. But I can also see that I cannot either continue like that indefinitely...

Of course, D.M soon sent me the apples for Janaka's juice (which I had forgotten) along with a note saying "à tout à l'heure!"...

... I don't know what I must do. I guess the first priority for me is to find the position or attitude from which I can go on working with them without getting personally affected or led to react; the problem lies precisely in the difference between a real position and a range of "attitudes" that soon call either for fresh air or for demolition...!

It wasn't easy for me to return there this evening; D.M tried to talk, but I am not able to break through her confusion... How to help? How to serve?

***26-9-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka had a high fever this evening. I sent for Dr Rao. He said that the condition had worsened and the "disease" was now affecting the heart; he also said that Janaka's inner being was now detaching itself from his body... However he was willing to try and give him another treatment, and we had him swallow six doses of Ayurvedic medicine to control the fever...

As soon as I reach there in the morning, I go under! It is such a weight and I am so ignorant; I don't know even the beginning of a response to it all...

And nothing goes well: the hut is invaded by white ants; and Jagannathan has been acting funny and didn't come at all today (he came this evening and I took him to Janaka and he accepted to continue working...).

... My heart is still acting funny... Sometimes I have perceptions that seem valid, but it is all so partial; even when it feels like a more conscious perceiving, still it lacks the strength to manifest, the strength of conscious evidence... I revolt against all these semi-truths; I revolt against so much of this entire story, even around You... I need, I want That to manifest, and to finish with all our approximations...!

It is a jungle...!

***27-9-1986, Auroville:**

There seem to be several levels overlapping here, or one behind the other as if in a transparency...

One is the diluting, dissolving effect of death, of physical death, on all the ideals, spiritual notions and beliefs, on all that, in one's awareness, is not purely conscious, isn't transformed, become solid and real. And that covers a lot!

Perhaps behind that is this action of the Force that undoes and erodes and dissolves the false reality of death itself.

And behind that is the active but immobile, perennial experience of a position that is neither here nor there, and simultaneous: perhaps the true physical where the Two of You now are? This true Matter that hasn't yet manifested?

And alongside, or parallel, or as a stir or movement all around, is the sense of chaos and confusion, due to the lack of unification in the being, to all these parts and elements that are not centred and have no cohesion and therefore are bound to pull in different directions and extend the disorder and falsity, when and if the physical security is taken away...

***28-9-1986, Auroville:**

Last night I couldn't sleep for several hours; my heart was too tense and my pulse was awfully fast; it went on and on and it's still that way... But it makes me work on myself! I am thinking, these days, of writing a note stating how I want things to be done if I leave the body; I just don't relish the prospect of a mess such as Ruud left behind him; I refuse to impose that on others. I want it neat, clean and un-dramatic and non-public, with no room for interpretations...

***30-9-1986, Auroville:**

This afternoon came one of the worse crises there ever was since it all started; D.M couldn't take it any more: a very high fever rose again in Janaka's body, and his valid side was agitated with cramps for hours; his heart was affected too; it took till 9 pm to fight it down...

... I do believe it is an unquestionable truth that each one creates their own circumstances, and that it is only once is aware of this that one can truly begin to offer it, to a Consciousness that can embrace it all and make it evolve into a truer manifestation... Thus logically I ought to move past sentiments and even the sense of duty and solidarity, however hard and horribly convincing the false reality of this present misery may be... But isn't there more to it? I feel there is also something very wrong, as if something was actively engaged against Your Work, causing this mess... These two beings who truly want to be Yours, they can't be let down...!

***1-10-1986, Auroville:**

What is it? There is movement, in the sense that no two days are the same, but there is no progress, only alterations... The fever came again this evening, but it was somehow less dramatic, mainly I think because D.M was more together... Janaka understands, is aware, but does no inner work; he moans, and shouts, and calls D.M or whoever is near him...

Guy, who comes twice a week to replace me mid-day, does not want to take more shifts; J.L has withdrawn for the time being; Bill S comes only once a week and refuses to do more; same with Alan; I only have N and N to rely on, and that because they are paid for it...

***4-10-1986, Auroville:**

There appears to be an evolution in Janaka's condition: through the Ayurvedic treatment his body seems to be getting a hold on the process of recovery, and so D.M is perking up, and the atmosphere is tat much lighter...

***5-10-1986, Auroville:**

I didn't like Janaka's face today; it had these brown hollows under the eyes and an ashy colour, and his heart is struggling; and Rao is away till Tuesday; we can only go on with whatever decoctions and pills he has prescribed; D.M is beyond fatigue...

***7-10-1986, Auroville:**

I don't know... Janaka is having such a miserable, agonising time... day after day, night after night... the fever keeps coming at him, gnawing nastily, and now besides the heart, the respiratory tracts are affected; Rao had a small accident and has not

come back; nothing flows; Alan too had an accident and couldn't come today... I do not understand...!

And I also doubt my own contribution in all this; I cannot tune in to the sort of calling for You that D.M is putting out: my "faith" seems to be of a different nature, and so I often wonder whether I am not obstructing their atmosphere rather than helping... Mother, I do not know!

... I have this question, or this confused need to be aware on both "sides" at once, a need that was always there but has grown more concrete and almost physical in the past few weeks, through what happened to Ruud and what is now happening to Janaka...

... For Janaka it would be so absurd to go now, a huge waste, a defeated yielding to disorder and disharmony; on the other hand there is the situation created by D.M's condition that lies in front like an obstacle, something that he does not feel up to any longer... So for any opening to come at this point it must be for both of them...

***11-10-1986, Auroville:**

I was the entire day at "Ravena" because no one came to replace me; in the evening my heart went off again and a cramp settled around it: it is too much material disharmony...

***12-10-1986, Auroville:**

Am I an obstacle to help coming their way? Because of what they think of me, perhaps people do not want to come and help? Only Guy seems to care enough...

And D.M told me this evening that P.M had indeed said that I should go; this is probably why I got these thoughts in the last few days... Perhaps he even believes that I am responsible for Janaka's predicament? But D.M tells me that I must stay, and that it is my fault if people are against me, because of my own harshness and intolerance...

Change me the way You want, that is all that I ask...! And take me away if I am an obstacle! Only You must bring help!

***14-10-1986, Auroville:**

Janaka's body has given way, this morning at 9.50 am, at the Ashram Nursing Home.

I had left him less than an hour before that, when Larry had come to replace me by his side.

I had not been back home for very long when N came to inform me. People had already gone to "Ravena" and told D.M. I knew then that I had to go and try to be with her.

When I reached the hut, there were many people there; she had been seated on the back porch overlooking the small enclosed garden I had made for them.

I went to her after a moment, and we were left alone.

She said she must go at once, go and be with Janaka; she must not delay, she must not leave him alone... She asked me to carry her over to the edge of the canyon, so she could throw herself down its cliff; then she asked me to take her away somewhere and give her kerosene so she could burn herself... What could I say to her? She is my sister and I have to be, to try and be what she needs most, and she cannot see herself alone now, alone and depending on others' willingness to care for her...

Then, she realised, in her frantic urge to join Janaka, that the plants of Datura we had planted – for the name You have given to their flower, “Tapasya” – were bearing fruits: and she would only have to swallow several of them, seed-pods rather than edible fruits, and that would be likely to take her to the other side.

She asked me then to seat her near enough to the plants, and I did. She herself plucked a bunch of them and started to eat them up. We were still alone; everyone else was in the front of the house or outside of it.

But later on, as people started to move around and come to her, it became confused; she told someone, perhaps more than one person, that she had taken the Datura; I was among the others then; I felt that I had done all I could by her and by Janaka; the “community” was there now, and my role was perhaps over... At some point she must have agreed that she should try to vomit, or be helped to vomit the poison she had ingested; and the rest of the afternoon was spent trying to make her body reject it, but to no avail.

Yesterday, as Janaka’s condition had got so critical, D.M had finally accepted to call for “ordinary means”, even if that meant taking him away.

Datta came, then. It was late afternoon. He accepted to admit Janaka right away in the Ashram Nursing Home.

We took him in a van.

Datta and his staff settled Janaka in a separate room and plugged him onto the whole apparatus; I stayed alone with him all night; he remained mostly comatose, but there were a few moments of conscious acknowledgment...

Why did I feel relieved that he was finally out of the atmosphere with D.M at “Ravena”? I still couldn’t believe that such a tedious, painful and maddening agony over so many days would lead to waste and death only; still I could not believe that the entire thing of their joint offering, of their living commitment to build “Ravena”, would end up in a waste...

I still was confident we would come out of this.

When Larry came in the morning to replace me, I was so very tired; I didn’t feel very clearly; I was perhaps overwhelmed by the need to rest; so I left Janaka. I left the Nursing Home. I came back home.

And soon after that, he left his body.

I now feel that the answers will be long in coming.

D.M’s father, whom she had loved so very much, had died on the same day...

... I had to see to so many details of organisation then; to prepare for Janaka’s body to be laid in the big house, to have a box made ready, to select the spot in the garden for the burial...

I returned to “Sincerity” much later... I didn’t see D.M again.

***15-10-1986, Auroville:**

D.M left her body last night, some time around 11.30 or 12 pm. No one is sure.

They had taken her in a van to bring her to Jipmer Hospital and try to flush the poison from her system, but when they reached, she had already passed. The Hospital staff tried to revive her. It was too late.

Because it was legally a suicide, her body was to be autopsied. And so it was forced to undergo one more, ultimate misery.

David N brought her body back, wrapped like a mummy, this afternoon.
We laid it next to Janaka's.
Both wrapped in flowers.

Janaka's burial had been fixed for the evening. Fred insisted that D.M's body must also be buried at the same time. Many people had been informed.
The boxes were made ready. The pit was dug out.
Larry and I set them into the pit, and placed a large painting of Sri Krishna as a child, at the heads, facing east.
It was 6 pm when the soil was thrown over them.

I had promised D.M never to take her to the Hospital, and I failed. I had not realised that all these people would then be there, asserting their "authority"... In their ignorance, they forced another horror upon her.
But perhaps there is also something in Auroville that refuses the event of death itself: recently, there was Gandolf, and then Ruud, and now Janaka and D.M, and each somehow had to "die" away from Auroville...

I have begun to feel that I must try and complete the main house at "Ravena"; this seems to make sense, from many angles. And there is a sort of deep commitment that has developed in the workmen as well; this ought to be brought to fruition, if only to heal what this drama has hurt... When I went back at dawn to day, I found that several of them had stayed there on watch the entire night, while no one from Auroville had...

***16-10-1986, Auroville:**

It is all working itself out in my active consciousness now; I can see how the mind, or some of the mental processes at least, have a role to play as instruments to the higher consciousness... Things I knew or "felt" behind thoughts and emotions, in a wordless way, I can now "understand"; information collects and falls into place, filling the blanks... I see now what formations and barriers of energy were there...
... I have felt that I must, as far and as thoroughly as possible try and re-establish harmony there.

It is as if D.M and Janaka, having had neither the time nor the will to consider anything beyond their own present predicament, left the entire load of material details and things behind them, uncleared, and that I am the only person it seems who can bring some order into it. And I am willing to do it. That mess, that chaos, that drama, must all be absorbed and give way for the harmony they had both aimed for...

Their burial place is quiet.

I need to go to the end of this sorting out, so that all harshness is burnt out...

***18-10-1986, Auroville:**

During the day, as during the night, there is a kind of active meditation, concentration and sorting process all at once, on D.M and Janaka, about them, sometimes with them. There are all the gradations of experience that, in them, were bound within the circle of fate...

... For me there is a strange feeling; in a sort of impersonal way I feel still committed to their offering in terms of that place, the unfinished house, and the mass of their belongings and all the traces of their struggle, of their striving and their aspiration. And I also feel, I don't know exactly how to put it, as if not entirely welcome; it may have to do with my own hardness towards what I felt to be unreal in their approach, and this may have hurt them a bit...? This part is still unclear. And then I do feel too, very simply, that D.M is with me, in the same way, my sister and friend, asking me to help, to do, to remain close, not to let them down...

***19-10-1986, Auroville:**

Whenever I pass Aurovilians, their eyes move away... it is only the villagers who offer naturally some warmth and sympathy...!

Just now I am over-sensitive to these formations against me; for, somewhere deep – in my ego, I guess – I have accepted the possibility that whatever I touch, whomever I come close to, becomes unhappy, or goes wrong, or falls into misfortune...

I can reason this out; I can move above and see it all as part of the general falsity and artificiality of things as human beings experience them.

But there are those moments, such as now, when it seems to me, when I feel I could well use some understanding, some conscious understanding; or, at any rate, some sort of tenderness and trust, it is then that I am most vulnerable to those formations.

And besides, I am still into a kind of battle; even in physical terms, in my own organism, there is still that disorder around the heart; and, whenever I am not centred enough, comes the sensation of a dark doom, of having been plunged into some dark, wrong, negative process; and I know that I must move out and away, inwardly, from it.

I have been so close, so entirely close, to something that was really wrong, that sheltered seeds of fate and death: for it was wrong death; it wasn't death that comes as a necessity when the soul has moved as far as it could in one given body. There was a choice.

Only You could show me the absolute Supreme behind it.

I need You, Mother, I need You.

... I stayed here most of the day, cleaning up the house and doing the week's laundry, and fixing myself a new necklace to hold my locket – its cord broke the day of Janaka and D.M's passing, and I decided yesterday to take from D.M's things those 12 tiny gold beads, along with the red leather she had offered me.

I went to "Ravena" around 5 pm and stayed a while; feeling depressed and disoriented; there was sadness there. N couldn't even smile at me. And I looked and looked, wondering what I am going to do with the whole thing... I want to complete it as their offering. But is it going to go to Auralice...? I feel I would find support if I knew for sure that this place would be utilised for Your Work, in a material sense: if there would be kept there all Your books and all Sri Aurobindo's books and Your Agenda, and the place would be used for reading and resting in a dedicated atmosphere of quiet concentration, of opening to You through Your works and the notations of Your experiences... It seems to me that this alone would make enough sense; and with this orientation I could go on.

I must speak of it with Larry (he is Auralice's father and as such represents now the "family") when he comes to meet me tomorrow; otherwise I do not know... It has been too much of a drama, too much of an absurd absence of guidance...!

***20-10-1986, Auroville:**

Larry came and stayed for about two hours; we talked about what comes next, and how to proceed with the house, and with all the things and belongings; I told him how I felt, and he seemed to understand. Then I helped him to draft a letter to Janaka's family, and I offered to write an account of Janaka's illness from the beginning.

... I had an early dinner alone at the Kitchen. The "white" Aurovilians feel, if anything, further away while, in a non-mental way, I find myself closer to the "Indian" population; it is a strange phenomenon: I find that they know more with their hearts, directly; the "whites" judge with their minds and then if at all, open their hearts; but it is nothing like the straight, almost un-conscious contact and smile from the Indians, which then, afterwards, may eventually get clouded over by the thought' evaluations...

***21-10-1986, Auroville:**

I seem to have spent much of last night dancing, re-adjusting and re-opening to free movement and to rhythm, to the flow of dance; and also centring, until the sense of direction was revealed anew...

... I was working on my leather necklace at home, this afternoon, when a beautiful person came, a young German man, a newcomer; he'd come for a practical reason, but the contact was good, clear and deep, and we spent a couple of hours; he stayed for supper with me. He is a man who has a peculiar realisation: he has realised the static side of the Divine behind the mind, and it is a very tangible presence in him; he exudes it and is overwhelmed by it in a quiet and steady way, and doesn't see any point to try anything at all; he is only looking for a balanced way to go on living physically. He has a good quality of humour too, and a fine sort of inner joy; he doesn't know why he is here in Auroville; he is reluctant towards what he senses as a shallow, compulsory invitation to some unclear work of transformation. Yet he is here; he has been driven here through odd ways, and I felt that he had in him already what could make the rest truer than it is with most people here... if only he would open to Your Grace! He was obviously surprised and happy to find this contact between us. And it made me see how much I am still sort of starving for a friend...

***22-10-1986, Auroville:**

Besides quite a few unanswered questions, it is at the level of energies that I have most difficulty; I feel like I have been stretched and strained, over a good period of time, near to the limit, and the release has come from the wrong way: not the joyful fulfilling release, but the release of defeat, nonsense and absurdity...

And whatever it was that I was aware of being taught, is now hidden behind a veil. When I look at "Ravena" feeling for a way to remain committed to its building, to the establishment of a good, open environment and harmony, I see it as a place dedicated, as D.M and Janaka saw it from their perspective, to the True, the Right, the Vast – Satyam Ritam Brihàt – and used for Your Work. I see it practically as a place of rest and concentration, in peace and harmony, where all Your writings would be kept available, and Your Agenda could be read and listened to, and there would be a feeling of being at home, without any personal colouring...

I talked about this to Larry again; but he is mostly concerned about Auralice now, and he agrees to the idea as a second priority, but he doesn't feel it; he has no experience of this place at all, nor of its inner foundations.

...I ate dinner alone at the Kitchen. I miss a friend; I miss someone to communicate to, with... another consciousness, another point of awareness, to dynamise what has collected within me...

***23-10-1986, Auroville:**

Sometimes in my physical consciousness, very concretely, I feel like a sponge: thirsty, thirsty for the Force, like a dry sponge, to absorb it, to be permeated by It – and that, without It, it is death, it is defeat, it is this absurd nonsense...

I need You so much, Your Presence, Your patience, Your loving care for progress, birth and growth...

... For a few minutes this afternoon, it felt that they were both just next to me, just in a slightly subtler version of the same situation they had been in, so that they could still make the progress they'd had to make, and that now things were a little clearer to their consciousness, and they were also more sheltered... But I do not wish to feed on imagination or approximations.

... I don't know what's next. On one hand I can feel some gratitude if that work at "Ravena" remains with me for a while longer, with a purpose within Your embrace. On the other hand I fear a little that it will only make me more isolated...

... This morning I sent a note to P.M asking whether they would pass on a letter from me to Satprem... I've had no reply as yet.

Mother, the more I go, the more Your solitary work feels heroic to me; truly, formidably, enormously heroic...! And I need You so much...

***27-10-1986, Auroville:**

I started to write a letter to Janaka's sister. I know nothing of her but I thought that, if I am to complete the work at "Ravena", she must on her part help getting the needed money... When the rain had stopped this afternoon, I went over to show this letter to Larry; he liked it and added a few words of his own.

***28-10-1986, Auroville:**

Looking back at the whole process with D.M and Janaka now, I also feel – and this is a way of seeing that seems just as valid or, at any rate, that cannot be overlooked dismissed – that I have been a rather perfect instrument for the wrong possibility; I see that clearly: every one of my own attitudes made me the perfect prey to fit just so into the wrong mechanism. I am so dumb, so very dumb...!

***29-10-1986, Auroville:**

I am treading along in a mire of tamas... No response anywhere in my scene, no aspiration, no nothing... And the woman in me is out front with her needs – I want to be owned, to be claimed...!

... I bought a book on contemporary physics; this part of my mind is way down buried under layers of rust; I have to read every sentence at least twice, and still I stand agape... These people seem to be mainly like gymnasts of the intellect; only, sometimes, some of them hit upon an intuitive prehension of the reality, and these they labour like ants to fit into an acceptable framework and logic... But I intend to try and persevere!

***31-10-1986, Auroville:**

Tamas, tamas, and the sense of being pinned down to a stupid, tiny, cramped, rigid, hollow and dolorous self; among many other such shadows...

***1-11-1986, Auroville:**

I have been trying to wake up today from under this tamasic surrender to old demons, and to stop accepting the formation of sexual desire in my mind. I know what to do, so I cannot complain. I just got under it the moment I was released from the tension... flat, the wrong way...!

This is Deepawali Day, with the sad sound of crackers in the distance muffled by the immobile cloudy wet sky...

... I am trying to discipline myself to read this book "The Cosmic Code", which is a description of the modern physics as they stand today, with their background evolution; it is tedious and I have given up on mathematical notions, but I begin to gather the trend of it and to feel more concerned as it joins and meets with some impressions and inner perceptions or experiences...

... Ar. brought me a letter she'd found at the Kitchen for me. It is from Ina, a sort of "love-declaration", if I am not mistaken, and I really don't know what to think of it...! I don't suppose I should let myself get involved again with another woman, however much I may respect or feel friendly towards her, unless it is unmistakably clear and evident that she is "the one"! I'm wary because I can see that I'd be quite willing, at this point, to let go physically, for whatever it's worth... And if that would imply collaborating to another drama, it's definitely not a good idea!

***2-11-1986, Auroville:**

A quiet Sunday here, reading this book on quantum physics; it becomes more familiar and tangible, but I wish the man would be right here, with his knowledge, so I could ask directly the questions that have risen while reading and for which he has provided no answers...

This, together with the experience of death – the fact of its persistence – has taken me back, as if after a full circle but a little more conscious, to a state I have known many times in the past, a state which is somehow like an anchor, a point of silent questioning, of a need removed from all needs... I used to slip from that state into a trend of desperation but, this time, experiences have come together, and I have found a breath, an ultimate, in the presence of the One, the Supreme...

There is no certainty in it – in the sense that one would know where one goes.

The only certainty is – and this is total security – that, whatever is next, wherever from the used rounds of the Manifest or the senseless strivings towards the Non-Manifest, He will move, the secret is buried within Him alone, exclusively. The secret is nowhere to be found, in no realisation past, present or future that can ever be attained. The secret IS secret; it is up to Him only.

***3-11-1986, Auroville:**

I am hanging in some void... When I listen to or read Your Agenda, or when I meditate on a particular question or aspect of the reality, it is alright; but I cannot decently do only that...! It is at the energy level, in life itself, that I cannot find my way. It is in relation to life, to people, that I am lost. And nothing comes to give a clue, to make a sign that I could follow...

... I find myself back to the same point, incapable to relate to the people here, having no activity that I can share with anyone, and feeling alien to the spirit in which things are being done in Auroville...

***4-11-1986, Auroville:**

Larry and Auralice came by; Larry wants us to send some of Janaka's things to his family, and he was looking for some papers too. He is planning to send Auralice to the US for her schooling, in a few weeks. He also said that he now feels inclined to come and "participate" in the work at "Ravena"; I don't know what he exactly means, there is always some confusion around him...

... I met Ed; we talked about the money he owed to Janaka; I suggested that, as he seemed to be reluctant to let go of this money, he could use it for the purchase of the land adjacent to "Ravena" which we couldn't get cleared before Janaka's illness...

... I have been listening to Your Agenda... I am beginning to accept that You could give only one relationship such as the one You gave to Satprem, and that therefore he is the only one now equipped to really try and follow You; because one simply cannot, without having received that from You. One can "understand", one can feel within and above, one can become conscious and try to collaborate but, without a solid, constant, direct, manifest relationship with You, I don't see how one can ever... How to say? I am beginning to accept it – that is, not to revolt – but I do not yet grasp the consequences, the implications for the way...

***5-11-1986, Auroville:**

I find harmony in my relationships with things, with objects, with Nature, even with animals, but, with human beings, it is mostly a weight, and a cause for despair...! Yet, I can't go on living that way! Something has to change with me! There's an affective knot that must be loosened...

***6-11-1986, Auroville:**

I painted till night fell. I had dinner at the Kitchen, and Su, John H's sister (who has recently arrived) joined me there. I like her and spontaneously respect her, and I feel that it makes sense for her to have come to Auroville...

***8-11-1986, Auroville:**

Today was N's birthday. We went down to Pondy as I had promised, and watched half of a bizarre South-American movie and had dinner in a restaurant, quickly, in a noisy room, and sat for a while by the ocean, and I gave him his present, a small silver locket with both Your symbols on it, for him to wear around his waist... I would want to hold him and kiss him and feel his warmth with my body, but I do not want to "take", I do not want another absurdity...

***9-11-1986, Auroville:**

Ar. had dinner with me, and it was sweet with her: she is my good friend. I met Su briefly, John H's sister. There is something between us, a contact; but, on her side, I can feel it is made of much attraction, and I don't know what to do with it. I respect her and am open to her but, right now, I feel too surrounded with what

my unresolved affectivity lets build up, and there is Ina hovering, and there is Ar. always, keeping watch, and there is too this yet undecided, undefined state with N...

***10-11-1986, Auroville:**

There is some unclarity with Larry, who went to "Ravena" in my absence, to "check" the work and question the men about me... Jaimurthy told me about it; he was feeling so bad...

***11-11-1986, Auroville:**

I tried to talk to Larry again today; we spent about two hours in a restaurant in town; but he does not really understand. And so I am left alone with the task of trying to manifest what D.M and Janaka had dreamed, without any understanding on the part of Auroville... This morning too, Larry had brought Yaap and Ulla, whom he has invited to come and live in the hut at "Ravena", and it didn't flow well at all; Yaap couldn't even look at me... I know that if they move in, it will become "their" place...

... I feel rather useless: Larry is so "normal" and so well in his place in the official, public and social reality of Auroville, every one of his movements is "understood" and calls sympathy, he cares for all the right things, etc. And what do I have to stand by? A relationship with D.M and Janaka that no one knows anything about, on the background of my "difference" and of all the formations about me ("not the most popular person in Auroville", as Larry said)...

***12-11-1986, Auroville:**

It is striking that just one of these innumerable experiences, for someone who wouldn't know where they come from, could become the pivot and anchor for a spiritual realisation – which could in turn become the seed for a teaching, or even a religion...

***13-11-1986, Auroville:**

Su, John H's sister, came by herself, just after 5 pm, to have tea with me... Later, I invited her to stay and have some dinner with me at home; I like her as a person, and I feel good with the quality of her presence. I feel tense, though, because it obviously could easily veer into a closer relationship, and I can already see her attachment and all she would have to go through, and I don't relish the prospect...! On the other hand, I can't very well refuse an opportunity for me to open up a little, to relate; I can't just become a wild, unapproachable freak sitting in his territory behind a barrier of formations... I don't know what to do...!

***14-11-1986, Auroville:**

When I came back from "Ravena", to paint, I found that Ar. had left me a letter: the whole problem of our relationship had risen again, through Su's visit; so I spent nearly two hours in the afternoon with Ar., and we talked very openly and quietly, and it was good; I like it when we can communicate this way, when it is open to progress... Later this evening, she had to admit to her jealousy, and we could laugh – we can always find our way to laughter, and that is what is so good with her...

***15-11-1986, Auroville:**

It feels like I am a living mistake... I have considered going away, not just from here but from the whole thing... There is a practical impossibility with the way I am built... which is not being put together, whether from my own efforts or by You: it remains the same, on and on...

I read in the Auroville News that people want to turn "Ravena" into a sort of Nursing Home... I might as well hand over the whole thing to Larry and quit... And then there's nothing here for me, nothing I can participate in; I shall be stuck in that unreal isolation, trying to go on painting – for which I have no real talent –, groping on for no result, endlessly forming a block in the atmosphere of Auroville...

... I feel like a monster: not in the sense of being "bad", but of being some anomalous freak, helplessly itself, and condemned by its very fixity to go down the drain into a side pocket of reality where such "things" are kept in the universal harmony with a label reading "couldn't evolve"...! An interesting fact of history, probably rich with clues and indications... for others!

There would be, there is, though, one prayer, one request that I wish to address to You: it is that, whatever may be my actual condition, it is not allowed to cause others to suffer any more... Because it isn't fair; and it makes that much more impossible, unviable, when I know that others are adversely affected; it makes me want to withdraw from life – and, if I believe You as I must, this is the worst idea to entertain...

***16-11-1986, Auroville:**

I seem to be losing the security that I'll ever be pulled out of these vicious circles I was thrown into at the beginning of this present existence... What is the point of knowing all I know, of being Yours in my consciousness, of feeding on Your sustenance hour after hour for all these years, what is the point of having all these books, of bathing into the stream of Your Agenda again and again, what is the point of it all when I am unable to live or to experience a single harmonious and profound relationship in the human world, where all the issues and questions are gathered?

... Often these days I wonder what would be my conscious orientation if I were to leave the body now; where would I head to? The impression came that I somehow wouldn't consider myself pure enough to go to You, and I would wander away, supposedly "on my own", letting worlds and attractions fall away, searching in my own silence towards some response that would at last make enough sense...

I know that I can let go of everything once I have set myself to it... it is only here, in the area of yearnings and incompleteness, that I get stuck, helplessly trying to bring opposites together...

... Su came; it is her birthday today. She wanted to spend a moment with me. It is plain that she is affected by our encounter; she came to ask for two things: one, a hug; and the other, that I take her one day to Mahabalipuram to visit the temples there... I don't know what to do; it is crazy: here I am hitting against a block when I try and follow my own yearnings, and at the same time evoking in a woman I have only met twice such a deep emotional evolution, and making my best friend, Ar., churn with frustration and jealousy... It is crazy, indeed...

***17-11-1986, Auroville:**

N came late this morning, with a bruise on his eye... He said that Saturday night, after he'd left me, he went home to find that both his children were down with fever and acute diarrhoea and his wife crying; he'd taken them to Koot Road to a doctor, and, while cycling back in the middle of the night, they were assaulted by 4 men who had pulled a string across the road, and he was robbed of what was left of his pay...

... I had dinner with John H; then, Su and her friend, a heavy-built easy-going American girl from the Guest-House, joined us and we went to sit at the amphitheatre, watching the moon rise. I enjoyed being with John H, as we don't see much of each other these days; it was 7.20 pm when we all saw suddenly a huge star slide all the way down the sky, very near; I do not understand what kind of star it was, or whether it was a fragment of meteorite; just above the tree-line it split into two large and one small flaming parts and it all vanished, with a peculiar movement... It was 13 years exactly that Your physical heart had stopped beating...

***19-11-1986, Auroville:**

There is a strange sensation today, as of being at once on the verge of, and missing something...

Also I have opened again to the "classic" sexual vibration; it is a whole life in itself, in its own right. It is the type of life that Henry Miller explored, which has several times come close in my existence like an alternate possibility; it is not at all mixed with affectivity, as when I am drawn to a man friend; it is itself and it has its own joy and its own energy; it is neither dark nor gloomy nor hard, but it is endless: it is a sort of infinite, and it goes through women almost regardless of particulars, opening at each individual contact... This aspect does not cause a conflict as such, as the other aspect does; I could just tune into it when it comes, and my concerns would only be practical... While with the other aspect, when I get under the spell of an attraction towards a man, it stirs up all my affectivity...

***20-11-1986, Auroville:**

Ar. brought a copy of the book that has been made by a team of Aurovilians, under Kireet's direction, for educational purposes throughout India, "The Aims of Life"; it is beautifully done, with a fine quality to it, and I was happy to see and touch it, and I found it encouraging...

... John H and Su sat with me at dinner; then John H had some work at Matrimandir and I offered to Su to go and sit at the Amphitheatre again; and quietly I told her what I had wanted to say about my circumstances, and Ar.'s involvement, and the fact that I want to remain alone – and that I am a tough person to deal with for a woman; and having said all this, that I didn't know what it actually meant in terms of our relationship, but that it surely made no difference to the friendship we had found between us.

She seems to understand. I appreciate her; the possibility of a physical encounter remains. I see that it is still a release and a breath when I can relate this way to a woman; I can't deny it when the possibility is offered.

***22-11-1986, Auroville:**

Throughout the day I have been experiencing physically the sweet soft pressure of Nectar from above – and yet I have been mainly preoccupied with the matter of sexuality, and what to do in my responses to it

Ar. has asked me to accept that she must experience the sexual dimension of our relationship, to honour her yearning for that expression. The problem for me there is that her physical presence does not match, does not elicit the movement in me that would make it simple...

... When I went back to "Ravena" this afternoon, I found Yaap visiting the place, as a future owner, with Th and Peter; I felt so uneasy about it that I tried to avoid meeting them. Then Larry also came, and I told him how I felt, and it moved and gladdened me when he candidly confessed to a similar feeling... And we now both hope that something will happen that will change their plan and Yaap himself will drop the idea...

***23-11-1986, Auroville:**

Last night I had a most unusual episode, which I took notes about when I got up (I haven't paid so much attention to my dreams lately): it was a intense, strange story, which I at once watched as an invisible presence and incarnated as each participant, between a man and a woman who is, most often, his daughter, but sometimes also his beloved; they are adults, and they have now met after years of painful and hard separation, and they re-discover one another through the physical climbing and treading of rocky slopes and precipitous paths, slippery and very treacherous, with an entire itinerary of risks and daring and many moments of deep emotion when the man, in his re-found cherishing, draws a protective line on the ground all around the prone body of his beloved – his daughter then, whom only one other man will be able to truly relate to...

... Su came today to ask me whether I was still backing my previous offer for her to stay at C's house when she must leave the Guest House, the 3rd of next month; I said "yes". I can't withdraw this offer only because of Ar.; and, besides, she is John H's sister and my sense of hospitality must prevail.

... Over dinner Ar. and I had some comic dialogue over the present conundrum: what are we to do with these physical desires and yearnings... And I am considering now letting go of some walls and letting Ar. experience with me what she had yearned to for so long, but I want her to see it lucidly, as it might also worsen the pull of attachment; I know very well what it feels like to be denied, though, and I find that perhaps I must try and give her that release...

***24-11-1986, Auroville:**

The sweet, constant pressure of Nectar is there; it has been there all day, with a sort of cleansing effect, as if from within each state...

... Jagannathan has come back to work today; so the carpentry work can now resume.

Mother, if You like this place to become whole and harmonious, will You help me to get the money to finish it? I have enough for several weeks, but it is far from sufficient to complete the work as we had seen it together...

***25-11-1986, Auroville:**

Ar. walked back with me; she said she needed to have intercourse and asked me to be more inviting, less inhibiting; I confirmed that I was open to it if she felt it could be helpful; it is true that I am now open to it, but I do not want it to cement our relationship, to fix it...

***26-11-1986, Auroville:**

This morning N came with me for a long ride over to a small village near the ocean, on the way to Cuddalore, to purchase a thousand casuarinas saplings...

***27-11-1986, Auroville:**

There is a little crisis at "Ravena" among the men; the focus is on N, out I guess of jealousy and spite, and the men are quite nasty with him, and he suffers when he responds to it and he suffers when he doesn't; he hadn't come to see me here for a few days, because some of the others were teasing him that he came to me like a dog; he cried when he related that to me... He began to smile again, afterwards, and we planted the saplings together, and he said sweetly that he'd come to have breakfast with me tomorrow.

***28-11-1986, Auroville:**

Between the rain showers today we have begun levelling the ground around the graves. I intend to build a bench at their heads, under the Kadamba tree, and perhaps engrave just their two names and the dates...

The work in the house is going well, and rather fast; and I worry as the days go by and no reply comes from Janaka's sister and family, as I shall soon be at the end of the money here. I pray that this dream of theirs is helped into Matter; it would be such a sad waste if it had to be abandoned so close to completion...

... N did some masonry today, very well, and he was like a kid with his small team, apprehensive and then jubilant to have done it, and what did I think of it...!

***29-11-1986, Auroville:**

I found that I could not really give Ar. what she wanted, unless, plunging back into that state, I could also find my home in her... And I was not finding it... She became more relaxed and more deeply tuned, but I couldn't carry her all the way, as I couldn't find a secure and wide enough space for me to abandon myself...

***1-12-1986, Auroville:**

This is a bizarre point I am at: it would seem I could easily, from there, move into quite an ordinary life, and let the curtain fall over aspiration and conscious orientation, and just go with the current and accept it all... I saw that, by opening to Ar.'s need and participating to its momentary satisfaction, I opened again to that level of communication and relation... This morning at "Abri" for instance, stopping to have my tyre blown, I met this beautiful girl who has been living with B.B for quite a while now, and who is probably by far the most lovely feminine creature around, and there was an immediate response, and I could sense the possibility of cherishing her, almost of "owning" her; and I don't feel any warning, or any pressure, it is simply as if all aspiration had gone...! It has withdrawn, in wait, silent

and immobile, and in its stead there is a kind of quiet gaze, rather sweet, over it all...

... I had a moment of reacting again, this afternoon, when Ed and Yaap came around the place, looking at the land, at the garden, at the work we have done in the canyon, without ever giving even a sign of acknowledgment in my direction, with that sort of "owner of the place" attitude, the future resident taking in the size of his domain... But I only want D.M and Janaka to be there, and Auralice, and that's all! But for these people, D.M and Janaka are "dead"; so they move in: simple! But it is wrong!

Yet this afternoon, when Auralice came by with Mukta, I sort of gave up: just the way Auralice takes it all in her stride, it shows me that, well, this is life, it is open, and I cannot interfere, nor try and impose a will or a pattern; I can only let it be, however mediocre or unresponsive it may be...

***2-12-1986, Auroville:**

I had an odd dream of G.M's dog, last night: I find Yappu somewhere near B's house, in sheer agony, all swollen up, dying; but when he sees me, something deep and invincible stirs up in him and, "miraculously", while Akash watches from a distance, he gets the strength to move up and stand on his legs and he aims towards me, landing in my arms and licking my face; while he does that, all sorts of sickening smells and juices are spreading over me, but I hold him until it is alright and the entire thing is gone, dissolved and he is safe and alert again, such a very sweet dog...

... Ar. wanted to spend the night with me again, but I blocked it; even though I am now quite open, ready and willing to experience sexual intercourse again and again, practically at any time and for its own sake, regardless of any other considerations, still, I can't see what good it is going to achieve for her – not to mention for me! Because it is not to her as a individual person that I turn, and so she is bound to get frustrated with me...

... A house was burnt last night at "Fertile" and Carole got her hands and forearms injured, and she has lost all of her and her kids' belongings...

***3-12-1986, Auroville:**

Su has moved into C's house this afternoon, and we had a quiet evening together; there is the same kind of space with her that I find with John H, with the added grace of her femininity; I don't know how it will turn out between us, but she is someone I trust.

... I received today a letter from ChJ with recent pictures of my brothers and sister and father; I couldn't recognise my younger brother, O...

***4-12-1986, Auroville:**

When I went to "Ravena" this morning I found that both N and P were all upset with an experience they'd had in the night, of hearing distinctly, loudly, and repeatedly over an hour, D.M's voice calling N's name, jus as she used to whenever she needed him; and then N had found two large cats sitting near to the graves, and they moved then towards the main house... And Jaimurthy later told me of a very complex and interesting dream he'd had last night with Janaka, in which Janaka, back from America where D.M had died, was very disturbed by something that had just been built near the house, like a sort of huge pipe-line... I don't know:

yesterday was the new moon, D.M's sign; perhaps something has upset those parts or elements that have remained connected with the place and with the work... I do not know anything; and I don't care to "know" mentally; I care to grow more aware and conscious, centrally, but I have no knowledge: only a mixed bag of perceptions, impressions, and fragments of experience...

***8-12-1986, Auroville:**

I spent a quiet moment with Su, because I'd seen that she had become upset, and I find it important that friendship is upheld.

... I have been preparing a comprehensive statement of accounts, to be sent to Janaka's sister, along with a letter, as Larry told me today that she had talked over the phone with Nini of "Aurelec" and expressed the view that the family wasn't at all considering contributing more money to "Ravena"... Larry seemed to be depressed about it and feeling defeated and about to give up trying; but I insisted that we must keep trying to make them understand (the significance of "Ravena" and its importance to Janaka)...

***9-12-1986, Auroville:**

One of last night's activities was an interesting adventure: we were on the moon, and had found, finally, water; and we also found a pack of elephants; and we also met "people"; they were few, but very intense people, with very interesting attitudes; and the quality of the air is such that I can easily and happily do what I could only do in dreams of the subtle physical, that is to float up and down and over the whole place freely, fast or slow, fast and slow, just like a naiad in water, moving comfortably with the air currents...

***10-12-1986, Auroville:**

There's been some agitation today regarding Krishna: Akash, sent by Barbara, went around trying to gather everybody "as a group" (probably the worse movement to fall into), so that could be conveyed to Krishna that he must change his ways regarding his music playing - his loud and insistent and relentless playing has driven both Barbara and Pat to a near-hysterical state... I know well what it is, for having lived it myself, but my experience with Krishna makes it impossible for me to join such a gathering; so, I declined. But it worries me: Krishna isn't well within himself...

... This afternoon Su left on my cycle the most delightful note I have ever received: she has tried to write in French about the clothes line that had broken, and her attempt created a most wonderful, sweet and funny sentence; strangely, it has left me with an impression of much dearness: I shall keep it with me...

***11-12-1986, Auroville:**

Ar. came to meet me at "Ravena" this morning, needing to talk; she is worrying over my relationship with Su...

And then Yaap came and somehow, for the first time, it turned out to be a rather simple and straightforward talk; he seems to have seen now and accepted the necessity for him to build his own house on a different plot, not as near to the main house, rather than to convert the hut into his own thing; this is encouraging...!

And today we finished the main plastering of the top terrace, and the entire space is now quiet, open, vast and true...

I went to watch the end of the concreting at Matrimandir, then, and could have a few moments of friendship with Arjun, and then with John H and Su...

***12-12-1986, Auroville:**

"Ravena" is coming up so beautifully: this place is meant to be a manifestation of beauty, vast, the true beauty and simplicity... Let it be so, let it be so...!

***14-12-1986, Auroville:**

It became clear today that both Su and I were ready; we went out for a walk after dinner, and I took her to the pond behind "Dana" and we sat there watching the moon light playing over the orange water; it was all silent but for the frogs... When we returned here, I said to her that I'd come later; and I went over to Ar.'s, as she had been very strung up today, and I don't want her to suffer; it took a while for her to laugh again and to relax... I am sad and helpless about her states; but she alone can change it; she must learn to move out and away from that pit. I can only try to be her friend, always...

I went back to Su.

This was calm, and I felt at home with her.

I like her ways. She is together, and lucid; I feel that I can trust her.

... All evening I was seeing that life is the one domain where I am unable to feel the way, where I am lost and clumsy and divided and wary and tense... I can feel the way above and below and behind but, right there, I haven't had the experience of Yoga. There is a chasm, there. I keep making mistakes and causing others to suffer... If I go into life, it is only with a part of me, and I do not back it up; and when I move away, centring back, it is as if I'd never been there, and the other person is left with nothing to hold on to.

Perhaps I am being taught, now...?

***15-12-1986, Auroville:**

"Ravena" is becoming more beautiful day by day. It is a wonderful place to work in, to look after, and it only deepens and strengthens my feeling towards D.M, who has seen it, and carried it and given it birth...

***16-12-1986, Auroville:**

I have been looking at this "heartlessness" of mine, this absence of sentiments that forbids me to build a living relationship with anybody in time, least of all with a woman... And sometimes it feels like my "heart" – this area of experience and being – is locked up, and that I don't know where is the key, nor if I'm even meant at all to search for it; like, perhaps, someone will just come along one fine day, who has the key...And until then, I can fantasise all I want, it makes no difference!

Perhaps it will be a woman, and she will have the beauty I so much need to revere and to cherish, outer and inner beauty...

Up until now, all the loving care I am capable of I have invested in Matter, in material and natural environments, in light and space; but not in any human being... It would have grown into just that with Auragni, had I been allowed; but it wasn't meant to happen.

I respect and appreciate Su and am at home with her, but I cannot make her my queen, my incarnation; she doesn't have the key, although she is the kind of woman who may sense what needs to happen; she has the capacity, but she will not use it because she knows – and I respect her for that, gratefully – that she is not, ultimately, the one I need...

***17-12-1986, Auroville:**

Larry came, and I found out that he had never sent my statement and letter to Janaka's sister, for some confused "good reasons" (which may have to do in fact with Auralice's schooling and care in the US)...

***18-12-1986, Auroville:**

Larry came here so I could help him write his own letter to Janaka's sister; it took an hour to work through his confusion...

... Ar. was more joyful; but she said that she sometimes wondered about being so "inhabited" by me...! I had to reply that, if such was the case – of a sort of possession –, then the best thing I could do was to cut the relationship and the contact, so as to free her; that it would be painful for a while but she would recover and centre...

And this evening I found a short, simple note from her saying that in any case I was her friend, and that was true, and not to be touched...

***20-12-1986, Auroville:**

Quelquefois tout paraît si simple : une seule chose est nécessaire, c'est d'apprendre pratiquement à s'ouvrir à la Conscience ; parce que, devenir plus conscient, c'est devenir mieux capable d'être. Et c'est tout.

Et l'on regarde en arrière, et l'on voit toutes les complications, les formations que l'on a projetées sur le seul chemin, et comme notre ignorance pèse et déforme...

***23-12-1986, Auroville:**

Yesterday night I had this longing to be with Su, but kind of distrusted my mood; I do not want to be merely taking from her, taking what I need from her company, without being able to give. I watch her and learn from her and her ways: she likes to laugh, she is congenial and warm to people, and I feel gloomy in comparison... Tonight is the same; I am tempted to go to her, and just have her be with me, next to me, quietly, but I have nothing to give; this depression must leave me first...

... On my way back from work I met Coni with her little one, Auro Yami, whom I hadn't seen for nearly a year; she has grown so much, and I met in her eyes that sweet love of the psychic which I only know in infants, and miss so much... In a way, it didn't help, because it made me miss my princess even more...

***24-12-1986, Auroville:**

I know more and more concretely that the one, unique way, is Consciousness – to grow conscious. Consciousness does the changes. Everything else is a consequence.

And It must incarnate in Matter. Itself being Matter, the full circle, it is this image of the serpent biting its tail that You gave the children...

From there will begin a new adventure.

And until then, nothing will ever be in its true place.

Individualities do not matter as such, or in the way we think or conceive of it – they do matter, but... Everything is the same and yet different...

***25-12-1986, Auroville:**

Su did have a gift for me and it was indeed wrapped in orange flowers, and she was keeping it ready at her house; I opened it after midnight: it is a miniature work, a tiny silver statuette of a dragon, resting on its hind legs and holding in its front paws a crystal globe that contains a rainbow... It is exactly the same work than on the tiny statuette of a unicorn which Auralice had been given just before D.M and Janaka's passing... I like it so much! I don't know really what dragons stand for, but they may represent an aspect that matters!

... I went later to Barbara's; she had invited several of us to come by and she had prepared some Christmas gift for everyone; this was a sweet movement on her part... And it was good to be with Arjun and Deepti and John H and Ar. and Su and Akash, together...

... Ar. brought me the latest "Auroville Review": its main intent seems to be to officially allot to Satprem the place of "the one who now does the work"... I don't know; their attitude is disturbing: it is not a question of whether they are "right" or "wrong", but that they find it necessary to say such things at all... I can't help sniffing the old "ego" there, and it has got nothing to do with Satprem; but I do worry, sometimes, that it may affect the quality and the reach of his own experience...

***28-12-1986, Auroville:**

Souvent ces temps-ci il m'est donné de sentir le Chemin. Et combien les termes du Chemin sont simples.

Une seule Chose compte ; on peut le dire peut-être ainsi : l'infusion de Conscience fait tout le travail.

C'est par le processus de devenir plus conscient que tous les changements nécessaires s'effectuent ; c'est un seul mouvement, une seule réalité évolutive.

Et, à certains moments d'expérience, il me devient clair combien tout, tout, et toutes les « difficultés » contribuent à la concrétisation du Chemin, pour chacun uniquement...

***29-12-1986, Auroville:**

It is a blocked mood, waiting just to lie down and sleep; I seem to need a crazy amount of sleep...

Also, due to an accumulation of small lies, and little ugly pulls on the part of most of the men at "Ravena", there is a climate there that is sad, subdued, lacking sufficient trust, and it is not easy to cope with it... And with N I had a scene this morning: I simply had to tell him what I thought of his attitude; and he began to cry... Yet, later in the day, it got better and clearer, and we could recover some of that sweet flow between us... I know it is not easy for him to be my friend, as most people around him, at work or in the village, never seem to lose a chance to be nasty about it, and he must carry it alone...

... I met Larry on the road; he'd just had a strange telex from Janaka's father who claimed having received no communication whatsoever – when it had been on the

express instructions of Janaka's sister that we had only related to her, trusting that she would in turn do her best to explain things to the father; this was confusing...

PART FOUR

- 1987 -

1-1-1987, Auroville:

There is this strange fatigue pulling me continuously; I feel no pain in the heart, yet it is clear that it originates there: it is very odd; I would have to sleep several times a day, as it is...

And at one point this afternoon, it got too much; there was nothing outwardly, or visibly wrong, not even pain; there was just a sort of acute, extreme unease, and a pull, radiating from the heart throughout the body... I don't know...

***2-1-1987, Auroville:**

Ar. is so willing, so open, so given, and it is so real to her, and so constant... And yet I can't do it, because I simply do not want her to take up more space; I do not want her energy to move and act even nearer to my consciousness; I cannot give myself to it, because I do not trust it, in the sense that I do not know it as my home. And it is puzzling and disturbing that she keeps feeling I am her nest and her anchor; it cannot be! So, why this disharmony, why this unreality? Isn't there enough of it in the world? Why isn't it set right, why isn't she made to turn to the right person for her? Or is it that she still has something to learn through this relationship with me?

***4-1-1987, Auroville:**

I have placed the two paintings of Your Symbols in the big room.

I am reading "The Looking-Glass Universe", and discovering with enthusiasm the contribution that David Bohr has made and is making to the Work; it makes me happy, within...

... With Su I seem to touch the tip of a reality that implies, or evokes, a huge and terrible need in me to find at last, in Woman, the one presence I can adore and celebrate, without separation... Sometimes it brings tears...

***5-1-1987, Auroville:**

I was disgusted with myself this morning, feeling so cramped and disharmonious, and dull, so dull, preoccupied with little physical disorders – this ball-like growth above my forehead, for one thing, which has remained indifferent to all my efforts and arguments for 3 or 4 years now: it is ugly and it hampers the whole balance of the body and its rhythms, and I don't know what to do about it any more and I am considering seeing Datta soon and asking him to remove it surgically...

... There is this one prayer I have made to You this year, and it is a prayer I want and need to renew every day, and every moment: deliver me from all self-consciousness...!

***6-1-1987, Auroville:**

Last night, once again, I spent a long time with Satprem; it was at his place, in the garden, almost abandoned, where he stays much of the time by himself, and I am helping certain people to see him, while preventing others from eating up all his time; and in his atmosphere I feel so much lighter and happier, naturally joyful...

... While in Pondy I went to visit Paolo at his flat; I'd heard that he was already here, and that he'd been meeting often with Piero about Matrimandir, and I wanted to see whether he was willing or able to help clarify the directions, regarding the completion of the sphere... I knew he would be feeling the way I do, but I wasn't sure about Piero anymore. But he told me that Piero was still sharing the same sense, in relation to the final appearance of Matrimandir and the formations made by Roger A... So we shall see...

But something has to come from here, from within the people here, who must attune to and centre with the essential purpose of Matrimandir, and express a clear and firm wish; otherwise, this issue may just go on and on...

***7-1-1987, Auroville:**

Je me sens, littéralement, mal dans ma peau... Et il y a, physiquement, le mouvement de se cacher dans une grotte et de muer – jeter, laisser tomber la vieille peau, et en former une nouvelle, dans le silence...

La nuit, toute la peau, et tout le cuir chevelu particulièrement, me démangent frénétiquement ; et le jour, c'est la peau de tout le visage, et les narines, et les yeux, qui sont douloureux – pas au sens nerveux, mais un état de désharmonie aigu...

... Je ne vois pas ce qu'il se passe ; je me sens comme coincé dans un conflit d'énergies, ou immobilisé dans une ornière abandonnée : plus rien ne coule ; il n'y a pas de Présence ; c'est ridicule, inutile et désolé...

... Je viens de recevoir une lettre de Soaz qui m'a touché ; elle m'envoie une petite photo de Samuel et me dit que souvent il me réclame, mais qu'elle ne pense pas pouvoir revenir avant deux ans ! Il me manque, mon Tilou ! Presque autant que ma princesse... !

... N est venu me raconter ses nouveaux déboires ; il s'est battu avec un homme qui, dit-il, harassait sa mère depuis longtemps, et, pendant la lutte, l'homme lui a arraché le collier et le symbole que je lui avais offerts...

... Pourquoi toute cette désharmonie, humainement, dans ma vie ? Pourquoi ? Ceux que j'aime me sont retirés ; ceux que je ne puis aimer me sont imposés... Pourquoi ?

Tout est comme cela doit être pour aller le plus vite et le plus droit à l'Union.

Oui.

Je Te donne tout cela, Douce Mère !

***8-1-1987, Auroville:**

It is very strange for me these days: I tend to feel absolutely nothing in the presence of the few people I usually see – even with Su, I am blank. There is no movement, no emotion: nothing. With N it is the same. All is frozen.

***9-1-1987, Auroville:**

Psychologically (!) too, I am looking at things with a dawning understanding, which seems to be directly proportioned to my ability to truly surrender...!

***12-1-1987, Auroville:**

Having resumed the practice of Hatha Yoga feels good; my body is happy and comfortable with it; it feels like home. Along with the decrease in my smoking, and the opening to deeper rhythms, it feels like perhaps I may find some physical harmony again... But the physical mind is resisting...

***13-1-1987, Auroville:**

I woke up before 6 am after another night of madly scratching my itching scalp... I still do not know what causes this; obviously, an imbalance in my system; in the day-time, my attention is drawn to whatever goes on, but in the night the body-mind just doesn't have the will not to yield to this frantic itching...

... I tried different asanas; my body is glad, and its gladness is quiet and trusting, and completely open. And I see many things: I see how much we are under the effects of vital perversions, how steeped we are in a false reality, a false physical reality...

Death is often repulsive to me these days; yet I know that there should be no repulsion either...

After the asanas I lay down and chose to smoke slowly one beedie, following the discipline I gave myself some days ago: not to stop entirely, but to control the number to just a few a day, till it does not matter any longer and I am free of it.

... Perhaps I should write poetry again, and tell the experiences that come through poetry, in free flows and rhythms; I have a hard time writing in this journal: the grammar, its necessary rigidity, is an obstacle; by the time I manage to make a coherent sentence, it's like the contact is gone. And yet it still feels like writing may somehow be useful, if I find the way to go on doing it, because it builds tracks into what otherwise remains a soon-forgotten multitude of fleeting or seemingly innocuous perceptions, experiences, openings, and questions...

***16-1-1987, Auroville:**

Still I find my consciousness hovering, hesitantly, near a pivot of trust it doesn't yet touch: some experiences are missing, or some blocks are still veiled; the fact of physical death, physical un-doing, is pressing on my awareness in different ways; some of them are, I feel, open-ended agents of growth, while others are less clear, or less evolved, or they deny the Presence...

... Kenneth came; I had been told that he had decided to leave Auroville for some time, back to the US, on his own... Our friendship seems to have matured in the past year, and become an inner fact, and I was simply waiting for him to come when he would feel ready, and I had sort of understood it would be best for me not to say anything regarding his decision... He stayed all afternoon, outside on the terrace with me, and Ar. joined us later, listening quietly, as he more or less constantly talked... He feels very real to me, an evolving awareness, honest: honest to You... It may be right for him to go, I do not know, but I felt that distance would not affect our relationship, and might even make it more valid...

***17-1-1987, Auroville:**

There are these moments when I experience a kind of jubilant trust, because I seem to be grasping the very substance of the way, and there is this gratitude that wants to sing and to celebrate... And then the next moment, there is fatigue; or else, suddenly, the difficulty is there...

***19-1-1987, Auroville:**

I am tired, drained; the problem with Ar. makes me feel that I am no good to anyone; according to her, she is unable to free herself from her attachment; whenever I try and explain to her what is needed, she says she understands mentally but she just can't do it... So, the only way out she can see is to look for another house to live, to move away from me physically, and that in turn makes her feel terrible... I don't know; my contribution to life, to people, seems to be all negative...

... Nothing here in Auroville seems to ever emerge into more living truth; it turns in circles ever and ever, without any substantial progress or evolution...

***20-1-1987, Auroville:**

N came back to work, late, with a funny face; there too, it is like the smallness, the misery has won; the village people have teased him and harassed him so well, it seems, that... he went under, and our friendship has become impossible; and I too have withdrawn, as I could no longer ignore his deceptions, half-lies, or his carelessness; yet I know that he suffers; and his suffering is just one more thing I can't help: nowhere, in human relationships, am I able to contribute harmony... Nowhere am I able to open to life, in simplicity...

***21-1-1987, Auroville:**

There has been heavy fighting in the village these last few days, and N, it seems, was involved – but perhaps not as much as some people would have me believe; yet he is been hiding from me, and this makes me sad: I can't trust him anymore... And Larry came to me with discouraging news: a letter has come from Janaka's sister, dismissing our concern for "Ravena", while confirming their invitation for Auralice to come and live with them in the US... This is probably the opposite of what Janaka would have wished – he would have wanted "Ravena" to be completed and Auralice to continue developing here... But Larry... is satisfied, I guess, because Auralice is going to be well looked after. And so I remain alone with the load of that whole place, which no one wants to acknowledge for what it truly is... It was probably my mistake to trust that Janaka's family would care enough, but to whom could I turn, practically?

... I went running, this evening, after a long time, just to come out of that pit of depression...

***22-1-1987, Auroville:**

The news that Larry gave me yesterday have eroded my confidence that some response will come, as an expression of the Lord's care for the offering that was thus attempted... It now would appear that this will just be another unaccomplished, unfulfilled, un-reached, defeated thing...

As a result, this morning, I just didn't know what to do with myself there...

... I resent D.M and Janaka for having gone, and I resent Janaka's sister and all of that world, with all its pretence at "love"; and I resent being thus part of another "waste"...

***23-1-1987, Auroville:**

I am battling with strange states and strange weaknesses. I don't want to tell myself stories, but it would appear as if I am getting closer to where death, as a force, or as an agent, has its influence in the physical consciousness. It is like I am left with no vital energies – and therefore this incredible need for sleep...

***24-1-1987, Auroville:**

Now I have got this problem with the heart, which most of the time I take as a gift, to put me in the place where some work can be done on the physical mind to open it to true awareness; and there is this mad secretion on my scalp, which causes constant itching, and this bumpy protuberance on my forehead; and there are these haemorrhoids, and this extreme sensitivity of several nerves, particularly in the area of the lowest centre, at the base of the spine; and then there is this terrible need for sleep, and a general sense of a loss of balance, and a fatigue in my feet so odd that I want down to Pondy merely to get some of these old-fashioned wooden soles made for me; and my skin has become so sore with any change of air pressure and humidity... All of this is rather silly, and I do not worry really, but in some other way I also feel it is the expression of a little more awareness, and it gives me a little hope, and gratitude...

***25-1-1987, Auroville:**

This morning particularly I had difficulty breathing, and it is connected with the heart; I have been wondering, because there is the part that is just attachment to form, attachment to the present physical identity – its advantages, and its qualities, and its experience in Matter; and that gets somewhat in the way of the right perception of what actually goes on about death, its processes in the body – in the bodies -, the allegiances to it, and the different roles played by will, fear, aspiration, surrender, understanding, offering, etc... And I wonder, whether it is asked of us to take position: to refuse death in the substance, in one's substance. But that of course means firstly to become aware, concretely, of the real, of the true Matter – or, rather, of the incarnation yet to come, in Matter, past humanity...

***29-1-1987, Auroville:**

This afternoon I tried to attend the special meeting that had been called at Matrimandir regarding the options for the final cover of the sphere; but I am too impatient of those here who do not need to look within and experience more consciously what it is all about, and to seek what is truly necessary... All this sterile talk has been going on for years, and Piero is practically a saint, to be explaining over and over again what the material implications of the different options are...

***30-1-1987, Auroville:**

There seems to be a real battle going on: the influence of death on one "side", and the need for true Matter, for true material incarnation in conscious substance, on earth, on the other "side"... It goes on all the time...

... Ar. went this morning, following Bob and Barbara's advice, to see some weird doctor in Pondy, about her physical troubles; this man pointed out and listed all the things that have gone wrong, some of which she hadn't even seen yet, and proceeded to make such statements about her energy degenerating and wasting away, and about the "Lord of Death", that she returned to me doubly upset and struggling to put it all out of her physical mind... And this evening she talked to me of her fears, and about those parts in her that are too unhappy with her present life-experience and too willing to quit...

... I went to the concreting at Matrimandir after my work at "Ravena", and I met Hans atop the structure, who told me that Petra's child had left her body just a few days ago...: this is another of Auroville's defeats...

... I know that, in order to grow more aware, one has to become more capable of assimilating intensities of experience, and that, as one touches more living truth, one must also touch more of the resistance to it... But there's only one thing that makes complete sense, and makes life worth living, and that is You, Mother: Your Work, Your Way, the Becoming You herald and the Conscious Reality You incarnate...

Mère d'Amour, Douce Mère, Mère que j'aime, Mère, Mère, Mère, Mère...

***1-2-1987, Auroville:**

I keep having this trouble in the heart-breathing relationship...

I am reading on "Mémoire d'Essénien", a very interesting rendering; it is all attuned, so far: nothing exotic or suspect and its atmosphere is rather open...

... I wanted to finish writing my letters to C and to O.P this evening, but Ar. came and stayed, saying she wanted very much to be with me, that I am so much part of her life; she is so sweet and open and offered and gentle, and it feels so terribly unfair of me not to cherish it all as she does... And yet I just can't: however much it makes me feel selfish and cold and harsh, I still cannot change the feelings I have; they are just there. The only movement I can do is to step back somewhat and stand in a sort of non-personal space, or position... But then she feels me far away, or absent!

She heard that today's meeting on the Acts and Auroville's future had been exceptionally good; if it is so, then I am glad...

***2-2-1987, Auroville:**

Something went badly wrong this morning; I must have acted blindly: probably there must be times for frankness and times for caution...! And I felt like crying, afterwards, beyond the numbness... I met Larry on the road, on my way to Bharat Nivas after the work at "Ravena"; he asked me again for a fresh copy of the statement of accounts we had earlier sent to Janaka's sister... (I write this down because it may help to formulate and offer it all before You). I had been resisting it and postponing it since our last talk, as it had become apparent that Larry had appointed himself as the caretaker, in charge of everything and "allowing" me to go on with the construction work. And that had come in blunt contradiction with working together in trying to bring "Ravena" to its completion. So, this time, rather than remaining vague about it, I told him openly why I had been unwilling to

comply; this at once made him very sour and angry; the immediacy and the force of it took me by surprise: he tried to hit me, right there on the road! And then he exploded, saying that he'd been waiting for this moment when I would act weirdly, that he'd been warned against me all along and by so many people, but he had tried to keep it away and go on relating to me, but now he saw it: they were right, all these people...! And he shoved me violently and I nearly fell... All through, I kept very quiet, preoccupied not to get swayed by the fear of physical violence, and I called him back... But he cycled away, steaming...

I don't know... I should have known...: this is the establishment, and he is "bona fide" and I am out; and my commitment is to "dead" people! And I am weird. I am different; not to be trusted... And on and on...

I went over to Bharat Nivas and took down those statements of accounts from the main ledgers, put it all in an envelope along with a note which I made as friendly as I could, and brought it over to Larry's house; he was already gone to Pondy, though; so I left it there. We'll see how he responds; this will tell me exactly where things stand in Auroville today.

This is an upside-down-world; yet I feel there is still a sort of fifty/fifty ratio, and there is too the possibility that Larry acknowledges he's been wrong and we make it together; but if he doesn't, then it means that a certain type of dishonesty is now covered, or legitimised, and we as a collectivity are not trying anymore...

***3-2-1987, Auroville:**

I did asanas three times today; and I worked in the garden here; and I read...

I have received a confused letter from E.B who has been admitted into some psychiatric hospital near Paris...

... This thing with Larry has thrown me back into a tight place of unease, in relation to most of the Auroville people and to my own way here... He and Auralice came to "Ravena" this morning, to gather and collect more things for Janaka's family, as Auralice is leaving for the US tomorrow; I was willing and ready to go over the whole incident and to meet openly, but Larry kept his dark sun-glasses on, and practised a non-committal attitude, all steeled in: a sort of status quo...

... I went before 3 pm to Matrimandir to look at the models and maps of F.Gr's proposals for the Matrimandir Gardens, and I tried to attend at least part of the meeting that followed; I like his proposals, but I have no patience: I just can't stand hearing over and over again, after so many years, the same empty mental arguments...

***5-2-1987, Auroville:**

This unease remains; but now it has the character of something I must simply endure, until it is lifted away, until it has done whatever work it came to do...

And there is this extraordinary book I have been reading, about Jesus Christ and the Essenian Fraternity, and it is packed with authentic experience; it is such a contribution, such an offering, I am very moved by it...

... I am going on with a rhythm of daily life which I am not too sure about! As it is, it makes days rather "un-productive"; but I am given time, and time I need, and I use it gratefully... There seems to be so many aspects to the "inner call" that, at the moment, solitude and a quiet pace seem most fitting; relationships, even casual, brief exchanges, contiguities, are more often than not a weight and a source of discomfort; it would be different only if I had some function, self-evident and

organic, within the community; then I could absorb any amount of contacts on its basis. But it is not so now.

... N has started to come to me regularly, at breakfast time, and our relationship is quieter, in a sort of neutrality...

***6-2-1987, Auroville:**

Mother, please, make me conscious of what must come...!

Death is so repulsive, the master of illusion...!

Mother, take me, take me towards the coming Incarnation, the One that unites all worlds within one substance...

Mother!

... It is odd how much I need solitude, rest, sleep and quiet; it is amazing... Or perhaps it is that all the energies are being channelled or used in some concentrated way I don't have the distance to evaluate...?

***7-2-1987, Auroville:**

I am down into a pit again, fighting with a monster I can't even see, and I doubt everything arising from myself... It is only with Matter, objects and things, and with Nature, vegetation, animals, and to some extent with the people of here, the "Tamilians", that I can find my own harmony... The Auroville people make me shrink and suffocate under a weight of unease, a mass of sickening "perceptions"...

... When I went back to "Ravena" this afternoon, N came at once to tell me, all sad and upset, that Larry had come during my absence and looked everywhere and asked questions about the work, and that he'd told him, asking him not to repeat it to me, that as soon as the construction would stop he wanted me to leave, as he didn't like my being there at all... I don't know what to do; I just feel like quitting, when this happens and hits me; but, after a moment of quiet and repair, I look and I ask, and it feels then like I must hold on, and learn not to be affected...

Later Ar. came there, visiting after long, and it was comforting to see how moved she was by the beauty of the place and the quality of the work done...

***8-2-1987, Auroville:**

Su is ill; pain all over her chest, and fever, and she worries. She'd said nothing to me, but I had to realise something was wrong in the evening and found her lying in bed...

***9-2-1987, Auroville:**

Would You show me clearly what it is I am fighting with? I do not understand the process. It is like every time I reach a space in which I can gather some trust and recognition of the progress to be made, it is the next moment swept away from outside and I am thrown back into this weird dark...

Ar. left me a letter written in the night; why does she have to feel the way she does? Why does she have to suffer from me? When I get quiet and calm and able to offer a space, she doesn't even see it; she only feels that I am denying her demands and barring her way to me...!

Larry came to "Ravena" this morning; I hadn't expected it. At first, his intent was to ask me to move out and let him take over. He said that his trust in me had been shattered and he now felt the way these people felt who had warned him against

me (and among them he mentioned GI and Piero!)... I could see then why I had been moved to question the stance he had begun to take, earlier: it was the logical one for him, but for me it implied distrust and condemn, it was loaded. But this is a vicious circle: once more, instead of offering it all in silence, I have gone and put my finger on it and it snapped back at me...!

But then, after a while, once I had shown him the work and explained some of it, it eased a little, and his feelings changed; we parted with a question-mark, but less ambiguity. Yet, how to communicate? All our values are different. And he is socially in place, well-accepted and justified, within the fold. While I am out: everything I do, every way I go, every approach I have, it is like I am on the other side of a subtle barrier or borderline; it is rooted differently, as if in a different soil, and arises differently...

I don't know. Where can I go? Won't they ever let me be? Why this active, constant harassment, like hounds, manifesting through egos, misunderstandings, projections? What is it that I must offer, and vanquish?

... This afternoon Larry came back to "Ravena", this time to help fishing out part of the foot-valve that had dropped to the bottom of the small old well, and it was alright between us, practical and sober...

But I know that I cannot function when there is distrust.

... Just as I was about to leave "Ravena" this evening, P.J ("Bhagavandas") came to visit. I showed him around; he seemed to really like the place; then he told me that he'd had news from G.M; G.M had phoned two days earlier (he and Jaya are staying in G.M's house) from Mahabalipuram where he's been staying with F since his return to India the Sunday before; and he'd asked for him and Jaya to come and pick them up next Sunday. What pained me was, as I knew already where he was from my own perceptions, then too my other perceptions must be equally valid, of the reasons for his silence: that, because of his new relationship with F he wouldn't turn to me anymore, and that he'd been fed nasty false things about me while in Paris and been affected by it... And it made me sad: am I not his friend, truly? Is he not my very deep friend, truly? But I have also known, all the while, that I must keep trusting, and be patient, that it will be cleared... Still...! It is the intent and the intensity of these formations against me that, sometimes, like now, overwhelms me... And when it hits, everything I touch or relate to becomes questionable and stands on edge...

Even my relationship with Su worries me now; I feel it is time to communicate more outwardly, or formally, and together look at it all, instead of keeping mostly silent as we have been doing all along, a silence that was a bounty and a token of implicit trust and a rest, but that can also turn around and become a cover under which movements of attachment can settle...

... I don't know... The way can't be isolation and complete solitude. I must find a level, a position that enables me to relate without causing more confusion and pain...

***10-2-1987, Auroville:**

Su has been feeling poorly all day, with this pain all over in her rib-cage, and being deeply upset, a sort of inner revolution, with waves and troughs...

... There is a lot being looked at, within me, at the moment. And much of it has to do with time, and with death, and the necessities before oneself in order to reach the readiness from which a truer incarnation may take place – what is waiting, what is still the "future", a diviner substance for a more conscious life...

***11-2-1987, Auroville:**

There are so many states in one single day, and so many fluctuations of the awareness too... Often now, since I have resumed the practice of Hatha Yoga, the physical mind for some reason becomes very active again, loud and tiring, like a robber of time and space...!

***12-2-1987, Auroville:**

At "Ravena" P.J came again. But this time he told me why he had come in the first place: he and Jaya have been staying at G.M's for several months and they haven't found where to go now that he is returning with F, and besides that they have been more and more involved in a research for special physical atmospheres, practices and diets (they're onto this now famous fruit diet), along with Sharan who is doing polarity, massaging, etc.; and they have been thinking of "Ravena" as the ideal place... He said that they had offered it to You, seeking Your guidance; they have drawn sealed papers after some special meditation – he didn't really know the method – and received the indication, from You he said, to come to "Ravena"...

I don't know... The talk flowed alright; I like and can respect P.J, the individual, although I can sense a weakness there, an opening to mental influences; but I am rather reluctant as regards this whole bubble of "healing" and so forth, and I told him why, in clear terms... Besides, he wanted to move almost right away into the house, on its upper floor, and I do not see that as feasible for another several months, as I can't see any rightness in having him and Jaya and Sharan, which means two women, living in the midst of about twenty men working... And there's more to consider... So, I sent them over to Larry, as a first step!

I didn't like much the pressure he was exerting; at the same time, there might be a possibility there that would better correspond to the spirit of the place; but I am not certain about that either...

It isn't easy to have to act as a barrier, as people have their own interests and understanding; how long can I hold the fort? I wish something soon becomes clear, evident, one way or another... What I resent is this attitude of taking, whatever has actually initiated and oriented the manifestation, and at what cost... Yet I felt that P.J had a genuine respect for the place and its potentials.

... And at dinner tonight, as if by chance, John H told us of a long lecture he'd got the day before from Jaya and P.J on the virtues of what is called "instincto-therapy", a method of self-cure that seems to be in great fashion in Auroville today...! I find this phenomenon rather depressing: to open to this flourishing of "methods" when what is needed is to open directly to the workings of the Conscious Force, each being, each body developing their own research and evolving according to their own discoveries, no one method being brandished around...! The thriving of this pretentious amateurism in Auroville is disgusting!

***13-2-1987, Auroville:**

I am still reading this book on Jesus the Essenian; I find it is quite a step in opening up hitherto hidden knowledge; it is also extremely beautiful and moving, including the revelations about the making of such a powerful collective living symbol, and it touches on a number of questions and wonderings I have had over the years. I have much respect for the courage and integrity manifested by these two people, the French couple who have written this book.

***14-2-1987, Auroville:**

At times during the day, what was always there supporting the material experience and would rise now and then like a jewelled peacock, seems to come purer and more flowing now, closer to material ecstasy, quietly brimming, nowhere exactly, or somewhere between the body and the whole...

It is as if the asanas, and the breathing, do help to clarify some issues...

***15-2-1987, Auroville:**

I had last night another of these wonderful moments of experiencing: flying! This time I was moving freely in the air over a crowded beach, and around structures in the city, learning to control every movement, to increase or regulate speed... I love it!

***16-2-1987, Auroville:**

Ar., who seems to be my provider of knowledge these days, brought me a copy of a fat report published recently, in a limited printing, on contacts made with beings from the Pleiades, and materials received from them, with descriptions of their spaceships; I am not quite comfortable with the quality of awareness that comes through those people who have committed to making contact, while, oddly enough, I feel much more at ease with the precise descriptions of the ships, or of the metals they use: this makes sense...

...Ar. told me of the general meeting; some Aurovilians have worked with a young lawyer who has come up with the idea of "collective property"! Everybody seems to be enthusiastic about it. I don't like the notion! I have no faith in it! I want Auroville to remain the way You have set it, to be the Lord's property exclusively! But maybe I am just too wild?!!!

... I have received a good letter from C; in it she relates some hearsay: L, who visited here last year, would have been told by Diane that she now knew she had been influenced by people and should have stayed, and Auragni, with me...! But I haven't experienced any change or any opening in her attitude; I can't say; it is possible, knowing her, she might have spoken that way at a given moment, but it makes no difference as long as she does not have the courage or the honesty to make a sign towards me!

***17-2-1987, Auroville:**

Now that I have, in my experience at least, gone so close to a physical break-down and begun to pull out and reach for a beginning of harmony, physical, corporeal, I can measure more concretely the devastating effect of negative formations, especially when they are emotionally loaded; and I am still struggling for balance as regards G.M's shunning me...

... We went to watch that movie about the Amish community in the US, and it was alright, interesting; but it seems that in order to acquire an identity and a harmonious structure of solidarity, a group must perforce base itself on Manichean principles and be exclusive and discriminatory, which at the same time is its condemn and the end of its progress...!

***18-2-1987, Auroville:**

The way I'd like to live the days isn't realistic; it would require time to stretch by many hours... I can't follow all the disciplines I'd want to; I've got to choose! And no choice ever seems to be fully right...

... There are these active, insistent formations that keep assailing me regarding my relationships to the people of Auroville, to the "community" – this time the trigger is G.M's strange attitude. I know well that it is a smallness in me that allows all this to come; so I try to concentrate on offering this smallness of being and opening to a position that is trusting and embracing, integrating and free... And I keep failing...!

Yet I am also aware, within the intricate mesh of these formations and possibilities, of an "I" that allows it, that even may want it that way, so as to reach, to be compelled to reach, a state that is no more dependent but is exclusively centred on the progressive incarnation of the Presence, and the progressive awareness of, and opening to, Its Action...

For instance, I do feel different when I am trusted and when I am not; but I believe now that this isn't real, and that I ought to feel the same whether or not I am trusted by other human beings... It is the involvement of the ego that, as a result, makes me doubt my own existence, or makes me feel right and justified...!

Those things aren't very deep, but they make up the stuff of daily life, of this broken-up experience, the linear one...!

I've got to surrender, and to accept as coming from the Lord all that concerns me and let it be the way He wants. It must be a trusting and willing surrender!

... Su came by this morning just before I left; near her, I am unable to conceal the pain, I don't know why; she just picks up on it.

... I am quite lost!

***19-2-1987, Auroville:**

The whole of last night was occupied with Matter: degrees of substance, densities and intensities of it, movements and rhythms within it, layers of it, and the sounds circulation, different qualities and actions of sound... This type of activity is recurring more and more frequently... It shifted last night to surface matter, the land movements, and the making of bunds and dams and fences and the planting...

... Thank you, my Lord, G.M has come!

He came around 6 pm, while I was still doing asanas, and he stayed for nearly two hours: he is back! I have missed him, truly! It is only with him that I feel in place.

He confirmed all the impressions I had got from him; I was right in everything! And now it is over, we are together again. And I feel less isolated, less lonely in Auroville: he is there! We matter to one another, before You.

... Something else has taken place today, a comforting event: Larry came to "Ravena" this afternoon and he was sweet; he had merely wanted to share the first news of Auralice, who'd phoned him from New York; we also talked of all the other aspects that concern "Ravena"; I appreciated his movement...

***20-2-1987, Auroville:**

This state of physical insecurity remains, and I don't know what it is going to evolve into. I experience the near constant necessity of fighting this influence that has been pressing on my life all through... It has become a physical battle too.

The purest way I have found to look at it is to take it as the hammering of the Lord, whatever the guise He wishes to assume, so that this substance melts into His Hands: this brings a trusting recognition in my consciousness.

There are times, though, when I am pulled by a more immediate need to be delivered from it all, so that this nastiness, this weird harassment, comes to a stop, and I am able to function among others just like anyone else...

Picking from G.M's mind I have realised that, for instance, my involvement with D.M and Janaka till their "deaths" has already been interpreted in the light of those formations about me; I had no chance yet to talk to him about it, but my first reaction was that it was so unfair...! Yet, it has happened, it happens, and there's no point to complain about it, and I can't change it by my own will and efforts either! So this too is Your Hammering!

... Ar. made a little drama when she learned that I was going to Pondy with Su; I decided then not to go at all... When I went to Su to tell her about the change of program and the reason for it, she spoke words that suddenly lifted the whole weight from me; even physically I felt at once different; she said something very simple: she said that I should not let others use my own power over me.

She was referring to something she had had to go through in herself, but these words acted like magic and I could look at things very differently: yes, I do not have to give people this power over me; it is as simple as that; I do not have to!

***21-2-1987, Auroville:**

Among many other things I had an odd encounter with Krishna last night that was perhaps significant; the contradictions expressing themselves through him, coming from him, were directly linked to my finding, while watering the garden, asleep or simply resting on or in the ground, in the warm sun, lots of cobras, infant and adult cobras, and some of them very old and nearly buried in the earth; and there was no aggressiveness, only awareness...

***22-2-1987, Auroville:**

Again these strange activities in the night, that are so difficult to translate, and have to do with the unity of all substance, and sound: for one being one note, or one tune or one sound, all over and all through, regardless of distances, of structures, of gaps...

***23-2-1987, Auroville:**

I realise the harsh falsity of certain attitudes of mine, seeing them in the light of Your Incarnation, and the mechanism by which they in turn attract corresponding harshness and falsity from others; when it is given to me to see things that way, I feel grateful and relieved of a shadow...

... I had at "Ravena" the visit of Roger A and Jacq with a whole group on a tour of the latest constructions in Auroville... It was an ugly, vulgar, superficial show! They hardly stayed half an hour, criticising everything, and went away as noisily as they'd come...

***Poem written on that day.**

"Exuberant jubilation
To the soul's perfectness
Matter's imperfections are
Often a delight

When scorched
 By sun and wind the flaming petals
 Curl and darken
 On their rim, beauty still pulsing
 In their veins, velvet joy
 The soul's love
 Rises with care –
 Slow tears of bursting
 Adoration

It is the Lord's
 Body
 That Matter
 Incarnates"

***24-2-1987, Auroville:**

I am trying hard to become conscious of what causes these fluctuations of energy; why, for instance, for days on end I must endure this heavy fatigue and dejectedness and then one day it is all lifted up and the energy is free and flowing and there is a fullness in the body and a quiet enthusiasm... I try to see and feel what is happening, from different angles; I tend usually to believe that it must all be a matter of the right attitude, of sincerity; but then there are obviously other factors as well: there is the determinism of what constitutes the general atmosphere at any given moment; there is the weather and its changes; there is whatever one has to experience and assimilate coming from others or from situations and formations; then there is the factor of how much energy must go into the work of inner change and transformation; and there is, there has been markedly in the past several months, the struggle with what was perceived in me as agents of the force of death – tentacles of the false renouncement, the action of ending, undoing and decomposing... There is also, always, the question of mental transparency and quietness, of the mind's freedom from all formations and thoughts rising from old states of consciousness, and that of their effects on the body's equilibrium; and there is the sense, varying, puzzling, and evolving, of time, of duration, and of its complement, space...

***25-2-1987, Auroville:**

Su spoke at length of her present state, of the strain of not being able, as yet, to settle anywhere, of having to restrain herself from attachments and, about "us", of the knowledge sometimes hard to bear that she cannot hold me and must let go and be on her own while at the same time continuing to experience the reality of our relationship... She said these things with some pain, but with complete honesty, and she felt much relieved afterwards...

... This morning Larry and I met Joy and Edith at S's house and we took them down to "Ravena", where we showed them around and explained everything to them; they were open and very moved by the place: they have offered to try and convince Janaka's father, when they return to England in a week' time, to send the necessary amounts to complete the work...

... These days I often "think" I'd like the opportunity to create freely an entire place, drawing from my own access to creativity, or else to be given the responsibility for

the manifestation of something like the Matrimandir Gardens, for You, Mother, to be used by You...!

***26-2-1987, Auroville:**

I saw a wonderful, wonderful man dancing – humble, simple and full and flowing, perfect and sweet and sober, I'd give him everything, I'd follow him anywhere, for the loving living offering he incarnates, discreet, gentle and so, so present... I do not know his name, but he is a blessed one! Chandralekha came back to Auroville to present her latest creation and perform at Bharat Nivas with her group; there was mixed energy, and not an even quality, but this man was there: I just kept watching him and loving him...

This man has given me delight.

I now wish I had gone to him to thank him and give him something, to let him know how much he gives, but... it is selfish! India still has such living treasures, I am so glad!

***27-2-1987, Auroville:**

At some point in the night I found myself climbing down some cliffs, where ducts were concealed and ancient tombs hidden in caves, and priceless documents were kept, and I had to manage on my own, hiding from groups of people who wanted to reach in... I do not make the effort of taking detailed notes any more; I am not sure any longer of the purpose it serves...

... Take me, Mother, to the true capacity to serve Your Work, Your Incarnation...

I want to reach that point when it is no more for the sake of one's own subjective growth that one lives, when one's existence actually becomes one's offering of one's substance to the Work, to the objective change of condition and consciousness, to the Lord's own evolution...! Only then does life become worthwhile, and not another waste; only then does it take on meaning and sense...

... John H has got the news this morning, on the phone, of his and Su's father's death, in Hawaii... Both have been expecting it... I waited for Su to come back from Pondy and told her...

***28-2-1987, Auroville:**

Su asked to stay with me all night; I saw that she wouldn't ask if she didn't really need it...

... Ar. reported to me, after my work at the Kitchen, on the meeting that was held this morning at Matrimandir: Piero and Roger A have agreed on a glass cover for the sphere! No one else really spoke; it was a sad show! It is very discouraging...

... I went over to "Certitude" to bring rolls of film I have shot of "Ravena" to Joy and Edith, for Janaka's parents; Joy told me of the opinions she has heard expressed concerning "Ravena"'s future, and of a delegation which had come to her to protest against its use as a Guest House, endangering the purity of the canyons...! Sometimes I feel as if this is a place for sick people!

... I can't believe nothing will direct people any more for the sake of Matrimandir's own truth of manifestation... If it is left that way, to be made into some cheap show... then, what?

I need You, I need the conscious One, Mother, Mother...!

***1-3-1987, Auroville:**

We're having a water-crisis in the area already; what usually happens in May only is already on us now, with people arguing and clashing over valves and ducts; since two nights, either I or R have to stay up to run the pump, when the current supply is more stable... All this haggling has been going on for years because, in the "high places" the resistance to looking at the overall situation inclusively has been stubborn; the money is there at Matrimandir to build the proper adequate water-facilities and begin to ease the tension, and to help find solutions for Auroville as a whole; but they resist and accuse and are righteous, and they stand "above"...!

Nothing of what happens in Auroville nowadays ever seems to make me feel that I want to participate, to contribute, to support... It is not that I am egoless, far from it! But there are gross justifications for the continuing action of ego that are gone from me and I would expect they should be gone from everyone here at this point...

***2-3-1987, Auroville:**

Last night there a strange, absurd dream-episode with Larry, where his arm had been shattered and I was putting it back together and, in so doing, some trust and intimacy was building up between us... This was followed by another episode showing Ar.'s troubles, her body' ailments; her waist was circled with an ugly belt of large, dark welts...

... On my way back this evening I met B who told me that at Matrimandir people were now trying to find a way out of this decision that was taken last Saturday, and head back towards what several of us feel to be the most faithful solution: a simple, bare double ferro-cement shell clad with some fine and noble material such as stone or ceramic... She was vague about how exactly they intended to reach there... I still feel that the only way is to do what was done about 10 years ago regarding the presence of the 12 columns inside the Inner Room: to write down a clear collective statement and sign it and that's it...!

A while ago I tried to formulate such a statement, but I don't know that I can contribute anything there at the moment. My position is known anyway. Whatever "process" the people at Matrimandir are involved in at the moment, I don't have much connection to it – or much respect for it, to be honest!

... I received a letter from C today: she is coming on April 15, for a month...

***3-3-1987, Auroville:**

I spent a long time last night in the company of old Ashramites, in their own set-up of activities, all centred on the Two of You, their atmosphere of childlike confidence and dedication, of devotion and offering, but no aspiration for change; only the rhythm and flow of a complete centring on You Two...

... This morning Su came early to me; she was a little lost and she cried; there was some big knot in her, about having to leave. I took her with me to "Ravena" and then to Pondy and we had lunch there, and it was alright...

***4-3-1987, Auroville:**

There is a hollow, suddenly – vanished energy; I feel like jelly: no bones, no axis, no purpose...

I got into questioning the nature of what motivates me to try and reach a physical harmony; I have been doing this discipline of Hatha Yoga to unblock the avenues of energy, when the state of imbalance had become rather extreme, and to let energy

flow back unhampered, bringing with it natural, innate harmony, translating into health and fullness and strength and plasticity... But how much of it is for my own self-satisfaction? It is not clear to me...

... Ar. left me another letter; more of the same! And I haven't found any true answer either; I have found nothing! I only have met another woman-soul, a person, someone I respect and value and with whom a real contact has established or renewed itself; I haven't found the person who will matter centrally in my experience...!

... On my way back from work, I met Surya (Sj); he had just come here looking for me; he returned yesterday from Europe, after several years, to stay; he is swollen up and grey-white, like a man who has nearly drowned, but he's still there and it will be alright... He called me "my brother", and I know what it has meant to him all this time, away from here...

***5-3-1987, Auroville:**

Yesterday night, Ramu (Ina) came to talk to me about Su's distress; they have become close friends, and Ramu feels concerned and worried that Su, upon leaving, was crying so much, because she couldn't be sure that she could come back to me; according to Ramu it was my responsibility to be clear and choose the one woman I wanted to live with... I left word for Su, later, and at night she came: I told her again how it is for me, that there are no attachments on my part and that I have been trying all along to free Ar. from hers and will keep trying; and that with her, Su, it all feels very natural and right that she is here, and that is all I can honestly and truthfully say...

And so, all of this morning, while at work, I have been looking at what is attachment actually, and what it does... However much I sometimes wish I could feel strong attachment to the right person and thus belong to the normalcy of things, still in the long run and in my deeper awareness, I do not believe in the truth of it; it is felt as an obstacle, an obscuring and confusing agent... And now with Su I somehow feel a little betrayed, because I had believed her when, earlier, she had committed to friendship as a basis for our relationship...

... Tonight Su and I spent a long time quietly talking, sitting at the amphitheatre, and it is very good: there is a thick and hard crust over me, and sometimes it dissolves a little; she is good; she is Su!

***7-3-1987, Auroville:**

Ar. tells me that there is a small breath of fresh air at Matrimandir, as it has finally been agreed to make a thorough study of a full double shell for the structure... I cannot understand this waste of time, and the mediocrity of all these arguments, over the years...

***8-3-1987, Auroville:**

Su says that it has never been that hard for her to leave any place in the past, that it is like a tearing apart, even though she knows that she is coming back; and about us she says that she's had several times the experience of finding me again – that she had found me again after centuries of separation, and that the last time we had been close to each other, I was a prince in Europe... Whatever, but I can't understand what is wrong with me, that whoever comes close to me has to shed so

many tears...! I sometimes wonder if I am not letting people indulge in misinterpreting what is simply an ill-understood intensity?

***9-3-1987, Auroville:**

I am having trouble with the "father Asana"; since a few days, every time I am about to settle on the right spot of the head and let the body-weight align on to it, it seems to press a switch and I go off like a flame and loose consciousness at once; so far I have managed to jump back down just in time, but it is very intriguing... I have been learning for now about twenty years to open to the Force flowing from above through the opening at the top of the head; perhaps then it is contrary to now put the head down and to press on that very opening?

In a more general way I am struggling for a grasp on energies or, rather, the different modes, qualities and intents of energy; there has been a recurrence of sexuality for some days, and that specific mode is often met when doing asanas, quite tangibly: when I am well oriented it is integrated, while when I am wavering and mixed-up, it divides and begins to pull... And there are many other modes one meets during one single day, according to one's activities, to the time of day, to the circumstances and the interchanges with others...

I have been reading these excerpts of Sri Aurobindo's diary "Records of Yoga" from his early sadhana in 1912... Oh Mother! Clearly, either You do the Work and one only has to provide a steady receptivity, or else nothing will ever be accomplished in our substance – it is impossible to expect us to be such sadhaks...!

***10-3-1987, Auroville:**

I am hardly taking any notes of my nights now; this is all as if I was running parallel lives: nightly it goes on, with their own sets of circumstances, situations and people and relationships and events, but almost none of it ever seems to express any higher, deeper or more useful state of consciousness than I am able to experience in the daytime...

... Three weeks from now, I shall have to stop the work at "Ravena" if no funds come in; I have considered trying to send an appeal again; but it feels like I have done all I could in this direction, and I can now simply rest it all in Your hands and await Your indications...

For me there seems to be nothing in front, nothing that I would rather do, or not do, no particular future, no specific development; I juts wish, and pray, that it will make sense, whatever it is: that it will be Yours...!

***11-3-1987, Auroville:**

Trying to figure out what has been preventing me to do the head asana properly, I observed several phenomena, and this morning I seem to have hit upon what is perhaps the main resistance in my being: the resistance to manifestation, to becoming, the resistance to existence and to Your Work in it; a tangible, almost material refusal, a very powerful pull towards non-being, non-participation, towards a return into some bundle of undifferentiated energy. And it seems to be that which translates itself either into fatigue, weariness and lack of interest, or the reluctance to express, to manifest, to share in any given situation...

***12-3-1987, Auroville:**

It rained a steady, quiet rain most of the night, and the entire garden is breathing again...

... About desire, where it originates, whom it satisfies, on what plane and through which channels; and how the corruption occurs continuously in the human atmosphere...

... Su and I spent the afternoon together at "Ravena" and the evening in Pondy; often her responses to incidents and to situations make me happy and endear her to me...

***13-3-1987, Auroville:**

Much of last night was an interesting, long and multi-aspected adventure, collective, with outer events, pursuits and discoveries – ships stranded, engines from the sky -, but with a lot of inner meaning too, all full of details; some of the Auroville people were part of it, and people from other worlds as well, and all are trying to find the truth, and what really happened; there are some Chinese-looking people, sort of sub-people, who have been enslaved, and are represented and choose to come over to "our side" and to renounce other masters when things precipitate...

... I do not have a very complex outer life, and I see relatively very few people, and relate personally to even fewer, and yet there are so many aspects that are acutely unsatisfactory in terms of harmony and truth. I wish I would begin to learn how to manifest helpful creative vibrations instead of what I see again and again in its results: this mixture of distrust, condemn and fear, and of craving, need and attachment...

... Surya came to visit, at noon, and pulled me out of that time of silence and retreat I still need; and although I know him and care for him inwardly, as he knows, I was struck by the physical smell emanating from his sweat, as if it carried all of his experience in the West and what it has done to him, and to his body, and I had to fight nausea all the time he stayed, nearly two hours...

***14-3-1987, Auroville:**

A large group of "my men" have gone on a pilgrimage to Thirupatti, by cycle, for a few days; and so "Ravena" will be a very quiet place in the meantime...

Today again I had to skip two of my sessions of asanas; but it seems to me that I must stick to this discipline, as a material support for the offering, to bring all the energies into the work...

***15-3-1987, Auroville:**

I have been all day trying to recover harmony, or to reach a new harmony, and to become more conscious of my sheaths, so that these waves are no longer able to enter and sow their seeds of disorder and ruin... And I am wondering how to respond to people, pushing and being pushed to a point wherefrom I may look at my past as a necessary stage now gathered into the beginning of a new life, of a new awareness...

***16-3-1987, Auroville:**

As always, help, "spiritual help", comes to me through women; this book, "Initiations", by Elizabeth Haich, has been handed to me through two women, and it is most interesting: it relates, among a number of other matters, disciplines of Ancient Egypt, especially those that concerned the nerve centres, their education, training and adaptation to higher states of consciousness; it makes a lot of sense, even today for Your Work, and it is quite relevant to the difficulties I have met in my life; I am reading this very carefully, as it acts as a sort of revelatory for what has been more confusedly held within my own consciousness...

... I still need a lot of sleep; I still have these strange fatigues, although they now have a much less depressing character; it feels sometimes as if I am lacking a back bone, or some sort of central illumined will isn't there; but there seems to be less confusion...

... Ar. did come; I told her of my choice, that we should see each other as friends really, quite regularly – on the basis of a common and mutual commitment to friendship and trust, without any of these undertones; we talked a long time, because she couldn't accept it abruptly and couldn't see herself able to do it; but it eased a little. Perhaps she will see the necessity of it. I hope she does.

***18-3-1987, Auroville:**

You have always granted my wishes whenever I had to insist on them as "needs"... And I am grateful for it, totally. Perhaps for someone else this could be a catastrophe, but for me it is right...

***19-3-1987, Auroville:**

I spent the evening with Su; she finished packing up and she will stay the night with me, till it is time for her to leave, before dawn... I don't like emotions; whether one is able to hold them in check or not makes little difference, they're there, and I find them more and more disruptive, and damaging...

***20-3-1987, Auroville:**

Su managed to cry very little and, as soon as she sat in the car, she became composed, drawing on her own inner resource, and it was good. John H, B and Akash went along with her, and Pala and Ramu had come to bid her farewell...

***21-3-1987, Auroville:**

I stopped at "Abri" on my way back this morning, to hand over the money to Tom for the purchase and installation of a diesel engine for the pump here, so that we can run it even when there is no electrical power supply; it is not a joyful decision; the pollution is depressing; but there seems to be no other choice, at present, if I want to keep the place going and maintain the garden.

Larry came to "Ravena" and we discussed the organisation on which to fall back, soon, if no money comes to complete the building. I could go on at a slower pace using the funds that Ed is still owing, with carpentry work and the maintenance and guarding of the whole place, while Larry would try – as he is also going to the US and will meet Auralice there – to get more funds... So whatever happens, it looks like I shall remain committed to "Ravena" for some more time...

I do not know how to progress; I do not know what experiences are needed: I put it all before You...!

... I went down to Pondy with N this evening, for some shopping, and we had dinner in a restaurant; there's still this longing to possess him physically, to hold him and to be held; but that it doesn't happen alters in no way the sweetness that's always there between us; and it is somehow a constant surprise, in peculiar, non-mentalised ways; we communicate hardly at all on most levels; we can only share very material things, like food, and yet he happens to be the one person I am glad to see every day...

***23-3-1987, Auroville:**

I had to send B away again, as she'd come at the time of my asanas, and I told her when I'd be free; I felt bad, but I have seen that if I relax the discipline for such occasions, it will be undone in no time; however selfish or rigid it may appear, I want to persevere – but who cares anyway: it seems that my attempt at sliding quietly into anonymous oblivion is succeeding well! -, knowing that this may take several years to begin to establish a condition in the body that will be favourable to Your Work...

***24-3-1987, Auroville:**

Lately I have more often been tiring of having to absorb, day after day, the obscurity carried by the men at "Ravena"; I guess I am open to them in the wrong way, because it draws a lot on me and is no help to my own atmosphere; whenever I see that, I want to stop it all and pull out; but then a gesture rises, a smile, radiant and pure, and I forget at once all the darkness that is around them and makes up most of their lives...

***25-3-1987, Auroville:**

I cycled over to Angad's early this morning, to check on the lime-mixing session which we had agreed to have there, with Jaimurthy; but this fellow, for no reason at all, was all uptight and aggressive, complaining of pressures and reluctant to keep to the agreement, in such an obnoxious way that I nearly gave up and left with D, the lime, the cart and all; but I realised: he is just cracked up! That's all!

He hasn't resolved certain contradictions in him; he hasn't examined the necessary changes of values, and thus he has tripped into this unreal condition... But there was such a blind, diffuse violence in him, and such bad faith in his expressions, that it took all I could collect not to blow at him... What struck me most, though, is that, in different forms this phenomenon is quite frequent in Auroville, and has considerable repercussions in the collective life...!

Later I examined my own reactions; I am finding out these days, more and more, about the necessity to actually see, feel and perceive everybody and everything within the conscious embrace of being, instead of away and outside of one's own experiential space. It has become increasingly important to me to learn not to reject in an ignorant way. And just this one progress, so truly and well needed, is such a program in itself...!

***26-3-1987, Auroville:**

Myrtle called in; it had been such a long time since she last had come. It was good to sit together, for an hour; she too has found in herself the imperative need to concentrate on her own progress for some time, and she could well understand that I do not wish to see much of anybody right now...

***29-3-1987, Auroville:**

My last dream was a surprising encounter, in the sand dunes leading down to the beach, near sundown, with a very, very tall, large and strong man, whose whole physical expression is very moving, unique, not beautiful, with odd proportions, but vibrating intensely with a sort of contained tenderness; he is so much larger than me and yet he is open to me, he walks towards me all absorbed in me; after a few words we sit together close, facing the sea, and I lay his hand on my sex and my hand on his sex and it is brief, and surprising, my body responding at once with a flow of semen that woke me up...

It left me a little depressed, though, not of itself, but for what it shows: I am simply not making it! I still long and crave for a man-to-man thing... Like, with N, I enjoy every part, every movement and every place of his body, his skin is wonderful to me, I delight in the changes of his face, I want to lay my head on his breast, to kiss him everywhere...It is all maddening, because I haven't yet touched the cause of it, the living cause; it eludes me still...

I keep pushing toward a new, formidable comprehension or realisation, which is already conscious somewhere up or deeper within, but hasn't yet had its impact on the outer, active consciousness: it has to do with an entirely other perception of all relationships... I am led, with a sort of inevitability, towards it; that, somehow, all relationships, in our present state of consciousness, entertain the same illusion, or falsity...

But most natures aren't equipped to even consider that it is so; they have the best reasons to maintain it all – to help others, for instance, to save humanity or the world... -; while it may be easier for me to accept it, even though it implies experiencing myself as a kind of a monster during the transition!

It hinges on that absolute truth that the Lord alone is objective; that the only objectivity is the Supreme reality. And That stands hidden by the Light, while opens a creative way that will purify the world, and all relationships will be experienced altogether differently...

***30-3-1987, Auroville:**

The whole of last evening and far into the night I was miserable, as if a belt was tightened all around my middle, with constant nausea, and a draining of the body's energies, and pain in the limbs and back... I have no idea where it came from. I tried to make myself vomit but nothing came...

***1-4-1987, Auroville:**

I met Larry on the road; he said that Ed was still withholding the borrowed money, for "good reasons"; that he and others were objecting to "Ravena" being made into a Guest House because of the traffic... I don't know what to do. All along I have trusted the Grace, and the gracefulness of the place itself; trusted that You would care for it. But I have also to acknowledge that people in Auroville do not like it...

***2-4-1987, Auroville:**

This evening, after a dinner alone at the Kitchen, I decided to walk over to the "Field" and visit with F and L; I found them quietly settled, with a good atmosphere. They are in the phase of enjoying their re-discovery of Auroville, and the comfortable distance their years of America have created in them towards all issues in Auroville... About "Ravena", and about D.M and Janaka, I gathered, almost implicitly, that the impressions most people share are quite negative, heavy, burdened; that they don't even want to see the place for themselves; it is a kind of superstitious rejection, very ignorant, but very persistent...

... I guess I could be said to have a "tormented nature"! And I didn't know that!

Of everything that I have experienced so far, and all the perceptions that have accumulated, how much of it is pure - un-slanted -, objective in the sense of not being influenced by my own limitations and the positions taken by my ego at any given time? And what do I truly understand, adhere to, of Your Work?

Formations regarding Your Work keep coming, almost all tending to present it as an interference in the "course of things", and they are legitimised by the gap that yawns between what people who define themselves as Yours do practice and spontaneously, "naturally" express and the very nature of the Truth You have incarnated...!

... The matter of "Ravena" worries me no end; I wish I would know what to do and be able to hold the right position towards it; I wish I'd be given the means to bring it to its harmony and offer it, ready and clear. But the way it is now, I find myself antagonised from all sides, bumping into a mesh of incomprehension or, worse, aggressiveness, jealousy and obscure superstition; somehow people resent the whole thing, and resent D.M; they are hard, because - I suppose - they feel threatened in their little worlds...

... This seems to be another crisis... There's no breakthrough anywhere.

There is only either hardness or a slippery ground sloping back to an absurd forgetfulness.

Self-consciousness must go, must go.

But it sticks...

It is the will for transformation that brings up all the resistances, the obstacles and the contradictions.

Death sits at the centre of life, pointing the way back to salvation, away from this manifest world of Matter...

One cannot strive past it, down here, past its swallowing mouths and its tentacles, without Your Help and Force and Will and Drive. And I can't open myself to it. There's interference.

I feel intensely that need to reach timelessness in the physical consciousness itself. I see that, without it, all the proportions, perspectives as all the attitudes and strivings, are falsified.

And yet, to reach that, one would have to be sufficiently transformed already, at the other levels, so that the experiences arising from the constant interchanges can no longer affect or bear on one's physical condition...

... I have fixed myself some dinner here and I am sitting outside under the Service tree; I hear Krishna playing his loud, disharmonious music, on and on; he is entrenched, barricaded in his own enclosures, making the few young people who follow him turn into fixed, blank, hard masks, shunning everyone else with this bottomless hatred that is only the other side of his devouring need for love...

And I too am entrenched, and the victim of my own affirmations and self-consciousness; but crying within, and seeking, searching for a state that will trigger a full, unconditional "yes", a flowing wholeness...

A rounded integrity...

... I have received a card from Kenneth from San Francisco, a picture of that wonderful bridge under which, he says, he hopes to sail soon, back to India...

***3-4-1987, Auroville:**

Physiologically, becoming aware means that the consciousness becomes also, in the beginning at least, more or less constantly occupied with the need for harmony in the organism, and there is such a complexity of incidents and events translated into sensations, up to pain; it is a jungle, and one has to learn everything...

***4-4-1987, Auroville:**

N arrived late this morning, on foot, with his little son Nitya, rather distressed and looking beat; he'd met with fresh trouble at home, his wife had somehow called his brother's friends, four of them, who just went at him; he'd sent his children to his mother's house... While he told me all that, he went into fits of sobbing; then he asked whether he could try and join Auroville and live on some Auroville land... I was always reluctant to invite him to try; I wanted him first to sort out his own orientations and to wait for some ripening... But I can't be certain; perhaps the time has come? I told him to go and speak to Rama, whom I trust... I know that much of him is basically "inadapted" to the context of a Tamil village; he gets hurt from all sides, is constantly misunderstood and misjudged; but, to enter the way of Auroville, a lot must be sifted through...!

... I am having a good seat to watch, in myself, the selfishness of human "affections"! How it is really all a bargain, blindly self-interested usually on both the sides! And I keep catching myself at it, in my relationship with N... Yet it also seems to evolve and to contain something genuine...

***5-4-1987, Auroville:**

I did the asanas very early – the point of dawn seems to be a most favourable time – and left around 6 am to go to the old temple in Irumbai. I had promised Y that I would attend his marriage, as I knew it truly mattered to him and it wouldn't be a social thing. This temple, defaced and neglected, has yet retained something of its original atmosphere; the ceremony was set at its inner door, a very poor ceremony – even so Y has had to borrow heavily and will be in debts for more than a year – led by a dirty, hairy, raucous Brahmin, with general attempts at dignity, and much emotion on Y's part; the bride is a very young, robust and rather beautiful girl; the audience was largely matter-of-fact and indifferent, but Y's mother was thoroughly engrossed and very sweet and lovely and proud; I took pictures and stayed a while; as people there knew me I was not bothered at all...

... I met Larry at his house, as planned, tonight. He has changed. He seems to now truly care for "Ravena" and to want it to be completed and willing to do everything he can to see that it happens, even considering advancing his own money if he sees, once in the US, that funds are forthcoming... He is determined to get Ed to repay the money he owes, and also to try and get the funds that have been blocked in Janaka's Accounts; so I could feel a supportive attitude coming from him, and that makes a difference.

***8-4-1987, Auroville:**

Whenever the smallness of desire, of wanting, manifests, it becomes nearly impossible to conceive of any human relationship that would be devoid of this element of bargain. It says "if this one doesn't at all give me what I need, why should I ever be interested or why should I care?", and many other such graceful things...!

... I met Larry again after the work. Ed has plainly refused to return the borrowed money; he doesn't at all care for the house; he only cares to expand the land owned by Auroville.

To me this is plain dishonesty: only it is worse than in the ordinary world because it hides behind "new reasons"; I have no more respect for these people; and I wonder what it is that Auroville does to individuals: sectarianism, clubism, territorialism and complicity of interests, all under the banner of human unity and ecology...

What all the experience of "Ravena" has shown me isn't pretty.

... I am to go and meet Larry tonight, so we can try and figure how to proceed. He leaves for the US in 10 days or so.

For people, Janaka is "dead"; finished; over with; their sense of fraternity extends only so far, as long as the interests of the "living" are covered.

What a comedy!

I still don't know what to do. To trust is probably the only useful thing I can do!

... I received a birthday telegram from F.J and Ch.J; I should have expected it, but it came as a sweet surprise; I had forgotten about it!

***9-4-1987, Auroville:**

I had wanted this day to be unmarked and had asked Ar. not to do anything special; yet when I returned home I found the house filled with garlands of jasmine, and plucked roses and orchids...

It is strange: I felt no joy, not even pleasure; it is only gradually that sheer love for the flowers themselves arose, and a certain respect and wonder at Ar.'s resilience of affection... But later, by chance lifting a garland to attach it around my little statuette of Krishna dancing, I uncovered something that had been wrapped underneath: it is a most beautifully worked brass and copper statue of Ganesh, and I felt delighted at once, that Sri Ganesh himself had come, the very sweet and very true Ganesh...

... I didn't want to see anyone today, at least anyone who would know of my birth date; I seem to be touching the end of something human, the human experience of relating, and I do not know what is on the other side...

After the work this evening I rode down to the beach with N, and I happened to ride right behind Diane and my princess as they were driving that way; it was painful: Diane turned once toward me, almost as if she had known I was there; she saw me, and it took her an instant or two before she glanced away, and that was the pain... Why, why all this?

When I came back, leaving N at his house, I found on the door a sweet sign from G.M; and he had left there a tiny bronze Ganesh as well! Lord Ganesh really came to wish me something today!

***10-4-1987, Auroville:**

This afternoon Larry and Yaap came together to "Ravena" and we discussed the practicalities of Yaap's starting to build his own house in the adjacent field and how I am going to keep things together on the site... It was a little tiring and it took

long and I returned here late for the asanas; as my back is still hurting, I guess I shall take a break till Sunday.

Soon I shall have to take a number of decisions, none of which I find easy, though probably for someone else they would pass as small matters; but for me it is just not easy to have to lay off someone, to be the instrument of such a drastic change in someone's life... I have also thought of trying to sell the logs of wood that are left, so that some work may at least continue, but that too makes me uncomfortable!

***11-4-1987, Auroville:**

I have been asleep for so long; I think I may have briefly woken up at the turn of this year, but I relapsed. It is mere grinding, on and on and on: no fire, no opening and no growth... I must say now that I understand why we, human beings, need the whip of pain...! For it is only pain that makes us search for the Presence!

... This longing is crazy, to melt into a friend's embrace, to kiss and to hold and to be held; and N is so very sweet, but he doesn't at all feel the same way and... it is somehow cruel; cruel, because I have really tried to move away from those areas of need and turn to the Presence, but I haven't found the Lord's hands, He has not pulled me towards Him; and those longings catch up with me and overtake me, and I live in a context which, compared to modern life in the Western world, is extremely moral and conservative, despite of all its pretence at being the cradle of a new world... And I can't see that I am going to make any progress here if You don't give me a little push or help one way or another; or else I would have to avoid all contact other than the most superficial or practical, so as not to be reminded of these longings... Sometimes it is all so dark and hopeless for "me"! And so very absurd...

... What is the secret behind it all? What is the hidden evolutive sense of it? With all my conscious experience, with all my awareness at present, I see nothing that is in any way superior, truly more valid or useful in "me" than there is in, say, N... What is the point of all this? Isn't all this ridiculous? Or else I am perhaps just a fraud, nonsense?

***14-4-1987, Auroville:**

In the midst of all the night activities, I noted some that had an interesting character, and more depth of meaning: there were happenings in outer space involving several people and, after some early attempts had failed, I was made to try and locate the point of disappearance of those who had not returned and may have had to pass over, to "die", and I found the emotional traces of what had happened to one of them, a black man, a lovely, wonderful being, and his contact and his presence go very deep...

***15-4-1987, Madras:**

Throughout last night there were odd bits of activity in many directions and areas, between frequent waking from the mosquitoes and a tension or unease; and there was a surprise encounter with someone very close, like a best friend or a family member, who is "dying", and I refuse to respond emotionally, but I put instead all my concentration on the reality of consciousness, and he actually "revives", but not as he would with a vital breath: he revives with the breath of consciousness, a very different event, in its quality and its simplicity...

... N came, last night; I had prepared the bedding on the roof and we went up there together after our food, and we met, and it was sweet and it felt that perhaps it was important to him too, and his response made me grateful; but he left soon after...

... I reached the airport well in time, to find that C's plane was delayed and would only arrive at noon; I came to the Taj then, and am now sitting in this cosy luxurious place eating a kingly breakfast and hoping the book-store will open soon...

... I know nothing; I am trying to unravel the mesh that has got me entangled again; there are worlds of things there, and I guess I could write for ever about it... But I need to know the Lord's hand in it all. There is always this ashy taste that comes from having wanted, pulled and obtained something that didn't just bloom out of genuine recognition and abandon... I have tried hard not to do just that, but there are many ways one takes, to still do it while seeming not to do it! I can see also, though, that I may simply be grateful for what has happened if I remember the very stuff of N's own life-experience; I need not feel betrayed then, because I know that he never intended to cheat me!

This particular trend is inscribed in my whole time in Auroville so far and, at this point, it is far from positive; there is nothing outwardly, in the context of this supposed collective experience, which helps me in any way to break through my own limitations to give more, contribute more and participate more... On the contrary everything tends to throw me back into calling directly, alone, at the Source...!

And I honestly do not believe it is all my own ego's projection. Auroville, humanly speaking, isn't a place of progress in the real sense; not anymore, or not now, or not yet. Things have crystallised in the ways of ignorance; spontaneous attitudes do not reflect any attempt at growing more conscious, but a sort of self-justified seeking for a middle-term harmony, not ever looking behind or beyond...

I seem to follow a slow movement of inner realisation, wherein material existence gradually, and inevitably, enters a new perspective; it is the sense of time, as measured in physiology, which poses problems: that is where one is bound to ignorance.

... But I still ignore what is the real sense of this contradiction in my life that has brought about the separation from my only child – the one being who could have reconciled me to the world. From that side no sign has come yet of a change, not even of a promise of a change, and years have already gone by...

Somehow I do feel like a guest in this world... Often unwanted, or merely tolerated... I know that, for this as for all the rest, once away from Matter, when one goes to rest, all is understood in truth and simplicity, and all contradictions and all judgements vanish, and there remains only compassionate comprehension... But in order to uncover material harmony one has to become able to bring this very consciousness here itself and to live on its concrete basis all of one's movements...!

... The plane is due in half an hour; I have read in the paper that aboard this very same plane, yesterday in New York, components for a radio-timed bomb had been found stuck under one seat; and now the entire airport is in a confusion of attempts at security!

***16-4-1987, Auroville:**

I just can't force myself to start the process of terminating the work! I don't know why and I don't know what else can happen either! I can't accept Ed's attitude, his refusal to return the borrowed sum... I have to move, to do something; but even to sell the wood doesn't feel right; but something has got to clear up within a week or

so, because I have responsibilities towards the men: I can't simply fire them when the money is finished; I have to give them a proper lay-off so that they have time to look for another job...

***17-4-1987, Auroville:**

C was waiting for me at Matrimandir, where a concreting was going on, and I took her all the way to the top of the structure; we met G.M there, and Arjun. Later, after lunch, I took her with me to Sanjeev Nagar village, where I wanted to bring presents for Jaimurthy's family moving into their new house, finally. And then I took her to "Ravena": she was, as I knew she would, very deeply moved by the beauty already manifest...

***20-4-1987, Auroville:**

I love to be material, to be earthly, to have a body; I am grateful for it, and I love the Way that You have opened here, and I want to serve the Possibility of the Incarnate Presence in Matter, and the change of functioning it must bring about...

I do not like what is around it; I do not like being human!

I keep coming back to that point! It becomes increasingly unbearable, like a pain. I don't like humanity, mine or others'... I don't like what it makes of death, or of life; I can't accept it... And so at times I am angry, or depressed, or desperate; rarely do I calmly endure; it is only when by the Grace I have been a direct contact with Your workings...

***21-4-1987, Auroville:**

J'aurais tellement besoin de Toi, Douce Mère.

Je perds tout espoir et toute foi.

Chaque espace quotidien est un désert à franchir ; et aucune joie, nulle part, n'est possible...

Il n'y a rien, dans le sens du monde, qui m'attire, vers quoi je sente la volonté de me diriger, qui me semble valoir la peine, et toutes les peines.

Humainement, je ne puis compter que les échecs.

Je ne sais pas, Douce Mère.

Tu m'as seulement dit que je devais avoir l'endurance.

Encore faut-il que, quelque part, je sente, je sache, je comprenne pour quoi ? Mais je ne vois, ne puis mesurer aucun progrès de conscience, ni aucun sens de la concrétisation d'un Etat qui justifierait tout ce labeur de la multiplicité de l'expérience d'exister...

L'Amour ? L'Amour vrai ?

Douce Mère, l'Amour vrai, c'est Toi ! Et quand Tu n'es pas là pour l'incarner, que peut-il se passer ?

La misère d'être prolifère, et c'est tout !

Pour ceux qui peuvent encore s'établir momentanément dans la circulation des énergies vitales, il est encore possible de croire à une harmonie relative ; mais de mon point de vue – qui est peut-être faux, irréel -, c'est une réalisation superficielle et factice...

Je me sens tout à fait perdu.

... I am sick of myself, sick of this joylessness and sterility; and sick of wanting tenderness where and when I cannot find it and being unable to give it when it is wanted; sick of not being aware of the way...!

I look, and look, and look: isn't all this a huge and vain comedy? What are we all after?

Please, oh please take the ego away, please do that!

***23-4-1987, Auroville:**

Je suis maintenant conscient comme d'une énorme peine qui s'est accumulée, et qui demeure là, silencieuse mais écrasante, absorbante ; et je ne suis pas conscient du Rire du Seigneur, ni de Ton Sourire, Douce Mère...

... C has been worrying over "Ravena" and trying to think out some way for her to come up with the necessary funds to complete the construction; but I do not feel that this would be the right answer; besides it would make a big hole in her budget and off-balance all her equilibrium in her work... She has suggested I could take a break, go and travel for a while, leave the context... I don't know. I can hardly talk, unless she asks questions...

I should like to feel that this condition I am in is the tail-end of the disappearing ego...! I do feel sometimes the need to vanish – not materially, but in "myself"... But shouldn't there be some joy, somewhere, somehow?

***24-4-1987, Auroville:**

C is such a real treasure: she had another experience at "Ravena" today, by herself, while I was gone with Jagannathan to see for the sale of this wood; this was an experience private to her, but connecting with the sense of essentiality, and she felt very strongly, almost imperatively, that she must see to it that "Ravena" is completed. When she later told me about it, it began to make sense.

And tonight we talked about that nearly-forgotten fund she had been keeping for emergencies, for me, in an Account in Switzerland, which might be sufficient, at today' rate of change, to bring the construction very near to completion... And thus it may be that I shall not have to stop the work next week...

I was at first reluctant, because of the personal aspect to it; I had hoped that something would come which wouldn't be connected to "me", as a sign, something that would say "yes, the Lord is concerned with that place and appreciates the offering, and here are the means to make it whole!" This would have been much like Your Blessings... But it may be so even this way! It is, I guess, this terrible need in me, which has been so heavily and nastily denied, to find some measure of acceptance near You...! Let us see, then...

***25-4-1987, Auroville:**

I sent a message to Larry, in case we wouldn't meet before he leaves for the US on Tuesday, saying that I might be able to continue the work, with private funds, no strings attached. I don't know; I get rather hostile waves at times; I had the impression that he might be upset at this news, in the sense of losing control over the place if I can go on by myself...

***26-4-1987, Auroville:**

We started off at 8 am, B, Akash, C and I; we reached Madras before noon and spent two quiet hours in the Taj.

R arrived at 3.30 pm or so, happy; I was glad to see him. B and Akash's boarding was due an hour later and we left them there, as several others from Auroville were

to travel with them to Europe; they'll be gone for 3 months or so. It seems that a lot of people are taking a "vacation in the West" this year! I too sometimes crave for places and cities where there is cleanliness and a minimum of material harmony and order, instead of this growing, tentacular horror of carelessness and dirt...!

... This world is terrible: all the way I wanted to scream!

Where is the Force that can act over and through all these blind, low, insane forces? How far into the insanity must humanity go? How far must the earth be defiled?

It is hard to be human!

***27-4-1987, Auroville:**

The weather is tough, and we're all tired.

I feel a strain that is almost unbearable, from just having to live.

... Larry came to "Ravena" this afternoon, along with Roy (fat and vulgar); he left me his address in the US. Oddly, and weirdly, he made no mention at all of the fact that I may be able to continue with the work; he asked no questions, and I didn't bring it up; it is as if, after some hesitation, he has taken the easy way out, letting me get all the burden if I choose...

***28-4-1987, Auroville:**

I am just holding on... I don't think that it has ever been so difficult, or so continuously, or for so long... Yet there must be, within or above, somewhere, an awareness of being, of reality, against which every human experience is felt as a contradiction or an infirmity...

... I realise now how much part or parts of me were eager to "relax", to have that break that stopping the work would have made possible. How I would have wanted to go to some secluded, comfortable place, to concentrate in a beautiful natural setting somewhere, doing nothing, worrying about nothing, with no responsibilities, and to wait, wait for some clear direction or impulse, some orientation...

... G.G and S came here this evening and stayed a while; they asked me about "Ravena" and G.G offered to write up a Project for some Foundation which, he thinks, would surely give the money to finish the work and also maintain the place for a while... So I shall help him to prepare it...

***1-5-1987, Auroville:**

I stayed the entire day in bed; worried, because tomorrow I must get up and get moving for "Ravena"...

What is difficult is that I have no sense of wanting to live, of wanting to serve.

... This afternoon in my sleep I was crying, because of what all You went through, and because You had to go...

I need a sign: something...

***14-5-1987, Auroville:**

For two weeks I haven't written. I was wiped out: hepatitis; extreme fatigue, white stools, brown urine, eyes and skin yellow.

In the first week it was as if nothing mattered anymore, nothing made sense. There was no purpose any longer; not that I doubted Your Work, but just that it had nothing to do with my life and being. All the failures and disharmony of the recent past loomed large and there was no room left for trust or hope.

I drifted; I read some good novel, a huge one of a thousand pages, by Clavell, set in the Iran of Khomeini...

All the while, C and R, Ar. and N were sweet, gentle, ever present.

I managed somehow to keep the work going, just by seeing two or three of the workmen daily here.

Then on May 6th, the day of C's birthday, something stupid, nasty and absurd happened: around 10 am, C went with R to B's house to fetch some iced water, slipped on a cement step which was wet and fell violently on her lower back; this was terrible, given the vulnerable condition of her spine and osteoporosis. R came at once to call me; after a couple of hours we managed to slowly, very carefully walk C back here.

Why? Why on her birthday? Why was there no protection?

She got more and more pain.

We didn't know what to do. We thought that either Gupi or Birenda, examining her, ought to tell whether any bone was damaged. Her and R's departure date was approaching. We had to know whether it had to be postponed.

But Gupi, instead of a simple examination, insisted on giving her, twice, a heavy and full massage; I was still very weak and not at all in control, and he overwhelmed my caution easily, saying that he was "in command"...

The pain increased tenfold. C could only bear it when lying on her side, all curled up. We gave her pain-killers. She wouldn't eat any more, and got rather desperate; she made R swear that he would help her leave the body rather than remain crippled and endure so much pain... We postponed their flights for a week.

We called Datta then and had her admitted in the Ashram Nursing Home.

We took her down there, in Datta's van, lying on a mattress; X Rays were taken, but the lady Doctor couldn't read them with enough certainty, as the marks of the old fractures and crushed vertebrae (from her road accident when I was 10 years old) were confusing. But she diagnosed two collapsed vertebrae, something serious enough to cause her hell of discomfort afterwards... R became frantic to get her somehow back to France and admitted in a specialised clinic.

C had a couple of terrible nights there, despite the gentleness of the nurses and staff.

We got no help from the French Consulate in trying to arrange the flights back to France with a stretcher for C. There was only money, money, and R had to pay huge amounts. I would have rather waited until C was able to sit up again, quietly, but R was too worried and C herself was eager to be taken care of in more equipped settings...

C. had not eaten for days. Her nerves had become very tight. I obtained from the lady Doctor that a morphine-based injection be given to her, so she would relax a little and eat.

Air France exacted huge sums from R. Finally the date was set.

***17-5-1987, Bombay:**

C had to be given serum to feed her.

Once we got moving, though, the nausea abated and she began to sleep more and deeper.

G.M and F, along with 2 Ashram guys, rode with us all the way to the airport in Madras.

In Bombay, A.GC had arranged for a private ambulance and we went to his flat in the upper city; C slept much of the time.

At night when we went back to the airport, the authorities wouldn't let me accompany her up to the plane; but the people who were handling such cases were so rough and careless that R got really mad and finally obtained a permit for me to take her myself up into the plane. I just had time to see her settled on a couch that had been set at the front of the plane – this huge metal bird packed full of people. I could well have gone along with them as the company had made R pay for 9 seats! But I kissed and hugged her and R and stepped back out and they shut the cabin door behind me and I was rushed into a car and out of the airport, where A.GC was waiting for me.

And there I was, riding in this beautiful car at night, listening to Verdi, along the richer streets of Bombay up and down its hills that are built above the sea...

19-5-1987, Auroville:

R phoned from Paris yesterday night, at Matrimandir. C is resting and the doctors have confirmed that there is no serious damage and she will only need reinforced treatment for the osteoporosis, once she is able to move freely again.

... I am trying to bring everything to order...

***21-5-1987, Auroville:**

G.M is going back to France tomorrow. He will take my letter for C.

***24-5-1987, Auroville:**

The only thing that remains is the sense, within me, that my being belongs to the Force, whatever happens – and whether or not It wants to use it or change it and turn it into something worthwhile...

I don't know whether something has snapped, or gone behind a veil.

I don't think so because I am still aware of You, Mother, as my centre and my anchor and the key to what comes...

***25-5-1987, Auroville:**

Right now I just long for physical harmony, physical ease, physical beauty. Sensations are largely, I know, an illusion or a crust; but these days, in every 24 hours, there are hardly one or two pleasant sensations and they come like stolen parts, not as from a whole...! I long for a room with bay-windows looking over the infinite sea, I long for its wind...

***30-5-1987, Auroville:**

This morning Datta and Mitra removed that cyst from the top of my forehead, with Nicole's gentle help; it was simple and quiet and they were very sweet and funny and light. I think I hold Your children at the Ashram dearer than those in Auroville...

They removed a hard smooth, separate formation of cells from my scalp, like a large bean: cells that have gone their separate way?

My head is shaved now. I wear a turban!

***1-6-1987, Auroville:**

The news came today of Sophie's passing, on the 28th, in Annecy, from cancer; R and Sukhi were near her. A beautiful, lovely and very fine being she is...

***4-6-1987, Auroville:**

I wrote a letter to Gupi, so that he knows how wrong he's been regarding C; but I haven't sent it yet: I am resentful towards him and I wonder whether one can do any good in that condition! Yet I do think that he is a dangerous fellow sometimes and ought to be checked, and made aware of the limits to his present capacity. Twice in my life he has intervened, and twice he did damage, although at different levels...

***5-6-1987, Auroville:**

At Ravena I began placing the geese in their flight – on the two murals D.M and I had designed on either side of the entrance -, one by one, and looking, looking: it is so delicate to find their exact individual places and their number...

***8-6-1987, Auroville:**

I rode down to Pondy early this morning, to get the bike serviced, and to purchase the items for the plumbing and sanitary in "Ravena": this is always the toughest part for me in a construction; I am quite lost with these contraptions, nothing ever seems to fit correctly, and it's all so... fabricated!

... I placed 5 more of the flying geese; it is hard to be sure but, so far, it feels right: they express a truth – a rising out and upward, a thirst and a thrust of powerful aspiration toward the light... I can only hope that D.M and Janaka would like it, and feel fulfilled in them...

***9-6-1987, Auroville:**

I saw, in retrospect, that every effort one makes is tainted with ambition and narrow exclusiveness...

Now I tend to accept that there is no realisation of any sort; that all the activities go on, ceaselessly. Whatever will was there to control them, or to move beyond or above them, or to silence them and make them receptive, this will has somehow abdicated...

... Let it be as That makes it to be...

The only focus of prayer or aspiration, of awareness, that remains is in the simple experience of being material – of existing materially. To be aware of it from the core, wordlessly, and without conditions.

Just that.

... Ar. is the one person here who has this need and will to be near me all the time, and it remains a mystery to me; and now she accepts more easily my silence and for instance if I take a book in her presence, she herself takes one as well and is content... And so it has become a little easier, as she has also ceased from making demands, and she brings with her a sort of joyfulness which is very pleasant...

***10-6-1987, Auroville:**

I was ill-tempered all day from having to cope with all these contraptions and mechanical parts – the plumbing at “Ravena” and the installing of the diesel engine here; fortunately Ar. helps and today she went to town and ordered barrels, purchased oil and grease and such things that are, it seems, indispensable to life...! It is always the same reluctance, or resistance, or even repugnance in me towards most mentalised Matter – having to depend on it for everything else: the dependence.

I have placed the last two geese. I am not very sure: it doesn't express an easy harmony; it isn't a smooth flight of geese as one sees in the sky, migrating; rather, it is a complex movement, and each is individual, although obviously part of a thrust and a rising... Now the background must be plastered, egg-white around the white of the birds...

... I am reading an interesting report, made, I feel, with sincerity, on recent research done with people who have experienced clinical death and survived: their experiences away from the body at that moment when they “knew” they were dead or dying...

No one, I suppose, will ever be able to measure what You have done and are doing to erode and dissolve that barrier, to “un-realise” or “de-realise” what we still call “death”, and to teach us to open to what is to replace it...

***12-6-1987, Auroville:**

There seems to be an un-doing process right now; making room; as if a sort of slow gathering towards a new virginity...

... Ar. is now the one single person I have contact with in my daily life in Auroville. Without her I'd only see the men I work with, and N. When I go to Pondy it is the same; it has often struck me that I almost never meet anyone there: I can spend hours there and only talk to the shop-keepers; and so I do not take my isolation as merely the result of an attitude of mine: it may also be an expression of the Will...

***13-6-1987, Auroville:**

It is as if I have never started on the way.

But physically there has come some stability: those deep chasms of fatigue have gone and although I do not feel inclined to rely on vital energy, still there is an improvement; I think the credit goes mainly to the practice of asanas, and perhaps also to the fact that I have ruled to eat every evening a full plate of vegetables...!

I listen every morning to Your Agenda, while doing the asanas, and it is good, and necessary.

But that's about all the concentration I am capable of at the moment!

I have seen how much all my previous “efforts” and “attitudes” were a fraud.

I need my existence to be genuinely opened to Thee, to be opened by Thee!

***16-6-1987, Auroville:**

J.P had a motor-cycle accident this evening on the main road; he was in the Jipmer Hospital, unconscious, when first John H and Andy heard about it and went.

And today is John H's birthday: I left flowers in his room...

***17-6-1987, Auroville:**

J.P has a fractured skull, but I am told he is conscious again, and talking... I haven't yet gone to see him.

***19-6-1987, Auroville:**

I went to see J.P in the hospital. As I stood there next to him for about an hour and talked to him, he began to realise what had happened and why he was now lying there; he remembers nothing as yet of the accident itself. His face is swollen up and his eyes and eyelids are hugely tumefied, his torn ear has been stitched; he cannot swallow anything and feels dazed and cannot see – it is all dark to him, but he could sort of perceive my hand as I moved it in front of his eyes, and reach for it...

... I went to a restaurant to have fish and cold beer; L came in and joined me. I like the contact with her: she is still free from the conditioning of Auroville's affairs, and there is somehow a flow between us that has different colours and depths...

***20-6-1987, Auroville:**

I worked at the Kitchen most of the morning; but without J.P, and with the new "management" of A and Dhanapal, and with Dadu announcing his "retirement" (this sweet old-child-man is a barometer!) it was all a little tedious...

***22-6-1987, Auroville:**

The last X Rays taken of J.P showed another fracture at the back of his skull, which had somehow pressed on the optical nerves ends causing his near-complete blindness...

And N... He fell down last night, in another bout, he says, of intestinal crisis, and went unconscious in a bush of thorns by the roadside, and got himself all scratched up and sore – and desperate! He still refuses to go back to Debu for more treatment; he is still so proud and so tight... One can only try to help when help is wanted! I feel bad, though, and useless!

... G.M has written again: he has seen C several times, and it now seems that he's taken a work-contract in Abu Dhabi for a couple of months...

***23-6-1987, Auroville:**

When I went to visit J.P this morning I was met by an unexpected barrage of hostility from a German fellow named Kl who was there on duty along with a girl, also German; J.P himself had relapsed into a semi-conscious state, was very dehydrated and yet was unable to absorb anything orally and was left uncared for medically but jealously surrounded by these two people; it was impossible to get a clear statement from Kl, who had seen the Doctor earlier. I had to soon leave because this tussle couldn't be any good for J.P. I tried to return later, on my way back from Pondy, but the guy was still there... Back in Auroville I went to see Eric who I thought was more or less in-charge of coordinating the duties and care for J.P, but I found that neither he nor anyone else here knew anything or had any idea what had to be done and that no one was in direct contact with the Doctors... So I tried to convince him and Edgar to move and meet the Doctor and find out what the position was... This was all very vague and discouraging; I had kept away from doing any regular shifts because, so soon after my illness, I didn't feel ready at all

to spend hours on end in that unclean hospital. But now that I see how J.P is left neglected and uncared for, I have to see... And tonight Ar. saw that Kl had posted a note in the Kitchen to the effect that there should be "no tourism in J.P's room in Jipmer and only serious people with the right attitude should come..."!!!

***24-6-1987, Auroville:**

I'd like so much to see progress, real progress, anywhere!

I miss the experience of the Force acting...

Whether it is up to the individuals to call and to open and to receive, or that the Force has withdrawn from Auroville, I do not know...

... Something is missing: is it merely a psychological fault on my part, or is it that the time hasn't come?

***26-6-1987, Auroville:**

I am reading a book by a French lady, Janine Fontaine, on her own research into healing, and this has stimulated that missing part in my experience; instead of merely waiting, enduring, keeping quiet, it has sort of revived the sense of intent in the call and of usefulness in making one's movements conscious...

In the past few years every time I have read about a sincere research, genuine and progressive and fruitful in terms of evolution and further human comprehension, I have felt those two things: one, the regret that some of these individuals hadn't been able to come to You and to work with You; and two, a kind of secure awe that You are so very much ahead of all of this that these discoveries are necessary translations and emanations of the very first steps of the way You have cleaved... And thus what was held within Your Experience is little by little spreading into the world, a new realisation of the nature of reality and a maturing in man's relationship to the Supreme...

***27-6-1987, Auroville:**

I seem to have become addicted to reading! Fleeing from my own stagnation and feeding on the progress others make and share, or even, simply, on their life-experiences! It is the small "me" that feels that way, that is afraid of sterility, of barrenness since, in the eyes of the world, one is judged by what one produces and contributes – and, on that score, I am pretty useless!

The only thing, the only movement that makes sense to me now is to let go!

To learn to offer my little shadow up, to let it melt and be no more, so that It may be, whatever and however It Wills...

... I feel a kind of awed reverence towards all those individuals who believe and feel that they're existing to serve the Divine and to be its loving and serene and active instruments...

But it feels to me also like just another trick, or another veil...

Only the Lord's own existence and manifestation is worth it all...!

... Auragni, my princess, is today 5 years old...

Deep down, the pain is surely there. But I don't go near it.

***28-6-1987, Auroville:**

It rained throughout the night; the sick "Realisation" tree near the house toppled down and crashed over the terrace of the house, breaking its rails; I knew its roots

were damaged by fungus and I had wanted to take it out already last year, but it had started to shoot new leaves and there were now flowers blooming...

... Maybe there is something wrong with this life of mine; it can't seem to reach anywhere. Always it is said that one must face the difficulties in the present life, lest one has to face them again and again; but at this point I no longer know what these difficulties are, that call for my effort and sincerity...

I stand before a wall that seems formidable. Whether it is objective or merely the effect of my own, hidden resistance to the true consciousness, I honestly do not know now.

I look and search and I try and grope and I hold on, but I can find no joy in the fact of being, as an individual... I just don't see the point!

And I can't conceive of, let alone feel, any ulterior, future stage or state wherein to be conscious will carry its own justification of joy...

Perhaps I am still prey to the conditioning of human time, as measured by the duration of a human life, and I should simply relax and accept that it, It, does not happen for the moment, trusting that some time, inevitably, It Will Happen...!

For, surely, there has to be a state of being that justifies it all, reconciles it all.

You said it. Sri Aurobindo said it.

And yet, You have suffered so much, and You too have had to "go"...

And what is left when the Two of You are gone?

... In a way I see – I have looked at it again – how terribly proud and unforgiving I am... Because I cannot accept certain things in human life and behaviour, particularly in people who pretend to be aspiring to a truer life, then I withdraw, cut myself off, move away from an increasing amount of circumstances and situations...

And now, I can hardly move further away!

... I resent the lack of understanding, or perception, of what Auroville is about, on the part of those who have seized the – relative – power of action and influence, and even in those who just live here as in some "community". I resent the distortions they bring about. It feels as if Auroville has been stolen away from its purpose. People have turned it into an experience that is devoid of interest or meaning, and pretentious...

***1-7-1987, Auroville:**

N explained what has been going on in his village – a collective pressure obviously engineered by his wife and her relatives to make him return to her and to their house, with the kids. There is to be a village meeting on Sunday to try and settle the matter between them; I gather that the elders are also opposed to me as they see me as responsible for his having gone away...

***5-7-1987, Auroville:**

N came to tell me that the village elders have guaranteed that his wife would not misbehave any more, and that she would work and keep the house and the children clean; he is now to move back into his married life.

***7-7-1987, Auroville:**

Despite the dull joylessness, the lack of flow, of purpose and meaning, despite the barrenness of it all, there is also, although it is difficult to define it, a sort of cleansing going on: an ending of the old, of the past – not only my own, but in

itself. Yet I m not aware of the new, of the future; it is as if it is all coming to blankness, to a point of neutrality...

***8-7-1987, Auroville:**

Ed came to "Ravena" this morning, to talk: he has finally managed to purchase a piece of disputed land, adjacent to "Ravena", thus connecting the Auroville land in that area; this is achievement he is rather proud of; he has worked hard on it and he considers that this settles his debt to Janaka. He wanted to let me know this... I could appreciate the urge that had led him to speak to me, but I took the chance to give him a review of what I have had to go through for "Ravena" because of the lack of funds... However he merely kept asking me "what, if... what if I cannot complete it? And who will maintain the place? What will it be used for...?" And I have no answers!

***9-7-1987, Auroville:**

I have been wondering about the difference, sometimes subtle, between self-discipline and self-jailing or self-limiting...

I was cycling home from work with the intention to do my evening asanas, when I met G.G on the road, who wanted to return to me the papers I had given him to write up a project on "Ravena" (the possibility he had thought of didn't work, in the end), and we got unexpectedly involved in a long conversation and there came an encouraging sharing of views on the present condition of Auroville; G.G has recently been led to take certain positions in which he believed, and that has exposed him to various reactions – and he's been called names, and this has taught him a bit, it seems; it was, for once, like communicating to a brother, someone likely committed...

***11-7-1987, Auroville:**

I went to visit J.P at Dr Sen's; I hadn't seen him for about 10 days: he has aged, and thinned out considerably and, sitting up on his bed, Hélène near him reading him a story, the look of the blind on his face and his voice still catching, he could have come out of a Camp... But his sweetness and his formidable need for friendliness is dominating everything. He still cannot see more than vague shapes, and with one eye only, but he makes out the colours when presented at close range...

... There was a rather sad scene at "Ravena" today: someone has offered to Jagannathan the job of chief carpenter, with higher wages than those I can afford paying him (in Auroville terms I pay him good enough wages, but he has become obsessed with money, even though by village standards he is not a poor man, as he owns fields and assets...); he pretended to ask my advice, but he was actually pressuring me to increase his wages, or else...! So I let him decide for himself, and he did: he has quit. And that was sad, for many reasons: he isn't going to really earn that much more, while on the other hand he is leaving unfinished a work which we have been doing together for about two years now, and I was hoping we could complete together, thus sharing in a concrete offering...

This should free me from a sense of being duty-bound to these men – this had been my main worry all along, to see that these people can finish the work they had started, as a complete experience: I guess this is a remnant from past times,

when I must have mixed with or been part of guilds, when teams of artisans and craftsmen would work their lifetimes on a single work or construction...

And the wind-mill broke down again...

... Sometime I get a sort of impersonal glimpse of the shape of my life and its apparent direction, and I wonder what is holding me on... It looks like a life of waiting, and yet there are processes of growth that seem to overlap, at different speeds or along different time scales; even with regards to, say, a "normal" human life, I for instance feel as much a teenager, as I did when I was 18, that I feel like an ageless person – watching and enduring and trying to become physically aware and manifesting that very agelessness, that timelessness... Likewise I feel as much a woman as I feel a man, in my own experience of meeting others, of relating... And further, I also feel as alive as I feel "dead", as "white" as I feel "coloured", as much from the past as I feel from the future... And even, more "locally", I feel as much of Auroville, as I feel not of it, or out of it...

There is a lot of stuff coming through these days; in another context, I might take it as materials for writing; but here there is no such self-evident activity to which I could give myself: rather it all feels equal, or indifferent – this or that activity, so long as there is no indication from above or from behind the heart, nothing in particular, however agreeable or creative, makes much sense...

***14-7-1987, Auroville:**

There is this odd, constant contradiction, between feeling like a boy, almost like a child, with infinite time ahead, and the conditioning that watches the number of years that elapse and measures the time of my body: when one is nearly forty, then one ought to have the sense of making something of one's life...!

And, translated in terms of this yoga, one should by now be at least all centred and moving forward with a clear and steady aspiration, the results measured in consciousness...

But none of that is there; one hangs on, day after day and night after night...

The nagging problem is that, most of the time, I so dislike what I manifest; and if I was to leave the body now, I couldn't be happy of the use made of this opportunity... In that sense, the negative presence of "death", as the negative of a colour print, is still playing the necessary role of a reminder...

For it is only seldom that I Move into the state of consciousness where everything is actually Thy Will and Thy Action; and one is left with no ambition, not even the desire of being worthy of You: there is then only a transparent acceptance, a neutral freedom...

***16-7-1987, Auroville:**

The nights are again very restless and tiring, and the dream activities very puzzling; last night there was a long time spent with Diane and that crowd, with a lot of disconcerting factors at play, and something of Auragni that was disturbingly grave: she was telling me how she had missed me, not knowing why I couldn't be there, and that she had a weakness in her physical heart and I must be very careful about it... I don't know; I don't understand...

***17-7-1987, Auroville:**

I met F as I was cycling back to "Ravena" this afternoon; he was on his way to a special meeting he had more or less initiated, at the Matrimandir office, between

the so-called "neutrals" and the Executive Council, of which he has become a member; he isn't without lucidity, at least mentally, about the whole thing, but it pleases his vital to play that game, perhaps backed by a more genuine need to see Auroville open up to a direction more worthy of You. I cannot disagree with him, because he is just being himself...!

***19-7-1987, Auroville:**

I will try and complete "Ravena", Mother, and then You must clearly tell me what I do. And that will be that...!

***20-7-1987, Auroville:**

I had come to the conclusion, regarding N, that he'd been tricking me much of the time, and that it'd be better to put some distance between us. There's something I do not know, which makes it all off-balanced; I am quite sure of it now; and it works against both of us.

The atmosphere in the work is a little odd, especially since Jagannathan has left, for higher wages; it seems actually that he's been hired by Pete, and Pete would surely have known that Jagannathan was working for me; so it is like that: Auroville today isn't such a good place; everything seems to be going wild, nothing stands to replace the discarded ethics. And in that direction, inevitably, lies in wait the old power of money... Almost everything I see in Auroville now, everything that is of consequence in the daily life of Auroville, makes me feel nauseous and anguished...

... G.G and S came to visit at "Ravena" today, a gentle gesture, to inform me that one of the trustees of that Dutch Foundation, a lady, would be in Auroville for a few days, and I should try and meet her about "Ravena", to ask for funds... Since there is no effective coordination of all the projects at the moment, it is everything for grabs! I am reluctant to run for the pie, but G.G said there was no other way...

***22-7-1987, Auroville:**

I halted in the Matrimandir Gardens on my way back today; Ar. and a couple of others at the Nursery had asked me to help them clean around the trees that F.Gr has abandoned, and around Ruud's grave; there was work for me there if I wanted to help with the pruning; it felt good, and reviving, and I think I'll do it. I have missed working in a team, for Auroville!

... I went to pick up that Dutch lady, Mia, and her adopted daughter, a young, very interesting Nigerian woman, and I took them to "Ravena"; Mia had said at once that there would be no chance of financial help, but they stayed a long time, and sat quietly on the upper roof terrace, and I felt that their understanding and emotion were genuine...

***23-7-1987, Auroville:**

I can no longer take health for granted; it has become a constant adjustment, and watchfulness, like steering a boat in an unknown sea. I have also to learn to depend less and less on vital energies, and so, in ordinary terms, I seem to become less and less capable. There seems to be some unavoidable transition between the old, illusory, semi-conscious capacity (with its degrees and stages), and the new growing awareness which will reveal the direct power of consciousness; a transition that may last...!

***24-7-1987, Auroville:**

In a day like this, there are such odd fluctuations of energy: moments of fatigue, laboriousness, moments of peace, moments of quiet energy, and moments of suffocation... Much of this fatigue has to do with the weather, I think; I have become more sensitive or vulnerable to its action – its effects? -, and on certain days now I feel a great reluctance to be out in the sun, almost as if there was danger; yet, on other days, I sense a good relationship as if with the amount of water in the air, and it is quite alright...

... Before noon I went by Matrimandir; there was a small concreting and J.P was sitting by the office in an armchair, not yet able to move around on his own; I sat with him awhile...

***25-7-1987, Auroville:**

The car that was to pick me up before 5 am never showed up; I waited and waited, getting depressed and nervous because I do not like to fail anyone who is waiting for me, and then T came to tell me he'd just gotten a phone call from B in Delhi, to say that their plane would be delayed by 7 hours; T soon figured out that, by mistake, the booking or the car had been entered at tomorrow' date only! And so I re-arranged the day, and went to work...

Being unexpected at "Ravena", cycling in quietly, I came upon a scene probably more exact of the work atmosphere that prevails when I am not there; it saddened me that I couldn't trust even Nar: he was talking and smoking, lounging comfortably and doing nothing else at all, as in a most natural state of affairs...! I can't blame them, though!

... Both Ar. and Arjun separately gave me a report of the morning meeting at Matrimandir: it goes round and round... I think I would never choose to be in Auroville now if I was just visiting for the first time; and I am well and finely shut off, bound and gagged: I can't raise my voice, lest the truth I would try to share would be denied merely because it is uttered by me...!

... B and Akash's plane landed at 5.15 pm; B is looking good, a little fleshed out, more harmonious; Akash too is better, but he still makes me nervous! B chattered away the whole journey back here, about all they have seen and done, and she never stopped till we were home! She is good; I am glad she is back. She also gave me news of Samuel – he wants me to come and fetch him in a yellow airplane; and of C and R...

***26-7-1987, Auroville:**

I am determined to go and find N tonight, both for his sake – he needs money, as he has not come to work for days – and for mine; this is taking far too much room in my physical consciousness and I must find the way out. I just hope it will be through some harmonious progress and not through another failure and rejection... But this is pinning me down, weighing me under, and it has been so for months now; it is neither healthy nor compatible with a movement of conscious progression. Tonight, for no reason, I feel cold!

***27-7-1987, Auroville:**

After dinner Ar. came by and reported on the general meeting: regarding Matrimandir, nothing conclusive so far; but regarding Auroville as a whole, the Government is now urgently asking Auroville to consider negotiating with the SAS

the status and organisation of Auroville after the Government's withdrawal, supposedly next November...

***28-7-1987, Auroville:**

This morning N came back to work. There was tension as I approached him (I had not found him yesterday when I looked for him); it resolved itself gradually as we talked, as I made him answer clearly... I realise that, regarding his physical troubles – I think that it is actually a sort of nervous disorder, deeply rooted, that moves all over and creates havoc here and there -, he is scared that it may be something like what Janaka had, and that he has to struggle all the time to overcome this superstitious fear...

***29-7-1987, Auroville:**

The wind-mill has broken down at "Ravena" and the diesel engine has failed here and there has been no power supply for the past 24 hours, so both gardens are miserable... Every means we must use seems so artificial: a little nut here, a broken screw out there, and an entire community veers brutally to the lowest survival level... And the old question: how to care, without attachment? How to grow living plants, and see them wilt and die with "detachment"? I don't know!

In some way it might be better to let Nature move on her own and join her, complement her, co-create with her only when there is solid possibility...

But here in Auroville we are bound to rely and depend on all these contraptions, for the water-table is too low for open wells, and there are no rivers nearby...

... I cycled down to the beach after the work, and I passed my princess; she was walking with several other little girls, and among them was Aurassi, her elder sister, while most of the others were Tamilians, I think: my princess is remarkable, with her rich hair turning brown and her deep-set ice-fire blue piercing eyes; she is stunning! I have never seen eyes like hers... They met mine briefly, her unaware, not knowing; but Aurassi was all stiff and uptight and sombre at her side, perhaps fearing I might want to stop... But how could I, when her own mother still denies me? It would only upset her balance...

... A general meeting took place this afternoon, about the negotiations with the SAS; I looked at the issue within myself, while at work; there could be some justice in having to work again with the people of the SAS over the destiny of Auroville; but whichever way it goes, it is sincerity and awareness that are lacking... And too there is the problem of Satprem...!

Individually this seems to have little importance; I can't see it as a crucial issue any more; in some way I believe that the people of Auroville have missed the opportunity that was given during the last few years, and that they have instead started on the wrong track...

***30-7-1987, Auroville:**

There are moments, rare – yet these are the moments that are truly "normal" – when it clears up a bit and it feels that this struggle is over at last, this heavy obstinate pull is undone and dissolved and I can now turn on the way and walk and see and love and grow, free and given...: a natural state of the true being...!

... Am I crazy to go on with "Ravena", not knowing if money will come in time, nor how it will be utilised, who will live in it, who will care for it, not knowing but the smallest step ahead?

***31-7-1987, Auroville:**

P.V stopped me on the road, to ask me to sign a petition drafted by those in Auroville who do not accept any compromise with the SAS and thus feel misrepresented by the proposal Al.B has made at the general meeting of yesterday. I cannot attune to any of these games now; but I looked at the petition, and the first sentence, stating the betrayal by the SAS of the basic, living principles of Auroville, I could well accept and endorse; but this was followed by some dramatic wording to the effect that to accept any compromise that would provide entry to the SAS would deal "a fatal blow to our aspirations and hopes"; and it went on requesting the continuation of the Government's active protection... And this to me is nonsense, and such a comedy! (If such are our "aspirations" that they can so easily be killed, then they aren't worth mentioning!) P.V wasn't happy at my abstaining!

***Open letter regarding the Organisation of Auroville and its relationship to the Central Government of India.**

(Note: I had written this document, it appears from the date, at the beginning of 1987, but I do not remember when it was shared with others in Auroville – however, it remained actual...)

- 26.1.1987, Auroville -

"It seems we are being asked to come up with some practical, workable proposals concerning the next few years of Auroville's evolution.

It is understandable that the Government of India does not wish to remain perpetually entangled with Auroville and that on the other hand, having committed itself so concretely for several years, it cannot just pull out without certain guarantees.

Auroville too does need guarantees that it will not have to return to the previous sterile state of conflict with its would-be owners.

But it also needs to find its own ways to evolve, to discover them with the least interference from any of the machineries that are based in the ordinary world and society.

We chose to ask the Government's help and, given the general conditions at present, it appears that we still need that help for some time to come.

So perhaps, rather than making big declarations and taking foolish stands, or else passively going under the crushing weight of inadequate and rigid organisational formations, we could suggest some simple and effective means by which both the Government and Auroville will feel their respective duties are un-compromised and their respective responsibilities are clear.

The following discipline and agreement could be proposed for a period, say, of 5 years, after which it would be either extended, if it has been found useful enough, or changed or adapted according to a further, truer understanding.

There are three major areas that are of immediate and permanent concern to the Government: visas – and admission; finances – how to earn or receive the funds needed for the development and maintenance of Auroville; and land – purchase, use and management.

For each of these three areas, the Government could post an employee who would act both as an observer and as a relay, a channel between Auroville and the Central Government.

These employees would be the Government's contribution to the work of Auroville. They would have no control and no authority over the internal affairs of Auroville or its general orientation. But they would be entitled to ask questions, to raise objections, and any decisions in any of their areas would have to be open to them before they would relay them to the Government with their endorsements. They would be permanently based in Auroville, but their functions would be clearly, unambiguously defined.

Our internal means of organisation would not have to be changed; we already have them and if they are not satisfactory it is, as we well know, entirely our responsibility – they can be sufficient if we make them so, by contributing... the right attitudes.

It certainly would require from us discipline, dedication, self-commitment... But we know that; and no external agency is about to pour these gifts on us.

In the first area, we know how we can formulate our necessities: that, in the absence of an unquestioned spiritual authority, the only way to know whether someone is able to stay in Auroville is by experience, and therefore this probationary period after which a careful assessment can be recorded and recommendation for admission be made.

In the second area, there are delicate issues that we must bring openly and separately to the Government's attention, such as: how on earth is Auroville ever going to support itself if, by law, its residents are forbidden to earn the money Auroville needs? And so it should perhaps be proposed that after, say, a couple of years of residence, any individual who, being a "Foreigner" in India, feels inclined to try and earn money for Auroville should be allowed to do so, provided that the productive activity concerned is based in Auroville.

In the third area we meet the necessity to legally acknowledge certain facts that are contingencies to the Charter of Auroville; as a Society, the SAS purchased so much land for Auroville; when it reached its legal limits it bought more land under individuals' names, for Auroville; in our time also, we have purchased more land, for Auroville, under other individuals' names. This practice ought to be made legal by the Government, given the unique aims and purposes of Auroville, and therefore all land purchased for Auroville, under whatever name, could legally be considered as one, and its management could be legally handed over to the actual residents of Auroville. Members of the SAS as well as any individuals who have lent their names in the purchase of land for Auroville would have no legal say in the management of

this land unless they are accepted as residents of Auroville, and then their say would be equal to any other resident's.

This is, roughly, what I feel could and should be formulated now – and that is for the temporal issue.

The permanent issue is clearly enough stated in the Charter of Auroville.

Such an agreement would leave open the channels of creative cooperation with the Government such as the Institute, Educational Research, Village Action, Ecology, etc; depending on our ability for discipline, it might even fortify them.

This is a contribution. Please consider the substance, not the name.

(These points, if found useful and acceptable, must obviously be developed in some detail, and rather carefully I suppose!)

Divakar"

***1-8-1987, Auroville:**

Late this morning, after some hesitation, I went to see the exhibition on Tibet at the Bharat Nivas; just to see the face of the Dalai Lama makes me happy, the spirit of this man is so manifest, so real and simple! And the nostalgia hugged me, of these spaces of pure air and crystalline light, the far distances and the sound luminousness of that high country... while, down here, one has so often the sense of being steeped into a fog of miasma! I didn't stay long, just took in the fragrance of their medicinal herbs, the colour of their clothes, the roundness of their faces...

... I realise that this formation that keeps hovering over my life, this strange twist of nature that has been my lot, is holding me back like an iron shackle, a heavy band; and that when it will at last be broken, I shall perhaps simply jump into the true state, because there is nothing else to prevent me... Sometimes, suddenly it is almost there, like a great sweeping of the space, free and clean...

***2-8-1987, Auroville:**

How to break free into the re-birth of the Lord's present?

Often I feel just like a baby – un-fixed, spread and un-defined, yet perceiving, sensitive...

***3-8-1987, Auroville:**

I am bad-tempered. There is the wear and tear of more than two years of continuously, day after day, interacting with these 15 or 20 men, and no other activity to balance the weight of it; all the small lies, the meanness and duplicity, the jealousies, the rivalries and the vying for status and the exploiting – and yet that open space within, and their smiles and their resilience and their simplicity... Nothing ever feels quite straight or one, with them; and with N too it is often so: it is slippery, dramatic, and elusive; it is contradicted at each and every step, and yet it is somehow profoundly attaching... Shahbahadur, the Ghurkha, who is Nepalese, is of a different substance altogether; he is the one person there who would be

unable to lie. And this morning Nar avenged himself on him, meanly, for having told me the truth, and I saw this sweet, gentle man weeping...

... I yearn sometimes to belong to a community whose every interaction is conducive to individual progress, instead of confusing and evading while pretending to be more than it is...

The fact of solidarity can act both ways: it can be quite destructive too...

***4-8-1987, Auroville:**

There is Your Agenda. There is Your voice in the house every morning. And there is Your existence and Your Presence throughout everything...

And there is this odd, strange, uneasy uncertainty and contradiction that has been laid on my life since I found You again...

And together it seems to be threading a way into some unknown condition...

... I went to watch that video film on Tibet, in that underground room at Bharat Nivas, this evening; it was tedious, stuffy, and I feel now such a stranger to all that natural warmth and ease which nearly everyone else seems to be sharing, despite all the issues and conflicts that occupy their minds, and tongues... And the film was snapping every few minutes... I didn't know, though, the extent of the nasty, ignorant, devastating action of the Chinese against Tibet's very identity, or of its deviousness...

***5-8-1987, Auroville:**

It rained long and deep in the night and, at dawn, the garden was cool and filled with the scent of the earth...

I am reading "The Mammoth Hunters", part of the saga of the "Earth Children" by Jean M. Auel, such a beautiful and moving work and homage to evolution...

***6-8-1987, Auroville:**

It rained violently for about two hours in the night, with spectacular thunder strokes...

Looking at the garden this morning, I feel that energy again, to prune and to re-pot and to spread young plants, to re-bund and re-compost, to improve stone-patterns, as if suddenly it is all there and vibrant again...

***7-8-1987, Auroville:**

Yesterday I sensed that I was just about to tip over into the wrong kind of solitude... I have always liked and appreciated solitude; it has always made sense to be living by myself, rather than with people, to have few social contacts rather than waste energy into useless talk and shallow relationships. But there is also a kind of solitude that a lot of people fall into, of a barren, pitiful kind, the kind which, when one encounters it in someone's atmosphere, draws a feeling of pity and recoil, which almost has a smell; it is a sort of misery. This scared me!

So I know that I must shift my attention; perhaps I must get back to painting, or writing...

I have been looking too much at the consequences of the ostracism I have been subjected to, and letting myself go under its weight while vainly trying to understand its real causes. The pain of it has been very active lately: not being able to relate to my own child; not being allowed to contribute anything to the collective

life and organisation – be it just a poem, or some function in its daily life and progress; not even being able to use some of its services... Part of it is due to my own demise, my own disagreeing with the directions taken... But I still do not understand why it has been laid on me, or why it is being kept that way, why nothing else happens to change it...

It's been too long, too many years; and it affects every one of my movements, of my activities: just because I am the one looking after it, no one in Auroville gives any support to "Ravena" for instance, except from Ar....

And that tormenting question remains: was I wrong to come back to Auroville? Would have I progressed more on Your way if I hadn't?

I know that I must collect myself, and break through these ghosts...

... On my way back this evening from "Ravena", that big German shepherd she-dog of Ed's ran barking at me; she does that often, and usually I stop her by talking back to her, but today she was fast and surprised me, she went straight at my leg and bit it; I responded angrily, and so she withdrew at once; Ed was following behind and I turned to him; I could have tuned into a big anger then, but it would have been out of proportion... I do not think that I had fear, or any negative thoughts, as I was cycling by, and so I couldn't understand why that dog had come after me, other than for the reason Ed himself may have...

***8-8-1987, Auroville:**

The nights are always filled with so many activities – I have almost stopped taking notes; there are interesting circumstances and experiences sometimes, with an element of learning, of discovering, that would be very encouraging... if at least somewhere, somehow, it would bring about some change, make some concrete opening... It's just been too long, being stuck with the same grey-faced obstinate denials and difficulties, just too long...

... I want to belong to the Lord, that's all.

In my nature I do have very strong and persistent sexual drives, drives for endless enjoyment, but this is only a part and I can't see why it should ruin the whole...!

The Lord knows why it is so, because I have always felt that it had been laid on me at the start, and it must therefore have some purpose?!!!

***9-8-1987, Auroville:**

I realise that I need more courage than I seem to have at the moment.

And that, in some parts, I still have to make the choice...

***10-8-1987, Auroville:**

Ar. asked about Su, where would she stay, what would be our relationship, and would it make a difference in my life and would I be more open to Su than I ma to her, Ar., etc. It was heading into another scene. Then I told her, truthfully, that I only knew this was a valid relationship, but not which way it would evolve; and that about her, Ar., and me, I knew that I would never feel toward her in any other way than toward my sister and friend; that this was truly and naturally how I felt her: my sister... This seems to have dispelled a lot of the stuff that was still in her mind; I believe she understood it.

***12-8-1987, Auroville:**

I have received a letter from someone I do not know, the woman who is the new friend of my brother J.Y, and she writes about Auroville and her wish to come over even without him if he cannot extricate himself from his present situation... I know that things are moving for him this year; but I would be apprehensive if he would decide to come now, as I would be for anyone else who is dear to me, because I know that he would expect much more than what there is at the moment, and that he would have to experience sooner or later some brutal landing... Yet perhaps the time for him has come indeed; and for me personally it would be a sweet comfort to have him near...

***15-8-1987, Auroville:**

I was at the Dawn Fire at the amphitheatre; I was there at 5 am. And later I went and sat alone under the banyan tree; it is still the same pain: to be there in Auroville prevented to relate to my child, ostracised to the extent that she cannot even know me – and it overlaps on every possible relationship I might have, even on any casual contact. It has been very effective: Auragni was my door to life and to others, and this door has been shut upon me, and I still cannot accept it as coming from You. It is still wrong!

Last night among many other things I had an unusual experience: I was like very high up on a huge structure, standing on a narrow pathway open on one side to the void, turning around this massive structure, like an enormous Matrimandir; and came upon me a formidable pull toward the void, the un-doing, the death of this "me", the physical crash... It was pulling me like a final dizziness, overwhelming and inescapable, and there was no fear, nor any particular recoil, only a sort of lassitude; yet the necessity arose in me not to yield. And, not with the will, but with a kind of focussing of the energy, tense to breaking, I concentrated on a material detail on the structure wall: it was a window frame with a mosquito-net on it that prevented my hand from grabbing it, and it was feeling quite impossible to hold on, as the pull was getting so absolute; but I said Your Name, imperiously, stubbornly. And, in a moment, the pull dissipated, the giddiness calmed away, and it was over.

***16-8-1987, Auroville:**

Last night after dinner John H came over. It was good that he did so. I knew that since Su had come here and become close to me there had been a change in his movements toward me, that he had reservations about his own sister getting "involved" with me, lest she should find herself in too deep waters... I asked him, and he admitted it, and he said that he'd also seen now that it was rather out of place, and not helpful...!

***18-8-1987, Auroville:**

It has been for some time now, perhaps two years or more, that whenever I turn to "Woman", or long for her who alone would by her presence put me right, I almost see her face: I do not know her, but I keep seeing her light, deep grey eyes, and her hair is rich and dark and her skin is pale, mat pale...

***19-8-1987, Auroville:**

I went to visit Paolo, who has come back to Pondy. We mostly talked about Matrimandir. He doesn't want to come to any meeting unless asked by Roger A to work for an alternative for the finished sphere. We talk and we feel the same way, it is interesting. I understand him.

***20-8-1987, Auroville:**

After lunch John H came to tell me that he and a few others had put up a few cardboard mock-ups of the columns in the Chamber of Matrimandir, along with a model to-scale of the globe resting on the four Sri Aurobindo's symbols, and that I should go and see... So I went, a while later; it is good; but I keep feeling that they have made the symbols too small and too crowded and the columns a little too fat! But it is perhaps just "opinion"!

***21-8-1987, Auroville:**

I am increasingly bothered by the sun, with dizziness and fatigue; it is as is the atmosphere was filtering the wrong rays! This year it keeps hitting like a mean, nasty bombardment... sometimes, like late morning when I cycle back here, I feel so wiped out, so drained that I am trembling...

***22-8-1987, Auroville:**

Ar. tells me about Matrimandir, and the new team dedicated to... Roger A...!

***24-8-1987, Auroville:**

The physical mind – it is really that most material part of the mind that is one with the instrument, the brain-processes – is... unbearable! I have wondered whether this recrudescence of its activity (it was fairly quiet for years) is due to my practice of the asanas, which make the energy flow everywhere in the body... But there is only one way: to go deeper into the true consciousness of the body, its awareness of the Lord...

***29-8-1987, Auroville:**

I must make a move now, to see how to proceed with the work and how to get the funds. For many months now I have been naturally thinking of this place as connected to evolution, to research; a special place to receive certain guests or to shelter for a few days individuals in Auroville who need to take a break and to re-charge; and I have long thought of Sharan as a possible keeper and caretaker; I am also thinking of Bhaga who, together with her, is running the "Laboratory of Evolution" at Bharat Nivas. So probably I'll have to make it known to them soon and find out if it corresponds to their needs and may fit their plans...

***31-8-1987, Auroville:**

Bhaga and Sharan came here this evening, as they had learnt that I was looking for them; they will come to visit "Ravena" tomorrow; they seem to connect to my "idea"; let us see...

... It is strange how extremely sensitive and vulnerable I have become, physically; I do not usually see it, s I have a very regular daily discipline and live a sheltered and quiet life; but the least incident or intrusion, and it is all shaken. It is not clear what the advantages may be of such vulnerability to exposure...!

... B brought me a letter from Su; she is leaving Canada for London on the 19th, and from there she will arrange her journey to Madras and wants me to meet her at the airport; she will stay at C's in Paris...

I haven't yet been able to write a full letter to C. It's like I simply have nothing, nothing at all to say; it is not that she feels far: I am with her always; it's just the reaching out to where words play and mean something...

***1-9-1987, Auroville:**

Bhaga and Sharan came to visit "Ravena" after the work this evening; I do not know accurately how they feel; they were obviously moved by its beauty; but whether or not this first contact may mark the beginning of a living way for "Ravena", I cannot say. I asked only that they let me know how they feel and any suggestions or ideas they may have before the end of this month...

... Some story is going round in the village: over the weekend a man was murdered by two men from Edayachavadi; N hasn't come to work since last Saturday, and the Ghurkha told me that last night some 10 or 15 policemen in a van had come looking for him at "Ravena"; he hasn't come to see me here either...

I spent even more time than usual in "Ravena" today, cleaning and re-organising the store-room, now that Nar, who was so perfectly tamasic, is out of the way...

***2-9-1987, Auroville:**

A very strange day for me: P told me this morning when I reached "Ravena" that N had been arrested yesterday, charged with the murder of that man from Pattai.

Later, as I had to go down to Pondy anyway for purchases, I decided to look for him; that was optimistic! I went to three different stations, and to the Central Prison, and met only with dumb non-cooperation and general inertia... Finally I was told that he might have been taken to Court, along with the other accused, who had admitted to having murdered the victim; but I was advised by the local police to have no contact with N, that he was the worse drunkard of the entire area and a very bad man... Yet they relented a little, seeing my determination, and gave me the name of the Inspector in charge of the case, with a wink of suggestion that I might have to bribe my way, and adding that I should hire a lawyer and make a petition for bail... I didn't know what to do next!

Later I met with Subramanian, whom I know to be genuinely friendly towards N, and talked with him, and he will look into it tonight, and enquire about bail and a lawyer if need be, and act as a go-between so that it may cost less than if I show myself...

***3-9-1987, Auroville:**

I have no illusions as to the purity of my rapport to N by now; yet there is more to it than just that mixture; I have often felt that an extension of myself, or a limb, was there in him; I have felt the pain.

... This morning I finally found my way to the Court and I was there ahead of N, who arrived an hour later, manacled to the second convict, between several constables: a hard moment, with that sensation of the irreversible; that he had

stepped on the wrong side of his own drama and the mechanics were rolling; his first look at me, when he saw me standing at the balcony as he climbed the stairs... I couldn't describe...!

I soon made friends with the constables; I didn't try but, being quiet, they became receptive, and they of their own accord arranged to seat N near to where I sat, so we could talk. He cried. The charges are serious, and the Inspector to whom I talked later said that three eye-witnesses had come forward; yet I know, as some others know, that this "evidence" has been trumped-up... To bail him out would cost a lot of money...

Later in the day I went to visit this Devaraj, an Aurovilian originally from Edayachavadi I think, and a relative of N's wife, who I'd been told had been helping discreetly so that N wouldn't be beaten up in the station or in the jail; I had in mind to try and get the village elders to put some weight on those who have maliciously accused N and perhaps to withdraw their "witnesses"; I learnt that the victim hadn't died on the spot; that it was an old man who had got somehow involved in a brawl at the arrack shop and when he'd fallen down, his people at once had taken him to his home village and that's where he died; and that his relatives would be open to direct financial compensation...

But this is all so thick; and N himself I can trust no longer...

I am open to help with money perhaps, but only if it is part of a sharing with his people and relatives...

***4-9-1987, Auroville:**

There is an odd, deep sorrow, as if part of my being was there, unevolved, unable to contact the Real in any way, incapable of growing out of the dark prison; this pain is deep in the breast; and there is the kaleidoscope of feelings and questions – guilt, regret, for having let him go, let him down, and thus perhaps thrown him back into the obscure turmoil of that dumb, darkly crowded world...

It is as if part of my body is missing; a joy has gone away...

... P.V stopped me on the way; he'd heard for N and had found out more detailed information as to what had actually happened; he wasn't optimistic, and thought the best we could do was to plead for involuntary homicide; he gave me the address of a lawyer he knows...

Can this irreversible evolve into an act of Grace?

This part of the human consciousness must, must grow! O Lord, there is Your Presence in it too; give it awareness...!

***5-9-1987, Auroville:**

I rode over to N's house to see what clothes and things I should take for him, but the scene there was the very picture of neglect and squalor; his wife is a poor hollow creature; she and the kids were covered with soot and dirt, she knew nothing of his belongings, only that her brother had taken them...

... I went into the Prison and could talk with N for about 10 minutes; he had washed his clothes and looked more together, but was all intent on getting out of there, as if he hadn't at all realised how bad it is... I got a permit to come twice during the week besides the visiting day which is Saturday... Coming out I was feeling that perhaps I should pull out of this completely, as there are just too many lies and too much trickery which I can never hope to control; at last Devaraj showed up and we sat in a café for almost two hours...

***6-9-1987, Auroville:**

Devaraj came, along with Mani, N's brother-in-law, a gentle fellow; they had contacted one Ar, who has some influence over the man M, one of the Alankuppam village chiefs, who had given N's name to the Police and produced two of the witnesses against him; and this Ar had promised that he could make M pull out, so that the Case would be somewhat invalidated... As a first step they needed to find out whether they could put some of their own land as surety instead of money, so that N could be bailed out...

***7-9-1987, Auroville:**

There was a big storm last night, with gigantic lightnings and formidable thunder stroking, lashing and cracking and tearing right above the house; hardly any wind, and the rain drove deep into the ground...

... N cried a lot when I visited him today, and he asked about his kids; I promised to bring them along the next time...

... All the roads in Auroville are damaged, and many bunds in "Ravena" had to be repaired; Yaap sent his own men to help...

***8-9-1987, Auroville:**

The more I learn about this story, the more overwhelming is the sense of the falsity that dominates and pervades this world of village politics, customs, and balance of power; it is as if truth couldn't exist there at all, couldn't be found anywhere... It now appears that N was framed after some village chief convened a meeting and collected enough money to build a case against him; the actual event of the beating of the victim had involved nearly a dozen people and had taken place right next to where N had been sitting, at the arrack shop; at first the family of the victim had been willing to accept compensation, but that same man, M, had intervened and given the names of N and Logan to the Police; everyone then had become accomplice to these manoeuvres, and the sub-Inspector himself must have been part of it, so that there is no way for me to straighten it out... As for superior echelons, it falls into the larger political play in Pondy, between the supporters and representatives of the Indira Congress Party and their opposition, as both the sides are competing to draw votes from our villages; and besides I would only be trying to fight an entire way of life from which nearly everyone draws contentedly some benefit or security...

There is no room in this world...! Unless one wields the power of money, there is no way one may even try to exist away from these practices...

I do not understand what the Lord expects from us, whether here in the local web of circumstances, or in the world at large...

Auroville as it is lived at present makes no sense; India as it is lived now makes no sense; the Western world as it is lived now makes no sense...

Is one bound to merely wait, till it all rots?

But isn't all substance one? How is one to preserve one's creative awareness of the Real, of That which cannot rot, but progresses, transforms itself, grows and becomes?

It is really money that governs this world; it is its power that reigns over the physical consciousness...

***10-9-1987, Auroville:**

Dutifully, at dawn, I attended the last part of Nar's marriage ceremony, in a neon-lit, ugly apple-green hall packed with cackling ladies, rackety kids and men counting coins and notes: the utter vulgarity, senselessness and absence of dignity those affairs have become nowadays...

***12-9-1987, Auroville:**

Ar. reported to me on the current discussions at Matrimandir; it seems that G.M is now an active part of a group of Roger A's supporters, trying to finalise the design for the outer cover of the sphere, with plastic discs and other polyester stuff and all...: sad!

... No one has come back to me, not even to inform me; but I suspect that my open concern for N, when no one there was at first willing to help him out, has woken up their pride and that they are now determined to settle it on their own, which is quite alright with me... I have no intention of pulling N any way; he will have to choose what he wants in his life...

... I found a letter from J.Y's wife, most bitter and unhappy, informing me that she had now asked him to leave her house on August 15...! She writes that she doesn't even know his new address!

***16-9-1987, Auroville:**

I have received one more – and last – negative answer from Janaka's father: he will not contribute for "Ravena"; he is not interested in it.

And there's been no word from Sharan and Bhaga either; only strange, uneasy impressions...

I have thought of asking yet one more thing from Janaka's father: some Bank statements have come that show that there are still some \$ 3,000/- in Janaka's personal US Account; so I did write to the father asking him to instruct the Bank to send that amount here, so I can finish the work...

... I have started to read F.J's latest book – on Psychiatry; it is good; I have endless respect for his way: it is unique, and a self-giving of great and finest quality... If I had more family-sense, I'd very proud that he is my father! As it is, I take it as a Gift of the Grace, a truly natural flow and movement of It...

***17-9-1987, Auroville:**

I could spend a moment with N at the Court today, where he had to be signed in for the next two weeks; it seems that the lawyer, who has been hired both by N's brother-in-law and the family of the other accused, will put in an application for bail tomorrow... And this afternoon, I brought him biddies and fruit at the Prison; now the Superintendent invites me to sit at his desk, and they bring N over to me and they all smile, and this is the sweet, unique face of India...

***18-9-1987, Auroville:**

Ar. hasn't been coming so much lately, she was busier with Ritam. She came after dinner last night; this is a much happier rhythm this way, it makes for a more joyful meeting, like sharing with my sister the odd, funny, interesting things we each have come upon... At Matrimandir it seems that G.M has made himself the main pawn of Roger A, along with his new friends, Louis C, El, etc, and they are working

on this acrylic/polyester/Plexiglas trip, garish and loud and utterly artificial... What will happen? It is sad: G.M hasn't come once to see me since his return to Auroville, two months ago, and that says something too...!

***20-9-1987, Auroville:**

Early this morning I brought my gift to Ar.'s house, for her birthday, while she was out; it is a coloured wax drawing I have made and framed for her; I think it is peaceful and harmonious and musical, and hope she'll be happy with it...

... She came this evening to bring me a piece of cake; she was disturbed; Ritam hadn't been nice to her the whole day; and then she said that she had decided to leave "Sincerity" when Su would arrive... And at once the old fatigue bore down on me, the drama and the falsity, and the depression...

***21-9-1987, Auroville:**

That depression is still there. But there is also a sort of anger – at Ar., for choosing drama over progress and the overcoming of her limitations and exclusivism... This resurgence of the drama yesterday has at once instilled its poison and there is now a tension; when Su's return was a simple, rich and quiet event in itself, it has now become involved and weighed upon with the tricks, ropes and chains of unreality...

***22-9-1987, Auroville:**

There's been a heavy transport strike for several days, and tomorrow is to be a general bandh in Pondy. In Auroville too there's been some agitation; lots of meetings and tall declarations, and new factions forming and strange alliances...

And at Matrimandir the "Acrylic group" is going on with that ugly and vulgar model for the cover of the sphere, while the great man himself, Roger A, has written an awful letter of dismissal to Piero... It is the very attitude of religion: he, Roger A, is for ever the depository of the one and final truth of the matter...!

***23-9-1987, Auroville:**

There is a rather unpleasant atmosphere all around, with violence and bullying, and more strikes and road-blocks... And here in Auroville, there's effervescence that seems to lead nowhere at all: Ar. told me of the special meeting that took place under the Banyan Tree, for "those who want to live another way, to find Something Else"...: new combinations without a real inner change... I just know that there is a false tension abroad, and I do not wish to fall prey to it...

... This evening after work I cycled down to the beach; the sea itself was turbulent, with powerful currents driving the waves almost parallel to the shore; Franz was there and saved my clothes from being grabbed by three drunkards...

... Some village agitators went around Auroville today to intimidate and prevent stop the workers in all the units and settlements; but here and at "Ravena" they kept working without a word...

***24-9-1987, Auroville:**

Today I have been drafting an open letter to Roger A, regarding Matrimandir; I have noticed that every time that I think of it, since a few days, a great tension comes over me; while this group that is going ahead with the design has every

intention of pushing it down on everybody, I have nothing else to propose, no masterly alternative design to present... But I feel certain that this particular design of theirs is not compatible with the very being of Matrimandir, and I find that Roger A is behaving like a pig, particularly towards Piero. It is quite ugly.

So perhaps I shall post this letter in a few days; it will not be very conducive to my own tranquillity but, as no one else is saying it out loud, I can at least do that! I am used to being unwelcome!

***25-9-1987, Auroville:**

This day has been crowded. It's as if, by putting my attention on the Matrimandir issue and merely considering to contribute some action, I had entered back the area, or opened myself to it all...

Late this morning, after "Ravena", I went to Matrimandir for the concreting of the slab at the centre of the Chamber floor; I felt good to be there, and it was simple; there were no mundanities, no social talk and no visitors; just the guys who had been preparing and fixing the shuttering, and for once in a long time I felt at home there. Then I met Surya who told me of his research with Piero for the exact dimensions of the Sri Aurobindo's symbols and their melting and casting, and of his other work with G.M's team on the polyester model for Roger A. He asked my views. He was not rigid about his own preferences and he was open to another approach...

... I met J.P this afternoon, always so eager for friendly contacts, who told me some very real and beautiful experiences he's had, and of his difficulty meeting the suggestion that he must go back to France to get his eyes fixed... And there and then G.M drove by and stopped, and asked to spend a moment with me...!

We came here, and spent about an hour talking, mostly about Matrimandir. I told him how I felt about his present action, and made my suggestions; he told me of the process he'd gone through and the reactions he had encountered... At least we were able to communicate and that made me happy.

... I received a telegram from Su announcing her arrival date, on October 8, and just then Ar. came, in a state: she had already read it at the Kitchen!

But somehow, as the Matrimandir issue was foremost on our minds, this got dissolved quickly; she showed me then a very tendentious text that had just appeared in the Auroville News including carefully edited quotes of Your Agenda and letters of Yours, and even of an old letter of Satprem to me (I don't at all know how they could get their hands on it), all to the effect that Roger A was the unquestioned authority...

This is the usual old, nauseous arguing that feeds on the trails left by the Avatar...

***26-9-1987, Auroville:**

I have taken notes to form a work-basis for the search of a solution to the issue at Matrimandir, so that everyone can see the options clearly and contribute one's experience, regardless of personal considerations.

... Ar. told me after lunch that, at the morning meeting at Matrimandir, G.M had been his usual self again and suggested quietly that everyone should contribute to the finding of the right answer, opening up to dialogue... And that it had made a difference in the atmosphere there.

She wanted to come down to Pondy with me; I cannot refuse her these days, as she is so scared of Su's return, although she really tries to overcome it, I think... Over dinner she went over all my notes and she became enthusiastic, insisting I

should send it to the Monday meeting... My problem is that I fear the very mention of my name may jeopardise the quality of the process, as there are still those who will reject out of hand whatever I am associated with...

... I am reading this story by Leon Uris on Palestine/Israel, "The Haj", and I find it very interesting, and it fills many gaps in my knowledge...

... Just today, pay-day, I finished the amount that I had received from Switzerland for "Ravena"; now I am going on with the "gains" from the current exchange rates, off the monthly allowance C is able to send me for "Sincerity" and my own needs; how long I can go on, I do not exactly know, but surely a couple of weeks, "hoping against hope"...!

***28-9-1987, Auroville:**

I met Bhaga on the road. Probably she hasn't cared as much as I had expected; she said that she and Sharan do feel positive about the place and about my suggestions for its use, but that they cannot commit personally to its care, at least for the time being... I asked her that they at least make a note of it to the Auroville Council, so that a basic agreement may be reached on the future usage of "Ravena" and the requirements to complete it...

But I was told later that Mauna had interfered, saying it would be better to wait for Larry's return...

***30-9-1987, Auroville:**

Devaraj and Mani told me that the lawyer had filed a second petition for bail, and that N ought to be released on Monday.

... Ar. is again surrounding me, filling all the spaces, and it puts me bad-tempered; for which I then feel ashamed; but she never seems to realise how much she wraps herself around me... Yet she is also the one constant friend I have here and now, the only person with whom there is actual sharing...

***Work-paper on the present issue of the design for the final cover of the sphere of Matrimandir – September, 1987.**

"The Options.

Option I: Matrimandir with a full smooth double shell.

(Nature of the outer finish unknown. Design of the environment to be elaborated.)

A: Technical and practical advantages:

- a- Ideal insulation, with the possibility of air circulation between the two shells.
- b- Smoothness and cleanliness.
- c- Easy maintenance.
- d- Easy diffusion of the light inside the sphere.
- e- Ideal sound-proofing.

B: Technical and practical objections:

- a- The problem of how to get sufficient light without using electrical lighting even in the day-time.
- b- The problem of the sphere appearing as a dark mass in the night-time. (A study could be made on how and where to make sufficient openings through both the shells)

C: Advantages in terms of the essential function and purpose of Matrimandir:

- a- Silence.
- b- No distraction.
- c- Entering a distinctly specific atmosphere.
- d- Simplicity.
- e- Preserving the fullness and unity of the sphere.
- f- Allowing for a more natural environment, "the most beautiful garden in the world".
- g- The sense of timelessness.
- h- Unadulterated power of the sphere.

D: Objections:

- a- Not yet knowing what sort of final covering would be laid on a simple sphere, one could object to an absence of the quality of joyfulness.
- b- Not knowing yet what sort of structural movement would immediately surround the sphere as an alternative to the 12 petals and their strong symbolism, one could object to an absence of movement in response to the sphere.

Option II: Matrimandir with discs, plastic translucent elements filling the space-frame behind the discs, and 12 high solid petals surrounding the sphere, with a symbolic pattern of gardens around.

A: Technical and practical advantages:

- a- Heat insulation from the discs.
- b- Translucency.
- c- Illumined presence of Matrimandir at night.

B: Technical and practical objections:

- a- Difficult maintenance.
- b- Problems of cleanliness (dust accumulation, pigeons nesting in the space between the discs and the space-frame).
- c- Sound (outside sound, wind blowing).
- d- Uncertainty as to the durability and weather resistance of the materials used.
- e- Difficulty of watching efficiently the 12 chambers designed within the petals.

C: Advantages in terms of the essential function and purpose of Matrimandir:

- a- A debatable point, subject to inner understanding: it manifests symbolically the status of the supramental being, radiating while emerging from the earth-nature.

D: Objections:

- a- Non-simplicity.
- b- Distraction.
- c- Incompatibility with a natural environment.

- d- A quality of aggressiveness.
- e- Giving a definite character to Matrimandir, partial and exclusive (i.e. not allowing for individual discovery and experience of the truth and power of Matrimandir, of what the sphere stands for).

History.

. The actual space-frame was built for the purpose of supporting the double ferro cement shell, including fixtures for the discs.

. Before the work was started on the space-frame, 7 years ago, the question had arisen to replace it with a tubular structure, lighter and quicker to construct, which could support a translucent polyester shell bearing the discs.

. However, the choice was made to continue following the plans provided all along by the Structural Engineering Research Corporation, Madras. The anchoring rods had all along been fixed into the ribs sides for that purpose.

. A feeling generally shared at that time was that there was a material incompatibility between the body of concrete of Matrimandir and a light metallic structure.

. Recently, once the space-frame was nearly completed, its very structure of triangular openings all over the sphere seemed to provide a new opportunity to consider again the possibility of translucency, by filling these openings with some material that would let the light through.

. Simultaneously, the design of the discs and petals returned as a main option.

. Other alternatives, again using the opportunity of the triangular space-frame, are being studied, one of which presents a multi-faceted sphere.

Cost and duration of the remaining works.

Our reference in this matter is the necessity for Auroville to have Matrimandir built as soon as possible.

However, regarding any option in terms of designs and materials, it still largely depends on our capacity to organise and unite in the effort of completion. For instance, the building of the space-frame might possibly have been done in a much shorter time.

A: The design with polyester elements and discs may be materialised sooner than the planned ferro cement double shell. Yet as a design it implies the further construction of the 12 petals.

B: The temporal option of completing the Chamber first, as our priority (installation of the crystal globe, setting of the marble slabs on the walls, carpeting and finishing) regardless of the outer cover, implies technically that it will then be impossible to go on with the actual work of building the double shell."

***Toward the completion of Matrimandir, our soul, guide and anchor into Her world.**

“Seeking for the right action, the unity of all those who feel concerned is a necessary condition.

Unity around our soul – not around this or that model, this or that design, this or that person.

(... 'Not that some give way to others, but that on the contrary all should combine their efforts to achieve a more comprehensive and perfect result..' – Douce Mère.)

What do we want for Matrimandir, and what do we not want...?

These are suggestions for the formulation of some basics:

. We want the Sphere: whole, evident, simple; we want to enter it, to experience its material action, its power of change and initiation to the new consciousness; we want it to be a sacred place, in the sense of being exclusively the instrument of the Mother's Force...

Therefore we tend to see it, from the inside, as a smooth and closed sphere.

. We want Matrimandir to be surrounded by beauty, with the collaboration of Nature; we want it to be simply beautiful, at all hours, in all weathers, always new and always itself, in complete peace; we want it to reign silently at the centre of the Mother's Garden...

Therefore we tend to see it, from the outside, as a smooth and fully closed sphere, covered with noble materials, neither too bright nor too dark, materials that respond with all the states of light and harmonise naturally with the presence of the garden and the water.

Having stated these basics, we consider that:

. At present, there is no satisfactory model; the actual, living solution that corresponds to the actual, living Matrimandir, has not been found yet; and this is the challenge that Matrimandir is actually putting before us all.

. According to these same basics it is obvious, besides matters of tastes and opinions, and even besides technical pros and cons, why the model with discs is not satisfactory.

. There is truly a call for us to gather our energies, open our minds and prayerfully work to reach together the fullness and evidence of Matrimandir, our soul.”

(PS: This paper could be used thus: be circulated for everyone's perusal before the 15th of October; and at the meeting of the 15th, when we have to assess the situation and the nature of the challenge, those who identify with what is expressed above could simply refer to it openly as a reference point for the process. This paper is un- signed for the only reason that it is of no use unless it reflects and expresses well enough the perceptions of more than one individual.)

***3-10-1987, Auroville:**

In a street in Pondy this evening I met Roger A a moment, and the contact was simple and direct – he was alone! When he is by himself, it is always so much better: social environments – and sycophantism – are so damaging to such people...

***4-10-1987, Auroville:**

I was doing some pruning work in the garden, and thinking to shift to the laundry soon, when J.P groped his way in ; he sat near me while I finished clearing that large bougainvillea; he is experiencing a lot on his own, and feels a strong need or urge to communicate, and it is deep and real...

***5-10-1987, Auroville:**

I have received a second letter from Claire, J.Y's wife: a very bitter, aggressive and ugly tirade; it serves me right, for having tried to reach her in response to her first letter...

... I went to the Court again; we met the lawyer, who said he'd file his second petition for bail tomorrow; I don't know what to expect anymore... I was tired after that... Later, in the street, I met once more this very gentle Italian man, P; he is a very sweet and quiet homosexual, with a lot of presence and dignity, about 48 years old; there is an affectionate sort of bond between us, and I felt this time that a closer relationship with him might be just what I need at present, but... I will not force it in any way...

***6-10-1987, Auroville:**

I attended the meeting at Matrimandir this afternoon... O Lord, O Mother !
It scared me! If this is the unity You want, and these are the means You give to achieve it... then, perhaps they were right in calling me "asuric"...! I want none of it! But they're happy, and supportive of one another, all agog at Roger A's odd charisma... And I can't judge him; I like him too! But this was just a display of what human consciousness can do as a matter of positive distortion of a captured truth... There was nothing one could say; they were all set on being "as one" and no one attended who might have brought another perspective; so that, to dare suggest another approach would automatically be seen and felt as opposing the truth of unity, the growth of Auroville, and Your own Choice, all in one go! A little too much for any single individual!

What will it amount to?

I pray to Matrimandir's sovereignty! You have stated that it was directly under the influence of the Supreme, Mother: that is the only security!

***7-10-1987, Auroville:**

I do not understand the real position.

It has occurred to me that, with their present model for the cover of the sphere, they will not touch what has already been built, but only lay their ornaments over it; so that the very body of Matrimandir will remain, and all the possibilities of further, different manifestations will stay open. And so, if it comes to that, let them play with it: as long as the Chamber is safe, and essentially as long as You want to use it and work with it or through it, it is alright...

I cannot concur with the attitudes and views expressed, nor can I adhere to the false unity that is being publicised; neither do I believe in gadgets for a serious work. But to counter it all might actually amount to delaying, obstructing and damaging further a process which is already tedious enough...!

I felt angry today; the methods, means and practices are, I find, so ugly and so dishonest; and yet somehow it creates an opening to energy...

I feel alien to this world... It seems to me to be a very cheap unity that allows for such attitudes to dominate...

***8-10-1987, Auroville:**

I have brought Rs 500/- to Mani and Devaraj, at the Court, as my one contribution...

***9-10-1987, Auroville:**

I went by taxi to meet Su at the Station in Madras. The GT train was half-an-hour late: she was on it. It was simple and happy.

... As we approached home, Su became anxious; she said she was having a mixed feeling, with some sadness and the sense of irreversible, or "inextricable"; she had worked so hard to make it happen, for this return to come true, all the time she had been away, and now it was over; she had left her past, and she didn't know... Part of this, I felt, had to do with the degree of uncertainty in our relationship, but we hadn't talked about it at all, just held hands... I myself do not know; because of Ar.'s psychological position, there is the likelihood of some tension, although none of us wants it... With Su I find a natural intimacy and ease, which includes the possibility of renewed sexual intercourse, but is not pulling at it...

***10-10-1987, Auroville:**

Jaïmurthy told me today that the people in the village were now angry at me as they believe that I have committed a large amount of money to have N released, as they wanted him to remain in jail, and they had even sent delegations earlier to the Governor to make a strong case against him... This came out as I had asked him why he'd been having negative thoughts towards me...!

***11-10-1987, Auroville:**

Su came briefly this morning... She is very tense these days whenever she is near me. I know that we must talk and I must tell her as accurately as I can how it is for me, and how is my relationship with Ar., so that she can look at it in herself and make her own choices...

... Ar. came to invite me to come with her and a few others to Madras to watch a dance performance by Pina Bausch; it is surely interesting, although I am not attracted by her line of work, but I do not wish to make that journey again for some time...

***13-10-1987, Auroville:**

I have been seeking Your direction, as regards the present issue at Matrimandir...

But will this group be willing to listen, to search together with others for the real thing, can they be freed of this hypnosis, or will they try to bully everyone else into accepting their plan?

... Yaap came to see me at "Ravena"; he'd heard that Larry may be back within a couple of weeks, possibly with money to finish the work, and he thought that I should perhaps postpone the meeting with the Council, "to avoid troubles"... I had to remind him again that I had waited long enough, that Larry had sent me no message whatsoever; that there was now some opening in Auroville towards the place, and I had no reason to postpone it further, as in any case Larry and I had agreed on the future usage of the place... Yaap likes me now, I think, and he means no harm; but still he is Larry's friend and has been introduced to "Ravena" by him... I feel a little weary of all this; either I am trusted enough and I can complete the work, or I am not and I'd rather pull out right now...

***14-10-1987, Auroville:**

Ed came to see me at "Ravena" in the morning, and we talked frankly; we agreed that he would send a telegram to Larry informing him of the present direction and asking him to confirm that he would be bringing funds to finish the construction. And the meeting with the Council did take place – its 4 remaining members, Al.B, Suzy, Prem M and P.P – and Bhaga, Sharan and Yaap also attended; it went alright. ... I want to be open and responsive for the big meeting on Matrimandir tomorrow; I pray that Matrimandir will call for the true and right solution...

***15-10-1987, Auroville:**

Ed stopped me on my way to "Ravena" this morning, to deliver the bad news – why he hadn't told me earlier, I do not know: a few days ago Larry had phoned Afsaneh and told her he was returning soon with enough money to finish the house alone and use the house for Auralice and himself, and that he wanted me to stop and move out at once; apparently Afsaneh had joined him in the US earlier and returned ahead of him to Auroville, and she had known of his intentions all along... And this corresponds to the actual feeling I was getting from Larry all this time... What is this battle I must wage? It is obvious that Larry's position is dishonest, and contrary to the basic principles of Auroville; but then he is also supported by the wave of ordinariness that has overtaken a lot of the Auroville people – ordinary dealings, ordinary reasons and motives, ordinary orientations and considerations... My weakness in this is that I fear physical violence once I have met it; and Larry has wanted to hurt me once, and I remember that he has no control there, and no will to have any.

To me it is that I am working to complete an offering which is Your property and meant for Your use, and I aim at getting recognition of its usage in the most faithful way possible; I do not think that any individual in Auroville today is doing such a conscious yoga as to justify their own personal use of this place; therefore I want it to be dedicated and open to all who may benefit from its concentrated and special atmosphere. And at present it seems that Ed, Yaap, the members of the Council, and quite a few others, genuinely agree to this direction...

So I put on paper a few straightforward questions for Afsaneh to put to Larry when she talks to him on the phone, regarding his intentions and the future usage of the house; and I added one rider: in case he persisted in "taking over", would he be willing "to pay back at least part of the amount I have myself contributed"...! And I intend to communicate both my questions and his answers to the Council...

... At 3 pm I went to Bharat Nivas to attend the big meeting on Matrimandir; in the hall there were displayed all 3 models of Roger A's designs, and one model prepared by "Auroform" according to Paolo's instructions, of just a faceted sphere clad in white marble... It went on non-stop till 9.30 pm... About 150 people attended. What to say...?

In all these 6 ½ hours I felt the Force perhaps for one minute...

The atmosphere generated by all the statements and declarations was most of the time hermetic, but there were moments as if between waves when one felt that everything was still possible...

No firm "decision" has been taken although, by some weird brand of forced voting (hands raised) the majority favoured Roger A's design; a process of further in-depth study is now to take place, in which, of course (!) everyone is invited to participate...

I found a great mixture of genuine beliefs and old tricks – the blindness that causes religions to be what they are; and the demagogy and the mental and vital dishonesties...

I am certain that if it wouldn't be for their claims that Roger A's design is in fact Yours, since You are supposed to have blessed it, it wouldn't stand a chance: it is insane, absurdly complicated and garish, and so ostentatious, as if they didn't know You at all...!

... Su was deeply disturbed by it all; this was her first direct contact with the forces at play here, of the panoply of their tricks...

***17-10-1987, Auroville:**

The people near "Ravena", ED and Mauna, Yaap and Ulla, have conveyed to me this morning, though Yaap, their full backing for me to continue with the work; so I am going on, as far as I can stretch the money without relying on those funds Larry is supposed to bring.

... There was another, follow-up meeting at Bharat Nivas today, to organise the work-teams; I went only for a while; I couldn't stay on, I was so tired... It all looks very nice, though, and the symbolism of the design can be described in glorious terms: it is indeed attractive, but...

I fear that they are calling a catastrophe; a half-lie here, a twist there, a bit of stretching here and there, and a whole lot of pushing and vital strength, but to do what, and to cheat whom...?

I remember Your warning to the Matrimandir workers, years ago:

"I can work with you only if you do not say a lie and are at the service of Truth..."

... I do not want to serve division; but I cannot see either what good it does to try and participate with good-will to such a fake...!

***18-10-1987, Auroville:**

I have been depressed, the after-effect of that big wave, and wondering, now what? Is there something to be done, or should one just keep quiet and let it unfold, and see... I don't know...

***20-10-1987, Auroville:**

I keep wondering about relationships. Ar. is in such misery... and all of human life is mostly misery of one sort or another, for a tiny bit of delight...

... I want nothing from either Ar. or Su. The friendship with Ar. is precious – but if exclusivism is its price, I won't hold to it... Su is good, and I feel at ease with her as a woman; yet if she grows anxious over me, I can't sustain that either. I'd rather be alone...

If they could be friends together too, that would free a flow of progress...

Ar. came to find me at "Ravena" this afternoon; she was calmer, but afraid I might be hard on her because of her drama yesterday: she can really go far, much too far, it scares me; she'd talked to Namas too, who now thinks that I am ruining her, driving her to madness... and on and on: the rule of drama, the solidarity of drama...

***21-10-1987, Auroville:**

I have been in constant tension, due to the conflict of energies between these two women and me. I do not see the point of it, and yet I must acknowledge my responsibility in it: I invited it, to some extent... And yet it doesn't come to me that way, in my own experience: I just open to a given relationship, without measuring the consequences. I want nothing from either of them. They're both persons I appreciate and trust, in different ways, with respect. But I cannot fulfil a role. I can't give shelter, as a man is expected to give a woman. I can only find my own security in You, in That. Anything beyond mutual reciprocity becomes interference...

***23-10-1987, Auroville:**

Late this morning I went to Matrimandir. People were working at the top of the structure, lifting the crane up and away from the top ring, each one manning an adjustable fork... I climbed up there and I liked the atmosphere: the simplicity of what Matrimandir requires from us was there, in everyone present – and none of the new team was there! It is strange to see how much we delude ourselves still with "doing", when it is actually so much closer to the truth to be merely and simply instruments...

***24-10-1987, Auroville:**

I feel clearly how, physically, the wear and tear to which the body is subjected is directly related to the interactions between individuals, because any human contact that is more than accidental fixes the consciousness to an image, as of necessity; and the codes have to be consistent; therefore one is trapped, and one traps the other...

By myself, I rather feel the necessity of renewal, permanent renewal along different rhythms and tides; and that, as long as one is willing, there is no reason that it has to cease; as long as one is progressing and experiencing sufficient sense, one can go through this permanent renewal endlessly...

***26-10-1987, Auroville:**

This morning, carrying a tray of seedlings, I fell off my cycle, stupidly; I didn't drop the tray, though! I didn't hurt myself, only bumped my ankle; but I felt so foolish, because I could easily have avoided it, were it not for this uncertainty in my physical consciousness, that heavy, obscure lack of trust and joy...

***29-10-1987, Auroville:**

I saw Devaraj about the proceedings for N. It seems that, according to the Indian Law, once a petition for bail has been duly recorded, even if it is refused by the Judge, and 90 days elapse without the Case being heard, the prisoner must be let out anyway, until the Case comes up and judgement is passed. In this case, it seems that the Police Inspector has blocked the bail and would have had to be bribed by us. So it looks like N will be released anyway in a month or so...
... I am reading a very good book, the latest of Morris West, "Cassidy"...

***30-10-1987, Auroville:**

I have again thought of all these personal diaries that I have written over the years, along with other texts, that have just accumulated; I always hesitate, between destroying the whole of it, or keeping it... But perhaps I should take the time to sort it out and extract what may have some value as a kind of testimony to the process, and throw the rest...? If I had to leave, to "die" now, it wouldn't feel right to leave all that behind as it is: I want a neat offering, not a messy load for others to clean up...!

***31-10-1987, Auroville:**

My heart is "fibrillating"; I don't know what it exactly does or does not, but the "sensation" is of jumps and starts in the area just around and over it, twitches that sometimes reach further up in the main arteries; it goes on all the time, perhaps twenty such twitches in a few seconds, and it is for some reason very tiring; I know that the physical mind makes up for much of that fatigue, but the phenomenon is there nonetheless; and I know nothing about it.

It is easier when I concentrate into some activity, or when I have fallen asleep. The anxiety mainly comes from the knowledge of the fact of Ruud's demise: the fact that one of us can be made to just quit, suddenly, without any preparation, and in the most stupid circumstances... So now I think I really must clear up my own personal scene and be ready at anytime...

It is not that I want to quit; deep within there is the awareness that the nature of the progress taking place implies that I must stay in the body for a long time; but it is not an argument: it is quiet and deep and does not compete with the surface stress and questioning...

... Ar. tells me of the meetings at Matrimandir; it seems that the "Acrylic group" has reduced its steam a bit...

... We should soon know about the status of Auroville from November 8 onwards: an extension of the Government Takeover, a return to the SAS, or some compromise of a sort...

***Two poems written in October, 1987:**

***12-10-1987 :**

« Faut-il sombrer dans la Matière
 A la découverte
 De ses forces vraies,
 Se distendre
 De la conscience du chemin
 Si laborieusement formée,
 Mourir encore
 A l'Energie blanche
 Qui transcende et contient ?

Mais nos interprètes infirmes
 Trahissent à nos sens
 Cette Action silencieuse.

Nul ne sombre
 Qui ne croit à son ombre.

Ainsi lentement s'érode
 L'opacité de notre mémoire.

Cachés encore à notre violence,
 Circonscrits
 A l'abri de nos faillites,
 Les contours de la Forme exquise
 Emanent pourtant
 Leur appel en nos corps.

Demeure encore impossible,
 Submergée
 Mais protégée
 Par notre chaos,
 La permanence
 De notre état futur,
 Dont la Paix puissante
 Parfois un éclair
 Indicible
 Nous révèle la présence ;
 Comme au naufragé
 Qui abandonne enfin
 Son sort
 Il semble, entre la folie
 Et la tourmente,
 Distinguer
 Cet impossible reflet
 Immobile, indifférent à son cri
 Et pourtant si intime,
 De la Cité de lumière.

Et parfois
 Comme un double plein
 Qui n'a plus de contraires,
 Cette Paix centrale
 Sans Nom ni Lieu,
 Ce Pur Matériel
 Où Tout Est,
 Totale destruction
 De nos opposés,
 Ferment

De l'Un,
 Naissance de l'aventure,
 Ouvreur de l'Inconnu,
 S'incline
 A la porte – humble, opale et légère –
 De l'impossible sanctuaire.

Plein et libre
 De nos gloires comme de nos défaites,
 Etranger à tout
 Ce que nous sommes
 Et pourtant le Seul
 Habitant de nos âmes,

Attendu, imploré,
 Méprisé, adoré
 Par les âges brûlés
 De son absence,
 C'est pourtant
 Son imminence
 Qui démolit nos raisons
 Et supporte en nous

Ce Seul besoin »

***28-10-1987:**

"Somersault and bang
 Way into
 The light
 And light against light
 My contacts are gone
 'Cling to me, for thy sake' says
 A Voice
 Aum, am I confused,
 Who is Thee, and me,
 What of it
 Clear up, clear up, old world and down
 With verbs and nouns
 It I Thee

Is that it?

Love, hold a hand,
 Smile of
 Forms
 Cruising into
 Light, and light after light,
 Knowing,
 And loosing,
 To know more

Aum Thee
 Leaping
 Over, ever,
 Into being

But what of here,
 To exist in
 Confusion

One of ones of
 The One

Thou art
 It Thee Me
 Ever creating
 Worlds unknowing?

Let thee be"

***3-11-1987, Auroville:**

Su met me at Ravena this afternoon, and after the work we cycled down to the beach; we swam, and sat quietly until dark; we ate noodles in the village and cycled back the long way... We were sitting silently by the cycle-shed when Ar. walked in, searching, waiting for me; but it was so quiet that she also became calm... Sometimes she frightens me; she seems to go right off balance, and I am helpless; but always we end up laughing about it: her trust, and a kind of selflessness in her nature...

***4-11-1987, Auroville:**

The news came that Auroville has been "granted" a one-year, last extension of the Central Government' Administration.

Next year, 1988, will be a leap year, and the twentieth anniversary of Auroville, with the last 8 years under the Government...

***5-11-1987, Auroville:**

I have been worrying for Ar.; possibly because I got caught by some guilt – like she makes me feel that I am cruel or unfair to her; that while she gives herself constantly, and asks so little, I keep rejecting and refusing her... But I do not like to see her, to know her miserable; it isn't right; and it isn't her...

***9-11-1987, Auroville:**

This afternoon B.B came to see me at "Ravena", on behalf of the "Acrylic group", to ask me for money to help them collect go out on a fund-raising tour of India... I told him I couldn't, and explained why... There was something rather comical in the meeting of our two realities...!

***10-11-1987, Auroville:**

I requested Yaap to send a telegram to Larry today, asking him to state what he is really up to; I cannot go on this way; the means at my disposal are insufficient and it is not harmonious, something isn't right; and perhaps I must first move out of the scene so that someone else with the proper means may come in and care for the place...?

***11-11-1987, Auroville:**

I have been listening to Your Agenda twice a day for quite some time now. But there are only a dozen tapes left, and I get scared: I need so much Your physical Presence, with Your strength and will for constant progress...
... I have received a sweet attempt at a letter from N! I want him to persevere in his studying so that he can eventually read English books, learn about himself...

***12-11-1987, Auroville:**

I had an unclear, uneasy, shifty contact with Afsaneh and Nadaka today; they said that Larry had written he'd be back any day now, and they commented vaguely on some funds for a "Students Exchange Program" which would have "Ravena" as a base in Auroville... Nothing I can rely on... This sort of unclarity makes me angry; I find that perhaps two thirds of Auroville is rubbish, pretentious, a sham, and I resent it all... But then I must examine my own intolerance and pretensions as well; and after a few hours of this sorting out, everything is quiet again...!

***13-11-1987, Auroville:**

Throughout the days aspects come upfront – aspects of offering, of necessary changes, seeds of disciplines, or progresses, and a seemingly endless range of responses and states; and, like a magnet at the centre of it all, or a deeper, or new gravity, is the call, the need and the awareness of That...
... I am no longer making an effort to write down all that goes on; it takes too much time for one thing; and then I am not convinced that it helps to define with the mental expression what is, by itself, fluid and in constant motion, with such differences of depth and quality...
... C has written that R's health is still very uncertain and unstable; between her words, it is plain that she is worried, tired and a little distressed, although she does try hard not to show it; I think I'll try to phone them at their home this Sunday...

***15-11-1987, Auroville:**

It was a struggle of nearly two hours to get the phone connection; finally it came through, I could hear C much of the time and she could hear me if I shouted: she said that R had been taken urgently to an intensive care-unit two nights ago and is being monitored constantly to find out whether the coronaries can hold or it needs to be operated on; that his spirits are good and he is trying to be calm.

The thought is there now that C might need me with her for a while – that I would have to go. But that very possibility runs havoc in me...

***16-11-1987, Auroville:**

It is Su's birthday. We spent a long time today on the beach, watching the ocean in silence. Early this morning I put the painting and the poems in her house. She was moved in a strange way; she cried. I don't exactly know why.

. N hasn't yet been released; I have had no news; Mani was to look for more land for surety with some of his relatives who own land in the State of Pondichéry, as the Judge had upped the amount for each from 6,000 /- to 20,000/-; this entire process is bizarre...

... Ed has offered to contribute a weekly amount to help me go on with the work...

***18-11-1987, Auroville!**

I am reading two books at the same time: one is by the Dalai Lama on the Chinese occupation of Tibet; and the other is by Donald Woods, on Steve Biko, the black African leader who was assassinated by the white South African Police...

The only thing that will ever redeem so much distress in this material world will be the actual, concrete incarnation of the Consciousness here...

... There's still resistance in those of my parts that reserve the rights to some more "experiencing"; but I also see that, the less I look at that and the smoother the transition is, even if, in the meantime, I find myself often in strange states and conditions...

***19-11-1987, Auroville:**

While shopping in town with Su, I met Logan's family. They had all the necessary documents now with them and told me that both N and Logan would be surely out this afternoon itself, and I should come and meet N when he is released.

... I have been taking a good look at this; I must have N tell me the exact truth, no matter what. Otherwise, this relationship will make no sense at all, and for his own sake he must face it...

... As a woman Su is more developed, has realised more and is therefore more capable of honesty, while Ar. remains quite lost in this area, all the more as she stubbornly believes that she must learn it all through this one relationship with me...

***20-11-1987, Auroville:**

N walked in, early this morning. He'd been finally released late evening yesterday and had spent the night at his mother's house with his children. He didn't stay long, as he had to go and sign in at the Police Station – he'll have to do this daily, I think...

***21-11-1987, Auroville:**

While doing the asanas this morning I listened to the tape of that very difficult episode about Satprem's book, the dealings of SABDA, and the Ashram publishers, etc, and it made me so tense: it expressed so acutely the forces at play in us, and the hardness that dogs us on, rising again to cover our sincerity; Satprem's tone of voice, Your almost pleading, attempting to bridge these different states, Your Love and Your Need...

***22-11-1987, Auroville:**

There are moments of pure gratitude, a gratitude that is aware beyond expression... The physical consciousness cannot sustain those states for long; one returns to the need for rhythm and discipline, to give it time to become more receptive, more stable and more offered...

***24-11-1987, Auroville:**

I am sad and tired of my nights... Things just happen, people just are there, I just find myself in such and such circumstances, with such or such activity, but I never seem to have that freedom of a conscious choice, of even saying "hey, wait a minute, I just want to be alone and concentrate for a while..."! Nothing! It's like being rolled on by the mechanics of existence, without the presence that alone may give it sense... and time irreducibly swallowing all...

***25-11-1987, Auroville:**

O.P's lady friend has just walked in. She'd written to me several times about her wanting to come to Auroville... She's already been staying in "Aspiration" a few days and got her fill of stories and judgements; a lot was told her about me even while still in Paris; she's now met Diane, and has seen my princess, and has heard all the nonsense. And she hasn't liked it and wants to move to the Camp here and work at Matrimandir... She seems to be open and cheerful, but probably not grounded enough... It was alright with her, but I was not prepared to hear again the same old things, unchanged, with no more prospect than before of ever finding a way to be with my child...

... I feel rushed, as if eaten by time, going from one action to another and to the next, from one chore to the next and the next, one part of the routine to the next and the next, and yet there's no escaping it: the physical life demands it...

I need to shift to where consciousness embraces it all, contains it all, and is able to gradually permeate it all, instead of acting as stop-gap and reminder of concentration and awareness...

***26-11-1987, Auroville:**

There is this wonderful light abroad.

I measure how much is left to be un-done before I can say in all sincerity: "I am Yours, all Yours..."

***27-11-1987, Auroville:**

I often feel like crying, the nights are so... such a negation of a conscious state, of a receptive condition – and they throw me back all bruised and sorry onto the days,

without rest, denying me any access to the source, so that it becomes merely an addition, a wearying accumulation, instead of a rhythm and a growth... And physically too it is strange, filled with questions... - moments of wonder and beauty, and the rest is trudging and grinding on and groping...

***28-11-1987, Auroville:**

I just learnt of G's suicide, a couple of days ago: he hung himself, in a room in Pondy...

... I read C's letter; it sure gives me a problem: R, although he seems to be past the danger-point, is going to need very quiet circumstances, with the proximity of a care-unit, for several months, in case there'd be a relapse and the need for another dilatation of the coronary; and so C won't be able to come here as planned next January nor, for that matter, until R's condition is stabilised. She seems to have found some help in my letters, and has a good attitude. R, she says, was determined not to die; he wanted to stay with her, and he wanted to see me again. Now he and she, in her thoughtful way, are asking me to come over, in the near future, even for a short while. I understand they wouldn't ask this lightly. And perhaps it is right. But I have great apprehension at moving out and away from here, especially as I seem to have become more vulnerable to contacts...

In terms of "being with", I do not see the point really; I know from experience that real proximity has nothing to do with physical distance, and is even often clearer and purer precisely at a distance. But I can also see that for them it may not always be that way.

And so I am wondering... Because, to start the process - visa, papers, etc - I would need to feel the inner support; at first there was only silence... But I have to answer; and perhaps, by tentatively setting it sometimes in March...?

***29-11-1987, Auroville:**

I think that this physical disharmony is connected to a faulty functioning of the heart - I have pain sometimes just around it, and the blood circulation is all uneven; but then what is it that causes the unruly secretion on the scalp, the itching and pain in the facial skin, or these moments of sudden fatigue, these muscle cramps, this dull pain around the back of the head...?

There is throughout a sense of unease; not that anything is wrong: I can at the same time feel consciously grateful. It is hard to put in words; I don't know what is going on; I only know it is clearer when I am by myself; to be with someone else becomes difficult...

Anything that is true, anything that is real, at once makes me very happy; but it seldom happens in the outer world, except in Nature...

Mother, put Your sword of true Light right through "me", plant it there as my axis and centre... I want That to exist, to manifest...!

***30-11-1987, Auroville:**

I don't know whether to take it seriously or not; if it wouldn't be for Ruud's messy death, I wouldn't be anxious. If I have to go, I want to be told clearly and I want it to be neat and as harmonious as can possibly be... I do not want waste, I don't want drama, I don't want people cleaning up after me...

I am aware of a process of change, of "decantation", that is taking place, and of a growing sense of commitment and surrender, and I want to grow along with it, here

itself... Yet there is this strange fatigue that overtakes me; the pulse is so erratic, the heart behaves so oddly, the whole metabolism is upset... I have noticed that some activities seem to shift the focus and ease the tension, while others seem to increase it, but it's hard to tell from one moment to the next...

***1-12-1987, Auroville:**

Su came with me to "Ravena" and then down to Pondy; I had to buy cement and then we both had to go to the "Foreigners Registration Office"; the man there told me I can see him directly for my "Return Visa" once my Residential Permit has been extended, in a month or so, which means that I can keep the whole thing quiet.

... Ar. gave me the news, from the general meeting; the new Central Government man who has been handed the Auroville file is due here tomorrow, as Kireet has been removed through some political pressures; and through the same pressures it seems that the SAS is trying to have the present Administrators, Nigam and Ojha, replaced by people in their favour...

***2-12-1987, Auroville:**

The new man has come, a Mr. Raghavan, who replaces Kireet, and everybody is at Bharat Nivas to meet with him; I am doing my night-watch at Matrimandir...

... I received another letter from C; R is back home with strict orders to rest; C seems to be holding up well, but I know it's got to be a big pile of worries for her, between her own work, the huge repairs of the house in Brittany after that devastating storm, and the impossibility for her to come here...

... I find myself still restless: I always have to be doing something, some work or another, or reading or cycling, writing, doing beads-work; I can't stay still, as I used to do for hours on end, and I am not sure why it is so...

***3-12-1987, Auroville:**

I decided to tell Ar. where are the instructions I have written in case something would happen to me... And I feel much lighter now! Now I do not mind one way or another...! It is all on Your way, whatever happens...!

***4-12-1987, Auroville:**

It has been raining all night, and this evening I took Su down to the beach and we sat under the rain a long time; it was cold and windy, but so vast and quiet...

... I am reading a historical novel on the extermination of the Cathars, "All things are lights" by Robert Shea...

***5-12-1987, Auroville:**

There's a big monsoon rain since two days. Auroville is flooded, cascades of orange water rush down into the canyons, the bunds break and the roads are fields of mud, and everything indoors is moist and mildewed...

***6-12-1987, Auroville:**

After dinner the rain stopped and Su and I went for a walk; she told me of a difficult dream she'd had the night before, of not finding her own people and safety,

of having to go through more estrangement, away from her past and yet not arrived where she is meant to reach, and how it related to her need to be held sometimes, to know that comfort and security...

***7-12-1987, Auroville:**

I am reading on about the Cathars, a beautifully written work; it feels that this was definitely one of the epochs I had a life in, and quite a few of us as well...

***8-12-1987, Auroville:**

Ar. told me of the general meeting yesterday, about some delegation of Aurovilians meeting Rajeev Gandhi in support of Kireet , with a request not to let the SAS come back to Auroville – and who should go, and what should they say, etc...

***9-12-1987, Auroville:**

I was a little discouraged to day at "Ravena": there is too much work for the means I have in hand, I can't make it whole... It is depressing to be yoked to a work without the means to complete it harmoniously... Sometimes I want out...!

... I have finished listening to the tapes of the year 1973 of Your Agenda...

Mother, in gratitude for Your Being and Presence, can't at least a little something be achieved in my substance, to draw a smile from You? This is what I want! And yet there is so little progress...

***10-12-1987, Auroville:**

I understand clearly why and how suffering is still a necessity for evolution.

And yet I also fully appreciate that the true need for change – that is a lasting, trustworthy need – can only arise in freedom and fairly harmonious circumstances (as opposed to dramatic ones)... And that's where it hurts! Because when there is no particular difficulty and life just seems to go on with some eurhythmy, then one tends to accept a mid-term condition of being, and the need is somewhat dormant.

Yet I am certain that it is precisely in this condition and at that time that the need must rise and stay intense, as intense as it comes in times of difficulty; and then, when that happens, more than half the work will be done...!

***11-12-1987, Auroville:**

Most of last night was tough. The heart was acting funny and there was this strange phenomenon: whenever I would slide into sleep, the breathing would just stop, and a sort of subconscious reflex would jolt me back awake... It is sometimes for a period of days that I become conscious of every single breath I take, and when the moment of sleep comes, it's like I do not know how to do it anymore, how to hand over the control, to whom...

***12-12-1987, Auroville:**

I seem to be learning a bit about the body-mind and its conditionings; it's a little of a plunge into its nature, and into the meaning of change there. Vital courage, mental or moral equanimity, seem to have no value there. The only movement that

makes sense and is necessary is what I guess You called "surrender": an awareness of the Presence and a confident, trusting, un-calculating given ness to It.

... Because of the peculiar behaviour of my heart there are moments of panic, which are very difficult to change without moving into another part of the being; what feeds the panic is the knowing of Ruud's demise – it can happen! And it is an open door to the most nagging doubt...

... There are moments when, in spite of the mixture I manifest at present, I am given to feel more accurately what is, what will be, the true position for me as an individual; as the sense grows of a non-existence – the ego's non-existence – grows also the sense of security, of being Yours entirely, as a realisation that is bound to come, whatever the circumstances on the way...

***14-12-1987, Auroville:**

Beyond and through everything I feel grateful, because there's an awareness of a work being done, of a cleansing and clearing away... And I kiss Your hands and lay my head on Your lap...

***17-12-1987, Auroville:**

Coming out of a café in Pondy, I saw Kenneth standing, watching me from across the street! We were both happy! He has returned just a few days ago. He's met Larry in New York and, he says, Larry is violently angry at me, almost madly so, and wants to throw me out of "Ravena"; and that he has \$ 10,000/- to finish the house...

***18-12-1987, Auroville:**

Every time I go out to the village, it brings me back to the real India, and it feels like today's world is a nightmare dreamed by India's Soul; there is still, in the atmosphere, that vast and tangible silence directly aware, and in people's bodies there's still that beauty and nobility, of form, rhythm and presence... And yet this is today's world with all its falsity and pretence and misery, one cannot step back, the necessity leads one ahead, into another condition of being...

... I seem to be nearing the end of my contribution, at "Ravena"; I have now found another work for D and I'll continue for a while longer with only Jaïmurthy as a mason, to try and finish the plaster work in what was meant to be D.M's room, the last room...

... Show me; take me, Mother, Mother, Mother... You carry the secret of this world. Without You it is senseless; without You one can never hope to truly exist...

***20-12-1987, Auroville:**

I have lit the charcoal fire. There is a cold restless wind outside, all day; it is an interesting weather, and it makes for a change!!!

***21-12-1987, Auroville:**

This afternoon, after some quiproquo which was partly my fault, Ar., Su and I each made a small movement forward, to push beyond the psychological barrier and dispel the tension, and the three of us ended up working quietly together at

"Ravena", and cycling back together... I must say that both their attitudes of respect and trusting commitment made me proud and happy and grateful... It is not that often that one is able to respond to such challenges with care and a progressive and open manner...

***22-12-1987, Auroville:**

Lifting and carrying rocks this afternoon I had trouble with my left arm: the blood did not move fast enough; the scare of a stroke is there, and I have no means to verify whether this anxiety is founded; anxiety itself is wrong, in any case! I do not wish to go through the hands of medical science, because I do not want to have a label affixed on "my troubles"... My body wants You, Mother! And at such moments one realises so acutely and clearly how secure it all was in Your physical Presence, knowing that You would make sure the true Force was acting and embracing and working... Knowing that, whatever happened, with or without a body, one was held within the field of Your white Force... But now? You are hidden. That security, for the physical mind that is tricked by appearances and its material conditionings, isn't there, not quite there...

... Su came with me into the canyons looking for good stones and large chunks of petrified wood, and we lifted them out with ropes; it was good to do that together and she was happy, I think; but my body's reactions led me into another state of deep, quiet wonder, aware of the necessity of fighting doubt and anxiety... And then I needed to be alone...

***23-12-1987, Auroville:**

The condition of my physical consciousness is so very dull, dully restless and grey and un-responsive; I would need to be given a task, a concrete work for You, by You; I don't think I have yet found the activity that can best serve Your Action in my substance, and sometimes I miss it almost desperately...

***24-12-1987, Auroville:**

Last night MG Ramachandran, Tamil Nadu' Chief Minister, left his body; today has been declared a day of national mourning and tomorrow another day of mourning for Tamil Nadu...

***25-12-1987, Auroville:**

On the one hand it is easier for me to be close to women, given my nature; there's more space there and less ego. On the other hand, in subtle ways it is more enmeshing and colonising than a friendship with another man...

***26-12-1987, Auroville:**

I have finished reading a book by L. Collins, "Fortitude", titled after the name of an under-cover operation that greatly helped the Allies' victory in June 1945; I was completely into it for the past two days. It brings into a very sharp light the perpetual human question of whether the end justifies the means... This, together with the reading of the latest issue of the "Auroville News", took me to that high point, which feels by comparison almost inhuman, beyond all the values that men have evolved and needed and clung to, and judged by, such as loyalty, courage,

dedication to a cause, and all the processes or mechanisms that have brought about the numberless martyrs and victims...

In practice it always comes down to this question: when the milieu is oppressive and false, what is the truest, in the long run? Is it to let oneself be turned into a martyr for whatever cause – justice, freedom, or one's own beliefs? Does it really serve the Truth? Is this not also a sort of self-glorification in reverse, the ego's need for identity? Would it not be truer, although more difficult a surrender, to give up any outer expression of one's faith, while preserving the inner discernment and maintaining inwardly one's readiness to act and to serve when the time comes again...? To keep silent and go within, asserting nothing – not in order to save one's skin, but in order to remain here in the body to serve the Lord's Will and Presence, whatever may be the external circumstances, aware, open and ardent...?

Somehow I fail to see what lasting good any cause has ever done in this world, when it was brandished as an identity... While those few scattered beings who have known to remain and to continue consciously, despite everything, unknown have kept the balance of things, till the time enough men will realise that the Lord is to be found directly, and uniquely, by each individual person...

***28-12-1987, Auroville:**

C has written: R had tests made and it now seems that, provided he stabilises, they could consider coming together here by the end of March... Alright: I am relieved not to have to go... But I had gone through quite a lot to adapt to the necessity of going, and I had just begun to appreciate the possibility it might give of a break, of "taking stock"; and now there is a little depression...!

Because I do not see, here, what I can do next; nothing has become clearer, and You are not giving me a work to do, and I am not attuned to the way Auroville seems to be developing, and I don't know, I don't know...

***29-12-1987, Auroville:**

At noon I had a surprise: Krishna knocked at the door, when I was resting; he came in; he took out of his bag a beautiful small wooden chest, his gift for me, which he had made especially, in rose-wood, with a tiny drawer, and a mirror inset inside the lid, a wonderful object; he didn't stay... Does it mean that the time has come to share together again, to progress together again...?

***30-12-1987, Auroville:**

I don't know what I need to experience in order to grow towards You.

So I pray to You and ask You to take charge, and to move me if I must, or to keep me here if I am to stay...

... I don't know anything; only that I want to grow in awareness, or rather, that I want awareness to grow, consciousness to take up all those parts and movements, and the ego to end in being, in reality...

***31-12-1987, Auroville:**

I seem to "understand" better; comprehension stands in more simplicity and more light, as the ego's drama and involvements and complications fall away...

... Tomorrow at dawn there will be the "bonfire" at the amphitheatre; but I am not sure that I want to go. Su has asked me to be "the last person of this year she will see and the first person of the coming year"...

- 1988 -***1-1-1988, Auroville:**

Before dawn I had tea with Su at her house. Then we walked over to the amphitheatre and sat watching the Fire: tall and full yellow flames sparkling and waving; all was quiet, although Su was restless within, at first.

When the fire slowed and the daylight gently spread I left alone and went to pick roses at the Camp garden, and brought them to Krishna at his house; it woke him up; he was happy, and so was I. We sat quietly for over an hour; when there is peace and trust, what is between us is what I truly want, and it belongs to You...

***2-1-1988, Auroville:**

I can see that there might be a more positive attitude, from which I'd take it as a work to be with such or such person and to offer whatever takes place between us; but there's a terrible lack of interest: it is like seeing the old worn-out ropes behind the scene; to speak is to make noise, and to look at one another is to be caught in the very falsity of a matter that does not respond...

***3-1-1988, Auroville:**

At some important level I remain unable to break through the sorrow of being separated from Auragni, and from that relationship; as if there's no other relationship that can ever make up for its loss, for it is the one that could have opened the world for me – to watch and discover it all from her eyes as well, in the security of our bond...

***4-1-1988, Auroville:**

The light these days is so pure and clean and radiant and lovely; the air is crisp; every leaf and blade of grass is vivid and joyful and calm... the magic time of the year...!

***6-1-1988, Auroville:**

I met F on the road and we had a long talk about the problem he is facing in Auroville, now; it seems that some of what is called "the French group" (P.M among them) have accused him of dealing with drugs and informed the Administrators on him, who are now refusing to guarantee his visa, even though they admit to having no proof whatsoever... Generally the stories go on, and the grooves must be pretty worn out, but no one seems to mind repeating the circles...

***11-1-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. demanded to know, once more, if I was "making love" to Su, and I felt sick and got angry and told her to go away, and now I am sad; I told her not to impose on me her jealousy and attachment, and repeated for the thousandth time in years that I only wanted friendship with her... It reminded me of Diane and her own demands and her affective blackmailing, which had the power to rouse violence in me... I don't want this around me; already it is often through her obsessive attachment that I am brought back to my own sexual needs... Perhaps I must put a full stop to it, and close the door for some time...

... There have been several thefts in the last few days, and one serious arson, at "Grace", where Shradhavan's house was burnt to cinders by someone who had set fire to a motor-cycle parked underneath...

***12-1-1988, Auroville:**

It seems that Larry is flying back today. Ed has met the man, Peter Callaway, who has apparently granted the \$ 10,000/- Larry was talking about; perhaps it will all be clarified soon...

... I am reading a collection of Your answers to various sadhaks... You are living Truth; Your Consciousness is my goal and my security, Douce Mère, You are beautiful and real; I love You...!

***13-1-1988, Auroville:**

Your Way is so beautiful, so pure, so true, and so whole...
I love You!

***17-1-1988, Auroville:**

I had dinner with Su, John H and Helen, their mother, at Su's. This was a little melancholy, with an undertone of affectivity, of sentimentality even, with John H slipping, gently evading, as ever... I wanted to return here sooner; I do not bear well any other atmosphere than my own, these days: I need You to be the centre and anchor, and my own freedom to organise around it...

***18-1-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. came after lunch and broached a long, exacting, but perhaps positive conversation; she's had two terrible days, under the spell of a huge anger at me, and all the while she felt as if this was an energy imposed on her, and she was defenceless, impuissant to push it away and out of herself; she is convinced that, by opening to me, she opened to this particular difficulty, for all these years... We talked... Perhaps this is a promise of evolution, and she will now be able to move forward...

***19-1-1988, Auroville:**

Observing my physical condition, I find that it has lately much improved, in terms of harmony, and evenness, or steadiness; I guess the credit goes to the asanas, and to a disciplined life and diet, and to cycling and exercise; at the same time I also find it is becoming more and more sensitive, almost precarious, and that it demands constant vigilance and adjustment, like a very delicate apparatus...

Anything can throw off the balance, instantly – contacts with people and their atmospheres, a careless thought, a loss of orientation, and many other factors are constantly having an impact. But I am grateful for this work...

***20-1-1988, Auroville:**

I am reading You, listening to You, thinking of You, needing You...

Sometimes it feels that I am only now being born, and preparing for a life of progress in Your Work; like only now I am becoming able, almost able, to make certain movements, and to submit my parts to certain disciplines, not in the sense of tapasya, but in the sense of trusting surrender and self-giving...

... Reading Your words to the children of the Ashram in the 50s, I come often upon Your diamond-like explanations of the reality in which we live – things I know, somehow and somewhere, but that are given such a clear and practical, such a profoundly useful form, that one feels "oh! why have I been so thick and slow not to see it that way! This way one can make real, conscious progress!"...

Mother, You are the treasure of the world...!

***22-1-1988, Auroville:**

Last night, around 4 am, Su woke me up; she had so much pain in her back that she had nearly fainted; I took her with me and gave her a pain-killer and told her we'd go and see Datta first thing in the morning, and that she might have to stay in the Nursing-Home for a few days; clearly she didn't know how to cope with this, and as clearly this was some dormant trouble in her organism that had awakened here and needed attentive care, and perhaps this was the opportunity for her to align herself to her present choices... I am not telling her that, though!

***23-1-1988, Auroville:**

Yaap told me some of what Larry is saying and of his present attitude... I know I must not add my own ego-reactions... The complicity people seem to share on the easy side of things already puts me in a position in which I am "not of them", but acting and moving on a basis, or for reasons, that they do not quite comprehend... Yet I'm sometimes tempted to put my foot down and spell out openly what it is that Larry has been doing all along... One thing I am determined to make clear to all is that, if I am to continue at "Ravena", I shall remain fully in-charge as I have been from the beginning...

... Late morning I drove to Pondy to visit with Su and see Datta about her at the same time; but the tests-results hadn't come yet; Datta seems to think there's nothing wrong with her and she might come home in a couple of days; but I feel there is a spot of infection, and that it must be localised and treated correctly... I stayed with her for an hour, in that wonderful room overlooking the ocean...

***24-1-1988, Auroville:**

Su has been quite shaken in herself, and there's some intensive working going on, and she sometimes looks sad and disoriented, but she picks up confidently... She returned in a taxi today and spent the evening here with me; while she was still here, Ar. came to check on me and found us thus, Su sitting next to me very quietly and comfortably, and she freaked, and left; and later she brought a letter –

more of the same. I think it is now imperative for her to take her distance and re-set her priorities...

***25-1-1988, Auroville:**

Larry came at "Ravena". We had a two-hour session. He came with good-will; obviously he had gone through some process of sorting out and adjustment in the past week, and his meeting Yaap, Ed and others here had eased his tensions sufficiently so he could at last come and meet me. He described honestly the anger he'd felt at me – as he saw my insistence in requesting Janaka's family to help complete "Ravena" as jeopardising their agreement to take care of Auralice's education in the US, antagonising them further towards anything that had to do with Auroville... But he seemed to accept my own understanding of the whole issue. He also told me in some detail of what he had experienced there, with jobs, with people, and how he got those funds for "Ravena", towards its usage for seminars and Students' Programmes... And so it appears that we may be able to finish the work and that he and I may work it out together as it goes...

It is a relief, but I also feel a little sad, opening the place up to rather mixed energies, so far below what it was meant to shelter... But what can I do? At least I am given the chance to complete it, and in a few months time I can pull out...

***27-1-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. seems to have decided to move out of "Sincerity", as she doesn't feel capable of taking the necessary distance to me without the help of a change of circumstances. But she is asking my support, so that we can keep "what is beautiful and true between us"... There is calm and the perspective of a new progress in her, so it is quite alright...

... I received 3 letters from C at once: she went through a period of confusion and inner conflict, but now it seems settled, and practically she has decided that she will only come in August, and R a little later, instead of rushing it to come this March; she says that, yes, it will be long, but she won't be sad and she doesn't want me to come anymore, as she now knows that, should the need arise, I'd be ready to...

So it is now clear that I am not going! And honestly, part of me is disappointed now, that was looking forward to this break and meet people and life and the world from another angle, just for a time... But You know what is best and if, in spite of my difficulties in Auroville, You see it is best for me to stay, I am quite happy!

... Sometimes I want to cry, because I am not yet one...!

***28-1-1988, Auroville:**

I am making plans for Ar.'s new house! She has met F and L who would be willing, in exchange for her present house, to provide her with the money to build her own house in "Transformation"... I like, always, to conceive houses, to the last detail, and to materialise them...

... This evening Su and Helen brought home, in their taxi, the famous fridge I have finally decided to purchase...

***30-1-1988, Auroville:**

Ar.'s plan to build a new house isn't working out, as F isn't willing to give her enough money for it. And she's been considering not having to leave, if she can find her way here and if I remain open enough...

***31-1-1988, Auroville:**

I find that I have somehow dropped back into a condition that is open to ordinary formations, after a period of rather sustained orientation... I feel sorry for these lapses, for the poverty that allows it to happen; but I also understand that it isn't personal, in the sense that I must acknowledge, beyond ego, the materials of the work – the particular arrangement of elements, states, vibrations, mechanisms and sub-consciousnesses that together constitute what "I" am...

Living examples are supremely useful for the sake of one's progress, as magnets to the way ahead and concrete proofs of its possibility... But whenever one gets into that silly act of comparing, these examples are soon misused and may even become detrimental to the very progress one has to make...

***3-2-1988, Auroville:**

C has written that my grand-father seems to be leaving his body; I had felt that he would hold on, had my coming there been confirmed, until we could meet. But as it is not happening, he may have found that it is now time... I have tried to concentrate for him... You know.

***5-2-1988, Auroville:**

Your A is flowing all the time, and a peaceful gratitude is there, answering...
I love You.

Nothing is really at its place, but that is so for the whole world, and where it is all going is the Supreme's outlook, isn't it...?

... I am happy because throughout this day You have given me a peaceful and receptive energy, just like an island of perceptive calm and A in the midst of chaos... And the weather itself is so gorgeous...

Yet other things also came in; there was a great sudden sadness, a sorrow welling up when, from inside a shop in town, I watched an elephant beggar: the elephant stand before the shop and the owner goes out with money it takes it in its trunk and then blesses the man by touching the top of his head, all the while its two ancient eyes, non-human eyes, gazing... I couldn't explain, it all felt like... such a betrayal, as if seeing all the way down time, to this present moment of mechanised human multitude, loud and ugly, and this single beast surviving...

***8-2-1988, Auroville:**

More than ever, perhaps due to this perfect weather, I experience gratitude for the material harmony You give me constantly, the peace and the protection... At times it is like a contented child nuzzling in trusted arms, and looking out at the world from that perfect security of beauty and rhythm...

... Larry came to see me at "Ravena"; he was in a weird state, stunned, or perhaps more accurately, "stoned", and it wasn't easy to cope with his presence, gentle though it was, or seemed to be; he wanted to get more involved; he copied, laboriously, all my accounts; and I am told that, after I had left, late morning, he

went and talked to Jaïmurthy, sort of trying to make friends, and asking if there were any "problems"; and of course Jaïmurthy took advantage of it and mentioned the advance he'd been asking me... Kasinathan told me about it this afternoon... It felt as if being stabbed in the back...

***9-2-1988, Auroville:**

This is a nasty spot, and a small torture. There's this terrible need for a free, intimate relationship with a man; and I do not know what to do... Recent periods, during which I had somehow shifted above or beyond, into a truer condition of receptivity, now feel like pure grace, unattainable...

It got compounded by N's visit this morning; he declared that he wanted to work here from now on; but I find I cannot let him: it would be constant hell, because I can't alone get rid of this attraction and he, on his side, doesn't care for it; besides it would probably cause more problems than solve any here, as both R and Ran would certainly feel jealous of their territory...

***10-2-1988, Auroville:**

There is sometimes the perception of a station to be reached and established: it is clear and vivid and it brings with it an inner quiet enthusiasm and the will to collaborate... But then it gets veiled, and it feels like one is passing open places, that give out onto many different directions, or receive the influences of various possibilities, and one then needs to become able to absorb them all, rejecting none, in one all-inclusive offering... But this part is still quite confused, and confusing, and there is still about it the sense of contradiction – and, when it gets more acute, of impossibility...

... Today the electricians came to fix a plug for the fridge – this new implement to the daily life -, and I am embarrassed about it; perhaps I'll leave it alone until the full heat of summer justifies its use...

***11-2-1988, Auroville:**

I made dinner for Su and she helped me draw the pattern of an interesting geometrical movement: the development of a square into an infinite spiral...

***13-2-1988, Auroville:**

The situation with the work at Ravena is of the kind in which one can never make everyone happy; the best of the best attitudes will still not bring harmony, until each individual who plays a part also wants harmony, and truthfulness...

... I finally received the envelope with money which C had given G.M's mother, Suzanne, for me, before she left France; it came in such a roundabout fashion: G.M gave it to Luigi in a meeting, and the latter sent his worker to hand it over to me here... G.M is so stuck in his new allegiances that he can't even contact me with a message – nothing. There was a little pain that surged. But then I had expected some such evasion: I have known all along that he could "sell" our friendship in order to get something else he wanted, if he had to. And so he did. But I also know that it does not affect the truth of it within... Only, he is not within, at the moment!

... Roger A is back in Auroville, and offering himself as a focus for unity...!

I only know that his model for Matrimandir, supposedly blessed by You and therefore, so they say, "The Truth", isn't the right thing; that they have twisted

Your words, in many ways. How I know this, I cannot say, or prove; but I know... I can give reasons, I can show parts, but it comes way after, and way below...

***14-2-1988, Auroville:**

I realise that it is perhaps an absolute law that the Lord is as present and tangible, or distant and immaterial, as one needs Him to be... And that, no matter what one thinks, wishes or feels, the intensity of the need one has of Him is exactly what it is, no more and no less, and creates exactly the corresponding opening; and this is a purely non-mental fact. And therefore there is no point at all in complaining: it is the actual need that matters, and that alone can induce the process of change...

***15-2-1988, Auroville:**

At times there creeps in the frustrated feeling that nothing ever "happens" to me, neither in terms of relationships, encounters or situations, nor in terms of experiences that fill the being with the richness of new development... I understand, though, why it is so for the moment...

***17-2-1988, Auroville:**

So often I feel like crying; inner tears rise: a resistance, a barrier that does not yield...

***20-2-1988, Auroville:**

There is hollowness, the sense of not progressing, not belonging, not being solicited, not relating to a way, an adventure, an evolution; all avenues seem to be shut, or dissolved into meaninglessness; I miss a drive, an orientation, a commitment; vertically I am unaware of any indication, or encouragement in any direction... Horizontally I feel no interest whatsoever in the processes taking place in Auroville at present... Yet I wish I would be used, have some function...

... I listened to You saying, in Your Agenda, that in order to be able to participate to the change and evolution of consciousness, one must first be able to accept totally and joyfully all what is at present... This is very difficult.

Locally, I do not much like this human Auroville; I find it mediocre, pretentious, un-adventurous, narrow and shallow; but precisely because I feel that way, and mostly that way, I am unable to participate and to contribute to its evolution...!

***21-2-1988, Auroville:**

I haven't been in such a spot for a long time; I could howl...!

I am tormented by my own lacks; and I am tormented by what goes on obstinately around Matrimandir, with this formation of a cheap, attractive cover pushing its way, against every inner sense, with a made-up authority that pretends it is coming from You – like another Mother, who is not true...; tormented by the psychological situation I have been stuck in, within this smallish narrow society...; by the absence of friendship; by the recurrence of this obsessive need in my nature; by this terrible hollowness...

... Early this morning Su and I walked over to the Matrimandir office to watch a video there, of, I think, the Darshan You gave at Your Balcony in April 1973; we were joined there by all those who had sat in meditation under the Banyan tree...

This Darshan is terrible: You are clothed and covered by this formation of a very old woman, and there is as if a juxtaposition of extreme restlessness, complete impotence, and a terrible will; and all these people watching You from the street below, gaping at You, and then resuming their routines as soon as You turned away...

... Later J.P walked in, and it wasn't good; he was full of complicated reproaches and silly misunderstandings, and his attitude made me at once sad and angry; as if here is just a bunch of sick people, trying I don't know what, or to what end... Life goes on, and the coming week is all programmed to the dot, down to the anniversary of the Supramental Descent, this being a leap year... This is now an ordinary institution, still in the guise of something new...

***22-2-1988, Auroville:**

It is like being stranded mid-way through a larger Action... Either it should burn its way through, or the contradiction should somehow be fought, or else Your very Presence should dispel it all... But none of that happens.

It is a status quo that has no name, no definition, and appears to make no sense whatsoever...

I can only endure and wait...

***23-2-1988, Auroville:**

Having a work to do, any work, however small, always helps; and relationships based on work are also easier to harmonise...

Very often these days I become inwardly angry – what is the word for it, I don't know: furious, saturated, bursting, about the games that are being played around Matrimandir, all in Your name of course...

***24-2-1988, Auroville:**

There is a part in me, of the inner being, that has remained a little aware of a mode of existence compared to which the condition this world is in feels like an assemblage of tricks, a sort of machinery one must fit in, in order to belong, and to survive: in order to manifest, one must relate; in order to channel, one must accept to be pinned to a position; in order to belong one must comply with the gross arrangement of the energies and their circulation; in order to function with a semblance of autonomy, one must mate, pair up, associate; and in order to simply physically live on, one must participate in an entire chain of expense, waste and labour... All the way down it is as if made of tricks and devices, death being the ultimate crown...

It is not that I object to relating per se: I miss the delight, the free joy of it, when it occurs for delight's sake, out of a free rhythm of joyful discovery...

... While doing the asanas this evening I listened to Your Agenda of October 63; you had re-read the passage of "Savitri" that sets the advent of Death, and all its perverting and falsifying consequences for the earth, as part of the earth's material evolution; and You wondered whether, after all, those who just want to get out of it and exist elsewhere, in other modes, are not justified: their choice at least may be legitimate, as they do not try to merely escape into Nought...

But, as You Yourself have striven here and discovered here the Supreme, this question arises no more...

***25-2-1988, Auroville:**

When I reached Ravena this afternoon, Iris and Constance were just ending their visit; I had looked forward to communicating with Iris, as she's probably the one woman to have been close to D.M; I had felt I could tell her a lot, share with her, show her the place in a deeper way, the inner basis for its conception... But I was caught at once by a strange tension, and found Iris being very peremptory and guarded, refusing any exchange and asking only for her own personal letters back... This entire scene surprised me, and the sorrow that welled up in me also took me by surprise: I was just going to cry there and then...! Perhaps this is just the way she behaves, or else she has been told against me, here or back in the US, I do not know... This was just one more thing that went wrong...

***28-2-1988, Auroville:**

Su and I reached the amphitheatre at 5 am or so and sat there, midst the largest attendance ever – there are all those who have come back for a visit after years of absence, there are many visitors and newcomers, and lots of people from the Ashram as well... And there was something powerful in the general atmosphere; it almost took the form of some sort of craze but, beneath it, I felt the plain, simple need in all these people for Your Force to move and to act and to accept them individually, each of them, in Its folds of Light...

... I did the week' laundry, and prepared some of my recent paintings to hang them around the house, and later Su came up on the roof to take pictures of some of the asanas I am doing regularly; we want to find out whether it could be interesting to do a whole series of these, a studies of movement, with coloured geometrical patterns on my body...

... Ar. had seen Su and me walking together this morning, hand in hand as we often do – and generally appearing as a regular couple, I guess; it is not easy to be free from the public image and its circulation; yet I do not feel that I am living with Su in any such exclusive manner: to me our relationship just is, and is just what it is...

***29-2-1988, Auroville:**

I am mainly concerned with keeping somewhat afloat; learning to unite with a steadier flow of energy... Constantly I have to struggle with what feels like sudden drops of pressure, like air-holes, or sucking under-currents; from one minute to the next it varies, and sometimes while doing something, especially when I have to talk or to listen to someone, there's this sudden sensation underneath, as if the ground has fallen in; it is only when the body itself is involved in the activity, such as painting or waxing or cycling, that a semblance of steadiness is there...

***1-3-1988, Auroville:**

Something is blocking the sweet awareness of You... It has to be insincerity, but I do not know what it is; I cannot identify it...

... N came, very early; he hasn't found any work; I sent him looking for materials – rocks, stones, etc – which I intend to purchase for the garden here...

Later, as Su was hurrying to do my braid (we were both getting late for work), Ar. just happened to come by, and she freaked at the simple intimacy of the scene, the very thing she has wanted to have with me, and she cried and cried... I don't want her to be in such states, I don't want her to be sad; but appearances seem to state that I am sharing my life with Su, as a couple; yet in my experience it is not so:

they both are my friends, the only close friends I have at present, and each of these relationships is simply what it is, and expresses itself in different forms – and this ought to be alright...!

***2-3-1988, Auroville:**

This ego keeps in the way, like a lump of false substance deflecting the light...
Can't You burn it away?

... Perhaps as some compensation, last evening I saw, in the sunset sky – and it was like D.M and Janaka – two beautiful horses playing together...

***3-3-1988, Auroville:**

I had to go to J the dentist this morning. When I reached there I saw that G.M was already in, before me; I had to wait a long time outside, and I tried to put my attention on something creative, to counter the apprehension, and prepare myself for the shock, as it felt there was hardly any chance that he would even acknowledge me; I felt that he had "taken position", and I felt the sick bed of formations underneath, that feed on us; and I didn't want to force him; this after all has been his own free choice... And so when he came out, he had already put on his dark glasses and he walked by me and soon drove off without a single glance...

Now, if in this life there has been someone I could say I "love", as human beings love, it has been him, and for many years... And today it seems to be all gone: I do not find it anymore, not in him, and not in me... As if it had been taken away, removed...

... Materially You protect me constantly and surround me with the beauty and the harmony I need; and this makes me feel so ashamed of being of so little use...

***4-3-1988, Auroville:**

To remain in this world, I need to have a function of some sort. This is the only way for me to relate. And I do not find this function.

I have to practically make my own choices all the time, either being ostracised from the organic development, or else unable to agree to the directions taken...

***5-3-1988, Auroville:**

Late morning after the work I went and attended the meeting at Matrimandir, mostly in an effort not to be only negative regarding what is happening there at present, around Roger A's vital power and attractiveness; I needed to somehow put it in perspective, and to try and accept whatever is the process that is taking place... But it is all so wrong, so false, and so absurd; and it is painful to see how many here have come under it...

***6-3-1988, Auroville:**

I am beginning to worry a little; I don't like what's happening with me; it feels like an emptied, deserted shell, as if all inner stuff was gone; and I also sense the action of some influence that seeks to destroy faith and to draw a thick veil over the inner experience, and to portray You as a sham...

This last period of a month or so has been very disorienting...

***7-3-1988, Auroville:**

I don't know why so many blows... It's like every time I again feel able to raise the head above water, another wave knocks me under...

Larry came to "Ravena" this morning with the lady who is the friend of Peter Callaway – who donated this last amount; Larry laid his trip again, not even introducing us, but just passing me by and acting like he is sole-in-charge, planning with her the future usage of the place and showing her around...

... In Your Agenda You tell about the true creative power that comes in keeping oneself actively aware of what must come, keeping alive the vision of what must be, instead of looking at what is not how it should be, at what must change or disappear... And I know I must try that...

***8-3-1988, Auroville:**

I was in town today and once more, in the Bank, I passed Purna; every time this happens I know this feeling of tenderness, with an element of passion, but quiet and basically friendly – and yet, after more than 15 years, she still refuses to smile. She has aged, her face is very lined, but she remains the same beautiful and proud being, your own grand-daughter – and the one who, it seems, laid that curse on me...

***9-3-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. had a report from the lady herself – who visited "Ravena" with Larry -, who said she hadn't found it was the right place actually for the kind of activities she and P.C were funding...

I am upset with myself for being unable to respond to this kind of situations in a simple, straightforward, healthy manner...

... This is a period when I feel as if all progress has been neutralised or taken away and only a husk is left – or a little person who hasn't even tried to change...

***10-3-1988, Auroville:**

As N keeps coming and wanting to stay in my life, I thought to try again to have a free intimacy; he was sweet and open about it, in his own way rather unconcerned but willing to give me what he thinks he has understood that I need... But without reciprocity, how can it be fulfilling?

... Ar. tells me that Roger A's team now wants to cut down the group of beautiful "Service" trees that F.G had planted in a half-circle around the amphitheatre, as they are not "part of the design"... It is sick!

***12-3-1988, Auroville:**

There is needed the courage and clarity to move past that so-called decision of last October 15; for the truth is that Roger A's design is neither sound nor worthy of Matrimandir, and that its inspiration is no more than vital, however magnified... At least one point has been made clear now, and it is that the use of plastic, polyester or other such related substance is not acceptable at Matrimandir... But a basic dishonesty remains...

I have received a long, surprising letter from the woman who now lives with my brother J.Y, Patricia; she tells me of a long and detailed dream-experience she's had on February 27, in which she met me, and it was the experience of finding me

back after very long, like perhaps several lives, and being welcomed by me; and she goes on telling me of her attachment to me, and of her wish to come to Auroville alone – without J.Y – and to come to me, to be with me where I live... It isn't the letter of someone who is exalted, or un-balanced; its tone is quiet and there is some sort of honesty in it, and gentleness... So, what is it? I wish I had a letter from J.Y too; she implies that he has grown very much attached to her, and has changed his whole life since they met... What is all this about?

***17-3-1988, Auroville:**

I just passed my princess on the way back from work; she was riding behind Diane on their Moped – I only had a glimpse of her thick, wonderful, copper-coloured hair and her adorable little face with those piercing blue eyes... Diane's face was a grim mask...

Will there never be any opening?

Is my life, and all I am and can become, wholly in Your hands, Mother?

... As it is up to me to make my own discipline and set tasks to myself for the sake of being at least of some relative use in the general economy of things, it sometimes feels so pointless – I might as well do nothing at all, it wouldn't make any difference whatsoever, except I wouldn't be any happier... And so I continue with my chosen routine, waiting, waiting for what... I do not know... That the ego gives way and there flows the Presence... that Matrimandir is ready to be an active centre of Your Force and circumstances be guided by It...?

... Y came this evening, after long; his wife had their first baby, a girl, and has now gone to her family for a few weeks... Unlike N, Y comes to me with his own desire, and there's real tenderness that comes from the many years he worked with me here; and this evening, as he made to leave, we hugged, and kissed, and he wanted us to be naked as we used to, years ago, and I went along with it, as this was offered...

***19-3-1988, Auroville:**

I attended the general meeting at Matrimandir. The main topic – or pretext for it – was the issue of these two Cheques that came through the SAS and were accepted, as it seems Roger A put all his weight on it... It eventually became clearer that the way Auroville as a collectivity has been reaching decisions or making choices, in the past several years, is becoming unacceptable to more and more of us... And I was able to cite the instance of the use of "majority vote" in that meeting of October 15 as an example of it...

***21-3-1988, Auroville:**

N came early this morning, saying he'd lost the money I'd given him yesterday for his needs; that someone had stolen it from his clothes... But this was just once more that he'd lost money, or things given him, and it has reached a limit for me; I refused to give him more...

***24-3-1988, Auroville:**

After "Ravena" this morning I went to Matrimandir to spend a while with the small concreting of one of the entrances slabs; something went off in Narayana's head, about the way I was supposed to have looked at him when I came, and he

aggressed me suddenly, shouting at me that I had a "bad gaze"; there was a kind of venom in it, that stunned me; but by the time I was already about to leave; I just walked away... I feel that this has been fed by my refusal to comply with the "decision" to follow Roger A's design and my silent position of not compromising with the dishonesty displayed... But this depressed me... I came home and lay down for longer than usual...

And all this seemed to be so ridiculous, all this discipline one puts to oneself, and being regular and steady, on top of things, "on schedule", all so absurd when, in fact, one is merely carried away on the treacherous wing of human time...

... I am reading an interesting book, written by Badinter, on the question of justice in contemporary societies, and his own experience as a criminal lawyer...

***26-3-1988, Auroville:**

I attended the meeting at Matrimandir.

It has become concretely clear to me that we MUST have the courage and the honesty, each of us, to integrate ALL the viewpoints, on any given issue, and try and find their common spiritual or conscious resolution – and this can, no more be a mental solution, but rather it has to be a direction, a way...

The play of reaction and conflict has lasted far too long; for too long it has blocked the flow of the creative energies necessary for the change of condition, without which our lives here are pointless...

But how to communicate what I feel? It often seems to me that the best is to communicate silently...

***27-3-1988, Auroville:**

Sunday clean-up... and, after our Sanskrit study (Su and I have taken this up some time ago, with Toshi's help), I sat to write down a paper on our collective process, with the suggestion to introduce a new organic function, that of "gatherer" of viewpoints, offerer to the Guidance, for each particular issue or problem... But I am not sure that it is right for me to present it; perhaps this will evolve of itself?

***28-3-1988, Auroville:**

There's now the story of the planning of the "Ring Road", with G.G's office ordering surveys of the area and workers breaking the fence and planting sticks and markers and measuring right across the garden... Their proposed road now cuts right through the buildings here, regardless; but among themselves they fight over the actual length of the radius of the central circle... I let the survey continue this time, provided they wouldn't touch any tree, as G.G declared this was for the purpose of drawing a precise map, so they could adapt to what already exists...

And this evening P came to make sure of my position, as he'd been surprised and alarmed to find that I'd let it happen (the week before I had closed the fence back)... He came like a brother and I was glad of it, after these years of uneasy silence between us...

***29-3-1988, Auroville:**

There was a long session in G.G's office at Bharat Nivas this morning, with us making our point clear, and poring over maps, and blowing at Ajit – his insect-like

formation of a "planner" who ignores life and beings, and only sees lines, in that sort of elegant order that can be enthroned in a model-room only...

***31-3-1988, Auroville:**

I begin to comprehend that this is for me a time when I must simply learn to be, surrendering all my attempts at "progress" and my mental conceptions of what forms progress should take, and to accept a kind of abolition, of nullity... so that, eventually, another state may draw me in, or become – "I" being less of an obstacle...

***1-4-1988, Auroville:**

For a couple of days I had felt the need to go down to Pondy by myself in the evening and sit before the ocean and then at the Samadhi; and this is what I did today... Whenever I do that, I realise what sort of change has taken place in the meantime... It is like approaching the same eternal instant from various angles, different point in time, and each successive approach is somewhat less encumbered, less burdened, less self-conscious, and quieter...

... Later I went to a restaurant and there a parrot came to me, climbed up my leg and sat on my lap, talking away...!

***6-4-1988, Auroville:**

I received in one go 3 letters from C – the mail had been blocked somewhere.

My grand-father died on the 23rd of March. I'd had this experience, several weeks back I think, of his psychic being as a very small child, wonderful, who had come looking for me and on his way had seen You there, Your Presence, and had been completely amazed and happy; I remember well his expression, of utter, delighted wonder and discovery...

***8-4-1988, Auroville:**

I received a telegram from F.J for my birthday tomorrow; I'll be 38.

I have again said to Su, Ar., Barbara – who are my friends – that I wish this day to be forgotten, let by... Only You could make it a real birthday...

***11-4-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. came to find me, in tears, at "Ravena"; she'd just had a second operation on her big toe (an ingrown nail) and was very shaken and upset by the attitude of that new German Doctor at the Health-Centre...

***13-4-1988, Auroville:**

I really want to understand this odd mechanism that makes me feel short-tempered every time Ar. enters my atmosphere; this occurs every single time, the minute she enters: a minute before I am in my normal state of quiet, and the minute after I find myself as if displaced, annoyed and grumpy, and it sometimes lasts as long as she stays with me, and it will stop as soon as she has left me; but then it leaves after-effects, as I am upset by my inability to respond to it properly and to change it... It is obviously not a contagion, because by nature Ar. herself is never in that

condition. But it is this strange alchemy between vibrations, vibrations as chemical elements, and also perhaps internal modes of functioning, that does it... But how? I want to find that out...!

***14-4-1988, Auroville:**

I guess I have gone a little deeper in that part of the "forest" – as Satprem calls it – wherein happen all the body-sensations: of discomfort, harmony or disorder, or various aches and alarms, and constant adjustments and adaptations, in a sort of perpetually precarious balance... I have been "there" for years already, but now it is as if nothing much else happened, and it is also taking another dimension as a sort of struggle unfolds between the habit of ageing, and the spontaneous, conscious need in the body to keep growing and developing and learning about harmony and how it is to manifest...

... Last night, at the moment of sliding into sleep, very late, that breathing trouble recurred; I suddenly realised that my body was cold and covered with a sort of immobile shiver, almost like goose-bumps, and the normal breathing had ceased; instead, this other, internal breathing, almost still, was going on, that kind of breathing that occurs during cataleptic states... I don't know what this stands for...

***16-4-1988, Auroville:**

After the morning work I cycled back to Vijay's, to select some natural pearls and to talk with him of the possibilities to work with all the materials he has collected and gathered and try something creative with it, which he does not have the time to do; it seemed that he'd be happy if I would take this up... But I would have to finish "Ravena" first...

... I am reading "The Native Son", by Richard Wright, a difficult, but truthful book...

***19-4-1988, Auroville:**

F told me today of a whole series of meetings during the past week, about Auroville's future as a legal body, and various Governmental moves... I knew nothing of it!

***20-4-1988, Auroville:**

I am now reading this beautiful book by Alice Walker, "The Colour Purple"...

***21-4-1988, Auroville:**

Early this morning Krishna came in, offered perfume to Su and asked me to come over and see him... He is feeling lonely, rotten, and often panicky...; and that his life in Auroville has become meaningless; he worries about his kidneys; his passport is expiring and there's no Moroccan Embassy in India any more; he want to leave, to go away... But this, I know, can't be the answer to his needs...

And I see how I myself need an atmosphere around me that isn't influenced by people's emotions and reactions, however dear and close they may be...

He seemed to feel better after we'd talked, quietly...

... Later in the day I also went and visited with Kenneth, who had been waiting for it; he too is finding his solitude hard to bear...

***23-4-1988, Auroville:**

I went to attend the meeting at Matrimandir, but the group of Roger A's supporters, with G.M as their pivot, have done so well with their stupid and ambitious confusion that they have taken away the meaning of any communication about the work itself; everything is now at a stand-still, except for the work on the structure which they couldn't stop, where the same old team is proceeding as best they can...

***24-4-1988, Auroville:**

I'd like sometimes to, just for a while, be unrelated to the circumstances around me, be "irresponsible", sleep on, or walk or watch people and nature, read, do something or do nothing – instead of being tied up to the routine and discipline I have myself established... That's probably why people take "vacations"!

But I well know that the only way out is to learn to move only under and by the Lord's impulse, for everything – including the smallest body-movements...

***28-4-1988, Auroville:**

I am trying to find a solution for re-doing the surface of the first-floor open terrace at "Ravena", which has cracked in several places; and there seems to be no other solution but the best – which is costly! But Larry appears to see that too and to agree with me...

... I have received another long letter from my brother's friend, Patricia; this time she sends photographs of him too...

***30-4-1988, Auroville:**

I received a parcel from C; this parcel had been stopped at the Customs, along with many others I guess, and they have obviously got a little confused...: among Russian cups, which C indeed had sent me, I pulled out a number of flimsy lady undergarments, black frilly sheer lace, it was hilarious...

***2-5-1988, Auroville:**

Larry sent me a note saying he doesn't think we can spend such amounts to red-do the terrace, and we should try to patch it up... I think he is old, trusts no longer, and is no help! I know that "Ravena" must be done well, like a jewel – a simple but honest offering, having trusted to the end, and chosen quality and harmony even against all odds... So I am now looking for the means to do what has to be done...

... Life seems to be an exposed line, vulnerable to both sides, tending to reduce itself in order to protect itself, driven by the convention of time and the routine clamour of its sameness everywhere...

And the being seeks for a spherical existence, pulsating with the One Heart, free and yielding and transforming itself ceaselessly without fear of losing its One Anchor or its unicity...

***3-5-1988, Auroville:**

I cycled down to the beach after the work. The sea was rough and warm, and half the sky filled up with enormous black and deep grey clouds, while the rest of it remained white as hot iron, and the ocean itself became like a vision through some space-warp... I was glad... It started pouring as I cycled back, and for part of the

way I had to push my cycle into the wind and the driving rain, the whole landscape rushed in torrents of rusty orange water... I had needed just that...

Soon after I'd returned, the rain stopped... I am dry now, the dinner is cooking...

... There is this growing need of an existence that wouldn't be driven in a linear way anymore, from the birth to the death of the body, but – I can't find another word – spherical, evolving in a spherical way (multiple, yet whole, expansion?)... I don't know how to say this... But it is becoming so contrary, so absurd, to go on, to let it go on... Yet this would mean turning into the work in the body-consciousness, and I don't know that I'm ready for that, Mother...!

***4-5-1988, Auroville:**

John H sat with me at night-watch for a long while, until Su joined me... He has been quietly taking part in this series of meetings on the formation of Auroville's internal organisation; what is now called the "Core Group" is to make the liaison between the general assembly of the Aurovilians and the "Executive Council", whose task would become mainly that of administering, coordinating and following up on decisions and policies arrived at; he says that he's been impressed with the quality of the attempt made by elements who were so far opposed or antagonistic to work together...

***7-5-1988, Auroville:**

I was told this morning why N hasn't come for two days (I knew instinctively that he'd got himself into further trouble): there was a bad, nasty village fight, and he got several wounds, and hurt or injured others as well... This of course made me sad; it's like in the last two days the old drama has raised its head again, and the response to it hasn't changed...

And when Ar. came, today, as is her habit, or need, or "right", it was all I could do not to ask her to leave me alone... And for the first time I asked You directly, Mother, to please undo this attachment she has for me... I know and appreciate and respect the quality of her self-giving, but her demands and the blindness of her own subtle possessiveness are getting unbearable; it is so that I think sometimes of going away myself so as to be free of her...

***8-5-1988, Auroville:**

I studied my Sanskrit home-work all afternoon; I find it a little more difficult with Santosh being out for sometimes on "vacation"; Su and I now are left to cope with a rather abstruse grammar without a good teacher...

***9-5-1988, Auroville:**

There's a heavy and mean wave of depression... N came, early this morning, his right arm slung in a huge bandage, plasters all over his body, with that look again, of having gone to the other side of the border, like he had when I'd first found him at the Court after his arrest last year... Right away I demanded that he tells me the truth; he cried; he then told me at least part of the story, that several guys had finally caught and held him and cut his right arm down to the nerves; he showed me the medical reports made by the surgeon in Jipmer who operated for four hours to save his arm...

... I looked at all this from all the angles I could "think" of... And I also had to see that this acute, extreme disharmony came at once, within the last few days, including the aggravated tension with Ar....

***10-5-1988, Auroville:**

There is a lot all the time for which I have no words, nor the desire to even find them... And this is why sometimes this journal-writing feels rather senseless...

I have been wondering at an aspect of what has happened in the last several days; N's troubles can also be seen as a sort of personal set-back for me, and it occurred on the 6th of May, and last year C had fallen on that same day...: striking the ones that are close to me, striking me through them...? This is only one aspect, though, I know it well...

***11-5-1988, Auroville:**

I was so tired during the night-watch, and while listening to John H on the present confusions at Matrimandir, I kept remembering what You have explained about the un-reality of these so-called physical sensations; and I still have a long way to go to disengage my consciousness from this language of sensations and symptoms...

***12-5-1988, Auroville:**

I always feel very interested and concerned, by what is happening in Israel and Palestine... As if the resolution of this conflict had the inherent capacity of bringing things to the right step for the earth, while the continuation of lies and escapisms becomes more and more dangerous, for the earth... There seems to be much substance there...

***13-5-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. wanted me to help her see more clearly, and to explain to her the nature of my relationship with Su; we talked; she quietened; enough to come and work with me... But I had already agreed that Su would meet me at the beach, after the work, and we would cycle back together, and didn't tell Ar. about it; and of course she found out later, and there was another scene this evening... I do not understand how she can be so utterly helpless in the grip of these vital delusions; I have known those pains and obsessions, God knows, but somehow there was always a space within, even when the suffering felt unbearable, where I knew...

... What is it? There are these two women who, each in her own way, are as given and trusting as can be asked of a woman... Yet I didn't ask that, not in that way... With Su, it is more natural for me to be man and woman, it has its place inwardly and she finds her space in my being; with Ar. it is more like a sister, or a dependent, or a satellite; it has its inner truth but, in mental terms, it gets deformed and ambiguous... And neither one is the woman I could adore and celebrate... Su is more lucid, honest and courageous about her own affective wants and needs and that's partly what makes it easier for me to spend time with her, to be natural with her...

But toward both of them I raise walls, so that it doesn't take over a physical daily space I need away from human interference...

***14-5-1988, Auroville:**

I attended the meeting at Matrimandir today. Things seem to have turned: as if Matrimandir had neutralised all that agitation, that false energy that had gathered around Roger A and his design; donations have dwindled and plans have not been made, and all have somehow agreed to concentrate on the one priority that is evident, that is, the completion of the Inner Room; they have also agreed, on the basis of the labour required for it, to cut down other activities and reduce the number of people working only part-time, and yet drawing their "maintenances" from Matrimandir, so that a more exact and proportionate relationship is established between the work to be done and the people contributing their labour. It felt like this was on the right track for the present...

Last night I'd had a good dream with G.M and today I was relieved to find that he seemed to have surrendered his own drives and preferences and committed to allow Matrimandir itself to show the way... In the dream he was in the process of letting go of his attachments and, as it was happening, I could feel the return of the closeness between us, of that deep-rooted tenderness...

***15-5-1988, Auroville:**

N came and asked me to remove some of his stitches, and change his bandages. I did that. He also needed money. To see his arm bare, with all the scars and folds of healing tissue and remaining stitches, and to feel the pain when he tried to move his wrist, shocked him...

***16-5-1988, Auroville:**

I received a good letter from C who seemed to be truly happy with the gift I had sent for her birthday – I had drawn Your mantra with wax crayons, in sanskrit letters.

... This morning I woke up very early with pain in my left eye – a burst vessel – and a moment later my body expelled a fat and hard 5" long worm; these creatures appear to dislike alcohol, as yesterday I had made for Su and me a gin-based cooling drink: I find it depressing that these things can feed on our organisms, suckers that our bodies do not seem to be equipped to fight; I have what is called a healthy diet, I never eat meat, I am clean and live in a clean place, I drink only filtered or boiled water... nothing doing!

***18-5-1988, Auroville:**

N came accompanied, this morning, by a brother-in-law who acted as a body-guard: the man who had cut N's arm has been bailed out and has immediately threatened to now kill N... I can find no room, in that entire set-up of bonds, customs, debts and face-saving requirements; to anchor any harmonising factor... I keep at a distance and abstain from giving any advice or extending any other help than just the minimum allowance N needs to go on with life...

***22-5-1988, Auroville:**

I gave N a kind of ultimatum this morning; I explained to him once more that he had to choose to close this weak opening in him that keeps attracting trouble and commit to another orientation in his life, and that I wouldn't support him through one more of these dramas...

***23-5-1988, Auroville:**

I knew it was high time for me to make some show of authority at "Ravena", however inadequate I usually feel in this kind of situation; I took the opportunity that J was on leave today, to "seriously" talk to the others, with Shano's help to translate... And as a result, everyone this afternoon was working with renewed conviction and energy... I guess I must take like as it is, and not expect from people more than what they are ready to give...

... I needed to have a break from the daily routine of the relationship with Ar., the daily obligation of it, and from the circle of her emotional involvement: I brought her some fruit and requested her to meet on Friday only. She cried. But I believe that, way down, she understood...

... It is so mysterious how I feel more at home with N's substance – except for those times when he has dropped into a sort of unconsciousness, or is just awakening from sleep, or has fallen "sick", when his mere presence becomes actively negative; I am also wary of a sort of duplicity in him; and yet I still trust him, and his attachment to me...

***26-5-1988, Auroville:**

B and Akash have temporarily moved to another place while their house here is being re-built. Today the work started, with removing the old thatch roof, and I put N there to coordinate and supervise.

***30-5-1988, Auroville:**

After the work today I went to Matrimandir to help with the preparations for the big concreting of the large RCC cap-slab in a couple of days. Su joined me there after dinner; there were only people I was glad to work with, Ramalingam and his team, John H and the workshop boys, and Gopal, and Narayana, and there was this family feeling I'd been missing... Yet it was too long since I had been exposed to that energy and it threw me a little off...

... I received a letter from J.Y's lady-friend, Patricia, announcing her arrival in a week' time and a letter from JF.D announcing his and his friend's arrivals in a month time...

***2-6-1988, Auroville:**

The concreting started at about 4 pm yesterday. I had not planned to be there all through, but the energy was reaching so strongly that it was easier to stay there than not; I only took a break between 10 pm and 1 am; struggling to rest, I had a very puzzling experience: I suddenly entered another space and found myself sort of visiting a vast building that had been made in Your atmosphere, by one of Your children, as a housing-complex, a multi-storeyed apartment building, completely harmonious and serene and clean and warmly cared for, with lots of wood and brass, and clear and simple lines and much individual space and common halls... and this stayed with me as a demonstration of the power of true consciousness, its natural radiating power, of exactness, of harmony, of wholeness...

I worked at Matrimandir again from 1.30 am till the end at 10 this morning, replacing John H at the mixer-machine; Su had also come back to help eventually, and we finished together...

... This evening when I came home from work, I found N waiting for me; I cut his nails; we lay together for a moment; I guess I had needed that release, with the tenderness that has now come between us, despite the confusion it brings...

***4-6-1988, Auroville:**

I went to visit with Kenneth late this morning. This friendship seems to grow, and develop virtues that make it belong to You, offered to You, and this is a happy thing; it is not an easy contentment, for it demands the best in either of us, but that is also its value...

***5-6-1988, Auroville:**

J.P came, after long, to see me here; I made him tea; he asked why I had been so cool with him; I told him. And so he can now choose whether he cares for that friendship or not...

... Y came with his wife, bringing me their baby-girl...

... How long will it take for me to become wholly gathered for You, Douce Mère...?

The more I go and the greater and purer and truer and more indispensable You become to me: an intimate, ultimate and absolute necessity...

How beautiful and real is the Divine You bear...

***6-6-1988, Auroville:**

Before leaving for Madras, I rested longer at noon and, in my sleep, I went to the Samadhi, and then to the alcove by Your stairs, where they had put You down on Your bed, and I was crying and crying and crying...

... I met Larry on my way, and he now agrees with the tiling of the terrace at "Ravena"... It is comforting to find the way opens when one is set on making an offering to You; despite everything else that goes on in Auroville, as long as this still happens, it is a good place...

... Su came home, shocked, around 2 pm, back from an awful morning at Matrimandir, with Narayana and Bhavani's vicious, delirious hysteria... ; they're not strong or poised enough to bear these waves of energy such as what came last week; they blow up and all their pent-up resentments rise and burst nastily like a virulent steam; Su cried...

***7-6-1988, Auroville:**

I returned with Patricia at 1 am. I was counting the miles!

Her plane landed on schedule. She stood on the tarmac, looking for me.

We talked a little, quietly, part of the way. Something of J.Y came with her.

It's possible - I do not know - that we have met before, in other times, but not in a man-woman relationship, I do not feel that at all... Perhaps she has merely found, through both J.Y and me, the echo of the Presence she was seeking, of the purpose she was missing... She came for a month, and on my request P and Jossie have made a room available for her in their house... In her I detected a sort of propensity for militantism, which I distrust, but also a quality of listening, of silent attention and attunement; and other aspects as well...

***8-6-1988, Auroville:**

Krishna came, with a bouquet of wild flowers, sweet and wanting to communicate...

***13-6-1988, Auroville:**

First thing this morning I got a note from Larry saying that the US donors would give no more funds to "Ravena", and that the teachers' seminar was postponed till next January, so would I please cancel the order for the tiles...

I understood why there had been that slight unease marring the joy of being able to do the right thing... But I still feel that it must be done; so I'll try to cut down on other expenses... Auralice is returning in a few days, and Larry is all focussed on that...

... There was a difficult moment with Krishna; he was resentful and reproached me for what he'd taken as my getting rid of him the other day – he'd come to me full of his own drama, wanting to leave, wanting me to find someone to look after his place, and mainly to indulge him a moment; but this I can't do anymore: I went all the way to the other end, the last time he'd called me in, a few years ago, and it cured me for good...

And I have begun to have glimpses of a state or condition that is entirely beyond that sense or drama and need for emotions as we experience them here; and at the risk of seeming inhuman, I understand that it opens onto a truer condition, more capable of sustaining, later on, the actual charge of Your Love... But we must first outgrow our so-called needs, and achieve an entire and detailed honesty...

***14-6-1988, Auroville:**

The work on Barbara's house is taking more and more time and attention; I have now less time for the study of Sanskrit...; time, the question of time... I tend to conclude that the only way out, or in, is to become capable of acting exclusively under Your impulse, at each moment, whatever the consequences and regardless of the appearances... Every attempt at organising time is bound to fail, or to remain so inadequate and arbitrary... But there must be such a "long" way to go in order to reach that capacity...!

***16-6-1988, Auroville:**

I took Patricia with me to Pondy for a few errands and to get fresh garlands for John H's birthday, and we made a halt at the beach on the way back; and there I passed my princess, her eyes against the dust of the road, her small adorable face raised up, just in front of Diane's hard mask... What is the sense of this, Mother? I still do not know...

... At "Ravena" this morning, Larry came with Auralice, and a few other kids; Auralice is all fat and hardened and acting up, and it was vulgar and like a betrayal...

***17-6-1988, Auroville:**

I think I can say that there are, in my aspiration, two needs that predominate, like a note of music, a unique call: one is to open time, and free it from its linear slavery – be it animal, in the form of growth followed by decline, or mental, in the multiple sense of projected activities, habits and structures... The other is to open

myself drop by drop to the Conscious One, so that whatever I am progressively becomes whatever It wills to be...

***23-6-1988, Auroville:**

I was so exhausted for this past week; I couldn't cycle, or walk anymore; there was nothing painful, nothing acute, just this general, definite fatigue, with a little fever. I couldn't even stand up for more than a moment; I was immediately drained of energy...

... I thought this perhaps was caused by worms, but couldn't be sure...

Even now I can hardly stay out in the sun, I feel sucked out, depleted... I feel the trap of linear time, of all these values that have to do with one's use of one's life, of one's time, and all the logic of movements they imply, and all the choices that are directed by that determinism of linear time... It all feels wrong, like feeding a huge monster on and on, and never reaching for the truth of the Manifest Being...

... I want to learn to tune into another rhythm, a circular, inclusive, growing rhythm; I want it not with the mind, nor with the emotions; I want it here, in Matter, in the smallest events and circumstances and expressions...

***24-6-1988, Auroville:**

Whatever it is that "ails" me, it seems to stay on, not worsening, but not letting go either: general weakness, intolerance to the sun-rays, a low-keyed fever... nothing else...

***27-6-1988, Auroville:**

I have cautiously resumed my routine of work...

***28-6-1988, Auroville:**

At noon N came to me, and we lay together for a while; it was very sweet, but the usual impasse, that leaves me uneasy with myself... Basically, I suppose, it is because I ought to be free from all desire...!

... The more I go and the more I feel as if I am floating in the world, within the world - a great, mysterious, immensely loaded womb, charged with a complexity no individual consciousness can ever resolve -, myself being merely that tenuous yet enduring cord that is anchored and joined to the True, to the Lord, to the Real... Nothing, near or far, makes any more particular sense, in terms of destiny or task; only You, and the awareness, in "me", of You...

***29-6-1988, Auroville:**

Krishna came. He has been longing for a renewal of our bond; he is considering going back to Morocco next year, to try and get a new passport; should I accompany him, even part of the way?

... Soaz has written, asking me to come and receive her and the kids at the airport, in a week' time... Samuel will be a grown little boy now; shall we still be able to relate?

***1-7-1988, Auroville:**

The pressure of time again; there is a cramped ness and a rush, one has to do this, and then that, and on to this and on to that, and at night one finds oneself in this activity and then another one and the next, and there's never a break, or a gap, to simply be... It is so difficult to shift and establish oneself in a state that contains the activity, in the silence of the Presence... I don't know how to say that, but I am sure that, short of such a state, life here goes round and round and calls for its own end...

Sometimes it feels that such a condition is at hand – only it would take what is called a "warp", or a slip, a sort of accident, to get there, or that it gets here... And perhaps "here" and "there" are the same, only we are trapped and bound...

It's like this matter of relationships; how to be free, really free, so as to let flow the rhythms and pulses of each and every relationship, as and of itself, and not to make demands, not to have expectations, not to be turned to, not to be eager, but simply be, aware and free...

... I met briefly Al.GC, and asked him point-blank to give more money for Barbara and Akash's house; he looked "pained", but he must do it!

... Patricia came and sat with me a long time; she is perceptive and seems to be open; but there is an imbalance in her, an undeveloped ness that may cause her to get exalted about things or people; and for that she must, I think, work for some more time away from here, for her own sake...

***3-7-1988, Auroville:**

Last night I was a long time with Satprem, in a car. Sujata was next to him, and with me there was someone else, a friend, and I was facing Satprem all the time, sitting as in those old-fashioned big automobiles, with folding seats set opposite the back seat...

***5-7-1988, Auroville:**

N arrived this evening, after two days of absence, and threw himself at my feet, sobbing and whimpering, inarticulate, and wouldn't let go of me... Little by little, I piece it together; he got himself drunk, then he swallowed some DTT powder; his grand-mother died; his wife blamed him for not bringing enough money home, half his wages go directly to the children's school-fees, etc. He vomited, then; and I forced him to drink a full glass of milk, to counteract the poison; I bathed him, and made him rest... There's this unexplained bond between us, almost as if he was my child, or part of me, and yet subjected to influences and forces which I can, at best, only guess about... But this is the first time he comes to me like this, undone, completely relying...

***6-7-1988, Auroville:**

N slept through the night and went on sleeping through the morning; when I returned from work and the Sanskrit class (with the visit of the Governor of Pondichéry), he was waiting for me, and it was really sweet: for the first time I felt that he was there, himself, rather than wanting to merely accommodate me... I thought that perhaps he could try to move away from the village and perhaps stay here, in the store-room, for a while... But I don't know if he has it in him to pull out and try for a truer balance; I can't do it for him... He is also very attached to his kids, and may not want to live away from them...

I asked him, later, to stay this night too, while I went for night watch at Matrimandir, and fill the tanks... And this was demonstrative of what he generates in the atmosphere! He got a scare, seeing, he said, two men walking in the dark, and then throwing stones; and he came right over to fetch me, with this vibration of drama and insincerity all around him... This will never do...!

***8-7-1988, Auroville:**

As I have too much work here, I decided not to go to Madras, and let Ar. go alone, to meet Soaz and the children.

I received a letter from J.Y, oddly exalted, unreal; I'm becoming quite devoid of any "romanticism"... I find, more and more, that our expectations, our ideals, and even our aspirations, are perhaps as much in the way as our so-called resistances...

***9-7-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. has not returned; neither has she sent any message. I don't understand, but I don't feel worried; I have to take care of Ritam...

... Krishna came, first thing this morning, declaring that he was in need of the contact with me, beyond even his own will, and that I must not bar him...

***10-7-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. returned in the middle of the night, alone, and went back again at noon.

... Krishna came early, had breakfast with me; he needed to make sure that I won't let me down if he needs help, vitally and emotionally, and also physically, and he want me to be especially aware of him these days...

***11-7-1988, Auroville:**

Ar. stayed at Juanita's in Madras. I cooked for Ritam, it was good with him, and Patricia slept there to keep him company.

... I have so little physical or nervous endurance; as soon as it becomes a little crowded, and tensions go beyond the little I can quietly assimilate and work on, the nerves go awry...

***12-7-1988, Auroville:**

And I saw my Samuel this morning! He came right into my arms, and it all felt and was right between us.

He has grown up of course, his voice has become defined and very articulate, he talks fine and easy; he has taken perhaps too much after his sister's way, because she's been his only model for the past two years, but his own nature is overwhelming, sweetness and fine presence... They're here for only 6 weeks...

***13-7-1988, Auroville:**

Krishna came to have breakfast with me. It's like moving through an unknowable forest, or jungle. But it is Yours, it belongs to You, and if he comes to me out of need, I know that You are supporting it, automatically, necessarily...

You are so beautiful...!

***16-7-1988, Auroville:**

Su and I went with Patricia to Madras – she is leaving. We spent the day in the city; it was wet and drizzling, and both were in good spirits; we had lunch in a luxurious restaurant, with a piano player!

***19-7-1988, Auroville:**

I know the Lord is leading me towards conscious purity.
It is better no one is made judge of the way: only He knows!

***20-7-1988, Auroville:**

I resist, ignorantly, clumsily, fumblingly, this coalition of energies, habits and usages that render it unavoidable and, eventually, necessary to, out of sheer wear, quit the scene...

I want to find, in this physical condition and world, the Presence that is Itself Its own renewal and takes every part, every element, in Its charge...

... When I returned from the night-watch, past midnight, I found Y asleep on the porch of the house; he'd been caught by the heavy rain on his way home; he came to sleep inside, and I yielded to the attraction of that comfortable embrace...

***22-7-1988, Auroville:**

Tom came to tell me that they would have no room (in "Revelation") for JF.D and his friend Michel; this made me a little sad, as they, Tom and the others there, haven't been quite straight with me, but also quite relieved: my relationships with French people mostly tend to go sour, ambiguous and unclear, and I like it best to be isolated from them all...! I'll have to see for some accommodation at "Discipline" tomorrow...

***23-7-1988, Auroville:**

These days there's such an accumulation of material details, of things that demand attention lest they go to pieces – from water-pipes to Barbara's house, to the new bench by C's house, the money-flow or the tyres for the wheel-barrow: nothing in itself, but a sum of symbols of the precariousness and artificiality of this present physical condition which knows not how to evolve but tends to rigidify, and therefore must then break or be undone...

... I cycled over to "Discipline" to see with Meike for JF.D and M's lodgings; it isn't very well looked after, but there's this gentle, mellow farm atmosphere, a quiet activity...

***25-7-1988, Auroville:**

I spent much of last night fighting with mice, and was defeated: six of them and now another hole in the new screen, all to waste... Su fixed the holes this morning and this afternoon squirrels went at them and made them only bigger! Lesson: I have to buy a stronger mesh-screen!

And these days I am saturated with the preoccupation with money; everything in this life, nearly every single movement, translates in cash-flow... Here money is always short, or too slow to come, dragging things on and making it all complicated and causing more waste which snow-balls into more needs and necessities, and it is

endlessly frustrating... "Ravena" needs money, Barbara's house needs money, this place needs money, and Ar. needs money: one step outside and someone stops me with a bill...!

... No news of Samuel: since the other day, when he threw a tantrum at Soaz and me, he hasn't come back to me; I am no good for this age of vital practicing; I myself do not have vital energy to spare, and I am not tolerant enough. Yet there must be some way to relate that cancels the need for whimsicality, isn't there? Perhaps not; I do not know...

***26-7-1988, Auroville:**

JF.D and his friend Michel have arrived. Michel has actually come last year already, for a short visit, but I hadn't met him. There is a direct and simple contact with him...

***27-7-1988, Auroville:**

I returned late this evening, after a tedious, probably necessary but not apparently fruitful, meeting with Larry, Pala, Ed and Yaap, at "Ravena", on how to finance the remaining work, on the building of a new road, and on how to use the place apart from these planned seminars and programs already committed to... Larry's position, in Auroville's terms, isn't clear, and Pala tried to point it out to him, as I have several times done, but it doesn't reach him...! As for me, I do not know what to do: there are not enough funds to finish what I ought to be the one to finish; and even then, for me to vanish would mean leaving Larry to cope with a heavy material load on his own... But I somehow do not feel any more at ease to contribute out of the little that comes to me...

***28-7-1988, Auroville:**

I am half-drowned under the weight and definition of material manipulations, mentalised Matter, money-flow, things in disrepair, things to adjust, things to make, to fix, to coordinate - to try and harmonise... And there is the conflict between Larry's attitude and drive over "Ravena", and the spirit of offering that has been my living thread and support all along. I don't know whether I must continue, at this point; one psychological factor that motivates me to try and go on, or rather that prevents me from disengaging further, is the wish I have for C to see the place nearly done and whole, when she comes in September, and before it passes into other hands...

***30-7-1988, Auroville:**

Su is nervous and apprehensive at her sister's visit; and she has been needing some more emotional support, which I can "let" her find, but have no impulse to display: it is there, if she cares to look for it, which she often does... I too have sometimes such a need, to be held, to hug and caress and be hugged and caressed... What to do?

***31-7-1988, Auroville:**

I am seeing, and developing in my mind, a very beautiful and synthetic structure to build as the Pavilion of France in Auroville: this came in response to JF.D's dream

and prayer that it must be built soon... It is a vast square, a cube rather, with in its inner volume a four-sided tiered atrium...

***1-8-1988, Auroville:**

Vivian, Su's and John H's sister, has safely arrived, and it is as if her entire emotional being is already known and experienced...

***2-8-1988, Auroville:**

I need to give more attention to "Ravena" these days, with a whole swarm of carpenters there, and Jaimurthy, who's been brooding overmuch, tending to make mistakes with the laying of the new terrace tiles...

***3-8-1988, Auroville:**

I am suffocating: the whole process of "doing", the mechanics of energies, and the dependency on money and how it deforms, twists and bends every movement, every action and every situation... And here particularly, in this country now, the low degree of quality and reliability and the high quotient of deteriorating and disintegrating agents, factors, or tendencies: I feel swamped within a thick, heterogeneous, jarring mass of disparate elements; and I get confused, cerebrally confused, at not being able to do properly what, in the circumstances, is expected of me...

***5-8-1988, Auroville:**

The pressure of a deadline to finish the work at "Ravena" without enough money is throwing me in a dumb panic much of the time; I struggle with depression, as I catch myself perhaps wasting money, not giving enough attention and care, not succeeding in perfection; defects appear magnified and I tend to find myself incompetent; and I struggle through this false relationship to Matter, bound by intermediate energies and artefacts, loud and ugly, not ever reaching completeness, not ever neutralising the processes of deterioration...

... I cooked dinner for JF.D and Michel, and it was a quiet evening with them; I find that they have sort of complementary imbalances! But I enjoyed the moments spent in their company; I do not think, though, that they would make it here, at present...

***6-8-1988, Auroville:**

I went to help a while at Matrimandir, preparing for the next concreting on top of the structure, with John H and Su and Narayana and Somu and a few others, each of us grateful for this gorgeous, peaceful gift of Matrimandir, watching the sunset all over the land and the ocean in the distance... This morning too, I attended a meeting there, with Piero and Carel sharing their findings in their trip to Europe, regarding the technical problems, and possible solutions, of the next stage of the work...

***7-8-1988, Auroville:**

Timidly, the urge is forming of perhaps writing another book, but on a different basis than last time – not trying to offer a perfect gem, but as an inclusive means for the sadhana...

... The coming week – of the 15th – appears already crowded; and afterwards, Su is to move in with me here, so as to free C's house and prepare it for her next stay...; and I'm not quite sure about that...!

***8-8-1988, Auroville:**

Early today Krishna came, just after N had come and gone, with the sense of this special date of the 8-8-88, but I was confused and not receptive to it: it surely manifests a rhythm, and I may have felt it now and then through the day, but I can't say I am aware of it really...

***9-8-1988, Auroville:**

From midnight till 1 this afternoon I ran the cement mixer at Matrimandir, and Su was there too, giving the signals to the crane operator... Ar. was there part of the time as well, and John H all through; it went well. And this afternoon I went to meet Soaz and the kids on the beach, and swam with Samuel, washing off the cement and the fatigue...

***12-8-1988, Auroville:**

There's been a soft rain, and every living thing is filled with sap and rested in the quiet, cool air... There was another scene with Ar. today, which resolved, as usual, in laughter; she is like a child-woman with me; she doesn't seem to ever grow up, in this area of life...

***13-8-1988, Auroville:**

I had lots of accounting to do this morning, and the funds are now nearly exhausted; we can only go on with borrowed money now, or else with proceeds of the sales, as Larry is planning, of the old solar panels; and still I can see it will not be sufficient...

... I cooked dinner for JF.D and Michel, and we worked at translating JF.D's piece about the building of the Pavilion of France in Auroville, which he wants to post as an open letter; he has at least accepted to let go of some of his aggressiveness towards a variety of exclusivism he has encountered here in Auroville; I believe that he is onto something valid and meaningful, but his emotions, pent-up for so long, are constantly coming in the way...

***15-8-1988, Auroville:**

I stayed at home this afternoon. Soaz and Samuel came, both grumpy and depressed, but slowly they revived... This evening we went to watch the dance performance – a choreography by Coni, performed by her class, on an ancient Greek music; I liked it well enough, and it gave sense to her work of the past several years; and Ar. was good too, all along, and they were all happy and fulfilled when they came out after the show...

***17-8-1988, Auroville:**

Samuel hasn't been well again, but he asked to stay with me this evening, and I took him with me to the night-watch, till Soaz returned from the show; he fell asleep in my arms, and Su, who had joined us, fell asleep as well...! She has been very tired again, with pain in her kidneys, and worrying...

***19-8-1988, Auroville:**

Zia, the leader of Pakistan, has been shot in the air, with several others including the US Consul, struck by a missile... This has happened yesterday, it seems.

***21-8-1988, Auroville:**

My aspiration, my need is to open, Mother, so that more consciousness may flow in and do its work... Please, Mother, do not let me remain un-growing; help me make all the room, please, Mother...!

There is only one adventure: to open to more consciousness and let it change our substance.

There is no other sense to existence and no other cause either...

Take me, Mother...!

***23-8-1988, Auroville:**

Samuel, Gwen, Soaz, JF.D and Michel have all left together, back to France.

Samuel spent the entire morning with me here, till the moment their car was packed and ready to leave; I cut his hair...

***24-8-1988, Auroville:**

I have been building houses for years now; and I haven't yet found the contact with a progressive matter. The determinisms that tend towards disintegration are always stronger, based as they are on inertia; and the condition of human society at present is centred on shallow values, and one has to struggle against it whenever and wherever one seeks to establish another base... And so it is within the body, it seems...

***25-8-1988, Auroville:**

Su has now moved in with me. Faced with Ar.'s clock-like insistence on being with me daily by 2 pm, she cracked, from the sheer tension of it in the room, and she asked Ar., right in front of Vivian, not to come so early anymore, so she could rest. Ar. left at once. Because of the implications of such a statement, on such a tone and at such a moment, I got a little mad at her inside me and couldn't see how to accept any of this, couldn't see the validity of her staying with me at all, even though it is only for a few weeks... I waited till this evening, and we talked; I told her bluntly about it; but she had by then already looked at it herself, and she took my meaning in, and received it well, and it was alright again...

***27-8-1988, Auroville:**

As I was giving the final touches and a last brooming to C's house, Jaïmurthy came by, back from an errand I'd sent him to run in town, and he had drunk quite a bit

so he could talk to me... All the pent-up emotions, resentment, affection and fears came out, from deep inside him, and he soon felt better...

N has eventually finished building the table and bench outside C's house, so that everything is now ready for her arrival tomorrow...

I had an encounter this morning with both Larry and Pala, regarding the full furnishing of "Ravena" so that it could accommodate 10 people, they say, for 2 years: an absurd proposition! But they apparently expect me to consider it as my work...

***28-8-1988, Madras:**

I was given a bull of a driver: he went so fast that I reached the airport in time for a quiet lunch, in a freezing room overlooking the first mountain range...

Early this morning, Krishna came to see me; he'd come several times already but hadn't found me; he's had heart-troubles lately – his heart stops now and then, and starts with a big thump; he'd tried to work on himself and find out what it is that stands in the way; he was worried that, living alone and isolated, no one would find him if something happened to him, and he wanted me to check on him every morning... Oddly – or perhaps naturally – the thought had come to me yesterday that we two should make a pact that, should one of us leave, the other would see to it that everything is done right...! We laughed about it...

***29-8-1988, Auroville:**

C has brought many adorable gifts. And with her JY, my brother, sent an object which, charged with all the past and with JY's own care and love and aspiration over many years, I am now to keep here: a statuette from ancient Egypt of a man adoring, kneeling on the ground, his arms outstretched on either side, his face lifted up slightly towards the light he sees and reveres and opens to, or to the person who incarnates it... I will share this always, and perhaps this too will help JY and I to share Your way in the physical...

***30-8-1988, Auroville:**

I am unable to evolve out of this sense of constantly racing against time, day after day, night after night... Whichever way I try, to organise the activities, to concentrate, or to let go, it remains within the same circle: physical time is a prison, a snare, or else an illusion which is tied to all other illusions and ties the consciousness to the round of their mechanisms, ageing, disease, fear, insecurity and death, the inability to simply be, to perceive reality...

***31-8-1988, Auroville:**

Ramu came to meet me, confused: Jagdish died yesterday, of an entirely unexpected, abrupt heart-failure...

***1-9-1988, Auroville:**

These days I have so little time away from external relationships that I become easily confused: I do not yet find the right balance and receptivity, the capacity of physical silence – conscious silence in the physical consciousness – which would enable me to remain centred while letting the energies circulate and animate the

external movements and expressions. And because I do not find it, I tend to feel scattered and noisy and shallow and, in the end, quite useless – in contradiction with what I wish to manifest...

***2-9-1988, Auroville:**

Su was crying like a child because of the language barrier, trying to understand and participate in the talk with C...

... Yesterday at the Raja Sabha the Bill was passed, despite a loud opposition to Rajeev Gandhi, for Auroville. I do not understand clearly at all what all this Bill means and implies, but it sets Auroville as a venture of national importance and makes it a Foundation, directly relatable to the Central Government of India; perhaps simply out of ignorance, I must say I feel nothing much one way or another, at this point...

***5-9-1988, Auroville:**

Today I haven't seen Krishna; he'd started to bring flowers every day at dawn, so I'd know he's alright and I don't have to check on him; but the relationship had lately got so, externally, that it was beginning to slip – the old point when he begins to over-extend and brings too much noise and energy...

... When I drove through the village this evening, with C, on our way to visit with Jaïmurthy's family, I saw that N was getting himself nicely drunk... I haven't been able yet to break his allegiance to those energies that feed from continuous drama...

... The Foundation Bill is to be passed in the second Chamber today or tomorrow; it doesn't sound that good! It seems to mean direct management by a Government constituted body, an awful perspective...!

***9-9-1988, Auroville:**

We have got copies of the Bill that has been passed in the Parliament for the Auroville Foundation: some of the clauses are likely to be misused, and the old administrative machinery can very well crush us all; but the main point remains that the Central Government of India is now legally, openly and officially committing itself to serve the Charter of Auroville, and also to acquire thereby all lands, funds and assets, as well as all legal formations in the name of Auroville, whether from the SAS or from the Aurovilians....

***10-9-1988, Auroville:**

C has offered Rs 5,000/- to help finish all the carpentry work at "Ravena"; Larry was happy, and it was a relief not to have to lay off the workmen, so close to completion of the work...

***11-9-1988, Auroville:**

C and I left late morning for the airport to receive R and we returned this evening.

... I am grateful to You. There is no cause for this gratitude: it is one with the awareness of You...

***12-9-1988, Auroville:**

I attended the general meeting at the Banyan tree this evening. Fred, K.T and Al.B shared some of their experience in Delhi around the passing of the Foundation Bill, and conveyed messages from Kireet and CPN Singh; they were asked a number of questions, but they don't seem to actually know that much beyond the available text of the Bill itself, not how the Government is going to proceed in the near future in order to enact it...

***14-9-1988, Auroville:**

I am still very reluctant to accept what happens – the validity of whatever progress one may make - when one is constantly with others; this is a far-reaching question to which I have yet to find a convincing answer. Certainly it is useful in the sense that one is obliged to draw resources from within or from above, and must present to the Light a greater diversity of aspects and evolutive angles... But I still tend to believe that the test of the Presence, of the incarnation, is clearer in isolation, free from constant interactions – rather than amidst others when the matter of time is much worse an obstacle, when there is no time to assimilate and to offer...

***15-9-1988, Auroville:**

Douce Mère, je T'aime ; mais de le dire cause comme une séparation : c'est infiniment plus simple, plus direct, plus entier que cela...

***19-9-1988, Auroville:**

There was an interesting talk with R this evening, which came about in answer to his many questions and comments, interesting because I had to seek and open to a formulation that would concern him, and it brought me to a new discovery or understanding of the Experience, and the atmosphere was changed, and I felt grateful...

***20-9-1988, Auroville:**

It was Ar.'s birthday today, and this evening we went to the beach, C riding with me and R with Ar., after the work. I swam and relaxed in the rough sea; later, C and I stayed behind: she is so very beautiful, more beautiful every year, as she grows and stands more revealed...

***25-9-1988, Auroville:**

Su and I took C and R to the airport this afternoon. R was, as usual, impatient and restless, and it wasn't easy to be waiting with them there till we could usher them past the customs and see that everything was cleared; it took three hours and the parting had to be offered: C did well, my sweet one!

... I must finish "Ravena", and B's house; it will take me several more weeks.

And then?

But You will show me...!

***27-9-1988, Auroville:**

Now i am alone again in the house, and I can take meals by myself; today at noon N came to me, seeing that it was possible again, and we spent a moment together, and he was sweet and close and attentive and quiet, and it came as a gift... He has invited S and I to come to his house tomorrow for Nitya's birthday...

***28-9-1988, Auroville:**

The Central Government's man, Mahajan, is here at present; it seems he is a good, open and tranquil fellow. No one really knows much...

... The weather is lovely, calm and luminous, and the land is so green and budding everywhere...

***29-9-1988, Auroville:**

B is full of questions regarding this Act of Parliament and the creation of the Auroville Foundation, and the contradictions that arise from it. For instance, the "members" of Auroville will be all those persons who, on the first official day of the Auroville Foundation's existence, will be listed on the Master-Lists maintained by the Administrators, and that will include automatically many of the SAS people, as well as the "neutrals": a thorough levelling...!

Right after B told me all this, I developed what is called a "splitting headache", and I spent the rest of the day trying this movement and that, till it began to fade; behind it there is a sort of ill-temper before the majority of my contacts with people, and a resentment towards "Aurovilians" in general for creating this basically mediocre, dishonest, superficial reality...

***30-9-1988, Auroville:**

There are complications with N. I refused to give money for the lawyer to pay off the witnesses who had been made to testify against him, and he resents it and is now in that mood when he does stupid, desperate things...

... Krishna had breakfast with S and I today and he told me more about Agnes's condition: she seems to be quite lost and in a rather nasty spot, but his own blindness is all the more striking...

***1-10-1988, Auroville:**

I went on pruning in the garden right until dark. And then Jaimurthy came. I have found work for him for some days, until I know for sure whether we can build the tank on the upper roof of "Ravena", money-wise. If not, I'll try then to find him a good job in Auroville, and I plan to take him to dinner in town and to give him a bonus, for this wonderful work he has done over the past few years, at "Ravena", with me...

***3-10-1988, Auroville:**

I attended the general meeting at Bharat Nivas, devoted to the legislations that have come into effect with the Act of the Parliament. The Master List of all Auroville residents now comprises all the names that were entered on the Register maintained by the Administrator, including a number of SAS members and "neutrals" – the old "enemies"... This could be one more opportunity for all of us to

re-affirm our commitment to the Charter of Auroville, and to activate the true engine of the adventure, through which the true Force, the true Consciousness can act...

But perhaps people here are too thick, or else they do not really want the Consciousness to act, preferring their own interests and what they consider as an "interesting" community life... I used to get depressed by this state of affairs; today I got more angry than depressed, and I tried to speak, twice... But it is always the same phenomenon: there is silence, like a shock; and then it shifts back to the ruts of routine, and the point made is diluted...

***8-10-1988, Auroville:**

In the night, around 1 am, a huge storm rose. Several times the lightnings stroke so close that the houses shook, and one struck just between the two houses; every time this happens, I wonder how it works, and how for instance the heart gets affected by the jolts of electricity in the air, no matter how safe and calm one may be – what is the relationship between the charge in molecules and the emotions...?

And today I got entangled in a couple of wrong movements; I clashed with Barbara this morning, who was whining and complaining, unable to let the house be completed at an harmonious pace; despite my repeated pleas and warnings she went on, and I quit... There was a mixture of anger and sadness, because I have wanted to make it as beautiful and offered as she would let me, but she kept spoiling the joy of it...

... Reading the papers, I have felt again the distress and suffering of the Kurds, who are being coldly decimated by means of chemical warfare... One tends to avoid looking into it, because... what can one do? But this is so wrong: this is such a beautiful people, perhaps one of the very last upon earth to retain some of that natural integrity... It is all so wrong and so false...

***10-10-1988, Auroville:**

Early this morning Barbara came. Her attitude had adjusted quite a bit and we could clarify the position so she would ask me to finish her house with her, and it was sweet.

Larry too is now very sweet, and we are together choosing to continue with the work at "Ravena", whatever are the obvious needs for it to function... Tomorrow I'll go and purchase more wood...

***12-10-1988, Auroville:**

Both Su and John H have come to keep me company at the night-watch. With John H it hasn't been easy lately; perhaps I am too impatient: he keeps avoiding any commitment, in the sense of making choices, whether it concerns Matrimandir and the semi-paralysis around it, or friendships...

***13-10-1988, Auroville:**

Returning to the work at "Ravena" after several days of absence, Jaimurthy was very unhappy with the pull of the same old games between the workers there; I guess I am not good at this: I give too much freedom and respect to everyone, and most seem to merely misuse it, not knowing better...

... I have these days more work than I can practically do; but, to put energy into the creating of harmony is self-rewarding... If only there was the same awareness in the "users", then the entire process would be truly creative and ever progressive...!

***17-10-1988, Auroville:**

The psychic being: its total and perfectly pure dedication to Truth...
I have to make a step.

***19-10-1988, Auroville:**

The weather has been strangely dry, a sort of active drought, almost destructive: I have never seen the plants wilt so badly, every leaf curling in and yellowing so fast...

***20-10-1988, Auroville:**

I don't know what to do about N. He's been off for a couple of days. Obviously if I wasn't attached to him for what I must acknowledge as a selfish motive, I'd have already forced him to face the choices he must make in his life; and perhaps I must do that, whatever is our relationship. Yet I suspect that, if I send him away, there'll be nothing left to hold him together; I have been unable to "conjure up" his inner being, however embryonic it may be...

***23-10-1988, Auroville:**

This has been a tedious ploughing, in a hard resistant soil... This part of me that needs a free, open relationship with a man friend is again out front, and it seems to be an impossibility which blocks the progress of every other part as well – for instance I could be more open and present with Su... It is the old vicious circle; I have learnt, I have changed a little, quite a bit of it has dissolved along with ego, but an obstruction remains...

***24-10-1988, Auroville:**

Jaïmurthy just spent two full hours here with me. He is growing and learning...
The heaviness I often feel in my work at "Ravena" comes from the dissembling, and the petty dishonesty of the workmen here, who aren't able to appreciate the opportunity given them.
Sometimes this is very depressing: one cannot build Auroville without some sort of true and straight response in the people of the land... But the dominance of money – dark, eroding, divisive and contagious – is terrible...
... Barbara's house is nearly finished; at least my work there, along with that of the masons, is nearly over, and I'll have time again, each day, to study or paint or work in the garden. But Ar.'s demand to see me every single day weighs like a shadow, to which I have no answer; whichever way I try or turn, I do not find the movement to change it, to dissolve or undo what is wrong, unreal about it...
... I have again been experiencing the need to know, to concretely rely on the aspect of Puissance of the Lord – His masculine aspect, the Ishwara, or Purusha? –, like a base of Puissance, or a puissant Presence, that knows, and that loves...

***25-10-1988, Auroville:**

Today was probably my last taking care of Barbara's house; the work is now done. At "Ravena", Larry came this morning, to tell me that \$ 1,000/- has finally reached, for the furnishing of the house; even though we have already spent part of this amount, by borrowing in advance, it will still see us through a few more weeks of work...

... N had to go to the Court two days in a row; I now wish that either he makes a step forward and shows some receptivity or response, or that something else happens to direct him away from me: it is at once too vital and too stagnant with him...

***26-10-1988, Auroville:**

Barbara seems to be truly happy in her new house and so does Akash, and it does feel harmonious; Devaraj and the other men were sad to leave, though, and I too feel that sadness, to have to part in that way, not knowing what will come for them next...

... I am making obstruction, it is obvious; therefore I cannot complain of not progressing, of there being no progress: I have to assume responsibility for what remains my own "stagnation"...

***29-10-1988, Auroville:**

I attended the meeting at Matrimandir. And, for the first time in months, it was possible to calmly mention the fact that the design imposed by Roger A may not be the right one, and that because of that the work remains blocked; Andy spoke first and made a very clear statement, and I felt that this time I could follow through - I usually only sit and watch and listen, as I am not working there at present -; and others spoke, afterwards. The interpretations are still often biased, and there are still those who would rather continue with the conflict game, and thus it may take longer... But there was a clarity today which I hadn't felt for a long time.

***2-11-1988, Auroville:**

Days go by, and months, and years... How is it possible to make any substantial progress in such a ridiculously short life-span, which is made up of such truncated, abnormally brief and reduced days and nights...? Hold me, Mother, hold me on...!

***3-11-1988, Auroville:**

This is like an accidented terrain: contacts with people are so treacherous: I just spent an hour with Kenneth on my way back from Pondy, and he went on demolishing, for no reason I could figure, whatever he thinks Su is, and how only unstable people associate with me...! His atmosphere wasn't good at all; I had stopped by as it was his birthday, and I am aware of him as Your child; but today wasn't right...

***4-11-1988, Auroville:**

This morning, M.P's body was found, in his house, already decomposing. Let him be received and healed and renewed! He was cornered for so long...!

***6-11-1988, Auroville:**

I attended, the entire afternoon, a general meeting about the City Master-Plan, which Roger A is going to deliver tomorrow in Delhi, along, I suppose, with his expectations to be officially appointed as "The Architect"...

What to say? He is a pig. But he has capacities, and he is in this position whereby a wonderful advance could be made in Auroville, at all levels, simply because You had put him there; but he doesn't even see the opportunity, as he only functions with his ego. And the group that has formed around him adds dishonesty to deformation...

It seems to me we have as yet so little understanding; it is a poor circus show...!

***7-11-1988, Auroville:**

This is a very restful weather, soft and lush and cool; no blare, everything is subdued and quietly thriving, there's a little wind, a drizzle at times: Nature re sourcing... I had thought I would do the asanas, back from work this evening, but instead I found myself aligned in the garden, nowhere in particular, simply there, gazing, being, breathing, perceiving, as I've had no time to be for... a long time!

... If we weren't still bound by this sense of time determined by the duration of a human body, it seems to me there would be no frustration of any sort; whatever process one is into would simply go to its fruition, whatever the time it may take, and one would never feel the "waste" of it by having to compare it with all the other efforts or endeavours or progresses to be made... It is this engineering of time and death into the present body or material state that is truly THE obstacle – there seems to be none other...

***8-11-1988, Auroville:**

Mentally I want to work actively on freeing my physical consciousness from the sense of time – to try and open to a physical condition unbound by the pressure of time; and to let go of all the formations of what "I" ought to achieve, realise, serve or contribute: this condition must exist... But today I hit upon the other aspect of this pressure: relationships. For, without a sort of defined purpose or discipline in daily life, relationships tend to hover, flood in and spread and take over; and therefore it seems that, in order to become free of that falsifying sense of time, one must first find and establish the true, the new basis for all relationships, in oneself...

***9-11-1988, Auroville:**

I am up against a question: a need to be taken over by what I seek.

I understand I must find a state of eternity, so that there may be an increase of consciousness in the substance. Yet, life is so set, relationships and possibilities of movement are so insufficient and so resistant to change, that one can only tolerate them as temporary realities, not meant to last... I do not find the right movement; I do not even sense its actuality...

***12-11-1988, Auroville:**

Krishna stayed all evening here with me. We seem to be going at the same time through a similar crisis, reaching for some opening, sign or action, a way over or into the Real, and the undoing of death; often I see that Krishna and I are to each other what we both want most, and it is a Gift, a more-than-human thing. And yet,

we each still have to go through the motions of striving and struggling, that circular or spiralling advance, that makes us seem to be unaware of what we already have...

***13-11-1988, Auroville:**

Gnanivel came this morning, to ask me money for his house. I refused, but was led to speak up and tell him what he and the other young guys who have recently joined Auroville are loosing, wasting, or burying, and how it is high time for them to wake up again; I guess I care for them; and I resent the show that the Auroville people are putting on, as exactly the wrong example to set before them... And then Udayan came to visit, with his little daughter...

... Today it is exactly 15 years that I returned here. And I seem to be still so far from the capacity to serve You, to be truly and wholly Yours – whatever that means, in truth.

But these days the Pressure is felt all the time, and the silent ecstasy and gratitude in response...

Douce Mère, Sri Aurobindo, Aum Namó Bhagavaté...

***14-11-1988, Auroville:**

The difficulty with Ar., adjusting to her presence, remains as mysterious. I have gone down the whole list of reasons, by now; so that, not only do I feel the problem, but I also feel guilty of having it, as if I was striking at her offering hand. There seems to be a phenomenon akin to magnetism: she cannot conceive of keeping away from me more than a day; I ought to be aware at least of where, at which level or in which area it is located, so that I try to undo it, but I am not. And I can't identify the corresponding movement. Short of actively denying or barring our friendship, I do not see a way out of this...

... Krishna came and had dinner with me here; we've been sharing a lot of our perceptions lately, and there is this comfort of being able to trust one another so basically, and it is all about You, around Your Presence, in You... And it is also like work, because it makes each of us see more aspects with more clarity, and the seeing is like an action and a progress, a kind of realisation...

***16-11-1988, Auroville:**

I took Su down to the beach this evening, and we walked there for an hour or so, and it was perfect. The Pressure makes me so grateful: with It, everything makes sense, in every moment It makes me grow; and it is one with an ease that is surely a foretaste of the physical and material harmony that will manifest...

***17-11-1988, Auroville:**

There were troubling moments today. Early morning Krishna came, unhappy, saying that Anita, after she'd visited with the "pure ones" in "Fraternity" and Co, had decided to leave again, implying that Krishna and, by extension, me, are too bad a company, the formation being that, by his association with me, Krishna is loosing her... I don't know...: I just see that she is unbalanced, not yet centred...

***20-11-1988, Auroville:**

Shano had said he would visit this afternoon, and I was all taut about it; that longing came in the way, and it was like a middle-age woman waiting and wanting! I can see the mechanisms of it, I can see the unreality of it, and guess at the truth that is buried or imprisoned in it, but I can't altogether push it away: there must come the right answer to it. Just because I happen to live in a small society that is too narrow-minded to allow for these variations doesn't mean that I am not to find that equilibrium. The alternative is to split, to deny it all persistently, until, probably, age and wear merely dilute and dissolve it...! But then the real power that is needed to progress will also be gone...!

... Krishna was still a little dejected, but he stayed and had dinner with Su and me, and it was sweet; the strange irony is that what he and I have together IS truly our fulfilment; it is perfect, it is whole; and yet, because of the work going on in some of our parts, we must withhold from it the forces we could otherwise join...

***25-11-1988, Auroville:**

The Pressure keeps me in Its Fold...

... I have read today the last issues of the Auroville Review and Newsletter, put out by the "pure ones" of Auroville, my dear brothers and sisters, and there is again that painful mixture, or juxtaposition, of truth and ego. I often feel the way they do, and I often agree with their assessments, but I am glad not to be part of their group, I am glad to be removed from them and not to fall in the trap of this group-ego...

***27-11-1988, Auroville:**

Shano came again. There's something new, in the contact with him. I wanted to make sure what his motivations are, for his sake and for the sake of clarity: he wants me to teach him to read English fluently, and he also wants to come to me at night, sometimes in the week. We worked quietly for over an hour; there is tenderness, and there is sincerity in him; there is also a sexual pull, but it seems to be even on both sides, un-rushed, open and tentative...

***28-11-1988, Auroville:**

Larry came to "Ravena" with Auralice this morning, beaming: P.C is sending another \$ 2,000/- to finish all the work; this is a happy thing!

... After my asanas Krishna came and brought me photocopies of all his papers, so that I send them to C, explaining what must be done at the Moroccan Embassy in Paris...

***29-11-1988, Auroville:**

Last night Shano came. I gave him dinner, and an hour of English class. Then he chose to stay overnight, and it was a complete fiasco! I guess this is an example of "cultural differences"; emotional and sensual behaviours are world apart, it is an almost perfect misunderstanding! And yet there is an absence of perversion and a simplicity in him, as in most people here, which is so comforting... But it is a little as if two alien architects, having made their own constructions separately, were now trying to join them together... I suppose that, for them to succeed, a huge amount of "decorations" has to go; but, more deeply or importantly, something of their very

structures has to give way, must be altered... I do not want to "change" him, so I just kept to what he could understand; he finally slept downstairs, and I didn't sleep at all, except, strangely, for a couple of deep snatches, filled with an intense psychic drive... It is alright with him, though; there is no hurt, and this tenderness remains...

***30-11-1988, Auroville:**

I felt a little like a funambulist this morning, who has done just one trick too many. But with the growing trust that rises under the gift of Your loving Pressure, shadows do not cling long anymore; I love You all the more for it, and the gratitude grows ever and ever; I know more and more that it is through trust and gratitude that the way is revealed...

***3-12-1988, Auroville:**

I love You.

There is no other word, but it isn't right.

Every time I write this, it feels inadequate, narrow, linear, artificial – the separation.

The one word that feels right is: gratitude.

***4-12-1988, Auroville:**

This morning, as nearly every week since years, P started his dominical session of pop-music, but only louder; I've had to accept this atmosphere for long, but today it went for me past the point of balance, and I decided to go there and simply tell him this was just too loud: I wasn't aggressive; I wasn't resentful; I simply wanted to state a fact and ask him not to go beyond what is bearable; but I found that he was as if expecting my reaction, and unwilling to be honest about it; he at once began to reproach me for imposing on him all the times when I listen to Your Agenda on the roof... But there is no comparison between the tiny old machine I have and the brand-new hi-fi stereo equipment he is so proud of; it was so absurd. But he did lower the volume.

Later on I felt sad: whenever I interfere in anything, I feel this sort of regret. How to communicate with P now, having said that the kind of music he likes is depressing to me? One feels happier when there is a movement of circulation of consciousness that brings about the changes necessary for a truer harmony, rather than interventions that are bound to carry some ego; then one can but pray that it is taken up and used by the action of the true consciousness...

***5-12-1988, Auroville:**

Mother! Sometimes, it is perhaps like this: the buried Inhabitant, the silent One who has been there, ignored but supporting all for ages, and now there is an opening, a small, inadequate opening, slow and fragile, and the flow of Your Force is there; and it is so often like tears, a mass of tears; not dramatic, not sad, no sorrow; it isn't a feeling that can be humanly translated or manifested yet, it is perfectly quiet and sober; but it does weep. It is an enormous, intense, intense gratitude...

... Perceptions come and go; or, rather, they come, they rise, they join and feed the flame of Presence... It is gratitude and safety, it is endless becoming...

***6-12-1988, Auroville:**

Su and I spent the entire day in town; I had to place orders for much of the furnishing items for "Ravena", such as rolling mats, cushions and bolsters and mattresses and cloth, etc; I'm trying to complete this place right, down to the last detail, but I somehow get a little confused in the planning of it, as I have only 15 days left and the money came so late, and I don't know yet whether I must then withdraw from the scene altogether or remain there as a sort of caretaker for the time being... You have to show me what's next for me...

... I try to rely on the experience You are giving me, but today I had to cope with those small mental movements of, in effect, resistance: movements of doubt, mostly (how can this last? It will drop me again, it is too good to be true, I won't be able to hold it... the dumb ordinary denial)... Yet, by the centring of the Presence, I begin to understand a little, not with thoughts or feelings, not even with intuition, but with consciousness, to understand the Real, and the way, the process...

And all the rest, all of our movements, everything we seem to be, is part of the clamour of emptiness – "la clameur du vide"...

***7-12-1988, Auroville:**

I am still confused, about "Ravena"; there is the formation that I simply have a problem of attachment: but it feels unfair to me, because I know I can move out and away in a minute and it will be done; there may be an attachment to a rhythm, and to a type of work-environment, or to the possibility of being useful somewhere, and creative; but I trust that I can find harmony again, whatever will be the next thing. It is rather that I do not know clearly, before You, to which extent I must care, or cease to care for the place, for its quality and its purity... This morning Larry came there, accompanied by Gordon and Jean and David; it is obvious to me that Larry isn't the right person to look after "Ravena"; yet he behaves as if it is all his! It seems to me that, would the right person be there, I would feel none of this confusion...

... Douce Mère, make me a child of the Force...!

***8-12-1988, Auroville:**

I have still this anxiety, this apprehension that Your gift will not remain. The longer it stays and the more precious it becomes, and the more creative, as it makes the way so concrete and so clear, and so simple; the element of the necessity of personal effort and collaboration becomes itself a joy, just as when a child concentrates on making a new movement right...

***15-12-1988, Auroville:**

Over the last few days, I seem to have lost the awareness that had been Your gift... I think it has been gradually obscured by the tide of this energy that came at me from the necessity of finishing "Ravena" in such a short time, of accepting the challenge... It isn't an energy that comes from the Force; it is an energy to "do", to

move, but it is full of gaps, and it brings no fulfilment, no peace and no certitude... It only moves!

***16-12-1988, Auroville:**

It seems that, for some reason, we'll get 6 Russians and 2 Indians at "Ravena" instead of US students, and oddly I am happier this way...! Ar. came to help me mornings and afternoons and she got into the rhythm of it, and we also did all the dyeing of all the covers at home, and she accepted Su's help for the ironing, and the tension has much lessened...

***17-12-1988, Auroville:**

I am aware of the mistakes I have made at "Ravena", acutely so; but it still feels like a beautiful, good and unique place; it is to me full of Your Grace and a song of Your Harmony. I am glad for D.M and Janaka that this has been accomplished... I now need to find how to place it rightly at Your feet, deliver it into Your care...

***18-12-1988, Auroville:**

There is some tension for me with Larry, the way he goes about things – shallow and utilitarian, grey and confused; it makes me sad that there isn't a wider space in which to make this offering, and that it is rushed and swallowed and used, when it is so rich with Your Grace...

I have to trust, and cling to that trust.

This is a tiny, minuscule detail under the stars, I know; but what is turned to You is by nature wide and eternal...

I know for myself that as long as I am not whole and unified in the Force, my responses will remain personal: too limited and too weak, incapable of living, direct and tangible reliance... Therefore I can only learn and progress towards that condition, and not complain...!

***19-12-1988, Auroville:**

There are problems either in my quitting or my remaining; Kasinathan came to me here this evening, crying: besides having lost his money, he said he doesn't want to go on living if I am no longer "in-charge"... This is of course mostly drama, but there is something genuine to it, and this gives me a sort of responsibility towards the workmen there; Larry is such a dumb and piggy fellow, but he is also a sweet kid... Show me, please, how to move out in harmony...!

***20-12-1988, Auroville:**

I started the day by speaking up to Larry frankly. And he chose to adjust and correct his drive; he saw it was needed. But it is only this afternoon, when P.C visited "Ravena" and had there a very striking and profound experience – I saw how much he'd been moved when I met him on the upper terrace – that Larry really turned, and the rest of the day was happy, and I could even make him acknowledge how scattered and messy he tends to be and he could take it with good humour... And so it now feels that I'll be able to wind up harmoniously, with regards to "Ravena" itself as to the workmen, and help the transition... Theo and Yaap have been helping too, gently...

I also met Pala today, and complained to her that no one was coming forward as a caretaker; she said that most people don't even want to hear about "Ravena", both on account of D.M and Janaka's story and on my account: just because I have done the work means to them that this must be a "bad" place...!

***21-12-1988, Auroville:**

There seems to be no one yet who has the capacity to keep the place together, and to renew or re-establish order and harmony during the day... Larry is sweet but he has no material consciousness whatsoever and tends to spread an atmosphere of shallow liveliness, confused and noisy and unquiet; Theo is quieter, but he is unused to have to exert control over a physical, material space; Megan, the young US girl who is Larry's friend, is alright, but very immature and inattentive... I try to train Nar and Shivagami to keep house... Show me, Mother, how to withdraw... The 6 Russian teenagers came in this afternoon, among them one strange, suspicious character who carries with him the typical vibration and mind-set one expects from a brain-washed enrolled Soviet youth: sombre, unable to look in the eyes, heavy and dumbly alienated... The others are a rather uninteresting, well-fed, stupid bunch, three almost ugly girls and two boys (one of which may have at least a little intellectual curiosity, a student of Physics). And the two young Indians are two brothers from a well-to-do Madras family, used to luxury and fun, and somewhat connected to Auroville through their uncle, Swami Nathan, the lawyer...

***22-12-1988, Auroville:**

I am going through the process of detachment, or withdrawal, and it is the sense of a passage between dimensions, or between experiences and realities...

***23-12-1988, Auroville:**

Life has now taken "Ravena" over, and I find that I have made no progress in accepting life as it is, in embracing it... Tonight there is to be a "concert" there, with over a hundred people attending – the kind of music people like nowadays, loudly self-satisfied and hollow; but people are "happy"! The best I could do was to step out altogether. I still had to make a couple of trips there, to settle the matter of the workmen' wages with Larry and arrange for the left-over wood to be lifted, and see last details of organisation with Yaap...

It is as the Lord wants... I only feel sorry to be still so small that I cannot unite with Him in all things...

This life, what people experience as happiness and fun, is to me like a sham...

***24-12-1988, Auroville:**

There. It is done. All is in order.
I lay it at Your feet, Douce Mère.

... Centre me, Douce Mère, where I am trusting and aware, so You can change me and use me as a being, a movement of That...

It is odd that I am ending a work of almost 4 years just on Christmas Eve...! I have kept, from Janaka, a string of 24 natural pearls – I had left it in a cupboard there with other things, but Larry didn't want it and asked me to put it all away; so this is what I kept, along with a string of coral bits...

Krishna this morning brought me two bottles of champagne! Ar. brought me a surprise gift, a very special photograph of Sri Aurobindo she's had framed, his face and the top of his chest, resting in Samadhi on his bed... And earlier Su offered me a faceted crystal, to hang in the light...

***26-12-1988, Auroville:**

I spent the entire day here, and time ran twice as fast. All morning I went on pruning and cleaning in the garden and all afternoon I sorted out and cleared and re-organised old papers and just now I finished a big bonfire of it... But all through I had to struggle and strive to pull out from or undo the unreality that prevents me to be aware of the Presence and Its axis – barriers, or rigid orientations that are of my own making, re-built in the ignorance of energy...

This is my goal now, my constant goal without a goal: to be aware of That and let it flow and be and do, to let It reveal the concreteness of Your way in all things, at all points and at every minute...

***27-12-1988, Auroville:**

I had to refuse Krishna's movement of bringing his electronic machine and to practice his music here; explaining to him why has sort of cleared up the two years of distance between us...

... Kasinathan is sad to be at "Ravena" without me; I know it's true, and I too miss him; he is such a sweet creature... He tells me that, now that I'm gone, Nar has assumed full ease and is acting bossy – which doesn't surprise me...!

***29-12-1988, Auroville:**

There is the psychological tension due to the pulls of these two relationships, with Su and with Ar. Because of that unease, I tend to withdraw and put up barriers in both directions, since I do not believe in the truth of declaring "this and not that", of choosing one to the detriment of the other; I value each reality, in its place. But obviously, the way life goes, it creates a knot, rather than a widening...

... I tend to be obsessed again with a desire for N, to hold him, to caress him, to let go with him; the only way I can be quiet about it is through gratitude before Thee. When I realise that this too Thou givest me, the strain of desire and its interference dissolves... I can do it, but I do not have to be prisoner of it... But it isn't a steady realisation, it comes and goes... Late this morning, N did come to me, and we met quietly; there is sweetness and a home-feeling with him...

***30-12-1988, Auroville:**

Suddenly this afternoon I just had to move. I cycled down to the ocean and stayed there a long time; there was a backlash and a struggle of ego-resistance, and then there was a wonderful, wonderful state, filled with gratitude and a clear, limpid sense of the way...

You know...

... Last night, among many other things, at once coming up to me was Diane, her eyes wide and her inner being intent on mine... Auragni wasn't with her; it was so vivid that I almost expected it to happen in the day...

***31-12-1988, Auroville:**

I am not planning to go to the Dawn Fire for the New Year.
It will be the first time I won't go. I don't know.
I need You. I need the Force.

- 1989 -

***1-1-1989, Auroville:**

Su has been through an intense crisis, emotionally, regarding our relationship, and it had to come out; I helped her this evening to speak up and in the process some relief and some peace came to her, and it was again light and simple.

And in the night Vivian, Su and John H's sister, came back to Auroville, this time with her daughter Nathalie.

***2-1-1989, Auroville:**

It is mingling: at once I am learning to grow more aware and oriented and to discover the presence of the Way, and I am also tense and wary of intrusions, wanting to be left alone; and yet I also wonder what can be the right activity for me here, and whether I ought to face my situation in Auroville, there being no opening for me to work anywhere... But I feel, more deeply, that my priority is to trust the Force and to rely exclusively on Its Pressure...

***3-1-1989, Auroville:**

Kasi came by a moment ago, sweetly wanting for a hug on his way... What I hear of "Ravena" through him or through Shano is, could be, depressing: hundreds of people visiting, parties with loud music and drink, litter everywhere; noise and superficiality... So it is one of two things: either I have been weak and impure in my offering and I have lacked the courage to stand for the true usage of the place – but I do not really know what that is, and I don't see what I could have done; or it is in Your hands and it is being used or the best, regardless of what I feel about it...

***4-1-1989, Auroville:**

Heavy pruning all morning, waxing and cleaning all afternoon, I worked hard the entire day, and tonight Su and I have our night-watch duty. There is a whole lot I can do right here; gratefulness is there always, for this possibility You give me to evolve in beauty, and in an environment that grows as I grow, to thus give myself to this collaboration with material Nature as an offering to the Presence...

... Shano just came by; it's like he just wants or needs to feel at home here, with me...

***5-1-1989, Auroville:**

Late morning Larry came here with Auralice. I wasn't too happy to see them and was wondering what it was they wanted... And, after telling me all about how

beautiful the whole experience has been of opening "Ravena", with all these people sharing the space and all the life coming to it, Larry asked me for... the white cycle! But I have actually spent on repairing it twice and maintaining it, and besides, N has been using it, and I've had enough of their claims of inheritors...! So I just made a blank wall and kept quiet and they eventually left...

***6-1-1989, Auroville:**

I get a little carried away with the energy of working with plants, with natural and material substance. It seems that this is what I like most, to be with Nature, to create environments of conscious beauty and harmonious material call for the Presence; and I also, at times, enjoy working with N: I am really fond of him!

Yet I must reach some sort of balance with the energies...! But just now, the weather is so good, it is the blessed time of the year, gorgeous and crisp and cool and quiet, when the garden is at its best and every moment of the day is a new creation of light and silent growth, but for the sweet movements and chirping sounds of the birds... so many birds are here now, all over the place, of all sizes...

***7-1-1989, Auroville:**

It seems to me more and more that, to a very large extent, it is "man" – our human condition as an evolving stage of the One – that sets the pace: that, in those terms and once the contact is given, it is largely up to us... One may call it "resistance", but it is perhaps simply an evolving balance between the intensity and steadiness of the flame, of the need, and the process of replacing unreality by the Real in all movements of our nature...

These are words; but today I went through the whole cycle of energies – work, physical need of intimacy, tenderness and sexual release, recovery of receptivity and re-centring... And I see no longer that I ought not to have yielded to this or that; what I see more and more is that, by the action of Your Grace, the connection with the Force takes up more and more time, and as it does, the confusion of needs gradually decreases, while the experience of conscious gratitude grows and develops... And I'm learning all the time...

***8-1-1989, Auroville:**

It is always this problem of time versus activity: without centred awareness, it all becomes flat, a mere race and gesticulation...! Like squirrels and ants, busy, busy... and separate!

***10-1-1989, Auroville:**

While pruning, this morning, a heavy branch dropped on my foot.

For some years now I have sort of practiced, with small cuts and bruises, to immediately go blank and make silence, calling for peace and harmony, through the Force... This time it was more spectacular: right away a big swelling appeared, and an acute pain; I became silent, and called, and stayed that way perhaps one minute, so the cells in that part would remember the Lord; the pain subsided and disappeared almost entirely; after a few more minutes, the swelling disappeared too. And I could move and walk and climb back into the tree and keep working.

I didn't concentrate long enough though, for it to be thorough: now, this evening, the front of the foot and the toes are slightly tumefied; but there is no pain, and movement is free...

It all becomes more tangible and more concrete in my experience... Only in That, and with That, does existence have a sense...!

***11-1-1989, Auroville:**

The daily contacts with Ar. and Su haven't been easy lately. I don't know what to do with this sort of feminine energy, of just wanting to be with... It isn't what I look for: I need Shakti, the concreting power of the Force, the creative thing... And this I find in You...!

I am an adorer of Woman, but I am not good at giving security, warmth, a nest; it hampers my perceptions rather than supports them...

***13-1-1989, Auroville:**

A difficult morning, wanting to clear up this whole thing with Ar. once and for all; also, I received another message from Auralice, asking again for the white cycle! It has become the symbol of the conflict between me and them over the matter of "inheritance"; I answered in the negative but invited her to come and talk about it if she wished; and then, just an hour later, while pruning high in a tree, my hand got caught between a falling branch and another one, right on top of the large ring I wear, which crushed on itself; I had to struggle to free my hand; I climbed down and ran over here to try and widen the ring so the finger would live; but I couldn't remove the ring; I went back to work; hoping the swelling would go and I could remove the ring later, but it doesn't work. Su suggested wrapping some ice in a cloth around it and I'm trying it now...

... I went down to Pondy, to the silversmith, who had to cut the ring open, this beautiful, unique Hopi ring...

... I only want to become aware of That, to let That be...

Whenever I am open enough for It to flow and be, all questions vanish, all yearnings, all notions of how to be, how to serve, how to change – it all becomes obsolete... It destroys me not! It only makes me the happiest thing in the world!

All the rest, all the rest is old, unreal, distorted, thick and slow...!

This is immediate, complete, totally creative, and whole!

And "I" become a flame of gratitude, unique, fulfilled, for ever safe.

All of this human condition is like the cooling lava left on the wayside: hardened, thickened fire, it flows no more, but feeds on itself, incapable of growth...

The only way to relate that ever feels right to me is whenever I am given a function, within a collective organisation – be it serving food, distributing mail, or looking after this or that practical necessity of collective living...

And as far as a relationship with a woman is concerned, I see now that for it to find me willing and active, creatively, so many conditions would have to be fulfilled to begin with that it is quite unrealistic to expect it will ever happen! If a woman who is, as a person, conscious of her inner being, finds in a quiet and undemanding relationship with me enough material for her own growth, then I am grateful to let that happen; but I can't turn "my" needs towards her, lest it would shatter her...! As for my ordinary needs, such as they are, they are best met in friendship, where it is undemanding, sweet and humorous, as it is at the moment with N...

***14-1-1989, Auroville:**

Yesterday night I had found another letter from Ar. waiting for me: the usual formations, arguments and demands, but also an obvious goodwill and the authenticity of her affection... And today, right after lunch, she came: I had to remind her again that it takes two to choose the form, the rhythm and the width of any given relationship... After a while we could laugh together again...

... I went over to Janet's; she'd asked me to help her rebuild her house at the "Field" and I first wanted to see for myself to what extent I would have to get involved... She'll bring me a detailed ground plan of the existing house; but she has too little money for me to have any creative function there, and she stated her need of me as of someone she could turn to for advice as the work goes on... I'll see... For now I see the garden here as my work; it is only if You would open the way for me to help manifest the Gardens of Matrimandir, or else if You would give me an opportunity to create an entire environment somewhere in Auroville, that... Otherwise what You give me right here is fulfilling enough for me, as an offering...

***15-1-1989, Auroville:**

I don't know, I miss a direction... Whenever one's activity comes from You, whatever it may be, one feels one with everything, everywhere; but when there is a lapse, or a waiting, and one seems to have to find an activity without Your direction, then one feels separate, unused and unfulfilled, whatever the apparent use or purpose of the activity one has found or chosen...

... Jaïmurthy came to visit, with his wife and children, and brought some Pongal dishes; and then, while Su and I had dinner, Gopal came, and then Vivian came; and then suddenly Ar. came in, shocked, in pain, holding up her dislocated thumb: she'd just had an accident on her moped, hit a tree; I didn't quite know what to do; I felt it wasn't broken, but no one here knows how to reset a dislocated joint... Later, Hilde mentioned Dhruva, and I took Ar. there on the bike, but he couldn't or wouldn't do it, and he thought it might be a bad break... So finally I had to take her to Jipmer Hospital – a Sunday night, and Pongal festival! We went to Casualties – the usual nightmare of crowded dirt and administrative absurdity: but they eventually did the job, reset the bone and declared it was fine but would need to be held in place for three weeks as there was a small fracture just over the joint; Ar. was alright all through; she only shouted when an injection had to be given, and she could laugh and be calm... We returned before midnight...

***18-1-1989, Auroville:**

I had left a sketch at Janet's. She came here later; we discussed all the aspects of the work given the funds available to her; she is alright, but I am not sure yet I should get involved, perhaps because, even though she says she only needs advice and some direction, I can sense that I'll end up supervising the entire thing, and this isn't exactly a small job... Is it right for me to go into it, Mother?

***20-1-1989, Auroville:**

I'm feeling bad again about N, just like it was when he'd been arrested; it is like a sorrow, a painful wondering, a sense of waste and of helplessness in the face of it, and the sadness at being separated, a seeking out of his true future, of his true becoming... I sense this obscurity like a pain, the pain of falsity...

... I wish I could help manifest some of the power of harmony that is so badly needed on this earth; to channel at least a little ripple of it in my immediate surroundings, in the few beings I am in close contact with... But even that, I do not seem to be ready for...!

***22-1-1989, Auroville:**

I am reluctant to go into Janet's work; I am no "professional" who can produce a drawing and let her manage with it; I'll have to actually work there and find the way step by step, and I'm not quite willing just now to get that involved again with someone's place, with workers, with materials...

***23-1-1989, Auroville:**

What has become obvious is that N has lied to me again, and got trapped in the logic of lying, and couldn't face me with it; and more than that, is his lack of commitment: he prefers still to elude it rather than acknowledging that he cares. I am not sure why it affects me so much; but it does; the reason for it is there, but I do not grasp it yet; there is something important there which I yet need to understand, to realise...

... Shano has been here again; he is wanting something with me or from me, which is not yet clear, and it becomes ambiguous and frustrating; probably he'd want me to take charge of him, to care for him. And then Jaïmurthy came, to talk about his problems. And all the while this sadness remained, which I know only too well as a vibration or a condition, but the real causes of which I still ignore...

***25-1-1989, Auroville:**

The nights are so crowded with ignorance and noise and useless forms of existence, leading nowhere, never opening to the Presence... And this morning the sorrow returned and has remained since; it is on several levels, down to this problem of N, who has made no sign as yet; I miss him like a limb, a part of body and life; a response that sparks... He is the only person here who does that for me, and why it is so, or how, I do not know...

***26-1-1989, Auroville:**

Yesterday night, during my watch at Matrimandir, John H asked me, on behalf of the new Coordination Group there, whether I'd be willing to supervise the work of building the first Petal...

And this morning Catherine, who has been making all the drawings, came here to ask me the same...

John H also told me that U, who is now the last of the team initially set up by Roger A, has also come to the conclusion that Roger A's design for the shell and its cover isn't the right thing, so that the issue, now that Roger A has just returned to Auroville, is bound to be re-assessed...

Please Mother, let my ego move out and away, keep me pure in this, Mother, keep me Your child...!

I said that, of course, I was willing – although, in my small way, I feel quite incapable of such a thing – but that, obviously, now that the entire design is to be reviewed, one must wait a little to find out how these structures are supposed to stand...!

***28-1-1989, Auroville:**

Each night is such a confused jumble, what to do? In the day the Pressure is there and there is some flow, some silence, and some growing consecration, although there's still need of a breakthrough in the individualised, or ego-based control over the awareness; yet there seems to be a minimum of waste or disorder, and an almost constant need to be conscious, to become conscious. But the nights remain unaffected; the quality of their experiencing doesn't seem to evolve at all...

***29-1-1989, Auroville:**

N finally came, mid-morning, while I was still busy with the Sunday clean-up. Unclarity comes in the way: I can no longer simply believe him, whether or not he is lying, because I cannot find the contact of truth in him – or else it is a case of split personality, one half of it occurring away from me; one thing is clear, however: it is that he does suffer from some actual physical ailment, and that must be checked...

***30-1-1989, Auroville:**

There is at the same time, these days, an harmonious ease, which is made of gratefulness and a sort of ecstasy in Matter, in its beauty – a base of harmony which is one with the flow of the Force on Its axis; and there is, or there appears now to be, an increasing number of small disharmonies, a multiplicity of them, almost as if the body itself was about to fall apart, to go to pieces, through sheer lack of unity: several plexuses have become painful, especially about the stomach and the throat, hands and forearms get numb or tingling, instant headaches come and go as well as all sorts of aches all over... It is a constant learning...

***31-1-1989, Auroville:**

I got once more angry at Ar., at her lament and misery. And I saw the entire atmosphere of harmony of the day just shattered in a second, simply because I am incapable of responding truly to this sort of moral and affective violence; but she came back a moment later, to arrange for the milk-money for the whole of "Sincerity"...!

I worked like a bull all day...

... Mother, make me a child of the Force...

***2-2-1989, Auroville:**

I cycled over to the village, to Rad's house; he's been asking me for months to help him rebuild his house, financially; he and Kuppumma have 4 grown-up kids; I have tried in Auroville to find some channel for a grant to build a model house that could then be replicated in the area, but there has been no response so far; and by myself I cannot cover the cost, and I don't know what to do...

... There's a happiness growing, as the Pressure remains and gratitude and a clear need gradually take over more of "me"...

... Shano has been waiting for his class, and I haven't yet eaten...!

***3-2-1989, Auroville:**

There was interference today in my opening and receptivity, and this was entirely due to my letting in a suggestion of desire and allowing it to drive; nothing dramatic, nothing "wrong": just the ordinary cycle of physiological need; I have observed that it returns in a little less than a week' time: something like every six days I have to cope directly with the pressure of this need, and I find no change at that level; whatever else I experience at other levels and in other ways makes no difference there; and if I try to impose a will on it, it just shifts into the night activities, and that's all... I wish, though, that human society would be simpler about all this and makes less fuss over it...!

***4-2-1989, Auroville:**

I am finishing the reading of a book that is a delight and impresses me a lot; it is so finely written, such an exquisite and accurate rendering of life, ordinary human life and experience, and it weaves an interesting story about the values of courage and self-giving versus cowardice and self-protection; it isn't pretentious; it isn't making use of any of the usual tricks, and it is a beautiful piece of art: "Ocean Front", by Douglas Wallop.

... Time goes very fast; one week is gone in a moment. Perhaps physical work, all day long, makes it move even faster... The weather is still wonderful, but there is anxiety growing in our area as wells are already going dry, since we've had no real monsoon to speak of... I am mulching all the young trees and plants; but, mainly, I trust that something of the Lord cares enough for the beauty we're trying to establish here to protect it...

***5-2-1989, Auroville:**

The laundry is done, the house is clean, and dinner is prepared for Su; the light is wondrous, so clear and vivid and tranquil...

I haven't won the battle with the rats, though!

This morning, in the middle of my clean-up, Y came, the sweet one; he is unhappy and working long hard hours to feed his entire family; he is married now and has a kid already, but he came for a hug and a caress, as he sometimes does, remembering what we had together. It was simple and tender and without any heaviness...

It seems to me that I need the Force to open my awareness of what is meant to manifest at that level: what truth of Thy existence, what substance of the future being is to replace that set of energies and habits... If I could begin to tune in to that, it wouldn't be an impasse any longer, nor would there remain the dry necessity of rejection and denial; there would be instead an adhesion to a truer state...

It is only an impression and a sort of faith - a glimpse in the feeling -, but I believe there is, hidden behind the small round, a great treasure of rich giving, a solidity of Thee...

***7-2-1989, Auroville:**

I am seeking the way. There seems to be the absolute necessity to find the Presence, and the new state of truth, in this "lower vital", where the sex energies run, in order to move into the physical. Time is passing and, while that process concretely takes place, "time" means many years of a very short life in one body...

I don't know; it isn't clear yet...

... The water-situation is a big question. We are only about 600 people in Auroville. We have planted and planted, wherever we could, mainly to recreate a balanced environment, and to attract and retain water in the soil; but also to provide for harmony, for an atmosphere of beauty and sweetness. Is it all bound to go to waste? I can't believe it; there has to be some subtle action, so that this entire place is truly claimed by the Lord, despite the small human mediocrity on the surface...!

***9-2-1989, Auroville:**

Today is Diane's birthday; that has triggered of course thoughts of Auragni, and the same interrogation, although it has now been cleared of its drama and of most of its pain... It is also the day, Jacques the dentist told me this morning, Nostradamus in his prophecies had predicted to be the last day of the "Kali Yuga"...!

***10-2-1989, Auroville:**

I have by now received two telegrams from C regarding Krishna's papers, and both are rather confusing; it doesn't seem possible for Krishna not to go... This morning he worked with me in the garden; it is a good thing that we work together; yet it does take adjustments in the energies; he still wastes and talks too much and is too tense. But besides what there always is between the two of us, in You, there is also a growing inner unity among the four of us, Su, Gopal, him and me... And I feel happy about it.

***12-2-1989, Auroville:**

I am sort of hanging in a quiet confusion... It feels like waiting for a further degree of Presence and of Force, waiting in a clumsy, barely redeemed stance, for a channelling down, an animation: the lack is concrete, and its very concreteness may be a sign of that fulfilling concreteness to come...

It is clear one cannot ask for oneself; it is clear one cannot really progress by one's own efforts either. There is offering and courage in accepting to remain empty...

***13-2-1989, Auroville:**

N insisted that I come with him to see the small piece of land he has recovered from relatives in Sanjeev Nagar, where he now wants to move: taking down his hut in Edayachavadi and building a new hut on that spot; it may be a better village, I am not sure; he may have less troubles there, being on his own land, and there's a school for his kids, and work opportunities for his wife; I'll try and help him...

... Besides some sleepiness the last two days, I've had like a string or a series of insights - what one could call revelations -, that came to strengthen, ground and illumine my comprehension of the way; I feel no need to fix them into formulae; it is wonderful, part of the Pressure and Its gift... There is rather a growing need to break through lower down, so that a solidity of Force may manifest... Still, as often in the past, I see that a single of these insights could give rise to a religion, if blown out of proportion and... "context"; and I am grateful for the silent, discreet and humble construction of the new being and of its new world...!

***14-2-1989, Auroville:**

At noon, N and I met, quietly. It remains puzzling to me how I can find so much in him or with him, almost as a quintessence of all physical relationships...

I am seeing with him and Rad how to get bricks made and fired here itself, using all the wood from the pruning to fire the kiln, for both their houses and for the garden here as well...

***15-2-1989, Auroville:**

C's last letter about Krishna's papers finally came. It seems to be impossible for him to avoid going back to Morocco, if he must have legal papers at all. She has gone everywhere and worried a lot and is now depressed about it, and I too feel bad. Now it is up to Krishna to find whether he must go there – an adventure with risks and many pitfalls -, or let go of it all and remain here as an "impossible case", both for India and for Auroville – another adventure, but less personal...

... Time passes so quickly; I've got into a rhythm of working here all day, and all desire or inclination to have a "job" anywhere else seems to be gone...

***16-2-1989, Auroville:**

I am handicapped by a steady toothache which started the day after I'd gone to the dentist and has been unfluctuating since, day and night, and turning every meal into an ordeal; and I watch at close range this phenomenon: this acts as a seed of disharmony in the body, triggering all the possible disharmonies this body has a relationship with... It is so "natural", and so dumb, and so... depressing!

Depressing too is the condition of the pipes that have been pulled out of the well: all corroded, half of them unusable... This waste, this constant wear and tear, and the maintaining and the repairing and the replacing, all this just in order to... be! To be here, to be anywhere, materially: to be material! So I am now considering making another big expense and installing new PVC pipes instead; but there may be other hazards I don't know about, such as cracks forming from the pressure, etc...

***17-2-1989, Auroville:**

This morning Barbara gave me a copy of a long study G.G made to argue against Roger A's Master-Plan; I know of his ideas already, and it makes some sense; but I don't see that Roger A is developing at all a truer attitude towards his function here... And Ar. came by, after lunch, with a copy of a recent issue of "Geo Magazine" featuring Auroville; a very poor article, with text and photographs by Nadia: a sad performance.

***18-2-1989, Auroville:**

Ar. is very busy with the preparations and rehearsals of her group' performance on Your birthday; all her energies are utilised, and it makes her that much more harmonious and centred, and it is a joy to see her that way...

***19-2-1989, Auroville:**

This is a Sunday! Jaimurthy and his helper are working on the new bench by the entrance door; carts are carrying in mud bricks; N crashed in at breakfast time, in a

state: he'd started before dawn, and the bricks owner had given him a drink, and by the time they reached here, loaded (!), N just fell off the cart, fainted and hurt himself a bit and got scratches all over and was mostly shocked and still quite drunk, and he sobbed profusely on and on, right here on the bed, having made a fool of himself once again and "disturbed" me... And all that while Su was still here, who'd hardly finished telling me, with almost as many tears, of the troubles she'd got herself into with Krishna...!

I had gathered most of it on my own already, anyway; but what has saddened me and caused, I suppose, the confusion I have been feeling lately, was Krishna's own lack of simplicity and openness: he got himself into dissembling, with me, and that was, and is, very stupid of him. Because I had trusted them each to remain simple and open if anything of that nature should take place between them; I do not mind that; I am not jealous; but I mind the duplicity!

Su needed help to see clearly. Krishna has already begun to reject her, and me!

***20-2-1989, Auroville:**

I am carefully trying not to lend myself in any way to the little vibrational drama that Krishna has brought upon us once again. Yet I am sad that the beginnings of a flow of simplicity between us here has got once more contradicted; I feel again stuck in a small place, and work in the garden is like treading between egos and mined territories. I wonder whether one must give some consideration to these reactions, or simply ignore them...

... Later in the day Ar. came to me and delivered the other half of the "confession": during this same period, Krishna has also got into a relationship with her, and it was fine until he rejected her, just a few days ago, very dramatically...!

There we are!

I can't help, though, seeing the funny side of it! It is somewhat redeeming!

***21-2-1989, Auroville:**

Today Tom, Babu and Nagappan put in the new pipes and foot-valve into the well and secured everything and, at 5 pm, we started the pump; and it worked!

Perhaps this is Your birthday gift! At any rate it shows that You care for this garden and this place!

First thing this morning, before starting any work, I went and brought one lotus bud to Krishna, just that; and we hugged each other and it felt alright. But something must yet be cleared; and when that will happen, a big weight will be lifted and dissolve from our entire experience together, ever since we met, at Your feet. It is duplicity, which went in him through the gamut, including hatred. This must go, so that we continue on Your way.

... I find myself a little withdrawn from Su; there is, I think, a choice for her to make, freely, on her own, between a range of emotional behaviours and a greater, more silent and centred womanhood...

***22-2-1989, Auroville:**

True to his old unchanged patterns, Krishna has "evicted" Su this afternoon – from his old house, the one I had built for him, which he'd offered to her for her workshop... I feel a little lonely, in the sense that, since last year and up until now, I'd had an impression that perhaps You were claiming both Krishna and I, and making Your way more tangible in each of us, and that this would make a

difference in terms of harmony here and around us, receptive and creative harmony... Even though I do not want to give importance to the present movements, they still show that there's no real change; and that bothers me: time is passing!

***23-2-1989, Auroville:**

This morning I was unaccountably tired and hazy, and feeling invaded. At times the delicate equilibrium between our purpose here and the daily grind of the village life around us gets strained, and I day-dream about closing this place down and doing all the work myself (which wouldn't be right); the weight of this pulling multitude of needs can come in waves sometimes, and also act as a very subtle deformation...

***25-2-1989, Auroville:**

The weather is greying, heavier, as if collecting rain. I've been fighting depression all day: Shankar and Uma have left at dawn, left Auroville, gone away. I am sad about it. Not that I didn't disagree with their pretence and attitude; what makes me sad in such moments is that it seems there isn't anymore an active Force of Change in Auroville – and without It there would be no purpose whatsoever in this place... G.M has gone; Shankar has now gone, others have also gone; Krishna is repeating old patterns; nothing ever seems to move into another condition, truer, new, unknown... Meanwhile, more and more people come to Auroville and stay, for reasons I do not comprehend, and relate to one another in ways that make no sense to me...

... N was sick this morning, with fever, cough and headache, and slept it off in the store-room; and after lunch he came to me and we met, quietly. I had needed it.

... I don't know how to progress, Mother, if the Force isn't doing it; I can only push, with a nameless need for That to exist, instead of "me", instead of this...

***26-2-1989, Auroville:**

Last night performance at Bharat Nivas was wonderful, perfect, and I nearly cried when the troupe came back onstage to salute; there was a large crowd attending, with people from Pondy and Madras and there was even a Catholic nun! Chandralekha's work made everyone happy.

... Without the awareness of the Pressure, it all seems to be at a standstill. I may have glimpses of a more conscious condition, but the fact remains of a bare waiting in the physical consciousness – waiting for It to act, to flow. And most of the waiting is made up of maintenance: of the body, as of the surroundings; this is about the only responsibility I feel is "mine", in the sense of accepting to be still separate...

***27-2-1989, Auroville:**

Ar. came to bring me the mail and a telegram, which she had already opened and shown to Krishna, from C, announcing that he need not move, that it is all settled and his papers will be waiting for him at the Embassy in Delhi... Brave C! There was also a letter from her with some puzzling news: it seems that R's new-found son has been diagnosed with AIDS – with R himself being involved in the research work...

***28-2-1989, Auroville:**

Su and I walked over to the amphitheatre before dawn, for the Fire. The atmosphere was better than usual – the Fire burnt high and clear and there was enough quiet and intent to be able to concentrate for nearly an hour... Lots of people from the Ashram were also there.

... Later I tried to attend the general meeting that had been called in response to a new proposal on a method towards achieving an economy within Auroville more compatible with its aims and purposes... Words! But I'd felt that the mere trying could open doors again, and I had prepared an envelope with my contribution... So I went. The group that has put up the proposal was there and hardly anyone else! And soon their spokesman mentioned their having met a number of times in... "Aurelec": at that my unease increased; I felt I was among old people, old inside, and that information sort of resolved the picture... I left right away, with the money! I cycled back home, sort of stunned...

... My work here seems to be over; I finished the new bench; the pruning is all done; the house is all in order... Mother?

***1-3-1989, Auroville:**

I must use my separate will in order to make it through the day. I haven't felt that way – this sort of crushing wave – for a long time! If I yield to the negativity of it, it becomes, as I remember from previous such periods, quite unbearable and one then wants to scream and howl... There is nothing specific, no particular conflict within or without: it is just, I guess, a sort of tunnel, or a gap, or a passage through some antagonism...? I don't know.

In those moments the progress one has made is measured by a tiny difference – a millimetre of freedom away from the pit, or a minute breath of air that takes away just enough off the power of this black hole...

Externally I managed to do some garden work through the afternoon, till I became aware that the first symptoms of a cold were already asserting themselves, masked under some sort of idiotic, tamasic acceptance of a stretch of disharmony, and I realised I must react; I did a long session of asanas then, listening to Your Agenda. Now there's status quo!

I look back onto a number of weeks, recently, when I was experiencing a state of grace; somehow I seem to have learnt that there is no true reason why it shouldn't remain, and grow; but I haven't yet learnt not to let the veils interfere again...!

***2-3-1989, Auroville:**

I find our condition here rather bewildering. But I seem to sense, through or despite the dishonesty, the contradictions and the many different forms of betrayal, a call or a sign, as if coming from a consciousness where perhaps it becomes impossible to react, or to be affected by any movement arising from our unchanged humanity, and yet where one is also aware at all times of the true reality of each individual person as part of the One.

But the transition is so awkward and uneasy and uncertain...

... I got involved this morning with the moving in of this French couple, Guy and Tina, who haven't signed the statement of "no ownership"; I found the guy to be a sort of escapist, secure in the falsity of the present social Auroville, crooked of words and arguments...

... Went back and forth between Janet's and Ramalingam, to see with him about the structural elements for her new house and the materials for it; I have sort of

accepted that, this being the only activity that has been indicated to me lately, I'd better get on with it... So I am making the sketches and calculations...

... There is this sense that, whatever and however, the Guidance is sovereign and contains all, and nothing that happens can ever be outside of It – can be anything else, in truth, than an expression of It...

***3-3-1989, Auroville:**

I seem to have made a big fool of myself, as it appears that, technically, those two people, Guy and Tina, had already signed a statement of "no ownership" when they signed the first admission sheet at the time they were accepted as newcomers; only they hadn't remembered it, or not paid attention to it; and it seems that nowadays, when one is later accepted as an "Aurovilian", one doesn't have to confirm such commitments, that once is enough... I had to withdraw my objection, and Su was quite embarrassed for having misled me... Yet, in retrospect, I still have the same feeling, that these people do not care and it isn't right for them to move in...

... But I am also sorry to have made such a wind; even though I haven't been aware of any unease when I raised the issue, I am not proud of stirring the air; there's enough turbulence as it is!

Oh please, I realise more and more how much I want to feel, to think, to move, to sense, to "know" only, exclusively, what You want me to; and how anything else, short of that, is hollow, sterile and vain...

***4-3-1989, Auroville:**

I have started to spend some time every day at Matrimandir, on my way to or from Janet's; and it's like a bit of vacation, just being around people there, and it's also interesting to find out how much awareness can remain while interfacing, mingling externally; I generally have to talk more these days, if only at Janet's, as she is very talkative; and I still feel somewhat at home at Matrimandir, at least with those who are involved in its daily work...

***5-3-1989, Auroville:**

Rad has just finished loading and carrying away his pile of bricks; so, I find that my duty to him is now done.

I am feeling much quieter, much less affected than I'd expected, after last night's incident. P had thrown a "party" for Dayini's birthday; and a party today in Auroville means as much racket as one can afford, with the help of this loud, repetitive, dumb contemporary music (pop or disco I don't know, I've lost track) to which is added the restless noise of about 20 motor-cycles and the near-constant shouting of the thick, poor and callous exhibition of "fun", the kind of joyousness that makes me shrink and recoil from human race... And all this carries out for miles around in the quiet night of Auroville... Till 11 pm I held myself in check, reasoning that it couldn't possibly last much longer; but the whole show was so devouring of the atmosphere, it reached right where I was like a violation, the violence of sound, as a terribly clear sign of how Auroville is being misused and Your Gift being wasted... And I don't know where I'd go if I had to leave this place, if Auroville became just an ordinary failure... This became unbearable and I started crying; then I realised that, instead of letting it cornering me into a pocket of despair, I could stand for the objectivity of the Gift... I went down and over to Patrick's and asked him to please

lower the sound; but he resisted and at once became extremely angry and raved at me for acting "superior" and what of all my "trips" which he had to bear all the time – this with a heavily loaded meaning which I found revolting – on "other levels"... And there we were. Rather than admitting that, yes, he could indeed make it bearable by simply lowering the volume, he turned on to me using the same old used trick of labelling me as a dark and treacherous being, as others were wont to do...

And for part of the night I was back before the pit: what do they mean exactly? What are these "trips" of mine? And I still do not have the answer, because no one has ever come out with a frank and straight definition to my face...

But he did lower the volume, once he'd let the steam out...!

And, later, despite the ugliness of the moment, I contacted a sort of inner purpose, that is, the validity of what I can and must learn in it, from You; however difficult it may be, still it is worth it; because there won't be "another time", there won't be one more failure and other attempts to redeem it; it is now that what we have failed to learn in the past must at last be learned.

And each one is alone with the Lord. And it is right.

On the other shore, in the other condition, in the true consciousness once it will be manifest, there will be togetherness, for real.

But first one must pass. One must offer and let go.

***7-3-1989, Auroville:**

Ar. just brought me a letter from JYL confirming his arrival in April, along with C. It is a happy letter. I wish, though, he'd chosen another time, after C and R's stay here; the prospect of this daily concentration or crowding for a whole month makes me wince already; it becomes unreal when situations claim to be so exceptional, and I don't quite understand why it has to be that way...

I found myself tired and depressed this morning; it is wrong and I must react out of it, I know, but it took me by surprise; at dawn N came and he wanted to finish all the loading and transport work today itself; I gave him some heavy lecture, but I was near tears and he saw that I've had enough... This was meant to take half a day only but, as it happened, at noon the cart got a puncture and so it is all delayed again.

But this is direct experiencing of how subtle disharmony and confusion intrude in the behaviour of Matter and circumstances. I am only a couple of steps removed and I still do not clearly know how to counteract or prevent the advent of disharmony; I am learning to do it in myself, but there must be an objective movement allowing one to be instrumental in that for others as well...

***11-3-1989, Auroville:**

It is puzzling. I have nothing to show for this "illness", but I am extra careful not to let the liver give in; I am not actually feeling weak, but it is very clear that I must rest and that there is a disorder of some amplitude and a mobilisation of healing processes throughout the body – a small additional thing can tire me out in a second...

... And Ar. brought me news that, were I to dwell on it, would make me even sicker: it seems that the entire team working on Your Agenda here, the "Mira-Aditi" team, have now officially left Auroville, announcing that "the Agenda is leaving Auroville"... I don't want to look at this: I'd go straight into the hole... Somehow, I now feel that I am growing out of something, of a kind of bubble, in relation to Auroville, to You,

even to oneself... I now see that the way isn't defined; it cannot be! And it is one with the Pressure, the very Pressure I am now missing, knowing yet that it only takes a very slight movement of the consciousness – and the secret is in that slight movement – to recover awareness of It and thus let It create the new condition, or clear the ground for it to become possible...

... Su has been having a hard time with my not letting her "look after me" – how to explain that such solicitude is more tiring than helpful...?!

***12-3-1989, Auroville:**

Jaïmurthy, who has been working for them, confirmed this morning that indeed P.M and Rose and their group have left two nights ago, rather secretly and suddenly too, taking with them all the books and materials and equipment connected to the Agenda; his impression is that there's been some conflict at the Press also... I don't understand it; I am afraid that this is all drama and ego-constructed posture; although I tend to agree with their assessment of Auroville today, I find that, by supporting one another the way they do, they get blinded as a group to a certain naked awareness that is so necessary...

***13-3-1989, Auroville:**

When I went to Matrimandir this morning, on my way from Janet's, John H told me that help is needed with the laying of the marble slabs on the Chamber walls; I think I'll try and join from tomorrow on – it will be a good activity to have when JYL is here, and C and R may also join in now and then...

***14-3-1989, Auroville:**

I went up to the Chamber at 9 this morning, to make myself available...

It wasn't easy. Two things come in the way: generally there's an atmosphere of loose talk and little commitment, with a lack of concentration and precision; and particularly, there's hostility towards me from at least a couple of people – Andy is definitely one -, even though there's also a gentle welcoming on the part of the others. With Chris, who is supposedly in-charge of the work as he's learnt the trade in the US, it goes well and I hope I'll be able to work with him, at least for the first few days...

All the while I have been aware of the Pressure, and it gives me a sense of tangible security that I may stand on my true need and the answer comes...

Yet it oddly doesn't prevent part of the physical mind to sense, watch and record, and even to somewhat react or respond to others' thoughts and movements, just beneath the surface – it even sort of feed the overriding meditation, which is itself wrapped in silence and recognition...

***15-3-1989, Auroville:**

At Matrimandir today, after an uneasy start, U came up to me and offered that we work together. I was glad of it as I've always been fond of him; we teamed up, then, and took up a row, and it went well; but he is planning to leave soon, for quite a while, and so this can only be a temporary arrangement.

***16-3-1989, Auroville:**

It is interesting to do several types of work in the course of one day. Now the daily rhythm seems to be: organise the day' work at Janet's; from 9 am to 1 pm at Matrimandir; a moment of rest and reading after lunch; back to Janet's; work here late afternoon; evening, some drawing or painting, and asanas or a cycle ride... Today in the Chamber U didn't come, but Yan offered to work with me; he is also a quiet fellow, able to concentrate and be simple about it... I am learning the tricks of this trade: marble-laying...

***18-3-1989, Auroville:**

At such times when the physical mind is particularly energised, I have found that the only discipline I am able to practice more and more constantly in the waking state is to keep orienting it actively, turning it into an active meditation, making use of any element that comes in to perfect and elaborate its attunement to the consciousness above and within; it is a constructive practice; it requires no negative effort of rejection or struggle...

... Today both U and Yan were there, and Agnes also asked to join, so we made a foursome, working from both ends of one row, and it went smoothly... It looks like I'm going to do this for some time; and if any breakthrough occurs regarding the outer structure – the extension of the four pillars for instance -, I can probably find my way to contribute there as well, I hope with Ramalingam's team...

... Douce Mère, make me grow; it's like only now I am having a glimpse of the way, and I feel like a baby, wanting to walk and stumbling and rising again and losing grip and finding Your hand, forgetting and remembering and taking a first run and crashing, and still trusting... with gratitude...

***19-3-1989, Auroville:**

I have finished reading the true story and records of a number of women who were prisoners in the Japanese Camp of Sumatra, from the fall of Singapore till after the end of the war, and survived. To think that, just on the other shore of this small ocean, the Two of You were here, waging the great battle for the evolution upon earth...!

... I have just prepared dinner for Su; there is a "problem" on the way...: it is hard for her to adapt her own needs to my semi-withdrawn way of life; and I have little interest in what all makes a "relationship", to the extent that sometimes her energy can bore me to instant exhaustion; I must try to let her feel on what level there can be a basic sharing, or in what mode, but I don't know... This may be mainly a matter of reliance: that she hasn't yet learned to find her own centre...?

***21-3-1989, Auroville:**

Krishna is back from Delhi. We found each other in town; he was just off the bus from the airport. The Moroccan people promised to send him a new passport within a month; he had to struggle through a strange of evasion on the part of the few men who were still posted in Delhi, isolated and with no real function since India has cut diplomatic ties with Morocco; they first pretended that they had no instructions concerning him, and he let them play it their way, until they turned to him in a different fashion and began to show some respect and wonder at his actual experience in and of India... On the whole, he isn't too unhappy about it...

... This morning I was at Matrimandir by 8.30 and ended up working alone and I found that I can manage alright by myself when it seemed at first that there had to be a team of 3 to set a row of slabs; it just so happened that no one was there to help and I simply tried it, and it was fairly harmonious; later Menaig teamed up with me to fill up the joints, quietly; I was glad of this experience because now I do not have to depend on anybody else's presence or regularity in order to do some useful work... This has always been the problem at Matrimandir for me: I do enjoy working in a good steady team, but most people here, for one reason or another, are either too distracted or irregular, while I have this old-fashioned sense of commitment and discipline, and this difference used to be very depressing...

***22-3-1989, Auroville:**

This is the second day in a row that I skip the midday break, and I miss it. It clearly serves a purpose and helps processing all the accumulated impressions; now I feel flooded and disturbed, like a house that has been too full.

There were delays and complications in the work this morning, as Piero wanted us to be more deliberate in the selection of the slabs, which aren't all of the same white – this is Carrara white marble, but depending on the original block, the tone varies from white to silver-white and dove-grey. And then I mixed too much compound and I had to use it up...

***23-3-1989, Auroville:**

I seem to be edging back into a field of external, physical action, and I have some trouble adapting, assimilating the crowd of energies... I cycled down to the beach this evening to wash it all away and to centre – it felt like crying, not in sadness, but in yearning for the real thing, the real silent Action that is Yours exclusively...

... This afternoon after my second daily tour at Janet's I ended up with John H and Ramalingam visiting the Aurofuture office at Bharat Nivas and meeting with Roger A and Catherine over the extension and finishing of the 4 pillars of Matrimandir, discussing details with them and Jacq... I was surprised to find that they all assumed I would do the work... I hadn't realised they'd been talking about it...!

... Gopal just came in with a message from Krishna, that startled me, a little painfully too! Upon his return from Delhi, he'd given me a small photograph of him, which he'd had taken for his passport; now, he says, he wants it back, as he feels insecure in my atmosphere and through me has been "attacked" by a vicious and nasty energy taking E.B's form and therefore wants no further contact with me; and yet, he adds, that doesn't affect the tenderness he feels for me, which is greater than he is and beyond his grasp...!

I have sent the picture back with a few words, answering that I didn't know but perhaps I ought to say also, then, that deformations coming from him or through him do cause me trouble as well...?

I wish, though, that he would break away from this false occultism and be more honest about his own movements...!

Yet I don't know, Douce Mère... It all seems to belong to that false world of shadow – I don't want to be part of it in any way, I don't want it to use me in any way; but over the years I have come to the understanding that it will continue to assume reality as long as there remains in us any trace of dishonesty and crookedness... From the standpoint of that subjected consciousness, even You were used by it...

***25-3-1989, Auroville:**

I had a long quiet walk on the beach. Sometimes there is a surge of pure enthusiasm, because It is, because of the Gift of Awareness, in which all mental and emotional conceptions of the Divine happily drop and melt away and remains only the sense of an infinite, limitless Possibility...

... At Matrimandir, LN seems to have decided to team up with me; I don't mind, I think I can work with anybody there, for the time being.

I am more exposed to the general atmosphere of Auroville these days, to what people think, to their movements and little choices in life, and... it isn't a very supportive atmosphere: it is rather grey and hollow, and a little sad, in spite of all the show of social "fun"...

***27-3-1989, Auroville:**

This has been a charged day, but I am learning. At every point one must check for resurgences of ego, but I learn not to do it negatively, but to place it before the growth of the "vrai regard", the "true position"... One feels supported then, and what was felt as impossibilities begins to appear as mere absurdities, irrelevant inconsistencies; at the same time the necessity is even more imperative to be at peace – a sort of neutral, blank, attuned immobility...

... O Mother, make this awareness safe, secure and solid... This is so beautiful, this is the way...!

... Within the present play of forces, reactions and formations at Matrimandir, I have felt it was necessary and only fair to try and open the communication with Piero regarding all the work and particularly the work on the pillars; I approached him this morning and we met for over an hour; I feel a drive to make myself available for a breakthrough in the present situation – mainly between Roger A and Piero – so that the spirit of Matrimandir itself may indicate how it all must be done, materially... And the pillars are logically the starting-point...

***28-3-1989, Auroville:**

After the work at Janet's this evening I went back to Matrimandir to meet with Arjun; he'd asked for a talk about the situation and the work; he wants me very much to start the work on the pillars, regardless of Piero's response to it; after a while Toine joined in, and we shared a long, honest conversation of about two hours; I better see the actual situation now, with its entrenchments, and the more I see of it, the more absurd it appears to me... Please, keep me secure, Mother!

... I actually enjoy the work in the Chamber now, and LN seems to have adopted me; I still have qualms and misgivings, though, about trying to complete the Chamber when the rest of the sphere is still so far from completion; and therefore I must do my best and find the courage and the support to also start the work on the 4 pillars... Show me, make the way...!

***30-3-1989, Auroville:**

I had a three-hour session with Catherine this evening on the work of the pillars, with all the drawings and calculations, seeing details and various possibilities in relation to other elements of Roger A's plan... We studied on the structure, by the structure and later, at dark, in the office, and so far solutions that are synthetic and harmonious seem to emerge from the very physicality of Matrimandir; I find Catherine to be open and attentive... The next steps will be to check with Toine for

the electrification and with Piero for possible solutions that may cancel his objections... And after that we'll have to get back to Roger A with clear proposals... Up until now it seems to make sense and there is a thread... Help me, Douce Mère, to follow it truly...

***31-3-1989, Auroville:**

There is some resistance in the atmosphere. Obviously the fact that people know I am committing to the work on the 4 pillars is acting like a virtual nest of misunderstandings ready to take flight...! But I also feel there is the necessary protection.

... I like the morning work; and the Pressure is there and that makes me profoundly happy. In human terms, though, I either feel blank or almost painfully bored by... whatever it is that constitutes this human, social existence...

As I grow, you become more and more beautiful and true and creative, Douce Mère, creative of the One condition of existence that alone can fulfil and justify all that has been...

... I wasn't well tuned this evening; even at the Samadhi I couldn't concentrate well; I didn't feel the Presence there particularly, and I was almost irritated or annoyed with this perpetual ritual of devotion around so-called "death" – that is, when it is safe to merely adore, and one isn't required or challenged into living commitment... It is Your Life I want; it is That, tangible, the One...

***1-4-1989, Auroville:**

Without That, this life and this world are a farcical waste and an absurdity.

Without That, time is swallowed, the body ages and nothing bears the fruit; there is no becoming, but only a fragmented, tedious, clumsy, endless evolution...

***2-4-1989, Auroville:**

I am done. The house is in order, everything ready for both Su and JYL to move in. The laundry is on the line. The body is fairly clean. The dinner is cooking for Su and me.

I had a relaxing moment mid-morning, when N came to me, for a sweet and gentle "farewell" meeting, as we won't be able to meet for a month or so, with the house full...!

And earlier, at breakfast, Lila came; this was supposed to be a surprise, concocted by Su and her, that she would come of a morning and sing a song for me; but I had found out and not liked the idea of it, although Lila is dear to me and most welcome; the thing had the undertone that one must have "fun" and not be too serious in life, etc... But I already find Auroville much damaged by this very snug humanity; and so Lila had to be content with just having tea with us. Then this was followed by Barbara's visit and her pouring out all her resentment and distress at the way things are moving in Auroville – commercialising even the services of the collective... And then Coni came, to talk to me about a project she has of turning Krishna's old house, of which he has given her the key, into a children' centre... This is alright with me but we do not have enough water and she might have to see about drilling another well...

***3-4-1989, Auroville:**

I am rather taken up by Matrimandir again. The work of completing the 4 pillars is a thread to resolve the entire outer material truth of it, amidst all the positions assumed by all those concerned: the factions, the opinions, the formations and the reactions; at times I feel I am drowning in it, and I have to edge back towards a direct and simple contact with the material reality and integrity of Matrimandir, with its requirements; and on that level it seems to move well enough. The next work to be done, and the one after that, becomes fairly evident.

But the issues that divide people there tend to neutralise every attempt to be open and willing.

And then, personally, I don't quite know how to manage. The work in the Chamber feels right for me, at this point; it has the type of concentration that can best help me. But I also have the impression that, if I am clear on my commitment to the entire structure of Matrimandir, then I should perhaps give up attachment to the very quietness I find in the Chamber...

... This morning Arjun arranged a meeting in the office with Toine and Catherine; with Toine it was alright, as he agreed to adapt the electrification work to the new possibilities we have elaborated; but Arjun seems to be clinging to the division with Piero, and insists that I shall reach nowhere by trying on and on to communicate with Piero... But then, afterwards, I found Piero and talked it out with him; it was his birthday too...!

***4-4-1989, Auroville:**

On his request, Piero and I had a long talk this morning. He told me in some detail the idea he and Paolo have for the completion of the pillars and the access to the sphere; I hadn't known about it, and it isn't very clear; but I feel moved by his will and need to try and materialise something that would meet Your spoken requirements or descriptions. The problem is that he doesn't have the width of vision, or the capacity, to propose an over-all model for the entire surroundings and approach to Matrimandir that would resolve all the issues...

Later I was asked by Andy to give everybody an update of the work Catherine, John H and I have been doing...

Show me, Douce Mère; make me walk on Your way...

***5-4-1989, Auroville:**

I woke up this morning with a sore throat and pain in the right side gland below the ear. I was depressed that such a disharmony should creep in while I sleep, taking me unawares... This fatigue is so small and limited, an expression of the resistance...

... I don't know what's wrong with me, which causes me to go under so often; this recurring fatigue is like a veil of dull opacity that blocks the awareness... At such times, the experience You have given me appears to be only a dream... a passing whim, not a durable gift...

***6-4-1989, Auroville:**

I have received another letter from JF.A, which I offered to You at once: he writes that, as soon as his last letter had reached me, asking for help, he'd experienced a great relief and all his circumstances began right then to harmonise and flow and he sends his gratitude... To You, Mother!

... The issues at Matrimandir are occupying me constantly now; but I have found that it all gives to the inner progress a field that is more integral, that it actualises it... In this way I am able to persevere in trying to break through a set of resistances and contradictions which lay over the work like an affliction...

... Mother, let me grow out of all shadows and become whole at Your feet...

The very meaning of wholeness has changed its nature for me now: it is when That is...

***7-4-1989, Madras:**

I guess I am not quite realising that, in a moment, besides C, I shall see and touch JYL, after 13 years or so... Perhaps it is because we are inwardly so close that it's outgrown the need to see each other physically, as if it had been replaced by a sharing of another nature...

Fasten me to Your way, Mother...

***8-4-1989, Auroville:**

JYL worked with me in the Chamber all morning. And C came with me to Janet's this afternoon...

... In human terms, Matrimandir seems to be in a precarious moment; but I am given to feel and see things from another position, as of the beginning of Your way, Your wonderful way: it isn't all poetic, it isn't "ideal", it isn't bliss, but it is one step removed from the ego's world, one step closer to the true world...

***9-4-1989, Auroville:**

I am 39 today. Even though I knew well that both C and JYL were glad to be with me on that day, I still managed to have forgotten all about it when I woke up this morning... But, there have been lots of gifts, with a real affection, from C and JYL and from Su and Ar....

***11-4-1989, Auroville:**

I couldn't avoid going back to "Ravena", so that C and JYL could see it completed. I knew that I'd be saddened, or angered, by the state I'd find it in; I have put it all out of my active consciousness, not knowing what to do about it short of declaring war... And so we went, in the morning, and I found the place exactly as I had feared or expected it would be – neglect, carelessness, dirt everywhere, and the pervading sense of indifference: the ordinary life... Yet the place cannot be denied its true nature: despite the chaos, there's still the high quality of that space... I can't help asking "why, Mother, didn't You accept the offering of "Ravena?", as if You were responsible for people's consciousness... But aren't You, somehow?

... It is a delight to be working with JYL in the Chamber. But now the dominant or prevalent mind-set, the group condition, begins to affect me like a weight; in the first days I still had the distance to allow me to bring in a different energy and commitment, and this had harmonious consequences; but little by little I have begun to rely on the general atmosphere, instead of relying exclusively on You, and to expect some communication, a movement and a flow... And this is wrong; I know that I must shift, and have no expectations whatsoever, except from the Force... I must find the time to concentrate – and this itself nowadays is a bit of a challenge, given my "family scene"....!

***12-4-1989, Auroville:**

I wrote a note this morning to the Auroville Council, through Janet, asking that someone be found to take proper care of "Ravena", and explaining why...

***22-4-1989, Auroville:**

I would never be able to constantly live with people, even the dearest ones...! Because of our physical constitution, the body's needs – mostly food, and the preparation and the partaking of it – become so prominent and sort of compulsory occasions, which I find extremely difficult to turn into conscious moments... And these days, since I am back at Matrimandir, I have perforce to hear so much talk: people there are so incontinent that one may wonder whether there can be humanity without noise...!

... I gather that very recently, within the last few weeks, in several countries including India, the same experiment has been conducted in various laboratories: passing an electric current through a bottle filled with heavy water – palladium mostly, I think – an enormous amount of energy is released: this would herald a momentous revolution: freedom from so many bondages, and energy available to all...

***24-4-1989, Auroville:**

E.B has written that she wants to be accepted back into the Ashram if she will wash the dishes in the Dining Room – it seems that was the condition put to her at some earlier time; I'll pass her letter on to Maggi.

... The work in the Chamber with JYL every morning goes well; You know how I feel about him; it isn't going to be easy to have to part from him again. But perhaps You'll bring him back here very soon; I see that he has a lot to go through in his physical consciousness, and my impression is that it will be easier, quieter and less dramatic if he can be here... But how do I know what is best, in Your terms, for anyone, even for me...?

... R has given me several books and reviews to read that are on or related to AIDS; his son has been contaminated, and he himself is deeply involved into the research. But I can't read that language; I feel more and more like an imbecile: whatever has to go through the mind, or rather whatever comes from people's minds or from the general mental milieu makes me go blank, frozen... It has to come from above or from within, and then the mind can function, in its place...

***25-4-1989, Auroville:**

I just learnt this morning that Juergen was killed instantly, yesterday, on his scooter, driving into "Auro Brindavan"... I feel for him...

***26-4-1989, Auroville:**

I am puzzled by the apparent impossibility there is to remain aware of and committed to some conscious process of evolution when in the midst of a "domestic" scene; so much time is spent on meals, and haphazard comments, mechanical expressions and motions; but what I find most hampering or crippling is the habit, the wanted and necessary habit of being "me", a recognisable and familiar identity to which others will "naturally" turn... It strikes me as being one of

the strongest justifications for death: to be thus fixed into some familiar "persona" is so limiting and contrary that no evolving existence can inhabit it for very long...

***2-5-1989, Auroville:**

In a moment JYL and I will leave for Madras Airport; he is to fly at 5 pm via Delhi. The parting isn't easy. But the Pressure is constantly there to guide and help, like a Big Friend guiding the movements of small children...

***5-5-1989, Auroville:**

This morning in the Chamber, Selvam came to work with me. I am fond of him and it might work, but there's an attraction there that brings an element of struggle into the normally quiet concentration I've had so far...

***6-5-1989, Auroville:**

It is C's birthday. It is also the day she and R are leaving...

Yesterday evening I had taken her to Pondy and we drank gin together by the sea, and she got a little tipsy and so lovely and so dear...

She loved the bracelet I had made for her and, later, the wondrous dress Su has been stitching for her the past two weeks...

... With R it hasn't been easy this time, till the very last moment of parting when at last his resistance gave way and he lay his head on my breast...

... Vivian has also left, yesterday; and in a couple of days Su will shift back to C's house...

Draw me, Mother, to the birthing of this new being: it is full, it knows, because it IS; it loves, because it IS; it embraces, because it IS...

***8-5-1989, Auroville:**

This morning I worked part-time alone, with a good, quiet energy, and part-time with Selvam, who seems to be attaching himself to me, like a wagon, and willing to join in a quiet and concentrated manner...

... This afternoon I was at Janet's to do my work there; I also read the last issue of the Auroville Review, and found it to be a shameless, egotist imitation of Satprem all through...

... Su is having some difficult time, back to the other house by herself; she would rather stay here with me; at least her emotional being feels that way, and she is a little angry at me for not helping her to make the shift...

***9-5-1989, Auroville:**

What I sense as "my opening" must itself evolve and become more concrete: a real opening, not a partial, habituated one... It feels like there is an avalanche of Being and of Force, of fulfilling, conscious Force, ready to pour and pour... But the sheer habit of existing as a small, half-empty, limited and separated consciousness, is imposing the pace of its own taming...

***10-5-1989, Auroville:**

I don't know what is truly expected of one, in terms of "action", of initiative... The situation around Matrimandir, between the people who are concerned with its work, is very weird. One ought to feel a very clear necessity to initiate some process of resolution, but I feel no support from the Pressure, no indication to move one way or another. Everyone is stuck in some absurd, particular position; the group that has formed around Piero wants Arjun out, and ugly masks are worn; John H is confused; and there is such incontinence all around, and all this "having fun"...

I still believe that to start the work on the pillars can help clear out the atmosphere, even if that implies the enacting of conflicting attitudes for a while. I don't understand anything, really; to me Matrimandir is such a simple evidence, so packed with Force, that it can only be a joy to let it reveal itself, down to the very last detail of the Gardens... But one is trapped instead between two minds, Roger A's and Piero's, and nothing moves...

***11-5-1989, Auroville:**

I am trying to attune to a clear and steady energy towards all aspects of the work of Matrimandir. Late afternoon I spent time again cleaning up the Model room and re-arranging it so we can use it as a study room for all the drawings, and this time John H, Narayana and all the workshop boys came to help...

***12-5-1989, Auroville:**

The weather is very heavy. There has been trouble in three of the surrounding villages and a lot of our people, for fear of being taken by the police, are sleeping away from home, in the woods and fields, and some even under the banyan tree, N among them...

***13-5-1989, Auroville:**

It's like I have gone dormant – reading a good novel, working, eating, resting, cycling, and letting myself float on some degree of desire, vague and expectant, like a veil...

This evening I cycled down to the beach and walked there a long time; but I didn't centre, didn't reach; and somehow it doesn't matter; there is a rhythm of assimilation, a kind of levelling, the weight of unity among the parts...

***14-5-1989, Auroville:**

For some mysterious reason, I have only recently realised, and perhaps come to terms with, the fact that my mind has long ago abdicated before You and Your Force. And that a large part of my vital has too, although more gradually over the years; and that there is only that small corner of the emotional and lower vital connected to sexual energy (and in my case to homosexual forms of it as well) that still resists; that perhaps without this obstacle which still can throw everything else off-balance one could walk freely on Your way, and all difficulties would be related to the walking, and within the way...

***15-5-1989, Auroville:**

I tend to work for the sake of the work, and I tend to work rather than being "inactive"; but what I want is to work as a support for an active aspiration and receptivity, and I haven't yet learnt to combine the two, except sometimes when I am alone, as in the early mornings in the Chamber... As soon as someone else joins me, a set of energies comes into play and calls for attention – a new balance and harmony to achieve -, and the main purpose is veiled; it was only in JYL's company that not only I could remain centred in the silence of the need, but the centring had itself an added quality of sharing...

... Last night a good and long and steady, deep-reaching rain came, which lasted about two hours; it saved a number of young trees, and eased the struggle in the garden... now the air is soft and moist and relaxed...

***16-5-1989, Auroville:**

At times I feel some inner tears. Perhaps it is due to the atmosphere that is generated at work, a sort of inertia, full of talk – wasting the gift... And also, I am getting to sense, feel, identify Selvam's being, and his deep unhappiness, and I want to help, but do not know how...

***17-5-1989, Auroville:**

Today, during the afternoon break, I looked at a book of pictures of contemporary Indian paintings, and enjoyed it a lot. It was a pleasant surprise: in the last few years there seems to have been the emergence of a powerful and rich language in Indian painting...

***18-5-1989, Auroville:**

The situation among the people at Matrimandir is becoming critical. I wouldn't know how to sum it up; clearly, though, it just cannot go on... I haven't been present to all the recent incidents, as I've mostly been trying to concentrate on the work and to get hold of a thread in the midst of all these conflicts. But now lines are being drawn between two sides, with loud undertones of racial conflict.

Piero and his group are losing all sense of perspective; Piero is doing some ugly manoeuvring.

It appears that 3 of his group have gone to Arjun to tell him to go away, and that this move was triggered by some emotional upset on Mauna's part... That same evening, Ramalingam called all the boys together and they decided to ask for a general meeting to clarify the situation...

I hadn't known any of that! I had been working with Selvam in the Chamber; I had seen that Mauna was upset, earlier, and sensed that the whole group, as usual – Edzart and Andy and P and Giovanni and Lorenzo – was working itself up...

It is all quite insane and becoming so grotesque, practically, that now Selvam and I are doing between us, effortlessly, three times as much work as the whole gang of them is doing, so engrossed they are in this elemental, ugly enactment...

***19-5-1989, Auroville:**

This morning there was tension and unease. Both Selvam and Ramalingam told me about their meeting and showed me the letter they have written.

At tea-break, when the boys learnt of the action taken against Arjun – Piero has written to the Bank asking for Arjun's formal dismissal, they got so upset that there nearly was a fist-fight between Giovanni and Ramalingam.

Later in the morning Ojha came, on an official visit, and called all of us down again; he made a speech, rather sweet with an obviously sincere feeling, but making it quite clear that he was prepared to formally intervene if we couldn't reach a harmony together...

At the end of the morning work, after 1.30 pm, I met quietly with Arjun and Deepti; and I knew then how critical the situation is... But somehow I also feel it is also all to the good, because it is time a shadow is lifted from the work at Matrimandir; Piero has now gone too far...

Let it be a true release, and a new start; there is so much wonderful work to be done...

... This afternoon, I was a little dazed, and rested too late; and N came to me, and it was simple and tender.

***20-5-1989, Auroville:**

This morning' meeting at Matrimandir yielded some result: a little opening to start on a new basis. The boys were beautiful: they demanded that these "Coordination group' meetings" must cease and the Matrimandir affairs go back to the larger forum of all the workers, and no issue should be dealt in small groups; I also insisted that we may not condone or support in any way such actions as the one Piero took against Arjun (his letter and his spoken accusations to the Bank Manager) and that we must all make an effort, individually and together, to be free from any influence, be it Piero's or Roger A's or anyone's or anything' that is not IT...

... It seems that Al.B has recently written to Satprem and that a long reply has come, which Ar. wants to take down for me...

***21-5-1989, Auroville:**

I am thinking a lot of Matrimandir. How to progress there, and how to reach a truer way of working together: I can see a sort of organic hierarchy, allowing for all the energies to find their place in the material realisation... But the question remains: is it right to propose it, and to work towards it, or should one merely accept the unfolding of forces at play...?

Psychologically the atmosphere is sickened, and thick with tamas... I do not know the answer; and I don't know either why I do not know it...! Perhaps I am afraid of getting my ego into it, and of having to cope with the ignorant returns... Or perhaps some abscess must first burst open and a preliminary cleansing take place before one may usefully propose a direction and the outlines of a work to be shared...

***22-5-1989, Auroville:**

The air was sweet with damp earth and the garden was lovely when I left this morning... I went first to Janet's, as usual, on my way to Matrimandir; when I reached the Chamber, Gloria came up, alone; I was glad of it: we never have a chance to see each other any more. We talked quietly, of the general situation and of Satprem's letter; I felt I could share with her a little of the experience You have given me these past months, and how for the first time in my life I have truly been happy, because That is there... Later I wanted to say also how stupid Piero had

been in his recent actions, but the old contradiction of her life came up, and I became quiet.. She left. And the rest of the morning I found myself sad and irritable, and became impatient at the sluggish pace we're all contented to go, with this sort of cheap fatalism that is so close to inertia...

... This evening Catherine and I took measurements for the work on the pillars, and figured out more details of the organisation of the space – such as where the people would leave their shoes, where they'd wash their feet...

Something MUST happen at Matrimandir, so that we may pick up the thread of Your service...

***23-5-1989, Auroville:**

I wish I could put myself at the service of a true force of evolution and progress, but... I guess I am not ready...! I don't know... If at least there was some fire in the moments of the day, in people there; or if each one was trying, out of real need, to dispel the illusion that You are gone...!

I feel so inadequate...

***25-5-1989, Auroville:**

Shano came this evening and stayed on. He keeps asking me to let him move in here with me; this has been going on for nearly two years, but he has now begun to press more; I say that I want to live alone; so then, he says, let him build a small capsule over here, nearby, and do any work with me... I don't know...

***26-5-1989, Auroville:**

It is strange how Selvam has been insisting, slowly but with growing certainty, that I must help him to read and write, as a way for him to move beyond the limitedness of his present circumstances; I have from the beginning felt him to be an older being, and I have known him with a kind of inner joy; but the dearness that gets confirmed by our daily work together is also yielding some attraction, and I do not know what to do with it or about it... It is clear, though, that he wants to progress, and to come into his own...

***27-5-1989, Auroville:**

Half of this morning went into a long meeting of nearly all of the Matrimandir workers. There are still all these accumulated tensions but there seems to be in most people a wanting to reach for another basis for the work which must be done and can only be done together... I felt quiet all through...

But later, while at the Samadhi for a moment of rest and assimilation, I realised that this quietness I now feel is actually one consequence of having turned more wholly toward That, of having been enabled to open more concretely to It... And that I must not let the play of forces, through people and contacts, supersede that need and that opening.

The situation seems to be a sort of impasse: mentally we do not have the means to "solve" it. Even with the best of goodwill, if there is no conscious anchoring to the new condition that is to come, we shall reach nowhere, not in human terms, nor materially... I am reluctant to put words on this, but it is so important...

***28-5-1989, Auroville: Open Letter.**

"This is a wholesome complaint.

I complain that the women of this place aren't doing their job.

I resent it. It is getting to be suffocating.

Whether I, or we, can derive some sort of benefit from the event of suffocation remains to be seen.

But meanwhile – while I can still articulate – I wish to share my complaint.

What do we have here at present?

We have the cumulated defects of two trends: a small self-institutionalising society, and a small selfish anarchy within comfortable limits.

We are wasting time and Her gift.

We have boards, units, committees, trusts, all rigid formations made by men, which cannot progress and need to be dismantled or multiplied as they go: unyielding structures.

We have executives all over the place, nearly all of them men, self-appointed with a nice thought for balance: two heavies, one light-weight, and no notion, no sense whatsoever of a flow of creative energy.

At Matrimandir for instance, where one can see and touch the impasse in its quintessence, we have been asked to nominate executives (Government regulations); those two are fighting; so we pull back one heavy and replace him with a lighter one and in-between we put another one who is supposed to be "neither here nor there"; if that doesn't appease the spirits, we're all set to add two, three, or even four more, picked from opposite sides, in order to achieve... what? A sort of status quo of decency...

Men like to be decent. They feel sorry when they don't make it.

As for the actual function of "executives", all we know is that it may have to do, even if nominally, with some sort of control or power; therefore the political gloves.

But take one look at the whole scene, at the atmosphere pervading the work at Matrimandir and the physical place: an embattled territory, not an inch of free space: men' egos, men' conceptions, men' plans, men' exclusivism...

Yet Matrimandir, according to Her (who remains until further notice the sole authority over all matters here), besides being the soul of this collective adventure, happens to be also the House of the Mother – of the Creative Principle; it is being built so that may flow the Force that alone can create the beginning of a material basis for the New World.

This Force alone can, as we all must know very well, direct our energies to the seat of the true consciousness.

Alright; to reach there, Mother is helping each of us, regardless of the circumstances, provided we are willing; and for that stretch women as such may go on sleeping if they wish. Anyone, man or woman, with Her help can eventually reach the border and open to That and even learn to hold It.

But there is something that men as such, however much they fret, cannot achieve: it is to collaborate with that pure Force down into our lives and our matter.

At Matrimandir nowadays this Creative Force is nearly completely blocked, hampered by the negative alchemy of confluent rigidities.

A trickle of it keeps flowing. Even that is precarious.

It is not the Force itself that is precarious. It is what's left of our receptivity to It.

Remember, those who were there, what was pouring over us all at the time when, according to our senses, She was sitting in Her chair, up in Her room?!

Why not now?

We all want That to be back, don't we? We all want It to be concrete, active, constant, day and night, in every movement, at every instant, don't we?

What is usually called "creativity" is like the foam of the wave: external harmony, some beauty and refinement, a certain richness of expression – we have plenty of all that, thanks.

But it is the women' job to attune to that Creative Principle that alone can seize the bits of truth here and there, left, right and centre, and use them all in Its flow; that alone can discern the far-reaching purpose through all the myriad of small steps to be made, not with the mind or with the emotions, but with an innate sense of birth-giving.

Gentleness, grace, charm and ease, and nearly all the qualities that are conventionally the contribution of the feminine can be achieved and manifested by men as well.

But just as perhaps only men can stand alone in the Presence and let go, only women can actually learn to become one with the creative flow of the Force in life and matter.

It is a most difficult job. But it is crucial.

If it is not done, Auroville will remain at best on a tangent, on and on; never quite getting there.

I find this prospect even more frightening than failing entirely.

Divakar"

***Clarification:**

"To try and make myself clear: I find that we have a serious problem here, of energy.

The right, the true energy, the one Energy that can build the real Auroville, the real Matrimandir, isn't flowing – or only a trickle of it does. And therefore all of "our energies" are ill-used, if not misused.

What we have is a status-quo.

It is the natural consequence of unresolved conflicts enacted by men; the end-result of a bargain between egos: you yield this, I yield that; you have this, I have that. And let us sit on each side of the fence and wait out our mutual siege.

Like the making of Europe, or like disarmament, it is typical of masculine conduct.

In our case nothing has truly been worked out and nothing truly creative can happen; the ground of manifestation is frozen.

Usually such situations are helped on by those who crave in ordinary ways – ambitious men, trading men, money-makers; they'll trample their own mothers and embrace their enemies: they will be un-ethical but at least life will move on.

Here, what can we do?

At some level of creative resolution, it should have been Roger and Piero who, breaking away from their own personal limitations, for Her and with Her help, made the step and released the flow.

It clearly didn't happen.

Each has, from his own point of view, valid reasons for blaming the other.

The point isn't there.

The point is: how can It flow again?

How can Matrimandir be completed, become whole and functioning, vibrant with Her Force? And how in the process can we, all and each of us, find commitment and progress?

I am no "feminist". And really I believe we are all here to try and become true individuals – persons, consciousnesses – whether we happen to be of one gender or another; and besides, as Mother has explained, there is no longer a pure feminine or a pure masculine anywhere incarnated. Each one individual must learn to integrate both the aspects and their myriad variations.

Yet there is still a basic difference, regardless of the physiological apparatus: women have access more innately, intimately, directly and consciously, if they aspire for it, to the creative nature of the Force; they can almost effortlessly seek for living ways of resolution and discern processes towards progressive harmony; they can approach issues with a deep practical sense, in a perspective that is lasting and basically integral – non-exclusive.

If here in Auroville we become able to let that sense express itself at the service of Her Work, to make room for it and support it and strengthen it, right into Matter, then it will become interesting, and I am confident that Matrimandir will again guide our movements in this adventure.

There is no criticism involved here.

It is only that I feel constantly that it is up to us, not with muscles or with minds but with an active need, to break through this impasse.

My choice of words may be inadequate; please understand.

Divakar"

***29-5-1989, Auroville:**

I have been thinking, and feeling, to try and call women to Matrimandir, women who have known You physically... Show me, Mother...!

... In a moment Selvam will come for his "class"; I am not sure of the nature of this relationship: I am certain that it reaches deep and is valid, but I don't know how it can evolve...

***30-5-1989, Auroville:**

As I have left a written proposal on Mauna's desk at Matrimandir, about inviting women who may want to serve You in helping with decisions and choices regarding Matrimandir, I have since felt some regret, in the sense that I do not wish to attract attention at all; perhaps I am not ready to take it the right way, as I am not purified enough yet... But I did feel to do it for You, so that something stirs this inert play of egos, letting Your Force act and flow... For, without It, this place makes no sense and Matrimandir will not be built...

***31-5-1989, Auroville:**

I am developing an attachment to Selvam; I can't help letting rise again a longing for the sort of friendship that I have been missing over the years, something at once physical and inner, a mutual giving and fulfilling that wouldn't be exclusive because it would know itself and be sure of itself... I haven't been actually looking for it; it just came: Selvam came to me. Perhaps for him it is only a sort of extended security, the sense of being appreciated and welcome; perhaps it is more: I am not sure. But I tend to trust him.

... I want to merge into that condition where I have found Your gift of oneness.

I want that and yet, again and again, those parts of "me" that are still attracted to human fulfilment get triggered, called upon, and then it is "I" again, and a divided, hesitant, unsure oscillation...

***Poem:**

"Fold upon fold,
State upon state upon state,
Stepping up and down towards
A rounded infinity
Whose centre
Whirls and breathes
In perfect eternity"

***1-6-1989, Auroville:**

Last night, during our watch, Su brought me documents just received from France regarding the break between Auroville and the French Association, in the wake of "Mira Aditi"'s recent departure from here; the "official" document states their change of purpose and name to "Agenda International France", and listing their reasons for doing so. Another document has been made by a woman who has been kept away from this move and could only attend the last "assembly" and, along with a few others such as D.D and Klara, tried to object.

Agreeing with the move, alas, were all those who have recently left Auroville, including G.M, Ulrich and Eliane, etc. According to them, Auroville is "finished"; it has lost any significance; the Agenda has been rejected by Auroville and therefore they, who want the Truth and are following Satprem's and Sujata's guidance must also turn away from Auroville and consecrate themselves to the real work... And so on and on...

I find it all at once comical and gross and frightening and bewildering, and very petty...

***3-6-1989, Auroville:**

There was a very long session this morning, which was taken up by two questions: one, whether Matrimandir will try and join the "new" economic organisation in Auroville; and two, a detailed and punctilious review of all the "rules and regulations" of our meetings and of all financial operations... It ended well after 1 pm and then Luigi wanted to talk to me about the work-situation, and I had to rush back here to get into the taxi to accompany Ar. to the airport... She was quiet, but apprehensive and not too happy to go - her mother has invited her for the summer

-, but perhaps seeing this journey as providing a helpful distance; I kept her laughing, though, and it was simple, and without fuss...

***6-6-1989, Auroville:**

I cycled down to the beach this evening under a dark stormy sky and walked there, by the quiet vivid sea, and it was almost there; I was almost absorbed again in that one centring; but the human longing was hovering still, expectant: the persisting enslavement to the attraction born from the separation...

On my way back G.G caught up with me and told me the news: the Chinese army killing thousands of students, with tanks and guns, on the orders of that tiny old monster who still wields such incredible power... And I thought of stupid Rajeev Gandhi who keeps missing every right turn and has opened India's flanks even wider to the danger that China still represents (it is mean and almost inhuman, and can strike terrible blows)...

***7-6-1989, Auroville:**

This morning in the Chamber was somehow especially sweet; Selvam came earlier than usual and stayed the whole time and I am happy with both him and Narayana, whom I appreciate more and more as our years in Auroville pass... Also, Mauna has quietly circulated my paper and, later, at the end of our shift, Piero came up to me, almost like a child, sober and rather subdued, wanting me to understand how Roger A has along been the one to blame (!) and those, such as G.M, who have agitated on his behalf; Piero didn't deny, however, that we may now need a fresh approach, from a different perspective... But I find that he has become very defeatist, and attaches far too much importance to committed wrongs and hurts... he too needs a push and a lift...!

... Tonight during my watch, Narayana talked to me a long time about the "torture" he has suffered under Arjun... and of his own efforts at sadhana...

Am I capable of being an instrument for a renewal of energies there? I don't know. Narayana said that he'd liked my open letter very much and was in full support of my proposal, but... will You show me, step by step, moment by moment?

***8-6-1989, Auroville:**

I have the impression of standing on a border. It is not precise, nor quite positive: it is mostly a blank. In ordinary terms, I am being processed through this encounter with Selvam, in the sense that my own private store of emotional involvement, or what's left of it, is activated, and I am shy and uncertain about it. The hours we spend working together are sweet. And yet, as today, when he has to leave early and I remain alone at work, there is at once a relief, an immediate clearing, and I am in contact again...

***11-6-1989, Auroville:**

Two Indian engineers came today to meet with us, who have offered to make studies for both the 4 pillars extensions and the structures of the 12 large petals around the sphere (as per Roger A's design). They have figured their best, but Roger's concept is like a magnet for complications; it is such an unsound proposition that I cannot understand how anyone can still support it (such as Luigi or Arjun, for instance); at best it implies such a large uncertainty; there can be no

guarantee that it will be durable, and the whole point of this monumental architecture is so pretentious, and so essentially meaningless, or useless... The entire array of positions taken by people around this issue is enough to drive one to madness or at any rate to take one's leave of reason for good!

I don't know what to do, really.

I am again considering trying to work out on my own some alternative proposal – but what can ever happen to it, something made by "me"? This is truly maddening. The stubbornness displayed by some people here is seated at a level which I am not able to reach; it is very odd.

... We could soon start, I suppose, just one pillar extension; perhaps that will help... But to move materially in the midst of such blindness is rather a dubious challenge... Where to seek help?

***13-6-1989, Auroville:**

After talking with Catherine, and with Piero, separately, I don't see any other way now than to try and figure a simple, cohesive alternative to the whole design; but it doesn't feel right that I should do it; so, how?

I see that my impatience was premature and vain. Now I do not want to start this work, because it is too blind, it is a piece-meal advance, and I don't find Matrimandir's support for that.

It is somewhat attractive to just withdraw and let things follow their course; but isn't this very attitude far too well represented already, and generating this atmosphere of imbalance and inertia...?

... This evening I went to visit with Selvam at his house on the beach – the house that D has sort of built "for him". I find he is at some dead-end, and I feel for him. He wants so much to go away, and be released from his two families for a while, and to have other experiences of his own life than the one he's always had of working, since a child, to support his own people... I am moved by his need and would help him if I can, but my own longing is too strong at the moment and my own selfishness is in the way...

***15-6-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam is leaving tonight to the hills with Janah, for several days, to prepare the summer camp. He bade me farewell this morning after the work. And this afternoon I began to open again to, or to regain awareness of, the Pressure; I felt acutely how I'd been like pinned down within a tight closed room for weeks, due to this new-born attachment; it wasn't so much that a weight was lifted as that some contrary magnet ceased to act, and the physical consciousness could expand again and reach within and above...

... Shano was waiting for me when I returned for my walk on the beach this evening, and I made dinner for both of us; he's been quiet, unobtrusive. He gave me, though, more depressing news of "Ravena" (where he still stays at night as a kind of guardian): it does seem that I have failed my duty there, by leaving it into the wrong hands...

***16-6-1989, Auroville:**

This morning Narayana came to replace Selvam as my helper, and it went alright, he had good concentration and we worked well and finished the 7th row; I have much respect for him...

***18-6-1989, Auroville:**

I am going on translating Soham's text and actually enjoying it. Despite the poor language and the repetitions, the semantic unclarities and sometimes an obvious lack of maturity or perspective, it is a sincere attempt at sharing a genuine and valid experience; and it is also interesting for me to try and make it flow better in the French language.

... Sometimes I am shocked, to the point of disgust, at the signs of ageing, at the growing disharmonies, imbalances or imperfections it forces on the body; perhaps it is one odd trait of my constitution, that there's always been a simultaneity of the maturing and the ageing processes, as well as a constant fluctuation of energy, so that there are moments when the body is filled and smooth and others when it is drained, dissociated, old... In these moments I experience such an acute and sharp contradiction with both my internal, psychological status, whereby I still feel like a young boy, a teenager, and the inner reality, wherein I am ageless... It is in a way like having all the experiences at once that the physiological time is supposed to bring about successively...

***20-6-1989, Auroville:**

JYL has sent me a series of photographs he'd taken here, 4 of which are of Auragni – he'd met her or, rather, heard her name called and seen her at play in "Aspiration" and decided there and then that he must take her picture for me. She looks serious, and intent, and beautiful; my first reaction was "I don't know her anymore", and then it was "she looks too much like Diane"; but now I look at the prints again and I see she will really be beautiful and unique... Will she ever come back to me...?

... This morning I asked Catherine whether she'd help me to work on another, simpler design for the completion of Matrimandir... She is still very much under Roger A's influence and loyal to him to a point of near-blindness, but she is willing to look at it with me...

***21-6-1989, Auroville:**

Narayana is a steady team-mate in Selvam's absence. To think that this man is now 65, and yet so much younger than most of us, always ready and willing to do more, to move forward, to give up and offer more...

... Late afternoon, N, who'd been absent for the last 3 days, walked in with his two kids, drunk and in tears... His wife, it seems, has tried to hang herself; he'd come home and found her still alive, and called people to help, who took her away; and the next day her relatives came to beat him up; he'd worked himself drunk so he could come to me and he was all set to leave his children in my care and go finish himself off... This all took quite some time and finally I drove them home and left food-money with them...

***23-6-1989, Auroville:**

The Pressure has returned and, with It, the sense of security, that there is progress and meaning and that, for instance, whatever I see of the remaining ego is the sign of its undoing, of a new receptivity...

***24-6-1989, Auroville:**

The meeting at Matrimandir this morning started rather dangerously; Mauna had posted her letter of resignation and sent Ed to return all keys, and it seems that yesterday Ed had already come to threaten Arjun; and so there were first all kinds of heavy arguments back and forth, until everyone agreed to concentrate on work matters, and thereafter it proceeded rather well, for once; I was even able to announce that work on one pillar extension was ready to start, and there was no opposition... And so, from next week on, I'll begin to work at Matrimandir in the afternoon as well, along with Ramalingam's team...

***25-6-1989, Auroville:**

Sunday routine...; at noon Shano came, sort of wanting to let go and to meet, but not knowing how to go about it... I let him be with me a moment... Later, during my afternoon rest, Krishna came into my dream needing me, and ready to acknowledge how rotten he'd acted... I know from repeated experience that whenever Krishna and I meet in our sleep, it does mean something actual; this is one relationship in this life where the dream state is conscious and directly relevant, sometimes even more real than physical life...

***26-6-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam came back to work this morning, and Narayana kept gently teasing me because I couldn't help my happiness; but as I am still uncertain of how much Selvam wants our friendship to develop, I find myself also burdened with the weight of something too vital or too one-sided, alone with that same old longing...

***27-6-1989, Auroville:**

Even though the Pressure has been there all day, steady and immobile and wonderful, there were moments of tension in the morning, when I nearly slipped and fell off the scaffold... I find there's been some disharmony in my work since LN insisted to take up one entire section of a wall on his own, and he is so devoid of any team-spirit and so separate and such an arguer for each and every detail, that it has thrown the pace of the work off-balance; and today both Piero and I got upset at him for making it so complicated, at which Narayana, who'd been trying to help LN, got angry at me, and that pained me most... I want to fix that first thing tomorrow, it is no good like that...

... It is the beginning of the work at the pillar; there are hesitations and awkwardness and I am not too sure how to proceed most effectively: I need to be very calm and focussed and go step by step...

***28-6-1989, Auroville:**

All morning at work, even though the Pressure was there with its immobile love, and Selvam was with me, sweet and quiet, I felt like crying, because of Narayana's change of attitude over the incident with LN; he is now closed and unsmiling, just as unhappy as I am but determined to remain separate; I don't mind LN: even if I find him unnerving, as most of us do, I do not resent him; but to see this beautiful Narayana get clouded over by such a silly argument feels like a pain... Even Piero came to me very gently to tell me he hadn't been able to convince LN to do better, because the other team, Andy's, wasn't either... I get a sense of disharmony being

like a disease, always ready to creep in, to dissociate, to aggravate, for which there seems to be no cure as long as each of us retains some allegiance to ego...

... At the pillar, there isn't much I myself can do at this stage, short of making a show of breaking stones or carrying mud with the team employed by Ramalingam, and getting blisters that will be no help in the marble-work... So I meditate on the Petals design, on some alternative structure around the sphere, on the discs design or an alternative to it, on and on...

And this evening, while doing the asanas, I listened to the conversations of January 1970 on Matrimandir, and wondered once more what is to be done with Roger A's architectural creations... What do You like, Mother? Truly, what do You like?

I no longer have the conviction to say "no" to anything; and yet Roger A's design, even when I accept it and seek practical ways to realise it, doesn't reach the condition of peace and vastness that is inherent to Matrimandir: there's too much will in it, and it is at once too specific and too spectacular... Help, Mother!

***30-6-1989, Auroville:**

I hadn't been exposed to so much for a long time...

With Selvam it is fluctuating; we have entered another phase, where adjustments are more frequent and we get to know more of each other's life; I have this longing to make it worthwhile, to create a space of our own...

And with Matrimandir, things tend to get very edgy; Mauna has now posted an open letter stating the reasons that led her to resign, and it is rather devastating for Arjun; Piero asked me to read it this morning and to tell him what I thought; I did what I could to stress a direction we could all take together as a commitment, rather than blaming anyone in particular for our difficulties to relate to one another... I see that Arjun too is the prisoner of his own rigidity and of the consequence of expressing them with much vital strength; but I don't know really. Just as for the design, I still fail to see a way to break through all the formations. I keep searching, but I also sense that I am not yet at that point of need and consecration where I can no longer be mistaken or misled, where there can no longer come any deforming interference between Matrimandir and my own receptivity...

***1-7-1989, Auroville:**

I had a very disturbing night. I had to repel whole processions of people clad in white but with an unclear, false intent, and I was holding a rod that was smouldering at its end; they didn't pass. But later I found that another, more ordinary crowd had massed near the house, and it was connected to something N had done... I got up drained, and not looking forward to the day at Matrimandir...

And the morning meeting was terrible. Piero insisted that Mauna's letter must be read out; it had been translated in Tamil and many copies circulated. And then he demanded that Arjun must make a gesture of goodwill. I tried to call everyone's attention to the real effort and commitment we could all make, instead of focussing on individuals, but Piero wouldn't let go; he'd worked himself up so much that he too declared he was resigning, unless he got the assurance that he and his "collaborators" could work "in peace", and this "poisonous atmosphere" was cleared; he called Arjun a "psychopath", and Arjun called him I can't remember what... It was quite sick; like a curse gaining strength the more one moves...

The only good moment came when Selvam announced that he'd arranged for a Tamil teacher to come 5 evenings a week to teach a large group of the Matrimandir

workers to read and write in English, and the meeting agreed that Matrimandir could pay part of the teacher's salary...

Now what? Piero's resignation, on top of Mauna's, would mean that much of the work would soon be halted; and Arjun will remain seated in his plush office, the giggling Stuart by his side, doing what?

Piero's show was stupid, and his repeated threats to withdraw are boring... But the atmosphere seems to be only worsening, as if through our weaknesses we were all inexorably dragged to the defeat of the whole purpose...

I was feeling quite sick, as if to smile was a thing no longer of this world; sick too of my own clinging and wanting to own, in relation to Selvam, of my incapacity to reach out in purity – not the moral purity but the purity of a movement devoid of wanting, secure in the truth and integrity of its own self-giving... We are miserable creatures. In that condition, there can be no future...

... Janet, this afternoon, insisted that I must carry on and bring out my proposal for a new direction at Matrimandir and a process to be adhered to in order to come out of this impasse... She was so positive about it that it drew me out of depression, and when I returned here I sat re-writing the paper I had prepared about two weeks ago... Menaig also came to sit with me this evening, having now realised that participation of another kind is now necessary...

... F.J has written that he and Chr.J are thinking to come here next January along with C, and asking what I think of it...!

***1-7-1989, Proposal:**

Introduction:

"The text that follows was written about three weeks ago; I didn't share it at the time because I felt it would be so much better if the workers of Matrimandir could either find a progressive balance or, as a group, issue a similar request to Auroville at large.

Since then however, first Mauna and now Piero have resigned from their work at Matrimandir; their respective decisions to do so were triggered by a difficult, unresolved inter-personal conflict in the context of the day-to-day work – not over the issue of design, at this point.

Yet I would maintain that such conflicts can only last and become suffocating when the flow of energy is blocked or hampered to a serious degree, when it can no longer help each one to find the right work, the right place and the right function within a whole.

Matrimandir is giving us all a test – a tough one: to discover how It needs and wants to be made complete and how It wants to communicate to the world; to discover Its true living functions.

We do not need more meetings; we do not need more flags, more exclusivism; we do not need compromises.

We need the contribution of individuals of Auroville who recognise the necessity of a solid physical anchor into the True, so that a collective being may evolve past the divisive mental ego."

Proposal:

"I wish to request Auroville to become actively concerned with Matrimandir and the choices and decisions to be made regarding its completion.

My suggestion would be to call for a research team whose work would be based on a fresh approach to the problems of choice involved, who would be impartial in the sense that they would endeavour to listen to all the viewpoints and seek to identify the components of a harmonious solution, which could then be presented to the community at large.

We badly need this fresh approach.

In a recent proposal I made, at Matrimandir, I mentioned a team formed of women who would have had the experience of the flowing of the Mother's Force in the physical, in the early days of Auroville; I did so because it seemed to me the closest we could get to this necessary approach: a level of resolution wherein practicality and inner sense are one; where what matters most is the flow, the active and peaceful and puissant transforming flow of Her Force, without which there can be no Matrimandir and no Auroville worth speaking about, without which there can be no individual centring, no change of condition and no new creation.

I felt that these women, were they willing, would be more capable of attuning to it, responding to it and working from it.

But in whatever form something must come from Auroville, as a tribute to the central and indispensable function of Matrimandir – the soul of Auroville, yes, and also the House of the Creative Principle, and the actual tool a collective venture towards a truer life needs now and will increasingly need in future.

Back in 1987, this approach was lacking. It was lacking in the General Meeting of October 1987 which, supposedly, unanimously or "by consensus" chose to follow the design offered by Roger.

Now, nearly two years later, we are still spell-bound in the very same situation, only worsened and grown almost habitual: absence of dialogue, entrenchment of positions, accumulated hurts and ego-reactions. And nothing has happened on the ground; nothing has materialised; there hasn't been a single break-through.

Some research work is still being pursued outside Auroville, but it has little backing. Yet the positions remain as rooted, even though a large number of individuals have dropped out.

It is easy to say "oh! let them work it out"... But it is of no use.

The facts are that a "decision" was taken by Auroville; that it is binding and also paralysing, since it may well be that it was either a slanted, biased and blinded, or simply immature decision.

At any rate it does need to be reconsidered.

The entire issue isn't merely one of decoration.

Matrimandir is one and cannot be seen in pieces and parts.

It is there to generate an atmosphere, a living and conscious help, a force of creation.

But for many months not only the work on the structure around the Chamber is at a standstill, but it has also stopped in the Gardens, and a growing inertia has settled all around.

The human energies are not well channelled; there is imbalance in the work; even inside the Chamber the work is only proceeding half-days, while outside of it hardly anything happens.

Some say that there is, based at Matrimandir, a nucleus of resistance to the design accepted by all; others say that, having refused all dialogue and rejected all objections raised (which cannot have all been irrelevant) an "official" plan has been bulldozed on Matrimandir, whose principal protagonist, Roger A, is in Auroville only 2 months out of 12 after an absence of 10 years or so, whose team has more or less collapsed but for a few steadfast supporters who themselves are unable to solve even its most basic technical inconsistencies.

But it could be that in such a status quo one is no longer able to perceive the elements of a wholesome harmony which may lie on all sides, and therefore that an active, revealing and resolving movement can no longer occur.

Roger has himself repeatedly told the community "you have to decide"!

Would it take too much of our pride to acknowledge that some commitment and concern, some active meditation, some courage may have to be contributed on our part before such a choice or decision can be truly made AND have a creative effect on the work ahead of us?

Everyone will recall that one of the constant traits of Mother's physical guidance was to insist on agreement: genuine agreement rising out of everyone – not being forced by some on the others. She used to say that we must first reach this agreement, and the rest She will do.

She described in detail the Chamber She had seen. And this became the centre of the work of building Matrimandir. It will be ready perhaps in some months.

Will it hang inside the skeleton of a sphere in the midst of an overgrown, neglected terrain of mud and dust, with a few crops drying in the sun and patches of luxuriant grass and some decrepit keet structures and the buses of tourists plying to and fro, "is this a water-tank?", "what is your native place?"...?

I request everyone in Auroville and particularly, I maintain, those of us who had the opportunity to experience Her physical Presence and, being women, may have developed an ability to attune to Her Force in life and in matter (are they all asleep now, have they ceased to care?) to come forward and, as a team, to set an atmosphere that will allow for the right choices to be discerned and the right decisions to be made.

As a team they could commit to this task for a given period of time and work out the ways they would proceed.

Perhaps as a first step they could interview the different people concerned and listen to their views, consult model and drawings and ask questions, and take the time to reach a living awareness of the entire physical reality of Matrimandir as of its functions, present and future.

I trust that if such a team is formed in an attitude of genuine seeking, with no partiality involved, everyone will collaborate and be sober enough not to flood them with recriminations.

At the close of that given period of time this team could then submit its conclusions to the community at large.

Please respond to the Auroville Council or to Matrimandir, to begin coordination.

Divakar"

***3-7-1989, Auroville:**

This was an odd evening. I cycled off, after 5pm, towards the beach; a little way past "Dana" I got a puncture; I thought about it and decided to go on, and I jogged the rest of the way, pushing the cycle with one hand... about 5 miles down to the beach... And while running, my present involvement in the issues at Matrimandir cleared up...! I saw that I didn't have to "do" anything, but to continue my work there and let the drama unfold, but that I could give copies of my proposal to a few people, just as a seed. A weight was lifted away.

I reached Selvam's house and he made tea and showed me the work he'd done in his garden... I told him candidly all the feelings I had toward him, and that I wanted him to feel free and not forced into any relationship he wouldn't be at ease with; I saw that he wasn't comfortable with all these words, but he said that his life had begun to change since we met and that he wanted our friendship to continue and develop... I felt a space there, big and deep and real, but I am still confused by my own longings and by some response in him for which he has no living reference... It is troubling, but also wonderful...

I got the cycle fixed in the village and rode back at dark...

***4-7-1989, Auroville:**

Shano came to have dinner with me, and it took me off the pain... There were moments today when I could have howled: the human animal! The pain was raw; like an exposed wound... All my life I have longed and yearned for this impossible relationship, like an inheritance: a free friendship with a man that would be intimate and spiritual at once... Along the road, I have met parts of one or the other, but never both at the same time. The accumulated defeats make this longing so terribly acute, I'd kill myself if I didn't know all I now know, as I did try to kill myself and nearly succeeded when I was in my teens... But I remember then, as a moment ago while listening to Your Agenda and doing the asanas, that this too is given by the Lord, it can but come from Him, and I must accept it and let it do the work that must be done... I didn't look for Selvam; he came to me when I was concentrating in my work in the Chamber, and it is only then that I opened again to the possibility... But it has trapped me into such a confined and narrow space in my own nature; I have been struggling since, and see still no way out...

Mother, it isn't easy to have one's private nature denied constantly by life; it only makes it more difficult for one to offer it to the Change...

***5-7-1989, Auroville:**

Early this morning while I was still at Janet's, Piero came in to bring her a copy of Mauna's letter for her to take to the Council meeting. I tried to let him see he'd better come back to work; but he says he is revolted and very depressed and wants Auroville to do something about Arjun... I feel this is not only wrong but dangerous, but at this point it seems that all the protagonists are blinded to anything but their own roles... Janet also took a copy of my proposal...

***7-7-1989, Auroville:**

At Matrimandir it is still very uncertain. But Su's work in the office (she has volunteered to do the job Mauna had been doing) seems to be fitting, and it is alright with Arjun. However Piero is still agitating in Auroville and it is all very tricky.

Andy came to me in the morning to tell me of his idea to ask for a team of 3 people from Auroville at large to investigate and try to find a solution to the conflict, at the same time re-opening the entire issue of Matrimandir, its work and its completion, to the whole of Auroville... I said I could agree to that only if Piero would first resume his work for, otherwise, he was only misusing his authority and responsibilities. Andy seemed to see that, but I feel I may have to clarify it further at tomorrow's meeting...

... When I came home early afternoon I found, waiting for me in the garden, Pnina, accompanied by a friend of hers, a beautiful Israeli man, Avi. There are here only for a few days; I was glad to see her, after nearly 4 years I think, and to meet her friend. They'll come again soon.

***8-7-1989, Auroville:**

From 11 am till 2 pm we had this difficult, exhausting meeting.

Piero was absent.

Besides observing the respective truths, as well as the respective dishonesties, and wondering still how so many of us here can remain blinded to the most basic necessities, it is also very instructive to watch and be part of such events – but in what way it is instructive, I cannot well define: it helps a certain awareness to grow or expand... Yet, by the end of it, I felt depleted...

It is only toward the end that I spoke and tried to disengage, or disentangle what could be a basis for agreement: that we would all be at work on Monday; and that a commitment on Auroville's part – on the community's part – would be made to help organise the work of completing Matrimandir in all its aspects.

To this John H added that we would also commit to cease criticising – meaning, I guess, blaming – others...

I felt, too, that somehow in each individual, in each person, there was, and it is the mystery of this transitional stage, a purity of intent...

***9-7-1989, Auroville:**

Su has taken hard this entire drama at Matrimandir. She needed comforting. It is difficult for her to enter this work there without the security that she won't be displaced by another upheaval, and she fears the loneliness of it, with me being so aloof and independent... I suspect she has also felt let down seeing how much time I am willing to spend with Selvam, lately...

Shano came this morning; he wanted money to buy himself some clothes: he turns to me like to a second family, and he does it like a child would, demanding it in a sort of pure uninhibited way, and it's alright, he doesn't take advantage of it...

... According to Myrtle, Ed and Mauna have been pressing on Piero so that he wouldn't return to work unless something is done "about Arjun"... I hope they do not succeed.

But I may well miss the point here, and my view is surely minuscule...!

Whatever forms the resistance takes I must trust the Pressure on us all...

But I am not able to comprehend how progress can occur from disharmony. I keep feeling, in spite of everything, that one can make no real and lasting step unless it is made from the basis of the maximal harmony that can be reached at the time...

***11-7-1989, Auroville:**

At tea-break this morning Giovanni proposed the draft of a statement we could all sign and send to the Council, formally asking them to form a group to look into all the areas of work at Matrimandir. It was vague and clumsy and fairly superficial and, as it made mention of both Mauna's and Piero's withdrawal, it was surely ten rungs below the proposal I have made. But it seems clear that this is where we are at, collectively, and conflict seems to be a necessity in order to shake off some of the tamas. So I signed it, as did everyone else present except, predictably, Arjun and Stuart.

But in the afternoon I realised that Arjun may have felt let down and hurt by my signing; I went to him. We sat and talked quietly; I told him why I had signed, and thought that he too ought to sign; he disagreed but at least we each honoured our friendship and parted with affection.

Soon after that I had to check on the work at Janet's and I found Piero there! So I went and talked, or tried to talk with him... I don't know, he is so... off-balance, somehow; but he's managed to gather all his conviction in his present, untenable stance... What can happen? In the meantime Mauna is pursuing her own fixed ambitions; she even wrote to Su that she is hoping to come back and therefore that Su's usefulness there is only temporary... It is all very low, each one weaving dishonesty with high feelings and principles...

***12-7-1989, Auroville:**

I got angry. In Piero's continued absence we cannot actually fix the marble slabs in place – we could, but too many of us would rather wait for him and it doesn't feel right to push ahead. And I am dependent on others to be also on time and to concentrate so we can at least select the next rows and lift the slabs onto the scaffold... And there it got me: I blew at Selvam and Menaig, fed up with dragging them on.

I wanted to cry, then. I left.

... This evening Selvam sent me a message that he was sorry.

I have taken a good look at this whole situation. It is beyond me. There is too large a play of forces and too little sincerity in us.

I regretted my movement, it was a weak yielding to that play; it was an ego reaction, even if in reaction to laziness and sloppiness. It wasn't called for.

***13-7-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam came and had breakfast here.

A while later Su who had gone to work in the office sent Kumar to tell me that Piero had arrived. So at about 10.30 am, Selvam and I went back to work in the Chamber; both teams were present, and the work was resumed.

The Council has now decided to indeed form a group; the names of its members will be communicated soon.

... Su has been under a lot of strain; she is wondering whether she was ill-inspired to volunteer for that secretarial work at Matrimandir. She has been crying a lot, but also been very courageous...

***15-7-1989, Auroville:**

The announcement came of Mauna's return to "her" work. The point was made, though, finally, that she must first conclude her series of contrary declarations by making a proper statement of her commitment and intentions; and that she must then collaborate with Su and not seek to be the "boss"... The Council sent Janet and Allan to tell us that the final composition of the "Commission" formed to assist us in the organisation of the work will be communicated to us on Monday and that its members would start working right away...

***16-7-1989, Auroville:**

Last night I ran down to the beach and to Selvam's house. He'd spent the afternoon cleaning up, and it was all much clearer. We went to swim; we made coffee; a village delegation came to meet him, and I just watched. Then he had to run an errand in town and I waited for him, reading "The Human Cycle"; he soon returned, with dinner. He drove me back here around 10 pm... It is an intense experience given me, through this relationship; it is at once a torture and a delight. It is as if all my longings and seekings, in terms of relationships, have collected for a last time, to be offered... In his presence I feel happier than I've ever felt; in his absence I feel deprived... At times, watching him move, deal with things and people, I am so very fond of him; and at other times, I must shake him up, to bring him back to a centre and an axis...

***17-7-1989, Auroville:**

I became very tense this morning. I didn't at all like the atmosphere: Mauna came back to work, and her first, free movement was to bluntly dismiss Su. Perhaps someone talked to her then; a little later she came back to offer Su some "simpler job", along with Grace, adding that she would not have chosen her for help... And this was somewhat worse. I could do nothing about it; the play is such that, should I make one move and all the formations would pounce to show that I am trying to influence the situation... And besides, ever since Su volunteered for this I have felt ill at ease, on her account and for her sake; so today, at noon, I talked to her quietly and suggested that she better pulls out, without a word, and concentrate on other things and be happy again: this arena isn't for her...

It was quite sickening to watch Piero's group behave, all up and going...

... Selvam and I are slowly learning to find our way into this "us" that has happened; this evening, up until dark, we planted seedlings along his fence at the beach; we then had a swim, with a moon nearly full already up above the sea...

The Pressure is always with me and there are no words to say the gratitude and the security it gives...

***19-7-1989, Auroville:**

"I want no ego"...! But to say that, is to think that, and ego is there...!
 Yet Your Pressure is Your Grace, and its is active; how to be honest at all times, how to be so honest that ego has no longer any room, and the One may begin to fill life and body...? However difficult it may sometimes be, it is only fair and necessary that Your Pressure must act to the maximum one can bear; there is no other way...

***20-7-1989, Auroville:**

We are told that the members of the Council will join our Saturday meeting at Matrimandir, supposedly so as to "help raise the level"...!
 I can't understand this obtuseness, this lack of response and commitment to Your Gift. What people here call "the process", and enjoy so much it seems, is so uninteresting and uncreative; it is such a tamasic waste...

***21-7-1989, Auroville:**

It is a small but efficient torture: to be with Selvam is to be happy and fulfilled in a way I have never been; to part from him without the assurance that we both want to be together again as soon as possible, is absurdly and terribly painful...!

***22-7-1989, Auroville:**

We went through this meeting in the presence of the Council, 9 members, and at the end of it, there was the sense of a possible step we would all be willing to take. I have been feeling a change towards people, as if I could meet more substance, by Your Grace, and it makes one grateful and willing to let go and make room and let That be...

... Selvam was waiting for me at the beach, open and straight and very gentle; I told him very simply how I felt; later I needed to explain to him, with the help of a drawing, what Your work is about... Time went so fast; there are moments I could cry, and others when we laugh, or talk, or hold each other quietly; he is trusting and he also has a kind of maturity about him: sometimes I find that he is more centred about the integrity of our relationship than I am...

***23-7-1989, Auroville:**

Another episode in N's drama: his wife came, in tears, a moment ago, telling me such a confused story - and I could only understand half of it - that I sent for Janah to come and help translate; it appears that the police came to arrest N again yesterday; whether it was because he didn't show up in time for his trial, or because the judgement has been passed and a sentence given, is not clear; but he's been taken to the Gorimedu Station, where he surely must have been beaten up, which on top of the filarial is bound to hurt a lot...

I don't know which way to go: to give up on him, or to just keep quiet and wait it out, or else to try again and pull him out of it; the problem is that I can't say his life has improved in any marked way since he is with me...

... This evening Su gave way finally to her resentment at my relationship with Selvam, when she already finds me an unwilling companion... Later when she realised how affected I'd been by our talk, she understood that she'd been driven by her own ego and that there was in fact no call to worry or fear any loss and there need be no change in the relationship we have...

***24-7-1989, Auroville:**

This morning I felt sullied, and quite uneasy with Su; I had to tell her that, through her reactions, I had felt exposed to small ignorant values and, for the first time, felt a little wary of her... She said that she'd been feeling very sorry and only asked me to give her the time she needed to adjust. But there was sadness in me, because I had not wanted to speak of Selvam with anyone, or to expose "us" to anyone else's mind...

***26-7-1989, Auroville:**

Last night, between many awakenings, I had a rare kind of experience: I had gone through the process of dying, united with D.M; and, before reaching "there" we, as one, made our way back through another process of concentrated healing, out of which we were two again and she was no longer crippled, and we escaped that prison cell where we had been taken in and killed – our throats had been cut, after a powerful drug had been administered to each of us: and it also felt like it had been a sort of initiation... Then we were free and running and I was crying tears of joy and tenderness at seeing her whole, every limb awake and released, and she was so lovely... At one point, though, she was no more the same physical person, but a tall, eccentric, wonderful negro woman, very close to me...

***27-7-1989, Auroville:**

Right now I could almost say that I am ready to go anywhere as long as I am with Selvam... It is like saying, "what is the use of striving, of learning to open, of trying to pass into a truer condition, if one is companionless, if one has no friend and no 'love'... And so I go through the stages and motions of this tyranny, and it's alright because the Pressure remains with me, and my need of it perhaps grows even more alive: That will make the way and find its true place for this "love"; I only have to endure...

This evening, listening to Your Agenda while doing the asanas, I relaxed into this inner ecstasy of willingly opening and yearning, and I saw that perhaps what is particularly relevant in this exercise I am being put through, with Selvam, is that it has unlocked and released an emotional degree which only now may learn too to unite and to join in the flow... But there are many aspects to this meeting, and they all matter, they all are right, and part of the way...

***28-7-1989, Auroville:**

Shano came while I was weaving. Later I made dinner for Selvam and I and he came in, bruised and beaming and spent from his game of "kabbadi"; and then Pnina and Avi came and Selvam left... I have nothing to say, nothing to show, but I was glad to see both of them, and I like Avi; and later Su joined in, and it was altogether different again... Pnina and Avi left and, in the dark outside the house, while hugging each other farewell, Avi slipped something in my hand: "for you", he said; a small snake ring which he'd been wearing... It touched me...

***29-7-1989, Auroville:**

We have had increasing trouble with this Mukunder who has cracked. Today, after the meeting, which was fastidious but came out alright, I saw that Dhanapal and Raman were still bent on sending him, under Selvam's escort, to an asylum, quite

far away from here. I had to argue with them that we must do it another way, all the while wondering about my motivations: was it for Mukund's sake or for Selvam's! But I know what is done in those asylums, and it is horrible and brutal. But I couldn't change their minds and I left.

Then Selvam came to find me here, and I explained to him; I offered to try another way, with him, saying that it would be better to hand him over to the police, as it would leave him another chance to correct his ways, rather than bringing him to such an infernal place where he would only get truly damaged; Selvam agreed, and he was relieved.

We tried a first time, but the Inspector was away; we decided to try again later. Selvam drove me back to Matrimandir for me to attend a meeting with the engineers who have been studying the structures of the Petals. Catherine and I made our proposal, and the chief engineer, Santhakumar, readily went along with it... Now we'll make a full model of a petal at a 1/50 scale...

As I was returning, I passed by the Kitchen to fetch the bread and found Mukund there, in one of his states; I stayed with him and tried to let him see the options; but soon others gathered and it became oppressive and fruitless; and then Selvam came looking for me and we decided there and then to take Mukund between us two on the bike and took off, to everyone's relief – people have become a little fearful of him after last night's violence...

But at the Station the Inspector was still away and the man on-duty wouldn't budge. So there was one option left to us: we drove away, quite some distance, and reached the Gingee area, about 70 kilometres away, and we left him there; I thought and felt that, this way, he still had a chance... We returned before midnight, very tired...

***30-7-1989, Auroville:**

Around noon, Dhanapal and Raman came to find out how it had gone with Mukund; this gave me a chance to tell them my "preventive" plan, in case Mukund would find his way back here; mainly I want to try and avoid that he is put into such a place as an "asylum"; it seems to me that somewhere along the way this man had a genuine inner experience, but lacked the development, strength and balance required to live on according to its revelation; I tend to feel that it is better to die, than to fall prey to, and be for ever scarred by, the formations of madness...

***31-7-1989, Auroville:**

This opening to Selvam is shattering. It is like a constant explosion at the core of my nature...

The Pressure is there, strong, very strong; and yet I do not seem to respond. There's something wrong with me... Sometimes I grow a little scared... Selvam is often so scattered that, by opening to him, I open to a whole world of confusion; there are moments when I feel very lost!

And at Matrimandir, both Narayana and Bhavani are again flipping out, every day... There is such pain...

I don't know... The Force is there, holding me; I want to cry much of the time; it is crazy, it is silly, it is terrible; it is also very sweet, and I have to learn everything again... But is it possible at all...?

... The atmosphere at work was difficult; I became so tense when Narayana again started yelling... perhaps this Matrimandir is just too much for the present human composition of Auroville... I don't know...

***1-8-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam and I worked happily. But the atmosphere is bad. Piero and Andy came to talk to me about the conflict around "Blossoming" (a "unit" formed at the Nursery to try and earn some funds for its maintenance and upkeep, under Stuart and Arjun), and of their morning session at Bharat Nivas with Stuart, Karel and Judith... What strikes me most, though, is the seeming absence of individual discipline in people here: the "wrongs" get merely carried over in another form; it is endless... ... Every day the afternoon hours, 2 to 4 pm, are very heavy and uneasy; I don't understand why it is so. Perhaps this explains the old custom of getting up before dawn and taking a longer afternoon nap; but practically it isn't convenient...

***2-8-1989, Auroville:**

I got myself deeply, awfully upset this morning. I lost all sense of perspective. What happened was that, yesterday, Selvam and I hadn't been able to finish the new platform, and so there were still all the planks to move up first thing today, before we could start another row. I expected him to come at least a little earlier - he keeps saying he wants to discipline his life -, but instead he came even later than usual, and very carelessly. I snapped at him, with a little anger, that it wasn't interesting to go on this way, that this wasn't even a team... He was of course very sorry, but I was too upset to continue working; I wanted to cry for having talked that way to him, and I felt quite lost, as if the basis for our togetherness wasn't there, and I can't build it by myself, it must come from him as well... I also realised that the Chamber acts as an amplifier and what Narayana and Bhavani have been letting out in the past several days is lying in wait, ready to provoke an explosion at the least opportunity; it is nasty, and very strong... So I went out, and calmed myself. Selvam joined me and we could talk quietly, and we resumed our work after the tea-break...

***4-8-1989, Auroville:**

Last night, around midnight, I had a bad experience: an energy suddenly clamped itself on me from behind, adapting itself like a skin slammed onto my back, and once more I was only able to come awake by shouting in my sleep... It is quite discouraging...

***5-8-1989, Auroville:**

I am extremely confused, as if I had lost every bit of awareness that had slowly and tediously built up over the years... I am lost in a whirl of emotions, of the shallowest and narrowest type: wanting, jealousy, possessiveness... It blurs and supersedes everything else. But we can't be shrunk beyond a certain point and I find humour in all this as well...! So one can smile and laugh and override these primeval currents... ... This morning Selvam was at work in time and we did our work in the Chamber, and attended the meeting afterwards, without parting an inch from each other, and later we had lunch together here... ... I suppose I had to experience what comes now to me, the whole alphabet of it, thoroughly, and I am aware that it is given me in the best possible conditions: this very old wound in me must be healed, and its elements permeated and transformed... It is at once a wonderful dream and a torment. I could "die" of it, or I could approach all life anew... I know that I must, I must trust, and offer...

... When one opens so completely to another being and its realities, perhaps the hardest thing is to remain able not to obscure the perception and understanding of the other's needs and rhythms with one's own... In this case, Selvam's development and mine – the conscious sums of his and of my experiences – are so far apart, that of a necessity it leads me to base our relationship on a level that is not mental at all... In a way, because I want to honour the sense of a team-work, I almost resent the capacities I have been given and would give up my own accesses so as to be level with him; yet there is a larger sense to our meeting too, of a joining and fusing of different levels of awareness, through love and trust...

... Please, do not allow me to botch it; keep me balanced and patient, enable me to give what is needed, for what is needed: if out of this world of humanity such a love as I feel is there can become a living reality, then I believe it is profoundly redeeming and meaningful, and dissolves a huge amount of obscurity...

... The meeting today was so dense, and tiring; people go on and on... Words are worn out to the rope! All mental attitudes are bankrupt.

All exclusive attunements are bound to fail as well... There is only one way: to become integrally committed to what can, to what knows, to what loves, to what does, quietly, and egolessly...

***6-8-1989, Auroville:**

Last night was restful, in the sense that it was taken up by an entirely different set of events and circumstances; when I slowly woke up, I was at a distance, and I surprised myself by feeling relief at not seeing Selvam this morning – being Sunday... I looked at that, and where it came from.

And then, without any warning or transition, I got invaded again by the same longing and worrying...

I am taking those notes as a discipline, because it relates to the part of this being that isn't yet free. In a way I am glad that I am being immersed in it: I wouldn't want to cheat, pretending that from above or from within I could change it... My understanding has for long been that each element is given "free choice", as an absolute condition for a true and lasting change... However distressing it is to be shrunk or narrowed down to these movements and needs, I know it is part of my way, that it is worth it, and that it is guided...

It isn't that I wish to concentrate on the problem itself: that would merely be aggravating. But insofar as it comes and imposes itself, it must be faced and fully experienced...

... Ar. and Ritam have returned in the night; I have yet to see them...

***7-8-1989, Auroville:**

It's like I am emotionally imploding. I don't know what charge had been locked up in me for so long... I see it in so many ways... Like this morning, at breakfast, I tried the new cassette-player (which Ch.J has sent me through Ar.), and I played short pieces of Vivaldi, very delightful; and it was an almost unbearable array of emotions fusing out, each one distinct, giving way to the other and the next in a constant flow, each intensely itself, a reality onto itself... And then the cassette got stuck and broke...!

I don't know... This morning I found that I have lost my sapphire pendant, which I always wear on a chain on my chest – the sapphire stone that D.M gave me years ago... I looked for it here, but I may have lost it anywhere...

And today Selvam was in the Chamber ahead of me, for one, all sweet and ready; he said he'd worked all day yesterday casting the slabs for the raised platform we have devised together for his room at the beach...

***8-8-1989, Auroville:**

I was striving hard to control my own demands, and my apprehension that I might well have botched it, yesterday evening, by blurting out to Selvam the very longing that was troubling me... There was a tension in him too, but it was sweet and determined to see everything right and moving... We did good work...

Su had reported to him how Ina and Babu were carrying on about Selvam and I and wanting me to get away from him... Selvam had told me just yesterday that he felt something would try to come between us through other people, but that it would be a test of trust, to make us grow "bigger"... It was so simple and real the way he said it...!

... This afternoon I spent time with Ramalingam and Manavelan to work out how to build the shuttering frames for the pillar extension; Ramalingam was in a mood to tell me all of how he feels about Matrimandir and the people there: there is so much bitterness in him about what Auroville has become...

... A good letter has come from JYL which allowed me to trace this emotional opening in me to that last time he was here and the experience we had together, working in the Chamber, true brothers belonging to You, to the Force, with the ease and perfect, untroubled intimacy we knew then... It was that experience which opened me, and in that opening Selvam came...

***9-8-1989, Auroville:**

I triggered an explosion this morning at Matrimandir. Bhavani and Narayana have been carrying on for some weeks now, and there hasn't passed one morning in the Chamber, lately, that Narayana, teased by her constant prodding, didn't blow at one person or another, screaming his long tirades with that hurtful energy that fills him at those moments...

For the last few days Bhavani had particularly focussed on me, wanting to find fault with me, or any sign of offence; but generally they have directed their venom at the Tamilians...

So, this morning, they were both intent on detecting any hint of disrespect or misbehaviour... Selvam and I were working on the scaffold to reinforce it; we had of course to be very careful not to drop anything, but we couldn't help some dust flying; at one point we both had to come down to the Chamber floor, and we each jumped the last level; I saw Bhavani's close watch of Selvam's movements; I jumped right behind him, and clapped my hands free of the dust: that did it! Actually it was quite deliberate on my part: it isn't possible to work like that, and in the Chamber of all places; it seems to me that Bhavani shouldn't be allowed to come up when she is cultivating such moods...

But the issue of racism is hanging like a boiling pot of oil, and so everyone tries to keep quiet and ignore it; and as a result the atmosphere only worsens...

They both exploded during the tea-break; Bhavani dipped her hands into cement before coming down and clapped them right in my face; that was alright with me and I told her to go ahead... Beyond a spate of insults in Hindi, that was all... But when Narayana followed suit, it got nasty; he worked himself into a frenzy and spilled all the rubbish he'd heard or thought about me – from Your supposedly forbidding me to be here to my supposed cruelty to Diane – and called me all the

names, from mere goonda to asura via rakshasa; when no one responded, he moved into the office and began to harangue others as well... We were all rather shaken...

Selvam's healthy presence was once more soothing – "let them bark, there's nothing to it...!" he says... But the charge directed at me was so raw and heavy that my hands were shaking for several minutes afterwards...

***10-8-1989, Auroville:**

The Pressure is there, with the experience, and the opening It gives...

I look at the life of this world, and at how our bodies age, and I see how evasive still, and mysterious, almost alien to our humanity, is that thread of awareness that alone may lead us through the actual change...

No words can say this...

But gratitude is the answer that always rises and, with it, a sort of need to accept, and to embrace...

***12-8-1989, Auroville:**

It seems there is no understanding, or else no willingness to face the challenge and respond... It goes round and round in circles, and it is aggravating; Menaig made the point that one ought not to bring up one's anger or upset in the Chamber, and Bhavani and Narayana saw this as further manoeuvring on my part...

... Al.GC brought the news today that the ECC engineering and building company is unwilling to take up the study of the covering of the sphere. We have got the import license for the steel columns made in Italy...

... Late afternoon after work at Janet's and at Matrimandir, I had to do the payments here, while listening to Ar.'s account of her distressing and rather catastrophic involvement with Krishna; he seems to be carrying on about me – or against me – and wanting her and rejecting her and calling her again, while making similar demonstrations at Su, who has been dissembling towards me...

Then I went running, all the way down to Selvam's beach house, and we spent a happy evening... We swam and ate and talked and played; he is like a treasure to me, to whom I want to pour out the treasure within me... It isn't easy to keep quiet when one knows a little more than the one beloved; and yet I too learn from him, all the time... I had not felt this way since Auragni, and I told him that...

***14-8-1989, Auroville:**

Early this morning N's wife came with the two kids. Her family is trying to have N released today, by paying a fine. They want me to contribute. I refused.

I asked Kanyappan to explain to her that, as N has been lying so consistently to me, I might not even take him back here; I would only help to feed the children until he got another job...

***16-8-1989, Auroville:**

Some nasty dry fever has taken hold, and my heart has been hurting again, and I have lost weight...

It turns out that Selvam has been very confused lately; he's besieged by the many people he owes money to; he's actually made quite a mess of his life in the past couple of years – went into a stupid business venture with a so-called friend of his,

and that failed, and he also had to help D.P out when he needed it, having already got so much from him in the past; his wife is nagging him every day for not bringing enough money home, etc. And he didn't know how to let me know, he didn't want me to learn about it through others, and he didn't want to lie to me either...

So we had to talk it out and it took a very long time.

I have to try and make him see what is the true nature and the true use of money, and I realise this is bound to be hard work...!

***17-8-1989, Auroville:**

It isn't improving at Matrimandir. Arjun has received an anonymous letter, made up of magazine cuttings, insulting him in the basest and vilest manner, insulting Stuart as well, in the most facile way. Arjun is convinced that this was done by people who work at Matrimandir; Deepti has written an open letter filled with anger, using such arguments as karma and justice which are somewhat irrelevant. But I am almost certain this has been done by kids, perhaps with some prompting...

What to do, even so...?

... I have given a cheque to Selvam, and this evening he will begin his rounds to pay off what debts are most pressing. I blasted him carefully and laid down some conditions for us to be able to continue together, if he wants. I gave him the choice: either we stop here and now; or, if we go on, he will have to listen when I tell him to quit from one thing or another and, basically, he will have to uphold our team as much as I will... He said that he wanted that.

... This afternoon I had a good, open talk with Arjun, one of those moments that re-actualise the deep inner bond we share, through the years and difficulties and contradictions...

***18-8-1989, Auroville:**

I have written back to C. I want to support her fully. These physical difficulties are adding to the already difficult process of ageing, and I know she isn't one to accept: she wants to progress; she feels herself to be young and willing, and yet she must cope. But she will never accept it beyond a certain limit...

***19-8-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam tells me that, just as he is trying hard to come out of a pattern of superficial involvements, I too must come out of this tendency to despair. He says that soon, even if not as soon as I will it, we shall have time to be together the way we feel; that he wants it and this is what helps him to break out. He says that hope is good, that hope helps things to happen... I don't know much about hope; perhaps he is right... I want to be open, at least...!

***21-8-1989, Auroville:**

Today is, as Selvam puts it, "our day"; in a moment I'll go down to the beach...

I don't understand people here, not the way they relate or the way they live their days, except for John H perhaps... And there is what surrounds us: we are in the midst of this exploding race for survival, a mounting tide of ugliness and garbage; and we are faced with this impossible challenge of trying to create a truer

atmosphere, in material terms, with no water, no capital and no borders... It is madness, and yet here we are, because here You called...!

***23-8-1989, Auroville:**

I am in a foul temper, like the weather... I see the *tamas*, the lack of care, responsibility and commitment, the dishonesty that is now so spread that no one in particular can be found at it anymore... But mostly, I don't know what to do, what position could be the right one, as regards Selvam... I fear that this cannot possibly work. Either he isn't conscious enough, or else I do not have enough to give, to offer to it... I have moved too far out of life, and who would want to be with me in that transitional space...? Not even Su, if I asked for it, could find in it what she needs to live on...

***25-8-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam has had to sell off his bike as well, in order to pay all his debts; he only told me about it when I pressed him hard and blew at him, and he had to see the choice looking him in the eye... But I also feel his inner being pushing, and I am as if part of it, and I cannot withdraw: I must make it!

... I blew at Su too, today! It was about her dissembling, as regards her renewed involvement with Krishna; today only I had the outward occasion to let her know that I had been aware of it, and to show her that it was not the relationship that was a problem to me, but the duplicity... She cried, but she saw it...

Be it for Matrimandir, or for friendship' sake, given the general conditions, I understand that I must fight; that the time hasn't come yet to let things be; that one's participation is required...

... Tonight Su came back to me, distressed, wanting a hug and comfort... She's been saddened to realise what her attitude has been... I repeated to her that it is alright with me, that what I ask for is simplicity and transparency between us; that I do not mind her involvements... She relaxed...

***26-8-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam had come early morning to have breakfast with us, and was waiting for me here when I returned from work after 1 pm. He still has two debts to pay. I hadn't realised the extent of the mess he was in... I am now making sure that he does tell me everything, and all that was sowed in his past, little by little, comes up...

... It is very odd: there have been floods all over the country, and nearly all the reservoirs of Tamil Nadu are now full; but in our district, almost no rain has come... I suppose it may be interesting to watch these phenomena with a subtle vision, and it is tempting to think that the attitude that prevails in Auroville is causing this depletion and isolation... but I never feel at ease with such simplistic conclusions...

... Su's friend Shera is due to arrive on Wednesday, the day of the All India Bandh called by most of the opposition parties, and Su worries: the tension is building up and, as the politicians are fond to say, especially those who want Rajeev out, "the battle lines are drawn"... There isn't much loyalty expressed towards Rajeev Gandhi at this point, or towards his party, the Congress I... And many of these opposition leaders are such pigs! The true people of India are nowhere to be seen; their time hasn't yet come, perhaps, but... when will that be?

***27-8-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam is nearly done. I want to help him out, but I have to be more cautious. I don't quite know how to go about it; there is my attachment to him, and there is a deeper movement between us, and there is too the obvious necessity to check him and hold him and be very firm with him, and there is the need to develop a balanced and free-growing relationship as well...

I need this to be part of the central movement of concentration, rather than a pull away from it; at times it feels like it is possible, that it is happening; at other times, I find that it has gone off and gaps appear that are too enormous to be bridged or resolved... There is a question of time, too; being tied to him, can I afford going through relapses and slips in his own progress as well as mine? Yet, somehow, it feels right...

***28-8-1989, Auroville:**

The country seems to be heading toward a confrontation between Centre and States. I reasoned Su out of trying to go to Madras a day earlier to receive Shera at the airport on Wednesday. We are trying to arrange for a message to be given Shera when she lands, and a room to be booked for her at the nearby hotel, so that Su can go there the day after... I had considered going there on the bike in the evening of Wednesday, but it may not be such a wise move, given the expectation of violence in the air...

***29-8-1989, Auroville:**

What can I say? Who am I to pull anyone into an area of experience that, if I am to judge by the consequences it has on me, is no progress and no essential discovery...? But more than that weighs on me: there is this conditioning that acts on him, in him, this craving for status, to get to a higher standard than the one he came from... How can I let him go on indulging in this farce? I keep trying to let him see that it is what he IS and can BECOME that matters, provided that he cares enough...

... I have become aware of a challenge that is most sensitive, even if kept away from most people; a challenge in the deepest and most radical sense, where and when love is to bridge and melt what nothing else can...

***30-8-1989, Auroville:**

It is like wave after wave of unconscious denial, contradiction, or a dense absence of response... I do not want to fall into the trap of trying to change anyone's nature, or even mine, at that! And it isn't the point. The thing that I trust and believe in is the sharing that can happen between two people, through that quality of friendship; but, is it always so difficult?

31-8-1989, Auroville:

Su had left before dawn and she returned with Shera at 2 pm and brought her straight to me: a robust woman, with a deep-seated heart, very sensitive and very direct...

... Sometimes it amazes me how steadily, intensely and completely unhappy I can be! I have never heard of anything like that! It is a pain, or a sorrow, or a need

that is so desperate that I am, for hours on end, constantly on the edge of suicide; it is only the true awareness in me that keeps me knowing that it is no solution... I must endure; there is no other way... There is nothing in me, otherwise, that clings to life for its own sake...

... I have tried and tried to put my own longings aside and receive the indication of what is best for him... What I want for him is to let go of this social image he has been so attached to, to learn to be himself and to trust that everything needed will come in time; I want him to hold firm on quality and care, in everything... He understands that, but he is still too weak...

***2-9-1989, Auroville:**

There has been much physical work today, pushing and carrying and lifting, and a lot of it in full sun too...! Since a few days I have stopped going to Janet's in the afternoon, so I can work longer at Matrimandir; there is so much to do there! I realise, through work, that it is a simple matter of orienting the energies; if I initiate more work – tasks which must be done anyway but have been left pending, or supposedly awaiting agreement -, then it just passes on, it gets moving... So I slowly begin again to open to all the aspects of the completion of Matrimandir. What I need most is a good psychological balance. With John H it is wonderful, and he is happy not to be alone anymore to sustain the full day rhythm, as everybody else comes in the mornings only...

... Ar. came by, in a state, because of her difficulties with Ritam, who needs a man in the house and misses Namas too much and is getting impossible with her, with this weird, uncontrolled and unchannelled energy of the first stage of puberty; she feels quite helpless before it and doesn't know at all how to respond to it; sometimes they even hit each other...

***3-9-1989, Auroville:**

Shera had dinner with us. She had almost decided to leave right away, discouraged by the heat and the insects and the fatigue and harshness of it all, and feeling also the pull of her dying mother at home in Canada; but at ease with us, she relaxed and became less apprehensive; she has deep-rooted barriers, though, and has made an assessment of her relationship to the world that will not give way easily... We like one another, though...

***4-9-1989, Auroville:**

I want and need to reach back for that state You were giving me earlier, and I keep stumbling and tripping, opening the wrong way to currents and emotions that only pull me further away with the weight of separation...

... News of the country is so ugly, as of a rising tide of misery and lie. How much has this world to suffer before the way opens for the true Force to create its own conditions...?

... I hope, I pray that I have touched bottom; this condition I have been in is such a negation of the Presence, this constant wanting, narrow, obsessive and relentless, this stifling smallness of being...

On my way back in the dark, I crashed, in slow motion, into a large pit by the roadside (I have no light on my cycle!): I didn't hurt myself, and I had the sense to see the humour of it...! But the evening at the beach was happy, Selvam was relaxed and very sweet; he had done a lot of good work on his house and it begins

to look a little beautiful; I chipped a wall while he cooked our dinner, we talked and read for his class; he said he was now ready to work in the evenings at Matrimandir with me, making the steel armature for the pillars...

***5-9-1989, Auroville:**

I took Shera down to Pondy this afternoon; I could sit a while at the Samadhi at last, and let all this misery melt away; and just then it rained and I was given a wonderful moment, alone there in Your dual Presence, with the flowers and the gentle rain; Shera too was very happy the whole time; we are fond of each other, it is simple and direct; later we joined Su and John H at the restaurant...

***6-9-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam and I worked till 7 pm at Matrimandir; we have begun assembling the steel structure, just the two of us, and we both liked it; we came here together to have dinner, then, and Su just went ahead of me for our night-watch duty...

***7-9-1989, Auroville:**

At Matrimandir today I met with Angad, about making glazed tiles here in Auroville, for the amphitheatre, or the Petals or even the sphere cladding. We quickly calculated that the cost would be prohibitive for the cladding of both the amphitheatre and the Petals; the surfaces are very large; it would be easier there to use natural stone. But we discovered that we'd had exactly the same wish, or dream, or vision, and hope, for the sphere: to have it entirely covered with small glazed tiles of light, varying shades and tones, blues and greens and golds and pinks and ambers; he has himself experimented with titanium dioxide which, according to the degree at which the clay is fired and to the natural chemical reactions, produces all these tints; he said he would send us samples in a week or two; this was a happy surprise for me: he had seen exactly the same thing, with a pattern of interspersed golden glass, translucent tiles so as to let light in and out... With this sort of cladding, Matrimandir would appear different at every moment, depending on the light and the time of day and the seasonal changes... I don't know, but when Roger A comes next, I should need all Your help to work towards an agreement that will at last allow the structure to be covered with a noble and substantial material rather than with this fancy golden stuff...

***8-9-1989, Auroville:**

There's still that longing that hasn't found its answer. But there are these moments of a happiness, of a delight in being close to, united to someone else, which I hadn't known before. And he is learning to appreciate calm, and economy of energy, and commitment and transparency, and I see him really growing and blossoming; then he gets all scattered again, and I am thrown off-balance and we fight and argue, treading tedious ground, until it is alright again...

***10-9-1989, Auroville:**

I had sort of summoned N's brother-in-law, M, to explain to him that I do not wish to support N's wife and kids if she makes no effort at finding a job and look after the kids properly; M isn't very bright; he stayed a very long time, telling me all he

knows; according to him the case is coming up for trial in a few days, and the relatives of the victim would rather accept money and withdraw their charges; he, M, is to meet them tomorrow, and N's mother is ready to sell off some of her land; if this works, N may be released for good; otherwise he may get sentenced to several years imprisonment... I made it clear that I will have nothing to do with such transactions...

***13-9-1989, Auroville:**

I'm getting depressed, or depression is getting me...! John H mentioned to me that Myrtle is planning to leave Auroville; and Su says that Barbara is also thinking of going... these are two of the very few people in Auroville whom I trust, and consider as friends, and sharers of the way... Who will be left here? Who will hold on and stick to the purpose, despite all the contradictions? I don't know why I get so tired... and the weather is surely no help, and to hear Shera complaining she'd never experienced such a low level of energy doesn't help either...

But I go through the motions, and cling to work; by 10.30 this morning Selvam had not yet come and I was struggling alone to place the marble slabs on the last wall – the twelfth – which is more difficult, as it is the one where the work of two different teams is meeting, and there are slight differences in the levels of the rows...

He came to find me at home around 2 pm, already some place else in his mind; I held him up and talked to him and asked him not to play, and to be honest and go by his real feelings; I told him that I'd rather we split than try to go on and keep it together in spite of his near-permanent confusion... It pulls me down too much; it has to be a progressive thing; otherwise it isn't worth the trouble... He was arrested by this reaction of mine, and he said he would really look at it today and let me know tomorrow what he finds...

***14-9-1989, Auroville:**

Today I first asked Selvam not to hold me into his life, mixed up with it, if he wasn't going to care truly for it... But later, I felt I was being too proud and demanding; that this couldn't do... I had to make a move.

In the evening, then, I bathed and changed and drove down to the beach; he was there, alone, and he was happy I'd come. We both were.

Then he explained to me that, ever since he'd sold his bike, he'd been obsessed, literally obsessed every minute of the day with the wanting of a bike of his own, for all it expressed in his own life...

***15-9-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam came early to work so we could finish one row of slabs before he went to Vanur. He had to help his friend Mani, who is to leave with Aurassi to Australia, to get Aurassi's birth-certificate; through Mani and Aurassi Selvam learned that Diane is now living in Australia with Auragni, working as a secretary for Cow John and finding an apartment and generally getting settled, with Auragni starting school (is it Sidney or Melbourne, I don't know)...

***16-9-1989, Auroville:**

I suppose I needed to have, at least once, the experience of being so thoroughly entangled with another person... I don't know...

Now there are two simultaneous "needs" in me: one is to be united again, as You had shown me, and let That do the work, in complete surrender and adhesion... The other is to reach with Selvam a place of realisation, a place of secure, mutual giving and sharing.

These are two intense, absorbing needs.

Around that, or between, there is a range of perceptions or impressions and questions, about ageing, about time, and about my ability to last, to endure until the way clears...

I worked alone this morning, and attended the meeting after tea-break, another explosive meeting, with Edzart, Lorenzo and Karel on one side and Arjun and Stuart on the other, over issues of payments for research, of quorum, etc, and they nearly came to a physical fight.

This afternoon, in retaliation, Arjun and Stuart sent off a telegram to Piero in Italy telling him not to spend the money there, or it would be at his own risks, as there had been no quorum at the meeting to take the decision. This was quite close to lying, and I felt a sense of loss...

... I joined Selvam at the beach house in the evening; we washed out the walls and ceilings; he made us some dinner and we had a quiet time till after 10 pm, and I felt that he was opening on his own to the possibility of a physical expression of our bond; but, however tempted I was, I also felt this wasn't the time yet; there isn't enough stability yet to make it beautiful and part of us... What is the hardest for me to bear is his confusion, his lack of direction, his wanting everything at the same time and making no consistent choices...

***18-9-1989, Auroville:**

A sort of peace came over me today. At first it was mixed with sadness; then it was peace, only peace, deepening.

There was all the ugly disharmony between people at Matrimandir; there was Su's upset at parting from Shera; there was Selvam's personal mess... His wife, as was to be expected, has now found out about Mary, his girl-friend from Pondy, and has made a huge scene and is now bent on involving as many people as she can; meanwhile, their little son is sick... It looked to me that was it, there would be no room for "us" in this confusion: what he wants is to take Mary with him to the beach house, even though he is a little scared of what people, goaded by his wife, might do to her; so it seems I had better withdraw. He wants me to stay around, as he never had a friend like this, but... I don't know!

And at Matrimandir it is very tight; Karel has written a formal letter to everyone around, to the Council and to the Task Force and to people at work, down on Arjun, a letter that pretends to be "objective" but strikingly, and conveniently, omits a number of facts; I tried to let Arjun see that his sending of that telegram had been a mistake; he reacted poorly at first; but this afternoon we had a long and quiet talk, and he paid more attention. I think he has also begun to see that the issue of the design is causing division and must indeed be reconsidered. However, in the matter of ethics and basic principles, his stand has been consistent, except for these two recent "mistakes": trying to get Karel alone to sign a cheque for the study of the design for the "skin" and, later, sending off that telegram to Piero in the name of the meeting...

I am thinking of writing to the Council to rectify or correct the version of the facts as provided by Karel, to restore some balance; but will it help?

***19-9-1989, Auroville:**

At the end of the morning work Selvam asked me whether I would come down to the beach this evening; I said there wasn't much point anymore, and I was trying to withdraw enough so he could have all the time he needed to make his life the way he wants it without any pressure from me; he didn't like it and said he didn't want me to move away... It is all rather silly of me; I have to accept that nothing will be resolved by a mere mental effort, and that I must work through the very life of my attachment to him...

A while later, of his own decision, he came to find me here; I was resting... We had lunch together, then; he doesn't really know what he wants; he is starving for love, mostly, for support and affection and closeness... And he has no idea how to cope with the conflicts that rise up in his life... But who does? Not me!

I am learning everything from scratch; it is crazy!

... We had a wonderful evening at the beach, once the drama with his wife - who first brought him the kids, then came back to retrieve them, not daring to make too much of a scene in my presence - was over. Around 8 pm we went for a swim and something beautiful and mysterious happened: the sea behaved in a way I had never seen; there was a milk-white light in the water; as we moved in it, each of our movement would give rise to that wonderful light, so deep and vivid and rich and, from it, fused golden sparks like tiny stars all over us; we were just rich with it all and so grateful and we couldn't stop playing with it, and felt freer than we've ever felt to be close to one another...

I cycled back well after 10 pm...

***21-9-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam told me again that he intends to meet with Mary's parents and bring her to live with him at the beach. He also wants to have a German shepherd dog to guard the place there! I know well where he is heading; he will soon recreate a situation around him that will stifle him anew, with the addition of double the worries and double the charges. I tell him that, but it is of no use...

***22-9-1989, Auroville:**

I made one last attempt to let Selvam see the choice in front of him. To go and bury himself into more cares and more worries, or to strive to establish his own individual space and atmosphere and from that basis develop the relationships that will matter to him most...

He had already arranged that we would have lunch in town with Mary, whom I had not met as yet. So I watched and I saw what was between them; she is sweet and quiet and very pretty and mannered and she thrives on him; but she isn't awake! I don't know why I have to go on with all this, except that Selvam has somehow become like a part of me; we both seem to know that we are bound together in a way that can't be "managed" or decided upon... But I also know that it needs to make sense on the way...!

I see that, with me, he grows and develops, emerges and becomes; but these pulls and these conditionings are so ingrained, and he has no formed mind to deal with it all; it is left to his heart alone, to something deep in him that cares and yearns and seeks...

***23-9-1989, Auroville:**

Last night was terrible. I woke just after 3 am to find myself on the edge of a huge grey hole, with no body, and nowhere to be. It lasted hours. I struggled to chase off the thoughts; but it is relentless; it is binding; there is no way out; I must stick by him... I cannot step away! It is only when I accepted it, and that I should have to go back to him in the morning, and give in, that it quietened and I could rest a while...

... I spent only two hours with him at work, and the rest of the time today was calm, with a sort of inner distance... I stayed on to attend the meeting at Matrimandir: the Council has proposed to take over the decision-making for some time, starting immediately; on that basis we went through all the pending matters. At the end I spoke out what I had written to correct Karel's version of things and to affirm support and solidarity. Judith's presence as member of the Council, her strength and rooted good sense, is very useful at this point, and she embodies the very energy I was asking for in the months past, and most people now see what I had meant...

... I cooked dinner here for Selvam and me. He is well cornered. His wife is on a dramatic track, threatening to kill herself; Mary, prodded by her mother, demands to see him every day... He asks me now to help him to go away – to find some work for him abroad, to help him "disappear" for a couple of years...!

***24-9-1989, Auroville:**

I couldn't hide from Su some of my distress. She's been very good to me. Increasingly, over the past weeks, I have quietly opened to the gift of her being and sincerity. Perhaps it is this explosion with Selvam that is opening me, at what is called a "personal level"; with Su it is calm, and secure and steady; while with Selvam it is a turmoil and a struggle and a series of precipices and narrow passes and terrible longings and moments of happiness such as I have never known, with a sense of extension, of infinite tenderness...

... I went down to the beach this morning, to try and make Selvam understand what he must do to defuse and neutralize the drama now: that he must explain to Mary that they cannot see each other for some time...

***30-9-1989, Auroville:**

I spent nearly two full days lying down at home, helpless. I considered leaving Auroville, admitting to not enough sincerity and to a full halt in the possibility of progress... I went through the scale: I felt deep revolt at this narrow reality of man that divides the being and its movements and teases suppression and conflict within oneself, instead of seeking, and trusting the unity that alone will heal and create... I couldn't see any way, or any sense, other than shutting myself away, and shutting back in what I have let open through Selvam... Then I hit at my own self-pity...

***2-10-1989, Auroville:**

The weather is sweet; the bushes are flowering again, this place is renewing itself, returning to life...

***4-10-1989, Auroville:**

This morning when I woke up, got up and started the day, I felt enormously relieved. It wasn't a dramatic change, but a remarkable clearing-up: I was back in my own consciousness, and lid-less, free from the confinement under that lid, the suffocation I have been experiencing ever since I got bound to Selvam... I was free again to move within my own awareness, to reach up, to reach out, to stay quiet, to look at anything... And there was the sweet and discreet tingle and tinkle, nearby, of gratitude returned...

... This last wall in the Chamber is very difficult: nothing matches and I can't get it right; of course it probably doesn't show, and I only know that it is much less perfect than the other 5 walls I have done, but it worries me...

***5-10-1989, Auroville:**

Things have slowed down at Matrimandir; tools are missing, machines break down, there are power cuts and the generator is out of order...

***6-10-1989, Auroville:**

I have had such a rotten 6 months' nightmare that I am surprised I am still in one piece...!

***7-10-1989, Auroville:**

This was a proper, decent, "nice" meeting: I just wanted to scream! All reasonable and polished, I don't know, it's like being in the midst of sleep-walkers!

And this afternoon wasn't much easier: this heavy and clumsy inadequacy, this separateness, like a weight, to be a lump of substance that cannot give...!

There was a strange incident: as I walked up the earth ramp at the end of the day at Matrimandir, a woman on a cycle called out to me, asking whether I knew "Divakar" and could I give him a letter... When I said I was Divakar, she looked surprised, then happy; she is visiting India and has known about You and Auroville for about 10 years; she is a drug-addict, in that loving, gaping, folk way; she is very damaged physically, but has these most wonderful big deep liquid eyes; she has been a close friend of A.F and O both, two women who have been important in my "early life"; she says that A.F killed herself 10 years ago, but that O is still alive... I invited her to visit with me tomorrow...

***8-10-1989, Auroville:**

This woman, Mathé, spent the entire afternoon here with me; she is very interesting and open, and she obviously has been in contact with something of You...

***9-10-1989, Auroville:**

I feel a little withdrawn from what goes on at Matrimandir, like I don't want to be involved... But I feel too removed from too many things, while not being able to align to That either...

... I received a long, laborious letter from N, written for him in the jail by someone there who knows some French, asking me not to forget him, not to abandon his children, and to come and see him there...

***10-10-1989, Auroville:**

After checking the work both at Janet's and at Matrimandir, early morning, I returned here, and Selvam came to find me; I explained, as clearly and simply as I could, that for the first time in my life I had opened to a life-energy in trust, and found an emotional home, a place from which I could offer that personal part; but that, finding no support from him, I kept falling into a pit and losing all interest; that it was most probably only "my problem", as they say; that I didn't know what was the next step, but that he should go on doing whatever he felt like doing and not bother about me and, for his own good, keep coming to me whenever he felt the need for it...

... I spent much of today in a sort of aching stupor, reading the last novel by Le Carré; it is like a cruel mass that keeps rolling back on me, and I remain just as vulnerable and helpless, and I don't feel what grace it may conceal... This has never happened to me: whatever the difficulty I always knew, somehow, that the Grace was using it; this time I don't. And no amount of self-questioning does any good...

***11-10-1989, Auroville:**

The garden is better, coursing and singing again with the sweetness of the light. But I am not even ready to start cleaning the dead wood; I have to force myself to do the smallest thing... I am waiting to feel the next step, or the impulse to move on it, whatever it may be. I don't want to feel guilty of doing nothing, for once; I have worked just about every day of my life in Auroville, it ought to be alright to take a break; I don't want to carry forward the unresolved pain...

Su has been respecting my silence; I am lucky to have her here by my side...

... I managed to check the work at Janet's, and see the carpenters at Matrimandir, who are finishing the shed for the work of the floor marble; I have thus given myself one more day respite... And tonight I'll do my watch-duty, and that will be my miserly contribution for the day...

One way or another, this last pocket of personal need must be resolved. I cannot do it. It has to be done.

My faith is that I cannot have been given the state I was given earlier just as a whim of the Force: this was Home, true Home, and the beginning of a yet unknown world... The only separateness lay in that unfulfilled need buried in me – a need for a living yes, so it could be offered... In this life, one cannot just deny or quit, there has to happen something that will turn the regret and the longing into a willing adhesion...

***12-10-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam was determined that I must go back to work with him; he wouldn't go alone. He keeps saying that I must be patient and trust that what has to come will come, that "the flower will bloom" between us, as he puts it, and that he will grow conscious. He keeps saying he doesn't want me to move away, or to be sad...

But I am not ready to trust again. It is like with Matrimandir, I am wary of all the games, of the separation, of the lack of care; something has felt too much pain and is now like a beaten child, cringing, anticipating the next blow...

But we went to see the work, around noon. And actually I haven't missed anything really: Hans isn't finished with the drilling for the last row of slabs, others have been missing too, and Catherine hasn't made any progress on the drawings... Still I haven't contributed any energy there, and it doesn't feel good!

Somehow, in order to go on, I wish there would be some kind of ritual commitment between Selvam and me, something like marriage, or a pact and pledge of brotherhood as among the American Indians, something binding; because I need to know how to work from now on, whether to resume a solitary progress and push away all bonds, or to work from the condition arising out of this relationship and take up everything it touches and carry it along...

***13-10-1989, Auroville:**

Late afternoon, Selvam and I went to attend the special meeting on Matrimandir that had been called at Aster's in Auromodel. Gupi had been invited, it seems, and he delivered a long lecture on the right attitude – which I received as some sort of moral violence, however true the contents were; I felt like bursting; all my revolt and sense of suffocation were compounded... Again I thought of leaving Auroville... But, it is unreal: these are the conditions; I must accept them, and concentrate... Nonetheless, I do miss the kind of break-neck, free and uncalculating life I used to know with all kinds of people, long ago, before I ever came here; it was free of morals, there was a thirst and a need, a burning movement. I can't stand any morals, from any direction; and yet I am facing this dark line again and I have made no progress in answering it: I just want to blow it up!

***14-10-1989, Auroville:**

This issue of bisexuality is a tough one. I have no guide there, no reference, and no one to share it with; I don't know of anybody here who has had to work through it. This society is so terribly small... Or else, this condition perhaps is just a mistake, an oddity, a freak, and... what? Should I kill myself? There is this need of an acceptance, somewhere, somehow, in life. Everyone else is "normal" and can work through their impulses openly, "naturally": life is set for them! But I can't! I can sublimate it; I can relate to it spiritually and find from there the potentials of this condition, its power and unique capacities. But in terms of transformation, if I am not given the opportunities others are naturally given to make their offering in life, through experience and through learning of the reality of love, how can I actually grow out of it, how can it actually meet its secret truth? I do not find the answer, and it is a torture...

***15-10-1989, Auroville:**

I still do not know where this sexual trend comes from, or what it is meant to achieve, in terms of transformation. I have often seen the reality of these low energies that feed on the obsession for release, and the release itself (as in that experience, just the other night, of being held by some disincarnated being and accepting the contact at first, and then realising something was wrong and waking up out of an embrace that was perfectly unholy...). And I look at the way. At how I may, and must, open to the true contact, to the true delight and the true intimacy of the Presence, its richness, its pure and intense jubilation... I have had glimpses, and felt fleeting touches of it, enough to remember it exists, and will come. ... This morning I attended the meeting with Santhakumar and his juniors over the structural model of the Petals, along with Catherine. I like the man, and we communicate well; the study is getting quite clear, and we'll be able to present it to

Roger A when he comes; but I still feel exactly the same about the whole idea of it: an unnecessary and irrelevant expense of monumental decoration, with no essential purpose behind it...

... I know I must get myself together, as regards the work at Matrimandir. By letting myself fall apart, I have allowed for neglect and mistakes, and I have felt so bad about it. Now there is this difficult last row of marble to complete with Selvam, and there is the shuttering work for the pillar extension, and it is imperative that I clear my own atmosphere for it to go well. Otherwise I'd better hand it over to someone who is more sincere and more capable of serving the work...

***16-10-1989, Auroville:**

Dhanapal woke me up at midnight, looking for Selvam. Two youth have run away and he thought Selvam would know where to find them. It was odd to see that Dhanapal thought nothing of looking for Selvam here, in the dead of night, with all lights off – it would have meant that Selvam sleeps here... While Selvam would cringe away from such a thought!

Yesterday I have seen more clearly what has happened; my emotional vital being, that had been kept sort of prisoner, was called out, let out, and experienced, for the first time, what it is to be simply happy with someone else, to be interested in it, to feel young in it; it felt accepted, and that it could love and be used and have a place... The energy of it was alight in the body as well. And then it appeared that in fact it wasn't so: it could not be accepted as it is. And the pain of this realisation, of having to return inside the prison, of being denied again, after having tasted the possibility of freedom, was quite unbearable...

... John H said to me this morning that the past week has been so difficult for him at all levels that it was all he could do to just hold himself together... Perhaps then we have all been under some heavier wave?

... Selvam came with the story: his friend Ayanar who has run away with Bhooma's daughter Tushita, was trying to get a marriage done, because she is already some five months pregnant; and my dear Selvam, always ready to help and be responsible for others, without checking it out with me, got so involved that he decided to take the girl to the hospital for an abortion, rather than letting them marry so young... His intentions were right, but what of the risks? I reacted strongly and blasted him, but...

***17-10-1989, Auroville:**

Part of me wants to split, to move away from him. Part of me feels the deep call in him, like the truth of him, resounding in me all the time, saying to me that I cannot leave him... There is also something in him of an olden times' knight...

He called me urgently from Pondy; the girl was in some critical condition and the doctor and the staff had to be paid... When I reached there, the girl had finally aborted, and was resting; everything was more or less alright. Selvam was satisfied! But I fought him for two hours, over every issue between us... I asked him what he really wanted from me. Friendship, he says; not to be alone; to be shown another way, he says; to go on together, he says...

And his sweetness, and a kind of integrity in him, his statement of himself, do me in again...

... I went then to visit with N in the Central prison. He was obviously very moved and very relieved to see me. He seems to be quieter, and clearer in himself.

According to him the witnesses haven't said anything against him at the last appearance in Court...

***19-10-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam and I had another session. This was more serious. I can't go on; it feels too much like a waste. I put the choice before him: either he makes a commitment to change his ways and to put some order into his life and gives it an orientation, and I'll put energy into it and we'll go through anything; or he doesn't feel ready or willing or able, and we part; I'll keep supporting him as much as I can but we won't see each other more than occasionally; he asked for a couple of days to come up with a clear answer...

***21-10-1989, Auroville:**

I need to move back into awareness and surrender, to feel again "what Thou wilt", to let That be...

... I antagonised a few people at today's meeting, by raising first the issue of SSJ's cheque to Matrimandir, and then the issue of each one's commitment to a minimum of 5 hours of daily work, as a precondition for organising the work; it didn't make me more popular...

***22-10-1989, Auroville:**

The weight of being – or of being human? – is crushing...!

***23-10-1989, Auroville:**

The only thing I know to be real is the Force. And it acts from within the reality of everything and every being... Earlier this year I had felt there might be the possibility of collaborating, simply by growing more aware, where I am, of the Force; that this awareness constituted the only action one could truly contribute...

But then I slipped and went "down", or away from it, into separateness; I became again, and worse than ever, caught up in the mesh of my own needs and longings for human fulfilment and response, for a home in life...

... I have to accept that, psychologically, there is no clear-cut solution to this relationship with Selvam; I have somehow let him wield a power over me, over my own state and condition, and I have to work from that now...

... I brought fruit and biddies to N in the jail and left a little money with a guard for his needs...

***24-10-1989, Auroville:**

I worked all afternoon till evening in the Model room on the calculations for the steel-reinforcement of the Pillars extensions, while Catherine worked on drawings for the bottom Pond and walkways, and John H came and went, and I liked the concentration and the feeling of it... But walking back home I also walked back into the pain, the sorrow of being denied...

***25-10-1989, Auroville:**

This morning Selvam and I finished our section of the marble walls in the Chamber. Then what? He said he wanted to stick by me, to continue as a team; so we began to carry over to the workshop the slabs of marble that are meant for the floor of the Chamber, and we'll set up the cutting work near there, at ground-level, and both Menaig and Yan intend to join us...

... Ar. left with me a transcript of a conversation Satprem had a few years ago regarding Auroville; I have always resisted seeing the way as Truth versus the Enemy or vice-versa, and this is where I am unable to adhere to his expression of the Necessity, so far, even though he very often says exactly what I feel in many regards... But now I then I do wonder; I have, indeed, to wonder what actually happened for instance when I felt so concretely that I was being taught by the Force the very first steps into the Real, when I felt exactly like a baby led by the Hand, and then I slipped into these months of hell: what does it actually say, or show?

But words are treacherous, and I must be more trusting of the perceiving that is given me, of its evolutive power, just as I must be more courageous and given...

***26-10-1989, Auroville:**

Seeing the general atmosphere of *tamas* and dishonesty, I am faced with this imperative priority: either I basically work by myself and accept help when it is given but do not depend on it, or I find someone who is willing to commit to full-day work; there is so much to do, and so much dead weight to push out of the way, and so much to clarify and establish, at Matrimandir and all around it... I have to be well!

***27-10-1989, Auroville:**

A nasty day for me... First off when I reached Matrimandir I fought with Selvam and made him leave me alone; I know I'm being unfair to him, but I need more clarity... And then Andy's whole bunch, in their eagerness to find fault with me, found gleefully that one of the last rows of marble I had fixed had slightly fissured at the joints, the adhesive having somewhat loosened; they went at me then with an animosity and an intent quite poisonous that were completely out of proportion with the fact itself – which I actually cannot explain! I am certain I did nothing wrong, and Selvam and I applied the correct amount of glue, as we have done all along; the only explanation I can figure is that the drilling work Hans did may have caused the wall to vibrate and the adhesive to crack...

***28-10-1989, Auroville:**

It was mentioned by Andy today that he'd talked to "the boys" and they – Dhanapal, Selvam and others – were planning to start a digging team; this came to me like a knife in the plexus: I saw that my upset with Selvam had merely pushed him in the wrong direction, to form another group, "the Tamil boys"...! So, he hadn't understood anything...! And I saw too that the split between Selvam and me was food for the beast; the pain was too much...

***29-10-1989, Auroville:**

I had looked for Selvam since yesterday morning. Finally he came to me, at noon. I have been more aware in the last two days of a certain dimension to this relationship, which is like a work of Auroville, and I feared very much that I had botched it, by my impatience, or my self-interest, my own limited longings... We talked long. He can only say that he is struggling, that part of him wants to grow and part of him refuses, on and on all the time, but that he wants us to continue together...

... Yesterday Su received Krishna's visit; he came to tell her, and through her to let me know, that he has decided to leave – the outer reason being that he hasn't been able to have his passport renewed...

***30-10-1989, Auroville:**

This morning at 6 Selvam, Gajendran, Kanyappan and Dhanapal started digging for the foundations of the South Pillar extension. They went on till tea-break and, later, we all carried the last of the Italian marble from the amphitheatre underground storage to the Chamber. Selvam came here for lunch, and again in the afternoon, tired but happy... I am trying to make them see the need for balance – not just a rush, a blaze, and a collapse...!

***31-10-1989, Auroville:**

Most of today I have been cutting marble. I tried to arrange a small work-meeting this afternoon, regarding Visitors' regulation – access to the Gardens, Information, infrastructure, etc – and I got agreement to my proposals from Bhaga, John H, Ramalingam and Surya, but Luigi didn't come, even though we had fixed the time to suit him...

***5-11-1989, Auroville:**

A distance, and an element of distrust on my part, has been growing over the past week, between Selvam and me. He appears not to care much, and he's been trying to act as a leader of this new team, but was so clumsy about it that John H had to ask him yesterday to cool off, and I said nothing... He hasn't been straight with me on anything lately, and I wonder, and blame myself for having perhaps indulged into the projection of my own dream. Yet the pain and the sorrow remain and I miss the friendship, the melting of barriers; it makes me most unhappy to be forced back into "the white race": it is stifling me...

***6-11-1989, Auroville:**

Nothing to say; I am just relying on work, physical work, all day.

There is no progress in "me", no progress in Selvam, no progress that I can see at Matrimandir either, or in Auroville... But I feel a little more able to stand away from the pain; I guess I have loved, and failed...

... I don't know where it is that I come from – where it is profoundly natural to be the way I am... But for sure it isn't here! Here everything seems to be upside down, artificial and rigid, and so awfully dumb...!

***8-11-1989, Auroville:**

This evening Champaklal, in a wheel-chair, very emaciated, surrounded with Your atmosphere, visited Matrimandir, and came to see us at the workshop, handing out flowers...

***9-11-1989, Auroville:**

I have got more involved in setting up a basic organisation for the reception of visitors and the general access to Matrimandir. I had called for another meeting this afternoon. I was a little apprehensive about exposing myself as, even though most people agree on the necessity, the initiative still rests on me. But I try to trust the sense I have been following since I returned to work at Matrimandir and, so far, it appears to have positive and creative effects on the situation, despite the animosity or hostility I still encounter (from Andy's group mostly); it is a rather delicate balance...

***11-11-1989, Auroville:**

It's been raining all day, monsoon rain, but it's been busy.

We had a long meeting, from 11 am to 2 pm; in a roundabout way most everybody is tentatively recognising the necessity for substantial commitment to the completion of Matrimandir "as soon as possible", even if there has to be the old recourse to "management" and authority to make it happen. Much of it all is cerebral... But beneath it there seems to be the resurgence of a "yes"...

Both Piero and Roger A are going to be present in this coming period, and somehow some clear agreement must be reached...

I presented the proposal for "Visitors Regulation", and it was accepted. This is a confirmation that one simply has to do, to move ahead materially, responding to the evidence of the needs...

... N has come out of jail; the final trial is due at the end of the month, but he is back and expects me to give him work and to look after him. First priority is for him to be treated for filarial: one of his testicles is now very swollen and hurting. There is still this unexplained tenderness, this feeling of being at home with him... Su too had missed him...

... With Selvam there is a return of ease and affection; probably because I now accept to adapt and adjust to his actual feelings, instead of wanting him to adapt and adjust to mine; we attended the entire meeting together, holding each other as before...

***Note. Written on 12-11-1989.**

"It seems to me that Auroville will not begin to manifest until individuals freely and willingly, out of conscious need, will commit themselves.

It seems to me that the very basis for it to happen is freedom of choice, and this is the challenge of Auroville: when freedom is given – relative as it may be –, what do we do with it, or out of it? We have absolutely nothing to show to the world unless we make it work.

To borrow from a famous saying, it seems to me it is better, in the long run, to begin with ten committed ones than with a hundred of make-believes; and only

then can a simple evaluation be made of the requirements – labour, instruments and machines - in order to fulfil the task at hand.

In short it seems to me that no committees, sub or sup, no managements, triple or multi-tiered, will ever produce the quality of commitment that must come from us – and that commitment alone will free us from the need of the old structures and their accompanying shadows.

This isn't to say we must not even try, out of the present inertia, to reach for some sort of dynamism by means of organisation; but we must remember that when we lay emphasis on a frame-work rather than on commitment, we choose to remain crippled a while longer. Yet, surely, it must be better to limp on than not to move at all...?!"

***13-11-1989, Auroville:**

Roger A arrived this afternoon, accompanied by Jacq and his usual, though diminished, entourage. Catherine wasn't there, so I took him around to see all the work, and up into the Chamber. It is obvious that he has gone through some change and physical hardship and he seems to be in a precarious balance, but willing to work. I don't know how to help best. I like him, the man, perhaps because I feel that he loves You; but his ideas are still so... Let us see...

I insisted that he must come regularly to see the work and all the questions and details of it, with Catherine, and he agreed.

***14-11-1989, Auroville:**

This afternoon we had about two hours of discussion with Roger A in the Model room – Catherine, Jacq, and Luigi part-time – listing all the questions that need to be answered now. I feel affection for Roger A, but I am helpless to change his orientations and make him try for simplicity in the overall design; I don't know what has to be done, what can be done...

***15-11-1989, Auroville:**

Today I felt moved again to awareness – like a magnet that has been cleaned and can again operate...

***16-11-1989, Auroville:**

Days are much too short to attend to all that needs to be done, and calls for attention; one can so easily be pulled into a maze of organising and moving things, and it all takes so much talk and circulation of energies and then there needs to be cleansing... I observe again that as soon as one opens to exchange and communication for the sake of arranging work details one gets exposed to all kinds of things that come right in: it is an intricate discipline one must evolve in order not to be flooded...

... John H is the one who is constantly at the mercy of every call and enquiry, with the present increase of momentum, and I don't know how he makes it; but I'm happy with him...

... With Roger A we seem to be on the right track; but the enormity of all that has to be finalised, and what it implies in terms of actual construction work, is

overwhelming. I keep quiet whenever I cannot agree, but I now feel some possibility of change, and of reaching a simpler solution, by calling for it; I find in Roger A some new receptivity; Catherine too is relieved to find him more willing and much simpler...

***17-11-1989, Auroville:**

I am grateful I have a work I can do all day, even if it rains, even if I am alone. It isn't easy to do something creative at Matrimandir, with this sick "collective" – people' moods and brittleness, their half-conscious habit of interfering, of being cynical, or righteous, or negative... These days I feel much energy and willingness, readiness, openness, but I must constantly put a brake on it and wait for others to be accommodated...

***18-11-1989, Auroville:**

This morning Catherine and I worked with Roger A alone for over two hours, on details of the pillars, of the first level and the central staircase, and we made some nice progress. There is a still fragile thread, with Roger A's new willingness, and I wish nothing heavy comes to interfere at this early stage...

But the general "process" goes on, and we had another long meeting, later – perhaps the last of this series – to finalise the layers of organisation required so that Matrimandir can be completed harmoniously; there was more squabbling and pecking, but the format seems to be more evident: a Planning group, to study all the interrelated parts in detail and issue clear projects, ready for execution; a Management group responsible for the distribution of funds, labour and equipment and the coordination of the works; the Teams executing the projects. These three layers are to be interacting constantly.

Thanks to Judith's firm determination, this was finally accepted in principle, but has yet to be put into practice; and there are pitfalls on the way, depending on the attitude of each person concerned...

I was listed as a member of the Planning group, despite Andy's obvious reluctance – although he never said anything openly; I offered to withdraw, but the others insisted I must be on it.

There's a lot of work ahead of us. I don't know. I tend to be impatient and to want to move on and get things manifested, without enough consideration for feelings; but there has been so much *tamas* and immobilism and petty warfare for so long... Still, I need to be very centred and watchful...

... N sent me his wife, this evening, to ask for money and help; besides the filarial, he's been bitten by a snake, and has got a cold and fever...! But what can I do?

***19-11-1989, Auroville:**

Mathé, her daughter Elsa (a beautiful half-Arab girl of 13) and her friend, a young, sweet French fellow, came to visit; Elsa felt so familiar, I knew I would grow very fond of her if she were to stay; but all three of them are like three wonderful kids, still on a verge, happy with their way of life...

***21-11-1989, Auroville:**

I am getting scattered and confused. I feel I have let myself take on too many responsibilities which I cannot fulfil well enough; or else I haven't been demanding

the quality needed in the instruments. There's only Ramalingam I can count upon, really, and he was the one to find out that the carpenters had botched up their job on the pillar. It is nothing disastrous, but it is a waste of time and energy;

And it gives me the sense, very concretely, that if we are serious about completing the entire structure and its surroundings, we must shift scale – we cannot go on with the basis we now have, or it will take decades...

There are too few people willing to share the load.

I don't know how to move forward.

This afternoon Catherine, LN and I had another session with Roger A on the central staircase, and things became a little simpler, a little freer of details, and easier to materialise. But there is such a huge amount of details that are generated by Roger A's approach to decoration that to me it is like looking at an endless servitude to artefacts and complications; and yet there is no doubt that he has evolved towards simplicity...!

I doubt very much the usefulness of my participation in these sessions; I wish actually that both Roger A and Piero would listen to each other and work together: their respective blocks have thrown us all into such a deep pit for so long...

... This evening I wanted so much to clean it all out and to centre, to go to the ocean, or somewhere where Matter is One, IS... But the days have become even shorter, dusk falls at 6 pm... I did some pruning work around the house instead, till I could no longer see the branches...!

... Selvam is pulling at me again, wanting me to give him some directions out of his personal troubles (between his wife, and Mary, and his own family...), but I do not wish to get that involved again...

***22-11-1989, Auroville:**

A good working day today, with less talk. And there is now a clear understanding with Ramalingam that he needs to be there full-time, so I may proceed with opening or initiating more areas of work...

***23-11-1989, Auroville:**

This afternoon we first had a small session on Information and Access, to make sure there are enough of us to take up all the shifts and duties, and to prepare the ground for the new organisation, with proper gates and control, watchmen and guides and an active Information service.

Then there was a session with Catherine and Roger A; the work we are doing together is quite interesting; we are now studying the four main doors to the sphere... It is like pulling the magic thread of a complete Matrimandir... So far the contact between the three of us is good, simple and easy...

***25-11-1989, Auroville:**

Selvam called me to come and meet him. He had to have more steel fragments removed from his eye – tiny splinters – and he was very confused too with his personal scene; his wife had discovered where Mary lives; he was worried about his kids and wanted me to take him so he could see them; and then his friends have got involved, and we had to meet with Selvraj and Janah and Narayanswamy, and sit all together trying to see how to best resolve this situation... I am only there out of a sort of faithfulness to Selvam; I do not expect anything anymore from this

friendship; but he still counts on me and sometimes needs me, as he has only me really to whom he can open, with whom he can share all his questions...

***27-11-1989, Auroville:**

The Congress I Party is barely winning the elections.

There is nothing glorious: the country is wounded everywhere...

... We had our first formal "Planning" session this afternoon: Piero, Janet, Mathias, Toine, Walter, Catherine and me; Roger A and Luigi didn't come. There seems to be the possibility of opening together to a working space and an energy of service; but the sheer amount of practical questions to take to their material solution is awesome...

***30-11-1989, Auroville:**

Today Catherine and I met with Serge, a man who has worked for many years and in many places for "Craterre", an organisation that promotes compressed earth as building materials, regarding the possibility of building the 12 Petals with packed, sterilised soil...

***1-12-1989, Auroville:**

Su has committed to look after an exhibition of paintings from Auroville in Madras for several days, and she is now apprehensive about the distance...

***4-12-1989, Auroville:**

I don't see there is any progress in "me"...

Sometimes I so much miss a different quality of atmosphere, and particularly a different quality of interaction, of sharing between people; it is as if a memory, from some far-off country that is home; it doesn't come from some ideal; it exists, some place, and I long to return to it, or to bring it here...

***6-12-1989, Auroville:**

Nowadays I am always active. I used to resent this constant movement as a servitude, and to fear that there could be no pure rest ever in the manifestation; but now perhaps there is the beginning of another perception; it is in the measure of one's adhesion to the Lord in the World: one begins to know that, eventually, it will be the very concreteness of the Presence that will be the rest one seeks... It will be the cessation of separate responsibility...

.... It is twenty years today since I first came to Auroville; it will be twenty years on the 9th since I saw You for the first time in this life...

It seems that it should perhaps take a hundred more years for this physical existence to, actually and in fact, become a pure drop of That, united to You...

***7-12-1989, Auroville:**

One positive outcome of Selvam's confused personal choices is that he'd rather spend the entire day at work than face his domestic chaos...!

***10-12-1989, Auroville:**

I hadn't finished the laundry yet when G.G and Suhasini came by, in a surprise visit. They stayed till after 7 pm; and then I made dinner for Su, who is back from Madras; she had piles of things to tell me, and I couldn't take it all in a rush; she was like a child who has hoarded her treasures for the moment she could show them all...

***11-12-1989, Auroville:**

Catherine came back to work today, still very tense and fragile...

***14-12-1989, Auroville:**

I visited with Myrtle this evening after work and had dinner with her and Durgaura, and later Giri joined us. I'll go to her birthday this Sunday, I think – as she is still planning to go away next year...

***15-12-1989, Auroville:**

I find there is in "me" the predominance of a need, which is also a will, to unite with the energy of manifestation as regards Matrimandir; it is, in itself, a clear and steady and determined flow, and that makes me grateful... Sometimes I am tangibly aware of You within – the centre of "me": there You are, permanently, and very concretely, as in Your room...

***18-12-1989, Auroville:**

For the first time we had a Planning session where both Piero and Roger A participated...! It was short, but it happened...!

***23-12-1989, Auroville:**

Ceausescu has at last been ousted: the last stronghold of this ugly, ugly one...!
... We are preparing for the concreting of the North Pillar extension, the Pillar of Mahakali, next Tuesday...

***24-12-1989, Auroville:**

I cried again when I finished reading "I Heard the Owl Call my Name", as I cried yesterday when I heard more about how the Romanian people took a stand and threw off the dictator...

***25-12-1989, Auroville:**

I have a bit of stage-fright before the concreting tomorrow. It hasn't been easy to reach a good quality in the work, and the pouring and vibrating of the concrete will demand great care and vigilance; but it feels like we have done our best, especially Ramalingam, who has been wonderful.

This morning I had a tough moment: Andy came to "chat", and he was most unpleasant and unhelpful, and I would have lost all confidence, but I clung to the thread I hold from You: it is Yours! I see very well my own imperfections, but I am not covering them, they are there before You...

... I am very moved by the insurrection in Romania; more so, in a way, than by what has recently happened in East Germany; I don't know why, mentally...

***26-12-1989, Auroville:**

I had tried to make room for the Auroville people to come and join in the concreting. I had hoped they would. It had been announced in advance.

But by 9 am, still no one had come. John H, Selvam, Ramalingam, Catherine, Su and our new friend Frank were the only ones present apart from our regular team of "workers". So I just started with them. And they were all happy.

It went well, as far as one could tell until one opens the shuttering. Gopal didn't come either, though he'd said he would, and I sensed Krishna's condemn and judgement behind his absence; of the rest of the Matrimandir people, only Yan came and helped; the others arrived on the site as usual around 10 am and left around 1 pm, talking away, going up to the Chamber and generally making a show of being unconcerned...!

But so what! Between us present there was much tenderness; I am relying more and more on "the boys" and feeling more and more at home with them. And I am glad of the coming of this whole "tribe" (from Corsica, all friends of Catherine); Frank particularly feels very familiar, and the children are lovely, very present and wakeful and trusting and unspoilt...

***27-12-1989, Auroville:**

I am cooking dinner for Selvam, who has again left his wife... There's a bit of my responsibility there, since I had pressured him to be always truthful, whatever the consequences...! But he is learning to value deeper things, and becoming more able to face what comes to him...

... I am not sure how to adjust, at Matrimandir. I tend to be too impatient, and perhaps too exacting. With a couple of exceptions, individual commitment to the work hasn't improved, while the amount of work ready to be executed has much increased...

And so once more there is the question: can Matrimandir be built with mostly "paid-labour", or must one accept that it can only be built by freely committed individuals...?

I haven't yet found a clear answer to that...

***28-12-1989, Auroville:**

I got mixed up with Selvam's life again and invaded by its confusion... His wife is pursuing the high drama of it and Mary is applying pressure in her own clever ways, by falling seriously ill, and had to be hospitalised... I spent part of the day with him in Pondy... He'd been doing so well the past several weeks, learning through experience the joy of self-giving, and he knows it and now he is so unhappy again... I try simply to be an agent of his own true growth, but it isn't easy; it takes time and it necessarily implies an amount of disharmony...

***31-12-1989, Auroville:**

Dinner is cooking for Su and me. She will move in here with me in a week or so, before Ch.J and F.J arrive; and C will join us a few days after that...

I don't know whether I shall continue writing these daily notes; for one thing I haven't got another diary; but perhaps I want to give it a break, and wait for a more adequate expression of the little signs on the way... I don't know...
You are my roots and my future; You are my core and my axis.
You are the Lord's magnet...

- 1990 -

*Note.

Je n'ai retrouvé aucune trace de cette année 1990, aucun document, aucun texte, aucune notation. Il semble que j'ai cessé d'écrire mon journal jusqu'en Février de l'année 1991.

Je ne me souviens d'aucun évènement qui m'aurait affecté personnellement.

Mais il est certain que ce fut une année déterminante pour le travail du Matrimandir, surtout dans le sens de la mise en place d'une base d'organisation qui a duré jusqu'en Octobre 2003.

- 1991 -

***28-2-1991, Auroville :**

Le 23^{ème} anniversaire d'Auroville.

A l'aube, à l'amphithéâtre, un grand feu clair, une assemblée silencieuse et concentrée pour la première fois en de nombreuses années ; j'y suis allé seul ; j'y ai marché longtemps, tout autour, à mon rythme...

... L'équipe de Madras est arrivée pour commencer de poser les prototypes des panneaux de la coque intérieure : installer des plateformes et des échafaudages pour eux...

A 10 heures trente ce matin, le cesser le feu au Moyen Orient...

... Karan Singh a prononcé, il semble, un beau discours au Bharat Nivas ; je n'y suis pas allé ; je l'ai rencontré hier, ainsi que Kapila Vyatsavan, au Matrimandir.

Dans la matinée, ouverture soudaine d'un villageois qui possède des terres dans l'aire des Jardins et souhaite maintenant les vendre à Auroville, pour un prix raisonnable...

Et, à 17 heures, la visite de Champaklal, jusqu'à la nuit : poignant, vrai, si transparent, mais comme entouré de cette contradiction qui règne encore à l'Ashram. Ramalingam, Dharman, John H et moi portons sa chaise ; avant de partir il a obligé son entourage à donner de l'argent ; Madanlal était présent, heureux aussi comme un enfant...

***1-3-1991, Auroville :**

Journée de travail entrecoupée d'incidents très chargés émotionnellement.

Edzart, sans nous consulter, maltraite l'un de nos ouvriers qu'il surprend à dissimuler de l'herbe fraîchement coupée ; tous les ouvriers se réunissent autour de Ramalingam et m'appellent ; nous faisons chercher Edzart ; j'insiste pour qu'il vienne s'excuser ; Ramalingam éclate en sanglots...

Le soir Asha (Catherine a reçu ce nom de Champaklal) et moi rendons visite à Roger A à Auromodèle pour essayer de lui communiquer ce que nous ressentons face à tout le travail à faire et ce que nous souhaitons qu'il regarde et comprenne mieux...

***2-3-1991, Auroville :**

Madanlal accepte de rassembler l'argent nécessaire pour l'achat des terrains.

Incident avec Ritam, Sukrit et l'un de nos gardes ; longue entrevue avec Ritam.

Entrevue avec Edzart ; je lui demande de s'excuser personnellement auprès de l'ouvrier qu'il a maltraité et il accepte de le faire.

5 tonnes de fer sont délivrées pour le grand Réservoir...

***4-3-1991, Auroville :**

Très tôt ce matin je me fais mal au dos en soulevant, avec Ramalingam, l'une des colonnes – 400 kilos !

Le reste de la journée comme au ralenti, avec cette douleur, et cette fatigue qui se confond dans une tristesse de ne pas toucher le levier actif qui dénouerait la situation au Matrimandir, qui ouvrirait le chemin matériel de son achèvement...

... Selvam me donne un massage, ce soir...

***5-3-1991, Auroville :**

De 11 heures à 17 heures, rencontre avec les ingénieurs de SERC, Madras, à propos du revêtement de la sphère, avec Asha, Toine et Roger A ; ils sont trois, l'un plus vif et ouvert que les autres. Mais leurs idées et leurs propositions refont le chemin que nous avons déjà suivi sans l'éclairer... Je ne sais pas où est la solution, tant que l'on tente de servir la formation de Roger A ; la seule proposition alternative qui reste claire et vivante en moi implique le rejet ou l'abandon de cette formation, et cela n'est possible que par Ton intervention, du dedans, en Roger A.

Alors, quoi ?

C'est la fête de Somu ; j'aimerais lui offrir quelque chose, mais ne sais comment m'y prendre...

C'est un tâtonnement qui n'en finit pas...

***6-3-1991, Auroville :**

Ce matin, d'étouffement, j'ai éclaté : je ressens tellement le manque de la clarté, de l'évidence nécessaire pour achever Matrimandir, d'une respiration enfin libérée de ce processus si laborieux, de ces jeux si pénibles de polarisation et d'influence...

D.D, qui est très proche de Roger A, nous a rejoints aux bureaux ce matin ; Asha, Toine et moi, avons alors tenté de lui faire saisir la nature des questions qui continuent de se poser...

Je ne sais pas ce qui est vraiment demandé...

Et il y a Selvam, et cette tendresse croissante comme un miel douloureux : douloureux à cause du manque de liberté, ou de plénitude...

... Chandrasekhar démissionne du Gouvernement Central ; des élections générales doivent être appelées, une fois le Parlement dissous...

***7-3-1991, Auroville :**

Une journée épuisante, avec deux réunions de travail...

Je touche une limite, en ce qui concerne Roger A ; il y a là toute une grossièreté d'être et de conscience, malgré une sorte de sensibilité touchante et l'affection que je lui porte... C'est comme un poison absorbé pendant trop longtemps ; je sens se produire un rejet massif de toute l'histoire, qui n'évolue qu'en surface, qu'en petites concessions apparemment plastiques, mais qui ne se donne pas...

... Je ne vois pas, ne sens pas l'issue de ce jeu. Là où je touche le chemin, c'est soit dans l'action – se donner à l'énergie qui fait -, soit dans le regard silencieux qui aime et éprouve la Présence. Toutes les autres positions sont comme autant de pièges et de repaires...

***8-3-1991, Auroville :**

Dégoût, saturation, impuissance, incapacité à débusquer le chemin clair, libre d'influences, créatif et matériellement puissant. C'est comme un labyrinthe dont toutes les parois sont déformantes et toutes les perspectives tronquées...

Il faudrait trouver ce ressort central, actif sur tous les plans, qui puisse laisser couler l'énergie pour construire Matrimandir ; c'est analogue à cet effort, ce besoin impérieux, extra humain, lorsque l'on frappe à la porte de l'être psychique – mais c'est d'une autre manière et, d'abord, ce n'est plus individuel : ce devrait être collectif ; mais la conscience de cet état n'est pas suffisamment formée...

Ce Matrimandir, il sera la demeure d'une Présence qui ne pourra que croître ; il lui faut un corps cohérent, un revêtement aussi matériellement vrai que possible...

Je ne sais pas comment me tourner, comment attraper le sillon du vrai qui doit s'ouvrir dans cet infime arrangement de matière, pour quelque chose d'infiniment grand...

***9-3-1991, Auroville :**

Je n'ai toujours pas de proposition suffisamment claire et précise, et je ne sais pas comment aborder la situation à présent ; alors je me tiens un peu à l'écart, et quelque chose s'est un peu brouillé avec Asha aussi, une sorte d'interférence, ou ombre projetée ; l'effet en est presque douloureux, au plexus solaire... Je ne suis pas capable ces jours-ci de me donner à une énergie qui embrasse et agit...

Toine me dit que Roger A est en train de préparer un plan d'action avec Aurofuture et Pierre E – cela ressemble tant à toutes les vagues précédentes, qui n'aboutissent pas et laissent un goût de cendres...

***11-3-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai préparé un autre texte demandant la contribution consciente de chaque Aurovilien pour dégager la solution pratique dont a besoin Matrimandir. Mais je voulais d'abord vérifier l'attitude de Roger A aujourd'hui, quand nous parlerions de tous les manques de cohérence : il demeure convaincu de son orientation ; mais, pour la première fois il accepte de faire face à la difficulté avec nous, soit pour lui tordre le cou, soit pour en apprendre ; Jacq et lui retardent leur départ, et demandent à l'équipe d'Aurofuture et à quelques autres d'interrompre tout autre projet et de se concentrer sur Matrimandir : ce sont donc les signes d'un pas en avant... Mais la perspective d'avoir à traiter avec toute la confusion que ces gens vont inévitablement ajouter au moment de s'engager, est un peu effrayante – et c'est là que la qualité de notre équipe va être mise à l'épreuve...

... Une réunion à propos d'une nouvelle brochure, pour nous aider à informer des besoins et trouver les fonds nécessaires ; et ce soir je suis descendu à Pondy avec tout l'or que nous avons – des bijoux et des barres qui ont été données à Matrimandir - pour le faire peser et évaluer : cet or doit être fondu pour le revêtement des 4 symboles de Sri Aurobindo qui soutiendront le Cristal...

***12-3-1991, Auroville :**

Une scène bien vilaine m'a pris au dépourvu ce matin : LN, exacerbé dans une sorte de haine, envoyé par Piero, est monté au deuxième niveau de la structure pour tenter de prouver que l'agencement de l'armature de fer que Jérôme et Svar m'aident à préparer pour les dalles amovibles est faux, incorrect et inacceptable et que c'est seulement ma peau blanche qui m'autorise à faire ce que je veux ici (LN

est ingénieur de formation, je crois) ; une tirade complètement injustifiée, sans un seul instant s'enquérir de la méthode que j'ai suivie ; c'était quelque chose de non fondé, de mauvais, de malhonnête et de laid, et plus tard, en déjeunant avec Selvam, encore sous le choc, les larmes sont montées...

... Et ce soir il y a eu un autre incident de violence, entre Jacky et Babushwar cette fois, au portail...

... Je viens de recevoir une autre lettre de JYL, où il me raconte un rêve qu'il a eu, très exact, de la situation avec les architectes et ingénieurs, pour décider de la coque de Matrimandir ; dans ce rêve il me voit d'abord comme décharné, très désemparé, et rejeté parce qu'intraitable ; puis il me voit revenir, et abaisser les bras d'un geste impératif qui communique la solution – comme la venue du corps vrai, du revêtement de vérité – et c'est accepté... Et par la suite il m'aide à faire des copies des plans à l'aide d'une machine très perfectionnée qu'il a appris à utiliser... Si seulement je pouvais ainsi servir cette vérité... !

***14-3-1991, Auroville :**

Quel terrible, terrible lieu.

Le jeu des forces aux racines de toutes les misères ;

Souvent ce qui est demandé est à la limite de la capacité de persévérance et de don de soi.

Et pourtant parfois, une minute, Ta Force : la vraie, la seule Force...

***15-3-1991, Auroville :**

Jacky accepte en principe de venir faire la paix avec notre gardien (qui ne faisait que son travail), mais il arrive en force, accompagné de Babu et Perumal, et de son nouvel ami J.L ; s'ensuit une longue scène, si laide et fautive et pénible, à la conclusion de laquelle les vertueux, les justifiés, les clairs, ceux qui incarnent le « vrai Auroville », s'adressent à moi comme au responsable de toute la situation, celui qui enfonce aux lois de leur liberté – celui à qui on peut jeter son poison vertueux et justifié puisque, d'une part, je n'ai pas « le droit » d'être là, je ne suis que toléré, ne m'as-tu pas refusé, n'est-ce pas, et, d'autre part parce qu'une fois de plus, quand les choses deviennent tranchées, il n'y a plus personne, l'équipe est défaite et chacun a pris du large, pour rester « populaire »... Seul Selvam est demeuré à mon côté...

... Nous avons démonté le coffrage et l'échafaudage du dernier bétonnage de l'escalier central : un beau béton, pas un défaut, et les formes sont bien venues ; c'est réconfortant.

Devadatta (Frank a reçu ce nom de Champaklal) chez, lui, ce soir...

***17-3-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai passé une partie de la journée d'hier, dimanche, à rédiger un document de communication au sujet de l'utilisation future de Matrimandir et de son accès ; je suis sûr que ce texte est juste et qu'il porte une compréhension vivante et ouverte ; mais Toine et Arjun bloquent, sans me dire pourquoi...

Réunion l'après-midi avec Pierre E et l'équipe d'Aurofuture, pour partager les travaux.

***19-3-1991, Auroville :**

Ramalingam, quelques-uns de nos ouvriers, et moi, commençons de marquer les points de référence pour le grand réservoir et son bassin ouvert, au-dessous de la sphère.

L'après-midi, comme chaque mardi, réunion de Coordination ; mais je sens, avant même d'y aller, qu'Arjun a tout démoli et qu'il ne reste rien du document. Je vois que toute réaction de ma part sera interprétée comme l'expression de mon « ego d'auteur », et qu'il n'acceptera pas de regarder la teneur de son action ; je suis prêt pourtant à apprendre quelque chose si ce qu'il a fait à la place est supérieur, plus vrai, ou plus simple... Quand vient le sujet, Arjun, sans explication, lit son propre texte ; il ne reste rien de ce que j'avais préparé, et c'est un langage pontifiant, institutionnel, prude, qui ne donne pas... Je quitte tranquillement la pièce.

Je suis conscient que nous sommes à un moment où il est particulièrement important qu'une équipe cohérente soit en fonction, et que l'habitude de la résistance est de s'intensifier et de détruire autant qu'elle peut en utilisant n'importe quel moyen. Mais je ne peux pas prendre toute la responsabilité de ne pas donner prise... Il doit aussi y avoir une vérité suffisante dans les relations, dans l'équilibre...

***20-3-1991, Auroville :**

C'est la fête de Devadatta ; il veut repartir, pour ses enfants...

Aucun signe d'Arjun... Je ne sais pas le procédé...

Souvent, ici, il faut trouver un courage que l'on n'est pas conscient d'avoir. Il faut vraiment le trouver. Pas un courage devant un obstacle, ou un ennemi, ou un saut : un courage qui est tout à la fois persévérance et confiance et intégrité, fidélité, droiture, et ouverture – qui n'est pas une addition de toutes ces choses, mais les contient en un instant, en un souffle, ou un appel, physique...

Il est presque plus facile d'être inhumain, que d'être humain consciemment et de continuer à marcher, et à se donner à la transition...

***21-3-1991, Auroville :**

Commencé avec « mon » équipe d'ouvriers de placer l'armature de fer pour le Réservoir...

P.V est impatient de commencer l'excavation des 12 Pétales...

Arjun, sans conviction apparente, me demande si j'ai le temps de le voir pour « quelques minutes »... Pourquoi ? Il ne dit pas, et nous en restons là...

Bétonnage, avec Jérôme et Svar, au deuxième niveau...

***22-3-1991, Auroville :**

Ce sont des journées laborieuses ; il y a un mauvais climat de fragmentation, qui fait obstacle : je+je+je+je... on n'est pas portés... Il faut lutter pour rester ensemble – rester ensemble pour les individus, rester ensemble pour le corps...

... Il y a peut-être quelque chose, comme un équivalent conscient de l'autre côté de la spirale, de cette insouciance naturelle d'un vital peu développé : une sorte d'acceptation consciente et lucide de tout, ancrée dans une orientation imperturbable, et libre de toute autre dépendance qui n'est pas la dépendance de Toi...

Mais il faut pour y atteindre, il me semble, un héroïsme d'une qualité pratiquement inconnue...

... Su est encore fatiguée, en lutte.

Notre cercle humain est un cauchemar effrayant, si l'on est amoureux du Vrai...

***24-3-1991, Auroville :**

En fin de matinée je suis allé au village donner à chacun des trois enfants de Jaïmurthy son symbole d'or – je n'irai pas à la cérémonie demain, ce qui est enfin accepté...

Su est effrayée par le degré de fatigue ou d'épuisement nerveux dans lequel elle se trouve...

***26-3-1991, Auroville :**

Cet après-midi j'ai participé à la réunion de Coordination – Toine m'avait assuré que mon absence causerait plus de tension encore et qu'Arjun apprenait sa leçon (!) ; mais je n'ai jamais eu l'intention de lui donner une leçon, et je regrette que nous n'ayons pas été capables de regarder ensemble les éléments qui ont contribué à cette distance.

Cette Auroville est une entreprise qui cumule les impossibilités.

Aucune des questions qui s'y posent, aucune des situations qui s'y créent, n'ont de réponse ni de solution connue, déjà expérimentée. L'expérience humaine mentalisée est incapable de la fournir.

Si l'on donne son attention avec son cœur à l'un de ces problèmes qui se présentent à tout moment, on se sent douloureusement impuissant. Il y a bien, en arrière, le sens de lignes, ou de vérités simples, qui demandent pourtant un engagement, face à une Présence ; mais si l'on tente de les porter en avant, elles deviennent autant d'ombres, nivelées dans la cohue des notions et des valeurs et des idées colportées ; et on ne peut pas se battre pour ces vérités, car alors elles deviennent exclusives...

S'il y avait une sorte de hiérarchie acceptée, l'on pourrait tenter de laisser l'individu qui s'en trouverait à la pointe développer une capacité d'intuition directe, sans règles ; mais sans un changement général, sans le progrès général d'une compréhension beaucoup plus libre et éveillée, l'action serait constamment brouillée...

Et l'autre solution, de tenter une anarchie ouverte, n'est pas viable tant que notre perception les uns des autres demeure prisonnière de l'ego et du mental.

Alors, rien n'est jamais satisfaisant ; aucun choix n'est vrai ni entier ; aucun mouvement ne peut être le véhicule d'une action directe...

***29-3-1991, Auroville :**

L'anniversaire de Votre rencontre, cette fois-ci...

Et tout le temps de ce jour, une coulée de Force...

Et ce mystère de plus en plus aigu, presque intolérable : Ca coule, Ca pénètre, « descend », et c'est la seule chose tangible – et pourtant, horizontalement, dans la relation aux autres et aux mouvements de la vie, cela semble aggraver la difficulté...

J'ai emmené Devadatta à Pondy cet après-midi ; plus d'une heure au Samadhi, qui aurait pu continuer indéfiniment – il m'a fallu intervenir par une volonté mécanique arbitraire pour interrompre, parce que c'était trop pour Devadatta : les deux choses, là, s'unissaient, devenaient une – la coulée de la Force, et l'expérience

physique intime, complète, d'avoir la tête posée sur Tes genoux, dans Ton atmosphère matérielle.

***30-3-1991, Auroville :**

Avec Su vient la nécessité d'une distance physique ; il est le temps qu'elle se détache de moi et apprenne à faire ses propres choix ici, en Auroville ; il faut qu'elle ait un champ de vie à explorer par elle-même, à l'écart de ce centre d'intensité particulier. Elle le sent bien et propose de trouver un autre lieu où habiter, dès que possible, et pour quelques temps au moins...

La Pression est là. Et les autres aussi. Et cela me rend difficile.

Je ne rencontre pas chez les êtres que je côtoie ce qui peut éclairer d'un feu, créer un espace de partage comme une fête, avec les corps ; je mendie de l'un ou de l'autre l'ombre d'une tendresse, d'une reconnaissance ou d'un appel ; et quand la Coulée est plus dense, rien ne suffit plus...

... Hier j'ai acheté des livres de Vous traduits en Tamil pour la fête de Selvam, le 3 Avril ; je voudrais trouver quelque chose qui le rende vraiment heureux, dedans. Quoi ? Si je pouvais au moins être utile à ce qu'il parvienne quelque part de vrai, à une réalisation solide – lui, dans tout ce monde, alors ma vie, du point de vue personnel, serait justifiée... !

***1-4-1991, Auroville :**

De 9 heures à 20 heures, bétonnage de la base octogonale du mur du Réservoir ; 145 sacs de ciment : John H et moi avions sous estimé et la quantité et la durée ! Mais pour une fois quelques Auroviliens se sont joints à nos ouvriers, et tout s'est bien passé.

***2-4-1991, Auroville :**

Ce soir avec mon Selvam, en ville, pour acheter les gâteaux à distribuer demain pour sa fête ; nous dînons avec E.B qui vient d'arriver de France, pour un mois, après 5 ans.

***4-4-1991, Auroville :**

Du point de vue de cette conscience matérielle qui se développe lentement, l'expérience qui m'est donnée ici depuis toutes ces années est une Grâce constante : construire, être constamment engagé dans des transformations matérielles, travailler à laisser une Force ronde se manifester de substance à substance – nos corps, les matériaux, les outils, comme un continuum qui apprend à recevoir, et à devenir conscient de l'Unité...

***5-4-1991, Auroville :**

De passage au « Planning », j'obtiens un accord pour l'emplacement d'une colline, au Nord Est de Matrimandir, au bord des Jardins, en utilisant la terre que nous retirerons en ouvrant les accès à la sphère et en creusant pour les fondations des Pétales...

***6-4-1991, Auroville :**

Réunion de travail en fin de journée, à propos des Pétales, avec un ingénieur d'Hyderabad invité par Pierre E ; une seconde réunion est prévue pour demain...

***7-4-1991, Auroville :**

Deuxième réunion, cet après-midi, avec l'ingénieur d'Hyderabad ; il me faudra ajouter du fer dans la structure du Réservoir, le long de la paroi octogonale, pour recevoir ponctuellement la charge latérale des Pétales...

***10-4-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai effectivement l'expérience d'être repassé, hier, le jour de ma fête, comme à ma source particulière d'énergie intérieure, cette source qui choisit de se manifester ici et d'y nourrir le labeur d'exister, et communique, par le psychique, cet enthousiasme pur et calme et confiant.

Mais dans la conscience physique et l'atmosphère générale, ce n'est pas facile de contribuer cette énergie avec constance...

... Cet après-midi Ramalingam a pu enfin exprimer, tranquillement, ce qu'il ressent depuis quelques temps, et ce qui l'empêche de s'ouvrir à l'énergie de travail : il ressent un manque de confiance de la part de Toine et d'Arjun envers lui et moi. Il semble aussi qu'un certain nombre de gens, à distance, ont l'impression que lui et moi cherchons à contrôler tout le travail à faire, et il en est triste.

Tout cela n'est pas clair. D'un côté ces grandes déclarations qu'il faut finir Matrimandir en deux ans et de l'autre, lorsque lui et moi nous rendons disponibles et proposons quelque chose pour faciliter ou hâter le travail, il nous faut le justifier et presque le défendre...

... Demain, John H et Piero partent à Bombay, avec les symboles en acier inoxydable et l'or dûment pesé...

... Message de Paris pour E.B : son père est parti...

***11-4-1991, Auroville :**

Une soirée très douce et apaisante avec Devadatta, à l'océan d'abord, puis ici pour dîner : un réconfort après une journée fatigante...

Nous avons eu ce matin une longue mise au point, demandée par Ramalingam, avec Toine et Arjun, qui s'est ouverte sur une meilleure compréhension entre nous. Mais il me semble que nous abordons une zone de grande confusion...

***12-4-1991, Auroville :**

L'énergie ne circule pas bien, la concentration n'est pas partagée – et la chaleur aggrave la condition générale... Comment aider à ce que les mouvements soient droits ? C'est une tâche impossible... Ce pays droit, qui manque tant...

Dans une situation aussi exceptionnelle, et aussi exposée, que celle où Matrimandir se construit, on ne peut pas se contenter de travailler sur soi-même. Que faire ?

Comment s'unir à une Action centrale à tout et à tous, dans le petit détail et le petit geste de l'instant, dans la nécessité physique ?

Le pays droit ! Le Vaste, le Vrai, le Droit : Brihàt, Satyam, Ritam... !

***13-4-1991, Auroville :**

Ce sont des journées fastidieuses.

Je n'ai pas de perception claire de ce qui se passe.

Il y a des moments de Pression presque impérative ; mais l'effet le plus proche dans ma conscience physique oscille entre l'évanouissement ou une sorte de transe, et la suffocation, ou même presque comme un mouvement de colère qui voudrait écarter toute cette confusion, cette constante imposition du mental et de son « droit » à présenter ses idées, ses trucs, sa panacée...

La chaleur aussi est lourde ; une grande partie de l'énergie physique est mobilisée pour simplement rester debout et continuer de s'occuper des choses et du travail à faire...

***14-4-1991, Auroville :**

Tamil New Year...

Je commande à Velu une broderie très élaborée sur un châle que je veux envoyer à C pour sa fête le 6 Mai.

***15-4-1991, Auroville :**

John H rentre de Bombay ; le travail de dorure des symboles prendra à peu près 6 semaines ; son impression, dit-il, est que l'on peut faire toute confiance à Wadia ; Arjun est très en colère...

... Le relevé pour l'excavation des 12 Pétales doit commencer demain ; restent plusieurs questions de logistique, qui devront se résoudre dans le mouvement...

***16-4-1991, Auroville :**

Je me suis fâché avec Ramalingam ce matin, pour qu'il mette son attention dans l'équipe ; puis c'était doux, et actif...

... Nous avons dû nous rendre à la Nursery cet après-midi où un autre incident violent venait de se produire : Gnanivel a violemment poussé le contremaître, Sundarmurthy, hors de sa maison... Tous les ouvriers nous attendaient pour « rendre justice »... Les facteurs qui contribuent à de tels conflits sont ici exceptionnellement situés et éclairés ; il n'y a jamais de solution à toute épreuve ni de méthode vérifiée. Et s'ajoute à cela la difficulté d'agir en groupe, de servir en groupe une action un peu vraie, et exacte. Chacun apprend finalement à suivre ses propres perceptions tout en acceptant et respectant la complémentarité de l'autre, et la tension se dissipe, et quelque chose d'un peu nouveau affleure dans le cœur... Mais c'est dans la multitude des gestes quotidiens qu'il faut apprendre à préserver cette possibilité, à la nourrir et lui donner toujours plus de place...

En Auroville s'est ajouté aux castes, aux classes et aux distinctions ataviques et culturelles un « nouveau » statut, celui d' « Aurovilien » : et, potentiellement, c'est à la fois un piège effrayant, et le passage le plus direct peut-être à une compréhension plus vraie du monde, de l'humain, et de l'identité véritable de chaque individu au sein du Tout...

Mais trop, trop souvent, c'est le piège qui tend à se refermer ; il faut une vigilance et une exigence de tous les instants...

***17-4-1991, Auroville :**

Gnanivel a fait de l'agitation depuis hier – malhonnêtement, mais il n'y a personne à ses côtés pour le lui rappeler. Une délégation est venue trouver Toine.

Le groupisme est une chose qui doit absolument disparaître de nos consciences, si l'on veut faire un pas dans le vrai Auroville – dans la vraie vie.

Autant le soutien spontané d'un ensemble d'individus peut porter une vague de lumière et de reconnaissance, autant toute formation de groupe est régressive, mensongère, déformante et obstructive.

Et nous sommes dans un pays dont la misère morale et politique est si activement réductrice que tout effort dans le sens du progrès doit être arraché et maintenu avec une sorte d'héroïsme... !

***18-4-1991, Auroville :**

Une longue réunion cet après-midi avec les nouveaux « équipiers », qui m'a laissé dans un intense besoin de trouver un chemin matériel sans encombres, possédé de son propre rythme juste.... Encore plus d' « idées », encore plus d'attitudes... je ne sais pas ! J'ai eu un accrochage avec Luigi, qui m'a envoyé ce soir un mot pour s'excuser et me demander d'oublier...

Et j'ai dû me fâcher un peu avec Arjun à propos de papiers : nous n'avons encore aucune réponse claire pour les travaux qui attendent, et cela dure depuis des années, tant qu'il s'agit du concept de Roger A ; les ingénieurs que nous consultons, tous, les uns après les autres, se retirent, ou bien nous remettent des études bâclées, ou nous demandent des sommes astronomiques sans aucune garantie de résultats... Et le collectif, tel que nous le vivons, est comme un piège qui opère à l'encontre du chemin...

... Ramalingam vient passer une heure ici ce soir, tranquille, et nous essayons ensemble de démêler les fils et de discerner un chemin pratique que nous puissions proposer pour le travail à faire...

***21-4-1991, Auroville :**

Dimanche de nettoyage. Et une réunion de deux heures avec Arjun, Toine, John H et Ramalingam, pour décider de quelques urgences, et s'ajuster ensemble à un processus pratique pour accomplir les travaux à venir en intégrant la contribution de Pierre E et de son unité de construction, « Atmarati »...

***22-4-1991, Auroville :**

Journée de travail continu au Réservoir ; mais Ramalingam n'est pas heureux, et cela m'affecte. Les contradictions se rangent de tous côtés, comme une complétude à l'envers ; au sein de cette masse, la possibilité d'agir utilement semble se tenir sur un passage si étroit qu'il est presque imperceptible...

... Une bonne et douce lettre de Myrtle – elle y joint une magnifique carte pour ma fête : c'est un tableau représentant une jeune femme, Indienne d'Amérique, dans un champ de fleurs, avec des collines au loin ; et il y a là cette note profonde de cette jeune femme que j'ai moi-même peinte, cette femme que je pourrais tenir et chérir...

***23-4-1991, Auroville :**

Le Cristal est arrivé à Bombay ; mais une série de malentendus et trop d'intermédiaires font qu'il doit rester en transit, probablement jusqu'à vendredi quand le prochain vol cargo vient à Madras...

... L'après-midi et jusqu'à la nuit une réunion de Coordination difficile pour tenter de défaire les conséquences de l'incident qui s'est produit à la Nursery la semaine passée, maintenant qu'A est rétabli. Alors que nous approchons d'un accord sur les mesures à adopter, Arjun insiste que le nom de Gnanivel soit mentionné dans le paragraphe indiquant notre désapprobation « officielle » ; je fais objection ; il suffit à mon avis d'écrire « l'Aurovilien concerné » ou quelque chose de similaire ; Arjun entre alors dans une colère qui m'étonne et m'appelle « devious ». Pourtant c'est un point sur lequel je n'éprouve aucun doute ; nous cherchons à changer les attitudes et à offrir les déformations, non à cristalliser des blâmes personnels qui restent attachés aux individus...

La réunion cesse dans une impasse, me laissant assez confondu...

Peut-être devrais-je mieux me retirer ?

Tout cela n'aide pas à constituer un corps d'action à Ton service.

En même temps toute cette histoire est en rapport direct avec la notion locale de statut social qu'implique le terme « Aurovilien ». Or non seulement j'ai été moi-même rejeté par certains porteurs du « titre » dans le passé mais, par une grâce qui se présente encore parfois comme une malédiction, je ne me sens pas du tout identifié à lui ; et puisqu'il en est ainsi, je me demande parfois s'il est juste pour moi de participer à quoi que ce soit d'« officiel »... ?

***24-4-1991, Auroville :**

Ces jours sont âpres ; il y a tant d'interférences, et de petites malhonnêtetés en nous, qui agissent comme des voleurs d'harmonie...

... Trois bétonnages à la suite, ce soir, de 17 à 22 heures 30, sous la Chambre pour les conduits de la climatisation, et en bas, pour le Réservoir...

***26-4-1991, Auroville :**

Toine nous téléphone de Madras à 18 heures 30 pour nous informer que le Cristal est enfin installé dans la camionnette de CSR, et qu'ils devraient arriver vers 22 heures.

Ils arrivent à 22 heures 20 exactement ; nous le déchargeons pour le poser sur le petit chariot que nous avons fabriqué à cet effet : 672 kilos avec sa boîte de protection...

***27-4-1991, Auroville :**

Peu après 9 heures ce matin, nous amenons le cristal sur son chariot jusqu'à la structure, et le montons dans la Chambre à l'aide de la grue, guidé par des cordes ; c'est toute une cérémonie : les caméras tournent...

La boîte est alors ouverte, au milieu d'une petite cohue : une perfection matérielle est révélée, pour Te servir ; l'émotion est profonde.

... Bétonnage de 4 piliers dans le Réservoir.

... E.B repart en France... Devadatta aussi est parti, sans un signe.

... Toine vient insister auprès de moi pour que je participe à une autre réunion, demain, avec Pierre E et les gens d'Aurofuture, où Arjun sera également présent – qui est parvenu à produire au passage une sorte de grimace à titre de sourire...

Les relations sont difficiles, au pied de l'œuvre !

C'est une tâche bien formidable, dans ces conditions, que d'établir un corps d'engagement collectif solide : c'est encore l'histoire des châteaux de sable...

***28-4-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai donc participé à la réunion cet après-midi. Mais tous les paramètres ne sont pas encore établis, et trop de détails manquent encore pour planifier les travaux ou distribuer les responsabilités ; et nous sommes toujours dans cet esclavage au concept de Roger A...

***29-4-1991, Auroville :**

Aux ateliers, deux des douze colonnes destinées à la Chambre –des fûts d'acier sans joint que Piero et Paolo ont fait venir d'Italie et font maintenant enduire de plusieurs couches de laque blanche très coûteuse – ont réagi et de nouvelles cloques se sont formées. A cause de la chaleur, cette fois ci ? C'est une histoire de fous... Cela vaut-il vraiment la peine, ou est ce seulement l'orgueil de Piero qui s'obstine ? Qui peut réellement se prononcer, quand tant d'énergie a déjà été investie et dépensée ? Il y a d'autres matériaux, plus stables et plus durables, pour matérialiser ces 12 colonnes que Tu as vues dans la Chambre : mais là encore c'est la conception de la perfection particulière à Piero qui détermine les choix...

Alors il faut dès ce soir former une équipe de nuit qui va gratter la peinture, une fois de plus...

***30-4-1991, Auroville :**

Réunion de Coordination cet après-midi.

Assez d'argent est arrivé pour acheter un tracteur et sa remorque.

Madanlal a donné l'argent nécessaire pour le marbre blanc (Makrana) des niveaux 1 et 2, ainsi que pour les pierres roses (Agra) qui doivent revêtir l'amphithéâtre...

... Il semble que beaucoup d'Auroviliens – aucun de nous ici pourtant – ont voté pour désigner leurs « élus », au nombre de 6 : Yoke et Karel, Guy, Jothi, Ananda et Sanjeev...

***1-5-1991, Auroville :**

Visite de Madanlal cet après-midi, avec l'homme qui doit acquérir le marbre et la pierre rose au Rajasthan – Shivkumar, un homme doux et simple -, accompagnés de Safal, que je n'avais plus vu depuis 10 ans peut-être ; Toine et moi les amenons à la Chambre. Puis, Toine et moi avons avec Madanlal seul un long entretien, à propos des priorités de Matrimandir ; cet homme est en train de tout donner, sans réserves, avec cet abandon conscient devant Toi, et nous sommes si confus, et si mal habités : saurons-nous tenir notre part de responsabilité ?

***2-5-1991, Auroville :**

Ce soir Ramalingam m'emmène visiter, dans le village voisin de Bharatipuram, son nouvel atelier (que j'ai nommé « Satyakarma ») ; nous restons un long moment, tranquilles, assis au bord du grand bassin rectangulaire qu'il vient d'y construire, orienté exactement sur le soleil couchant...

***6-5-1991, Auroville :**

La chaleur est très inconfortable.

Je me trouve de plus en plus plonge dans le mental physique général et mélangé à cette substance ou cet état que partagent nos ouvriers – c'est comme une substance lourde et réductrice, qui est habitée pourtant d'un tel Sourire, un sourire qui va droit au cœur de tout, sans errer...

***9-5-1991, Auroville :**

Su emménage aujourd'hui à « Certitude » dans la maison de R et M qui sont absents ; son effort d'honnêteté et de droiture, sa fidélité et son courage, sont un grand cadeau...

... Selvam a décidé de s'occuper de nettoyer et sceller tous les réservoirs à « Sincérité » ; son cœur est un joyau unique, et merveilleux, et je suis seulement aux prises avec les gangues... !

***11-5-1991, Auroville :**

Toute la soirée un bétonnage dans le Réservoir avec nos ouvriers, qui sont heureux et excités comme des enfants qui jouent...

Ramalingam s'en va demain à Berijam dans les montagnes, pour deux semaines, avec les enfants d'Auroville ; je devrai m'occuper de tout ici, et ce n'est pas le moment d'attraper la fièvre... !

Je cherche le chemin...

Arjun s'est un peu dénoué, et m'a rappelé que je dois venir ce lundi pour la fête de Deepti...

***13-5-1991, Auroville :**

Selvam et moi avons passé la matinée avec une petite équipe d'ouvriers à décharger 15 tonnes de marbre blanc...

***15-5-1991, Auroville :**

Plusieurs ouvriers manquent aujourd'hui.

Dharman se blesse à la tête.

En fin de journée j'aborde avec Stuart la question délicate d'un nouveau signataire et de l'unité « Blossoming » ; mission accomplie, je retrouve Arjun : nous avons convenu de parler un moment. Il s'est détendu, mais demeure incapable d'une perspective que j'appellerai circulaire, et cela m'inquiète un peu pour lui... Deepti et lui s'en vont pour une dizaine de jours à Bangalore...

***16-5-1991, Auroville :**

Ce soir, bétonnage des derniers piliers dans le Réservoir ; seulement les ouvriers, Selvam et moi ; c'est doux : l'humanité du cœur, qui donne ses corps à Matrimandir...

... Ce matin, très tôt, visite au Matrimandir d'une femme bien courageuse, venue de Poona avec son fils, un adolescent très handicapé, Arun ; elle obéissait évidemment à un besoin très intérieur, et leur présence à tous les deux m'a beaucoup touché ; lui, derrière cette grimace absurde de l'infirme, est très conscient et, comme il

arrive souvent dans ces cas, avec une grande affinité mentale pour l'étude de la matière, la physique contemporaine...

***18-5-1991, Auroville :**

Déchargement de 6 tonnes de fer ce matin.

Karel m'appelle pour me faire part de son inquiétude à propos de Su, qu'il a trouvée très désespérée. Je fais parvenir un message à Su. Je ressens ce vieux malaise : son attachement, le déséquilibre dû à l'absence de réponse en moi...

Plus tard elle passe à Matrimandir me demander que nous prenions le petit-déjeuner ensemble demain ; elle semble un peu rétablie...

***21-5-1991, Auroville :**

Ce soir, vers 22 heures 30, non loin de Madras, Rajiv Gandhi est assassiné : une bombe explose qui tue une dizaine de personnes de son entourage et de deux femmes qui, semble-t-il, transportaient l'explosif dans des paniers de fleurs. Sonia n'était pas avec lui ce soir. Les rumeurs attribuent la responsabilité au LTTE et indirectement au parti de Karunanidhi, le DMK...

***22-5-1991, Auroville :**

Des violences partout dans le pays ; dans les villages alentour, les partisans du Congress I s'en prennent à ceux du DMK, et brûlent et démolissent les lieux d'élections, qui sont remises officiellement à la mi-Juin...

Les funérailles de Rajiv sont prévues pour vendredi.

Dans la plupart des Etats, l'Armée est appelée à l'aide.

Il me semble que le Président devrait aller plus loin et remplacer, le temps qu'il faudra, la police par l'armée ; sinon le pays risque de s'enfoncer encore...

... Selvam a dû se rendre au village à la rescousse de son frère aîné (employé par le Congress I, alors que son plus jeune frère s'est joint au DMK), qui s'est fait, avec trois de ses amis et un enfant, rouer de coups et taillader méchamment par une meute de 50 personnes ; il le ramène sur une civière à travers la campagne ; plus tard la police arrive au village déserté et transporte les autres blessés à Jipmer.

Tristement, plusieurs témoignages concourent, Somu semble bien avoir prêté main forte à cette meute...

***23-5-1991, Auroville :**

Je n'ai pu garder les ouvriers que pour trois heures de la matinée ; la bande de voyous d'Edayachavadi a obtenu l'arrêt du travail dans la plupart des unités d'Auroville et même au Secrétariat ; Ojha s'est dérobé, et il n'y a personne d'autorité, aucun groupe de substance, qui soit prêt à agir...

C'est la misère dans sa nudité grouillante... Et aucun de ceux qui sont nés ici ne peut entièrement y échapper : les liens sont trop immédiats et trop multiples.

On ne peut tenter d'ouvrir cette trame que par un travail lent, très persistant et très ingrat, à travers quelques individus...

***24-5-1991, Auroville :**

Les funérailles de Rajiv sont transmises en direct dans tout le pays.

Une partie de la matinée avec Somu et Selvam, à rétablir un sens d'équipe entre eux...

La chaleur est très lourde, et l'énergie est basse.

J'ai l'impression de m'enfoncer, m'enliser, presque de disparaître dans un état de conscience raréfié, élémentaire – une sorte de lente noyade à laquelle je ne saisis pas d'alternative... C'est à la fois personnel et impersonnel, l'effet d'un choix de se donner physiquement, dans un engagement dont la base se situe peut-être au-delà de l'humain...

***26-5-1991, Auroville :**

Sonia refuse de prendre la direction du Congress I.

***27-5-1991, Auroville :**

Cet après-midi, réunion avec Pierre E, J.L, Toine et Aurofuture ; leur prototype de disque ne me convainc pas ; mais parallèlement, au cours des dernières semaines, par touches et bribes, avec Silvio et Pierre E, s'est dégagé un accord sur la méthode d'exécution du revêtement de la sphère, beaucoup plus simple et plus sûre... Alors c'est un pas en avant, hors de la confusion des opinions, qui est dicté par la structure elle-même, par ce qui est déjà matérialisé, et c'est encourageant.

***28-5-1991, Auroville :**

Ramalingam, au travail, a fait un mouvement brutal et séparé qui m'a graduellement plongé dans un état difficile ; ses motivations étaient d'une nature extérieure : l'opinion des autres quant à la qualité de notre travail. Il exige que nous fassions un travail qui soit le plus visiblement parfait possible, quitte à gaspiller ou à détruire pour recommencer ; Dans ce cas je ne l'avais pas jugé nécessaire, non par indifférence, mais parce que je tenais compte de plusieurs facteurs qui sont à mes yeux complémentaires.

Cela a provoqué en moi une sorte d'étonnement douloureux, et une perte d'intérêt ; et je me suis retrouvé à ce point où, pratiquement, la chose qui me tient, m'oblige à continuer, est la responsabilité que me donne l'absolue confiance de C, et son besoin à elle de progresser, et la qualité de son amour...

... Selvam, à travers tout cela, est tranquille et tendre ; mais il est affecté aussi, et son corps l'a exprimé aujourd'hui, par une douleur aigue au cœur ; sa beauté profonde est un grand cadeau...

***30-5-1991, Auroville :**

Je me sens vitalemment fatigué et dégoûté. Quelque chose continue de s'interposer entre Ramalingam et moi, et le travail s'en ressent. Je ne vois pas comment sortir de ce piège qui nous a saisis tous les deux... J'ai le sens comme d'une toile solidaire de toutes les torsions, les motivations déformées...

Ce que j'aime, c'est sentir dans l'action que nous sommes plusieurs corps d'un même élan, d'un même engagement et d'une même offrande, et qu'ensemble nous donnons l'impulsion juste à tous ces hommes qui viennent aider, avec leurs cœurs et leurs corps...

A présent, les commandes sont confuses, et les réponses aux petits événements et aux nécessités du moment sont incohérentes...

... Hier, sur mes instructions, l'un des gardiens a finalement arrêté M qui emportait une fois de plus un sac chargé de bonnes pièces de bois ; j'avais souhaité, avec Ramalingam, marquer le coup sans ambiguïté – M est devenu « Aurovilien » grâce aux pressions exercées par Arjun, et il est d'autant plus important de ne pas couvrir le mauvais exemple qu'il donne aux ouvriers... Mais là non plus nous n'avons pu trouver d'accord...

***31-5-1991, Auroville :**

Ramalingam et moi nous hissons hors du trou et nous rétablissons... Quand les larmes ont jailli dans ses yeux, le courant est revenu directement, pur et profond... Je me sens si petit et limite : ce « moi » qui persiste, dévié et entravé... De cette fatigue, nous sommes passés à une fatigue physique plus réceptive : un long bétonnage, avec les ouvriers, de 17 à 23 heures...

... Deux lettres anonymes, signées « Tamil Tigers », sont parvenues au bureau ; l'une, adressée au Groupe de Coordination, contient des menaces de meurtre à mon égard ; l'autre est adressée à mon nom ; je ne les ai pas encore lues : Toine est venu me prévenir pendant le bétonnage, préoccupé par le venin et la violence qui s'y expriment, et souhaitant faire intervenir les autorités locales... Mais il semble clair que cela vient de Durai...

***1-6-1991, Auroville :**

Lettre de Soaz et Samuel, avec une belle photo de mon Samuel.

Au retour d'Arjun ce matin, nous avons découvert que Ta grande photographie avait été enlevée de son bureau, par Bhaga, pour le Service du Free Store, sans que nous nous en soyons aperçus, et nous découvrons que Barbara avait donné son accord, sans nous le dire... : une petite catastrophe psychologique pour Arjun, que j'ai dû m'efforcer de réparer de mon mieux, en faisant la commande auprès d'A d'une nouvelle photographie...

... Visite de N, ambivalente : je ne peux plus l'aider matériellement, sinon peut-être pour lui procurer les livres et cahiers d'école de ses enfants ; il semble calmement désespéré...

Plus je me coule dans ce monde environnant, plus je m'y ouvre et plus j'éprouve, dans son énormité comme dans ses détails, le besoin de tous ces êtres – et la distance qui nous sépare encore d'un changement réel et durable...

***3-6-1991, Auroville :**

Su est venue me voir deux fois aujourd'hui ; elle est encore très désorientée, et physiquement vulnérable : elle tombe, se cogne, se fait piquer par des insectes. Shano aussi est venu, dans l'après-midi, égoïste comme un enfant peut l'être, voulant « sa » détente...

Il a plu toute une partie de ce dimanche. Toine et Arjun sont venus me chercher ce matin pour se mettre d'accord sur l'action à suivre à propos de la lettre anonyme de Durai... Je demande à ce qu'une pression soit faite par Auroville, avant de songer à s'en remettre à la police. Durai, lui, nie tout ; il nie même avoir prononcé cette harangue l'autre jour, dont la lettre reproduit les termes, bien que plusieurs autres y aient également assisté ; il cherche maintenant à nous convaincre de son innocence par une démonstration d'humilité et de fraternité, accumulant les mensonges...

C'est sans fin et sans issue : cela descend dans un niveau de pourriture qui est installé ici, sous-jacent à tout, toléré, entretenu...
C'est un moment très délicat et exigeant pour nous tous...

***4-6-1991, Auroville :**

Dans la nuit quelqu'un a pénétré la pièce commune ici et s'est emparé de mon dossier en cuir où je range le courrier récent, mais a laissé la machine à calculer qui se trouvait juste à côté... Tout cela est bizarre ; c'est triste aussi, parce que c'était le dossier que Su m'avait offert pour ma fête...

***5-6-1991, Auroville :**

Il me semble que c'est le climat ambigu, malhonnête et tamasique de ces dernières années qui a permis que de tels mouvements mûrissent et puissent se produire. Et il y a cette maladie de lâcheté, de « prudence politique »... Notre équipe a rencontré celle du « Working Committee » en fin de matinée ; nous avons présenté le « problème », avec l'aide de Yoke et d'Aster ; devant l'attitude « raisonnable » de Sanjeev, Arjun et Toine sont entrés dans une grande colère ; comme équipe, nous donnons décidément une image plutôt sauvage et intraitable !

Je suis resté comme pris dans un calme, tout du long : c'est pénible, après tant d'années, de voir encore colportées les mêmes formations destructrices à mon égard ; mais le contrecoup ne s'est fait sentir que plus tard, de retour ici, avec une vague de fièvre dont je n'ai pas encore émergé...

Selvam, très tendre et très vrai, est un trésor dans ma vie...

***6-6-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai essayé ce matin de me joindre à l'énergie du jour, comme si rien ne s'était passé ; mais après un court moment au Matrimandir, le corps a montré le chemin : je suis resté allongé jusqu'à ce soir, dans une fièvre de nettoyage...

Selvam, adorable et profond, a passé une partie de la journée ici à fixer de nouvelles conduites d'eau ; et ce soir Y m'a rendu visite, une visite inattendue mais bienvenue malgré la fièvre...

***7-6-1991, Auroville :**

C'est une bataille que je ne prétends pas comprendre.

Je sais maintenant que notre atmosphère collective n'est pas bonne ; notre exigence n'est pas à la hauteur de la tâche et, ainsi, les forces les plus grossières ont le jeu facile.

Parfois c'est un peu... redoutable.

L'énergie ne coule pas, et une sorte de désarroi s'empare de ceux qui essaient le plus de se donner...

***8-6-1991, Auroville :**

C'est une chaîne de réactions, de malentendus et de complications. L'attitude de John H – son manque de discernement émotionnel – m'a beaucoup affecté.

Mais la fièvre est revenue, avec pour moi le sens d'une nécessité impérative : trouver le progrès qu'il me faut faire si je dois continuer ici, au Matrimandir.

***11-6-1991, Auroville :**

Un terrible jour.

Le mensonge, la corruption des consciences, le tamas et la peur : c'est la solidarité de la résistance et de la déformation – la démonstration inversée de l'état nécessaire !

Durai a appelé une réunion générale, avec le soutien de Piero et de son groupe, qui s'est soldée par un vote à main levée ; j'étais le seul à refuser de participer à ce processus de défaite ; avec John H c'est difficile : quelque chose de vilain, qui ne s'offre pas.

***12-6-1991, Auroville :**

Une chaleur massive, épaisse, tout le jour, comme le poids d'une eau glauque partout dans le corps. Mais un sourire dans les visages de nos hommes ; et le tracteur et sa remorque sont arrivés, conduits par Ramalingam, flambant neufs, des fraises et des cerises peintes sous le dais...

***13-6-1991, Auroville :**

Hier soir j'ai découvert que le cadre contenant Ton message original aux travailleurs du Matrimandir avait disparu de la salle commune :

« Goodwill, Harmony, Discipline, Truth: I can work with you only if you do not say a lie and are at the service of Truth. Mother. »

« Bonne volonté, Harmonie, Discipline, Vérité : je ne peux travailler avec vous que si vous ne dites aucun mensonge et êtes au service de la Vérité. Mère. »

Mes nerfs sont à vif et j'ai une expérience difficile : je m'aperçois que si je regarde simplement la présence de tous ces petits mensonges dans notre atmosphère, le malaise devient si intolérable que je veux hurler ; c'est un peu effrayant.

J'essaie de mobiliser tout le monde à la recherche de Ton message – et je rencontre une sorte de grossière indifférence : la plupart ne se souviennent même pas du texte !

Je ne sais pas. J'ai l'impression d'être dans un grand vide, ou dans un milieu contraire parce qu'il ne progresse plus...

***14-6-1991, Auroville :**

Décoffrage du bétonnage d'hier : le béton est bon mais, une fois de plus, les menuisiers ont négligé la vibration dans les fourches de renfort et le coffrage intérieur s'est décollé – un débord dans la paroi. Inutile de se fâcher : mais c'est un peu ingrat de ne pouvoir compter que sur si peu d'êtres, de corps, pour une telle réalisation...

***15-6-1991, Auroville :**

Une longue réunion de travail – toute la matinée en fait. Le bruit des paroles, mis une bonne volonté en chacun ; et, presque comme une malédiction, cette formation rigide du concept de Roger A, que tant d'équipes et tant d'années ont vainement tenté d'intégrer...

... Visite de Ramanathan et de sa famille au Matrimandir, avec une offrande de Rs. 10,000/- ; je m'occupe de sa mère, un être conscient. Cette femme me raconte une

vision qu'elle a eue juste avant la pose de la première pierre pour Matrimandir, il y a maintenant 20 ans : elle a vu descendre Matrimandir, une substance légère comme une écume, une substance sans poids, et tout était là ; mais, tout autour, il y avait comme des serpents...

Je l'ai perçu comme un ensemble : les énergies qui viendraient en même temps, d'abord pour contredire et tenter d'imposer leur natures, jusqu'à ce qu'elles apprennent à collaborer... ?

... Je sens tout le temps la nécessité de traverser le couvercle, d'être établi ou concentré là ; mais il y a simultanément cette autre nécessité de rester en contact avec les autres, de continuer une sorte de solidarité d'équipe...

C'est le temps linéaire qui règne, avec ses plis et ses routines, ses ajustements séparés, fastidieux : ce n'est pas l'Action, ce n'est pas le Courant...

***21-6-1991, Auroville :**

Narasimhan Rao est élu Premier Ministre ; il lui faudra transiger avec le BJP pour constituer le nouveau Gouvernement, puisque le Congress I n'a pas obtenu la majorité absolue. Il semble que ce soit un homme de qualité, mais physiquement affaibli...

***24-6-1991, Auroville :**

Les choses se font dans une grande confusion. Il me semble qu'une hiérarchie serait préférable : il y a tant de gaspillage, et de fausses hâtes comme de fausses tranquillités. Et l'état d'incertitude et de mélange à propos de la coque et de son revêtement me soucie beaucoup...

***28-6-1991, Auroville :**

Voilà une expérience physique inattendue : Selvam, Anand et moi avons été attaqués par un essaim de « rock bees » : ce sont des abeilles volumineuses dont le dard est beaucoup plus venimeux que celui d'abeilles ordinaires ; d'habitude elles construisent leur ruche suspendue au flanc d'une falaise rocheuse, ou en haut d'un grand arbre ; nous avons dû plusieurs fois les capturer au cours des dernières années, depuis qu'elles ont découvert la sphère de Matrimandir et aussi quelques des plus grands arbres dans Auroville ; jusqu'à présent nous avons cherché à les emmener loin d'ici, sans les tuer. Nous étions sur l'échafaudage le plus haut, que nous bâtissons pour hisser et poser les éléments de la coque extérieure. Elles sont venues droit sur nous. L'une a d'abord piqué Selvam, et lui et les autres ont commencé de redescendre l'échafaudage ; j'ai été lent à réagir et voulais m'assurer que Selvam et Anand et les autres s'en tiraient bien. Quand j'ai commencé de descendre à mon tour, c'était trop tard ; tout le monde s'était réfugié dans des abris et toutes les abeilles s'en sont prises à moi. Arrivé en bas j'ai essayé de courir ; Anand m'a appelé de sous un arbuste à proximité de la sphère, mais j'étais déjà truffé de dards, et au bord de l'évanouissement ; je ne pouvais plus respirer et le cœur était tout à fait chaotique, quand Selvam est venu me prendre sur sa moto et me ramener à la maison. Il a mis longtemps à retirer tous les dards. Je me suis allongé et j'ai bu plusieurs litres d'eau en me concentrant pour essayer de faire passer la Force. Il a fallu plusieurs heures d'immobilité complète, dans une sorte de fièvre sèche et de brûlure générale ; puis le poison s'est rassemblé dans les mains et les pieds. Selvam, qui n'avait eu que quelques piqûres, a été très choqué par mon état... Le soir venu j'ai pu me lever.

***29-6-1991, Auroville :**

Ce matin il ne restait qu'une enflure dans les extrémités. On a repris le travail sur l'échafaudage.

Avant 10 heures les abeilles sont revenues, et m'ont choisi !

Je n'ai eu que trois piqûres cette fois-ci, et j'ai cru que ce serait sans conséquence. Mais une heure après tout le visage était en feu, et j'ai dû rentrer ici. La peau de tout le corps s'est mise à brûler, avec des démangeaisons affolantes, depuis le cuir chevelu jusqu'à la plante des pieds, et des boursouflures sur les flancs. Le visage s'est gonflé, déformé...

J'ai pu observer des choses intéressantes : les différents domaines du corps, et ceux où la Force rencontre le plus de résistance...

***2-7-1991, Auroville :**

Ce soir, Ramalingam, Shivan, Kalidas, L et moi délogeons le dernier nid de ces abeilles féroces ; nous terminons vers 21 heures. L reste près de moi pour opérer la grue sur la plateforme, et il y a entre nous un moment d'abandon si gentil et joyeux...

***5-7-1991, Auroville :**

Levée et mise en place de la 8^{ème} colonne dans la Chambre ce matin.

Découvert une erreur que j'ai faite dans les mesures de la poutre octogonale du réservoir ; le mystère : comment ai-je pu faire cette erreur dans ma lecture des plans ? Ce n'est ni de la négligence ni de la hâte, car j'ai soigneusement reporté l'erreur en tous points ! C'est autre chose, et c'est préoccupant... Il me semble que récemment encore j'aurais eu à lutter contre un mélange de dépression, de culpabilité, d'instinct de fuite et de dissimulation ; mais à présent je ne sais pas : je veux voir clairement le phénomène, sa source et son intention, tout comme ce qui, en moi, le permet, pas seulement d'un point de vue psychologique, mais d'un point de vue concret, presque chimique – avoir prise sur le processus de déformation ou de mensonge...

Ce n'est pas une erreur qui a de graves conséquences ; ce n'est pas nécessaire de la rectifier, en fait, mais simplement d'ajuster de légères différences, et la poutre sera seulement un peu plus haute que prévue. Mais c'est un peu impressionnant.

***7-7-1991, Auroville :**

Ma condition physique est déconcertante. Extérieurement, je me blesse souvent ces jours-ci, et deux des piqûres d'abeille se sont curieusement enflammées ; mais c'est organiquement que cela devient spectaculaire : cela fait plus d'un an maintenant que, chaque soir, au moment de passer dans l'état de sommeil, le cœur et la respiration sont saisis de désordre aigu. Chaque soir c'est la même chose. Et, depuis quelques jours, cela s'aggrave ; hier soir il m'a fallu plusieurs heures pour passer le seuil, des heures fatigantes. Il y a soit une sorte de décharge électrique, soit une panique respiratoire soudaine, suivie de douleurs dans le cœur et l'aorte...

Ce matin encore, le pouls demeure tout à fait irrégulier... Je ne sais pas ; il me semble que c'est un problème de ventilation dans une partie du cœur, mais je n'en suis pas sûr... Ce qui me préoccupe, c'est que je n'ai pas d'indication intérieure, soit qu'il faut se préparer à partir, soit qu'il s'agit d'un travail de la Force. Il n'y a, étrangement, pas d'inquiétude dans le corps...

Est-ce que je dois écrire mes « dernières volontés » ?

... Depuis l'adolescence de ce corps j'ai eu à travailler pour contrôler, maîtriser ou harmoniser cette sorte de désordre, et peut-être s'agit-il d'une malformation de naissance ; je soupçonne que, si je m'en étais ouvert à la science médicale, j'aurais dû suivre un chemin différent ; mais c'est celui de la conscience que je veux poursuivre...

Où est, quel est le vrai sens ?

***9-7-1991, Auroville :**

Tous ces jours-ci je me cogne et me blesse, mes gestes sont imprécis...

Depuis deux jours, sans raison extérieure apparente, un point d'infection s'est déclaré au bout de mon annulaire droit. Je suis rentré ce soir avec de la fièvre, et le sentiment du corps est d'être battu injustement. J'ai utilisé la pierre noire pour tirer l'infection, et c'était douloureux... Il y a maintenant un ganglion à l'aisselle droite...

***10-7-1991, Auroville :**

Levée et mise en place de la 10^{ème} colonne.

L'un de nos ouvriers, le conducteur du char à bœufs, a eu hier soir un grave accident, au retour d'une longue course.

La fièvre a monté ; tout le corps est mal à l'aise et le pouls est tout à fait désordonné, d'extrêmement rapide à presque imperceptible tant il se ralentit, en l'espace d'une minute... Je me sens idiot, et inutile...

***15-7-1991, Auroville :**

L a choisi de venir ici après le travail ; avec une sorte de tendresse physique joyeuse, sans réserves ; plus d'une heure ainsi dans une détente reconnaissante, presque un repos profond, parce qu'il y a là une réciprocité sans complication...

***17-7-1991, Auroville :**

Le procès de Selvam à la Haute Cour de Madras : les conséquences de ses années avec D.P...

J'ai appelé Jairaman ce soir, pendant mon tour de garde ; toute la semaine dernière il a battu Bhoomadevi et leur fille Vijaya, et Bhoomadevi était venue s'en plaindre à moi ; ce matin, il était tellement ivre qu'il était incapable de conduire le tracteur ; Ramalingam et moi essayons de lui donner « une dernière chance » ; ce n'est pas facile : chacun de ces êtres si démunis aurait besoin d'une aide personnelle directe assez considérable, et ce n'est pas possible. On ne peut que chercher à établir une atmosphère, et encourager chaque mouvement un peu droit...

... Subramani, notre conducteur de char, ne semble pas pouvoir s'en sortir ; il est à Madras, presque entièrement paralysé...

... C m'écrit que R est de nouveau hospitalisé, pour un autre débouchage d'artère...

***18-7-1991, Auroville :**

Après le travail L est rentré ici avec moi, pour « soigner sa migraine » ! Et nous sommes restés ensemble un long moment, librement ; je l'avais tant demandé, cette tendresse libre et partagée, innocente et douce, sans histoires, gentille... J'en suis très reconnaissant, et cela m'aide à me rassembler, au lieu de lutter contre un manque...

... Ce soir Dharman, Shivan et moi devons détruire une autre ruche d'abeilles ; elles sont revenues exactement au même endroit : pas les mêmes, puisque nous les avons détruites, mais d'autres – ce sont les charmes de la communication directe dans l'espèce... !

***19-7-1991, Auroville :**

Ce soir, nouvelle réunion de coordination de tous les travaux, avec Toine, Asha, Arjun, Pierre E et A, suivie d'une séance d'asanas, bien nécessaire. L'expérience avec L me libère beaucoup ; c'est une réponse concrète, simple et douce... Merci !

***22-7-1991, Auroville :**

J'éprouve une saturation à l'égard de l'influence de Roger A et de cet état d'indécision collective où chaque choix est noyé dans un labour d'opinions et de propositions dépourvues de centre...

***23-7-1991, Auroville :**

Depuis que j'ai repris cette sorte de discipline de rédiger des notes quotidiennes, j'essaie de la faire en Français, mais cela me semble lointain et plat ; à vrai dire, ni le Français ni l'Anglais ne me permettent de mettre en contact la qualité ou le niveau de l'expérience avec une expression satisfaisante...

... Réunion de coordination cet après-midi ; à un certain niveau d'énergie et d'engagement, je me sens bien avec cette équipe ; mais en termes de direction et d'utilisation de cette énergie, ce n'est pas pareil : je ne suis pas en accord avec les choix et les orientations qui dominent, et je ne vois pas encore comment l'exprimer utilement...

... Plus tard dans la soirée, réunion appelée par plusieurs des ouvriers avec Dharman et Gajendran, à laquelle ils m'ont demandé d'assister : il s'agit de cet ouvrier que Dharman nous a demandé d'embaucher, pour un salaire assez élevé ; Ramalingam et moi n'avons pas eu le temps de bien regarder le problème...

C'est une situation sans pareille, nulle part, avec ce terme d'« Aurovilien » et toutes ses implications, au sein de ces structures ordinaires, autour d'un objet et d'un but qui nous dépassent entièrement...

***24-7-1991, Auroville :**

Toujours ces coups de bourrasque chaude et poussiéreuse – les feuilles sont rabougries et l'air est terni... Je me suis cogné le genou ce matin contre un gros clou...

John H s'en va à Bombay demain matin et il y restera jusqu'à ce que les symboles soient prêts : il a accepté de remplir cette fonction, puisque rien ne se passe bien sans une présence active et disponible...

***25-7-1991, Auroville :**

Je suis gêné dans le travail par cette douleur au genou ; il semble que le choc ait provoqué un épanchement de synovie, qu'il n'est pas facile de résorber...

Visite d'Annappa, après 10 ans d'absence, je crois - le doux Annappa ; et retour de Jérôme...

Yanne est venue me voir pour me demander d'écrire un article sur mon expérience de Matrimandir dans « Auroville Aujourd'hui », insistant que je dois me sentir libre d'exprimer ma « subjectivité »... ! A priori, cela me tente et m'intéresse ; et j'ai trouvé cela plutôt courageux de sa part...

... L est venu me rejoindre ici après le travail : c'est quelque chose de doux, de pur et d'heureux, à ce niveau...

***27-7-1991, Auroville :**

Au cours des moments de repos hier, puis dans la nuit, j'ai rédigé un texte en réponse à l'invitation de Yanne ; je le corrigerai en la tapant ; il va me falloir le réduire et je ne sais pas comment, car il y a déjà d'importantes lacunes ; mais elle m'a donné 700 mots : ce n'est rien !

... J'ai exprimé à Arjun ma réticence et mes réserves quant à cette nouvelle entreprise de fabrication des disques par l'équipe « Tecnica » de Silvio, avant de devoir marquer les fondations de l'atelier demandé ; mais Arjun ne comprend pas bien ; nous ne partageons pas nos perceptions dans ce domaine...

... Annappa est déterminé à revenir vivre ici avec sa famille, en Février prochain, et il a décidé de s'en remettre... à moi ! Il est si tendre et vibrant dedans, c'est une joie de le revoir... !

... Avec le travail de John H qui s'ajoute au mien, la journée devient une chaîne ininterrompue de bribes... tant pis pour mon goût du travail physique concentré ! Et il y a tous ces trousseaux de clés... !

***A propos du Matrimandir, texte pour « Auroville Aujourd'hui » :**

« Quand Yanne est venue me trouver sur le chantier pour m'inviter à écrire à propos du Matrimandir, nous avons d'abord échangé quelques paroles sur l'étape présente des travaux ; puis elle a introduit la notion de subjectivité, en exprimant le souhait que je me sente libre de rendre mon propre témoignage.

Justement, l'existence même du Matrimandir implique de tendre par-delà cette dualité inhérente à notre condition : où est l'objectivité réelle – est-elle accessible ? La présence du Matrimandir, les demandes et les besoins de sa construction, jusque dans les détails les plus infimes, nous obligent à franchir des frontières, à contempler l'impossible, à se laisser saisir.

Mère un jour, dans une intensité de question, l'a formulé ainsi :

'La seule objectivité, c'est le Suprême...'

Comme le Soleil, symbole du Divin, Matrimandir se tient au-delà de ces frontières ; et pourtant ce sont des corps et de la matière mentalisée qui le rendent tangible...

Comme le Soleil, Matrimandir est un Fait gratuit – non mérité : un don pur, un présent de Présence pour tous et pour tout, sans distinction, sans préférence, un rayonnement qui jaillit d'une source inépuisable, exempte de jugement ; une Présence à la fois inaltérable, incontournable, et génératrice du Possible...

Nous disons : 'l'unité' ; nous disons : 'la vérité'...

Mais l'unité ne se fabrique pas, la vérité ne se fait pas. Elles SONT.

C'est à nous d'apprendre à disparaître dans le Sens, pour que se manifeste l'Etat qui est leur demeure naturelle.

Ce n'est pas un stade 'supérieur' ; ce n'est pas un perfectionnement de notre condition.

C'est un passage dans, ou de, la Présence.

Nous nous accrochons à des symboles comme à des références sûres dans un paysage fragmenté.

Mais Matrimandir a choisi d'être une sphère ; une plénitude à venir : une Force consciente, sans nom...

Quand l'être du dedans – celui qui nous porte plus que nous le portons – m'a ramené à Mère et que par Sa Grâce je suis rentré en contact avec cette Vibration, ce degré de Présence qui est l'eau, l'air, le feu et la terre de l'âme, le Pays, la certitude et le Sens ; quand, physiquement à Ses pieds, conscient de ce Don qui est Elle, j'ai eu 20 ans, je ne savais presque rien d'Auroville, et rien du tout d'un Matrimandir qui venait d'être conçu dans Sa Conscience.

Mais je savais désormais qu'il y a un Possible, Quelque Chose qui peut, qui répond, qui rend vrai et plein ; à Ses pieds, le corps et l'être psychique deviennent un et le chemin s'ouvre : on comprend.

Quand j'ai pu enfin me défaire des contrats antérieurs et revenir physiquement vers Elle, j'ai été dirigé vers Matrimandir.

Ce premier instant s'est inscrit profondément : rencontre, et retrouvaille, en un temps où le futur et l'attente immémoriale se fondent.

Ce jour-là commençait le bétonnage de la première dalle joignant les 4 piliers.

Gérard se tenait accoudé près de la bétonnière. Il a levé les yeux, et j'y ai trouvé cette même joie de reconnaissance qui venait de monter du dedans.

C'est ça : ce que nous avons à faire cette fois-ci.

Ni un bâtiment, ni une cathédrale, ni une pyramide, mais le corps d'un Etre qui est venu pour Son Travail.

Un Etre qui demandera nos énergies, et nous donnera la sécurité du Contact.

Un Etre qui nous mènera à l'unité en nous concentrant sur la vraie Force – ce 'nous' sans visages et sans noms, ce 'nous' entier et sans limites auquel, par moments, nous appartenons...

Depuis ce jour, jamais je n'ai pu m'éloigner.

Même durant ces quelques périodes où il m'était clairement donné un autre travail, le lien demeurait implicite, jamais remis en question.

Cet Etre qu'Elle a nommé Matrimandir, qui vient pour recevoir et canaliser la Force qu'Elle incarne, cet imperturbable Ami, est la première ancre qu'Elle a jetée, dans la matière.

La deuxième ancre Elle la jeta plus tard dans nos consciences, pour qu'elles soient tenues d'apprendre, par ouvertures successives, la matière vraie, libre de la mort et de la dualité : Son Agenda.

Et pourtant, autour de ces deux ancres, comme le jeu des forces exclusives s'est déchaîné !

Un déchaînement souvent si banal et si 'normal' qu'on ne sait plus parfois si le chemin ne s'est pas refermé : parce que ce jeu est évidemment sans scrupules, et utilise tout.

Près de 20 années se sont écoulées. On y a affronté beaucoup de monstres, accumulé les défaites et les pauvretés ; on s'y est blessé, parfois fatalement. Mais toujours une tendresse est demeurée dans le corps et derrière le cœur, et un silence au-dedans.

Sans cette impossible structure qui petit à petit, en dépit de toutes les contradictions, se complète, Auroville n'aurait pu subsister.

Malgré tous les gaspillages, les entraves et les démissions, c'est l'histoire du déroulement d'un Fiat inéluctable.

A ce jour, la Chambre intérieure est presque achevée, dans son apparence.

Pour cette Chambre, nous avons Ses instructions directes : Elle l'a découverte, pénétrée et décrite en détail.

Au-delà des difficultés pratiques, la contradiction ne pouvait plus se loger que dans notre présomption à vouloir modifier ces formes ou les 'améliorer' : une préoccupation si grossière qu'elle a pu être écartée.

Mais pour le reste de la structure – et sûrement il s'agit d'une épreuve voulue et nécessaire – subsistent encore des zones d'ambiguïté, où les opinions, les préférences et les prédilections de chacun peuvent s'exercer.

Il n'y a pas de recette.

Nous devons devenir capables d'aborder l'Inconnu à partir d'un centre de perception fiable et prêt à la transition.

Et ainsi sommes-nous acculés à cette question brûlante de l'objectivité...

La solution juste pour l'achèvement de la sphère se rendra-t-elle perceptible à tous, ou à quelques-uns ? A travers une série d'approximations, ou par une évidence matérielle ? A travers la vision d'une, ou de plusieurs consciences, ou à la faveur d'un 'accident' ? En réponse à un appel collectif, individuel, retiré de l'activité, ou dans le travail même ?

Et s'agit-il de la relation de Matrimandir avec le monde, ou de sa propre plénitude active et inaliénable ?

Pouvons-nous saisir le caractère juste que cette sphère doit projeter pour les siècles à venir ?

Savons-nous ce que nous faisons ?

Ce sont des mots. Mais les gestes de chaque instant sont habités d'une question qui contient toutes ces questions ou les porte en avant, presque aveuglément ; comme la traversée d'une obscurité de lumière...

Oui, d'ici quelques semaines, tel ou tel individu pourra accéder à la Chambre, qui lui semblera achevée, et y faire certainement l'expérience qui lui sera la plus utile.

Mais le corps entier de Matrimandir doit accéder à sa complétude pour délivrer son sens : celui d'une organisation de la conscience de demain, dont le centre conscient ne sera plus le mental, mais ce point de Silence lumineux et vivant, irrévocablement posé dans l'axe de la Force qui délivrera le monde vrai, où tout se réunit dans une seule offrande qui célèbre Sa création libre...

Alors serons-nous guéris des religions, comme des fardeaux de la séparation.

Il nous faut arriver là. C'est notre part de l'effort. Là nous attend. Là a le temps. C'est peut-être nous qui ne l'avons pas ?

Individuellement, la première réalisation est simple et presque physique : après des âges de résistance, d'errance et de marchandage, on se fabrique un centre relatif qui ne servira ultimement que de tremplin : le moment vient et on se tourne Là. Comme un gymnaste on s'accroche à la Force, et on se rétablit Là. On ne veut plus rien que Cela : que Cela soit. Un abandon orienté.

Mais comment atteindre cette première réalisation collectivement, dans l'action ?

Dans le mouvement des énergies il semble y avoir depuis quelques temps une convergence ; c'est ainsi qu'il est devenu possible de reprendre le travail de Matrimandir dans tous ses aspects. L'activité a décuplé au cours des derniers mois et, à mesure que se déblaie le chemin, on avance.

C'est une avance qu'il est difficile de définir avec précision : un tracteur neuf qui remorque un morceau de colline, un chargement de marbre doux comme du lait, deux bétonnages en un jour à deux points différents de la structure, ou l'apaisement d'une querelle entre deux 'ouvriers' (ces hommes qui savent sourire et laisser couler l'énergie dans les corps)...

Je ne sais pas si Matrimandir est une réponse directe à la souffrance de tous ceux qui suffoquent ou sont opprimés, ni aux maux dont la Terre est victime dans cet âge mentalisé jusqu'à l'échec.

Mais c'est un canal de la Réponse à ceux qui savent du dedans et d'en haut que nous sommes au point d'une nouvelle Naissance ; et qu'ainsi seulement un autre Regard révélera les moyens et les chemins d'une harmonie progressive qui englobera tout dans sa réalisation physique.

Alors il faut aider. Aider le monde vrai, la vraie matière.

La vérité du monde ne deviendra pas plus accessible à force de discours et d'idéaux, de méditations et de bonnes intentions.

Il faut que s'établissent des lieux physiques où la Force vraie puisse couler en toute sécurité : des percées de la trame, dont rien de moindre ne puisse s'emparer.

Matrimandir, après le Samadhi de Sri Aurobindo, est un tel, premier lieu.

Un lieu indispensable.

Alors que nous sommes tous nivelés au plus commun dénominateur, ce qui endure et persiste et marche n'a plus rien d'héroïque ni de romantique.

Cela voit, et accepte le pire comme le meilleur et Cela nous apprend à continuer dans la grisaille d'une substance générale qui est à la fois une agonie et un balbutiement...

Divakar. »

***28-7-1991, Auroville :**

Visite ce matin de N, plus désespéré que jamais ; il s'est fait battre par ses voisins ; sa femme est partie ; il s'accroche à ses deux enfants, parle de mourir avec eux... Je ne peux plus rien pour lui ; il a demandé à ce que je le prenne dans mes bras un moment...

***29-7-1991, Auroville :**

Abcès d'une molaire.

Des détails, des détails, de tous les côtés, et j'en oublie les choses les plus élémentaires... avec l'impression de devenir de plus en plus imbécile !

Il n'y a pas d'organisation qui puisse tenir d'elle-même, en tous les cas pas dans ces circonstances et conditions : il faut chaque jour y insuffler l'élan et l'exigence...

... Su est venue me dire ce matin qu'elle ne revient pas ici maintenant mais va emménager chez Kenneth... ; que c'est là son moyen de se détacher de moi, comme je le souhaite. Elle était à la fois tendue et plus calme...

***31-7-1991, Auroville :**

Il y a un climat d'antagonisme croissant à mesure que s'approche cette date d'une inauguration factice de la Chambre intérieure, à laquelle Piero participe ; il avait déjà demandé une somme d'argent pour faire faire une centaine de coussins avec leurs housses de rechange, tout en refusant de considérer la moindre mesure de discipline et d'ordre concernant l'accès à la Chambre et son utilisation ; aujourd'hui encore il s'est mis dans une grande colère lorsque je lui ai réitéré notre demande de dialogue à ce sujet...

***1-8-1991, Auroville :**

Luigi, de retour, et invoquant le concept de Roger A, fait objection à la décision de commencer le nouveau jardin des roses, pour lequel Walter vient de travailler plusieurs semaines à établir les plans d'exécution, avec l'accord de Roger A... ! C'est un processus idiot, où constamment les énergies sont neutralisées, au lieu d'être clairement canalisées...

... Selvam rentre de Madras juste à temps pour descendre à Pondy avec moi et chercher des cadeaux pour la fête d'Arjun ; une énorme pluie d'orage nous surprend sur le chemin du retour et nous arrivons chez Arjun complètement trempés ; et la maison d'Arjun et Deepti fuit de toutes parts, et c'est un grand désordre joyeux, à la clarté des bougies... Le belle et courageuse Deepti, qui a bien du mal avec cette arthrite rhumatoïde qui l'attaque dans toutes les articulations...

***2-8-1991, Auroville :**

De la boue, de la boue, partout ; mais le jardin respire, la sève circule et les feuilles sont à nouveau pleines...

***6-8-1991, Auroville :**

Je vais comme une mule : de gauche et de droit, descendre et remonter, les poches pleines de clés, poursuivant dix choses à la fois... Ramalingam, abruti de fièvre, n'apparaît que l'après-midi, pour s'avachir dans un fauteuil devant les bureaux, Shivan écroulé derrière lui, dans le même état...

... Petit bétonnage dans le Chambre, pour soutenir les sections de marbre blanc de Ton symbole ; Piero s'active et se démène pour que tout soit prêt le 15...

... Visite de Yanne ce soir ; elle et Cr ont aimé mon texte et ne veulent rien y changer...

***7-8-1991, Auroville :**

L'achat des terrains manquants pour les Pétales et les Jardins semble maintenant tout à fait compromis ; invités par le « Collector » les propriétaires se sont mis d'accord pour monter les prix dans des proportions si absurdes que cela n'exprime plus qu'un refus de Te servir...

***8-8-1991, Auroville :**

Montée et mise en place de la 12^{ème} colonne dans la Chambre : les 12 sentinelles sont maintenant à leur place !

Beaucoup de monde ; à un certain nouveau l'atmosphère mentale était petite, et mesquine aussi : il y avait même un gâteau dans l'atelier de peinture, mais rien pour les ouvriers ! Cela nous a rendus, Ramalingam et moi, très furieux, et très tristes...

... Hier soir Aurora, enceinte de presque 9 mois, est attaquée par deux hommes chez elle, dans sa salle de bains, et blessée au cou... Mais elle n'est pas en danger et l'un de ces hommes a été capturé...

***9-8-1991, Auroville :**

Journée de travail physique intensif, et coordination au galop... C'est drôle comme les antagonismes ont tendance à se défaire à mesure que l'énergie trouve des réceptivités, et que chacun se donne un peu plus au travail à faire ; c'est drôle, et c'est triste en même temps, parce que cela montre bien à quel point nous dépendons encore de poussées extérieures pour dissoudre nos formations et nos barrières, combien nous obéissons peu à la Conscience, combien nous lui sommes encore fermés...

... Une étrange situation ce soir : Toine et moi sommes missionnés à une réunion spéciale à « Aurodam » pour informer à propos des recherches et travaux en cours pour le revêtement de la sphère un groupe de gens d'Auroville qui ont écrit et signé une pétition s'y opposant. C'est un curieux milieu social, très mélangé, dans une opacité dense de rumeurs et de formations, avec l'arrogance confortable de ceux qui n'éprouvent pas particulièrement le besoin d'une autre condition, ni de l'aide pour y accéder ; ici et là pourtant, une certaine authenticité, du point de vue d'un processus évolutif qui se doit de respecter et d'honorer la Nature terrestre...

Toine et moi formons probablement une association aussi inattendue qu'illogique ; il ne se passe rien de concluant, mais je sens là des signes avant-coureurs d'un moment de choix collectif, et qu'il nous faut de notre côté être très ouverts et nous placer au maximum de notre conscience...

***10-8-1991, Auroville :**

Toute la journée, avec nos hommes, Ramalingam et moi démontons le grand échafaudage à l'intérieur de la Chambre ; nous finissons juste avant 17 heures sans un heurt, sans faire tomber un seul joint, une seule clef ; cela a demandé de chacun toute la concentration, l'attention et la coordination et tout l'équilibre possibles, et tous sont heureux de s'y être donnés ; de tels moments partagés composent une si belle histoire, si profondément tendre...

***11-8-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai commencé à l'aube le nettoyage dominical, pour me rendre disponible à la réception des visiteurs au Matrimandir... J'ai aussi retrouvé Arjun au bureau en fin de matinée : il voulait depuis quelques jours que nous parlions tranquillement ; il ressent la montée d'une crise et l'imminence d'un autre conflit avec Piero...

Nos perceptions et nos expériences différent à beaucoup d'égards, et convergent à beaucoup d'autres ; mais toujours nous partageons cette exigence d'une communication directe et droite, aussi vraie que nous en sommes capables...

... Il y a dans la Chambre une effervescence bizarre, et des mouvements individuels qui sont parfois pénibles ; il y a généralement ce besoin de bien faire ; pourtant, je ne sais pas, je ressens comme une insuffisance presque douloureuse, une question difficile à supporter, devant... une certaine pauvreté de conscience...

Et je suis tellement reconnaissant de travailler quotidiennement avec les gens d'ici, qui ne prétendent rien, qui sont complètement ce qu'ils sont : infiniment plus transparents... !

***13-8-1991, Auroville :**

Réunion de coordination cet après-midi, plutôt créative, dans le sens d'un accord sans concessions ni compromis ; mais nous avons un moment de conflit quand Arjun soulève la question de Ramalingam et moi, ainsi que certains de nos ouvriers, fumant sur la structure, et je répond que je ne ressens aucunement la nécessité de m'abstenir tant que les travaux ne sont pas terminés et que je suis là comme ouvrier...

... Ton symbole de marbre est mis en place, 20 ans, 8 mois et 13 jours après que Tu aies vu cette Chambre (le 1^{er} Janvier 1970) ; le polissage du sol se termine.

De nombreux visiteurs viennent, aux heures que nous avons indiquées...

... Les « Notes d'Auroville » publient un compte-rendu tout à fait malhonnête et déformé de la réunion à laquelle Toine et moi avons été conviés...

***15-8-1991, Auroville :**

De 5 à 11 heures ce matin et de 14 à 19 heures 30 ce soir j'étais là, l'un des « gardiens »...

Une grande tension, la conscience de toutes sortes de facteurs en jeu, et l'expérience graduelle de la prise de possession du lieu par la Force... comme une mise au diapason très attentive, impossible à décrire...

Et aussi : le sens de l'horreur qui nous attend si nous ne savons pas grandir à la Tâche... !

Ce Matrimandir est Ton terrible cadeau !

Soit il sera ouvert à tout et à tous, et ce sera la destruction d'Auroville ; soit nous deviendrons capables de l'entourer d'une atmosphère vivante, de la sincérité d'une aspiration et d'une exigence véritables, et nous serons suffisamment unis et responsables dans notre discernement et le don actif de nous-mêmes à la Force de changement pour que s'opère un filtrage effectif, et Auroville grandira vraiment...

J'ai pris la mesure de beaucoup de choses, mais ce n'est pas encore mentalisé.

C'était une journée très dure.

Le fait d'avoir cherché à finir la Chambre avant le reste de la structure va nous plonger dans des difficultés redoutables... Je ne sais pas...

Il y a eu plusieurs incidents pénibles ; il va falloir agir, prévenir, établir quelque chose de très clair et de très ferme, à commencer par les « Auroviliens » : car c'est

là que la compréhension doit venir le plus vite ; si elle manque, nous serons exposés à des contradictions très dangereuses...

Je me suis senti très seul, aussi...

Au milieu de tout ça, la visite de Karan Singh... !

***16-8-1991, Auroville :**

Ce matin la police partout, sur la structure, dans les jardins et jusque dans les arbres, pour la venue du Gouverneur du Tamil Nadu ; un homme sec et vif, qui a gravi la rampe au pas de course...

Et cet après-midi la visite officielle du « Governing Board », accompagné des membres du « Working Committee », suivie d'une réunion demandée par Karan Singh pour définir les priorités afin d'achever tous les travaux d'ici deux ans... ! Il s'est maintenant fixé pour but – de prestige ? – de hâter le processus pour que tout soit prêt le 28 Février 1993, date du « Silver Jubilee » d'Auroville...

Piero était présent ; il s'est placé comme au cœur du vrai travail, s'est laissé représenter comme une victime, avec le concours plutôt malhonnête du « Working Committee », et s'est permis d'exposer ses critiques du plan de Roger A... Alors est venue l'explosion : Arjun a plongé comme dans un jeu de quilles, et Toine était paralysé de colère...

A travers tout cela je suis resté impuissant, privé d'impulsion, comme le témoin d'une trappe dans laquelle nous tombons tous, car c'est un jeu de formations qui ne tient aucun compte de la position réelle, intérieure de chacun...

Je vois un peu de vérité de toutes parts ; mais, plus profondément, j'ai perdu toute confiance en Piero – même si je suis souvent d'accord avec ce qu'il dit... Alors que ma confiance dans l'attitude de fond d'Arjun, malgré tous ses excès, ses humeurs et ses colères, se vérifie avec l'expérience...

Je ne me trouve nulle part vraiment, bien qu'inévitablement je sois utilisé par ces jeux de forces, ne serait-ce que par associations. En quelques minutes, comme ce soir, où tout se cristallise à l'envers, c'est tout un travail d'équipe progressif, de partage et d'appel des énergies, qui peut être compromis... si l'on croit à la défaite !
... Je me sens usé et pollué...

***17-8-1991, Auroville :**

L'atmosphère est encore tout imprégnée de ces flots de visiteurs ; viciée aussi par l'insuffisance de compréhension parmi les Auroviliens... Il faut expliquer, encore et encore, insister pour garder l'orientation...

Et il y a ce début d'évènement, comme une bombe silencieuse derrière tout : l'action de la Force à travers la Chambre... cette blancheur immobile qui s'apprête à recevoir... Et pourtant, il y a encore bien du travail à y faire !

***19-8-1991, Auroville :**

Gorbatchev est renversé – le KGB et certains militaires ; Yeltsin parvient à regrouper ses troupes et à tenir tête...

... Ce soir nous devons détruire une autre ruche d'abeilles...

***20-8-1991, Auroville :**

Je ressens une colère qui est comme un appel ; cette confusion est trop pénible.

Ce n'est pas la conscience qui domine dans les êtres ; c'est ce même mélange insensé, sans issue et sans centre ni orientation, avec l'aggravation d'une prétention spirituelle et de la revendication d'un « droit »...

Les remous et les conflits autour de la question de l'accès à la Chambre et de son utilisation sont probablement comiques, mais aussi bien redoutables.

Je ne comprends pas ce règne de l'imbécillité, de la consommation, cette âpre convoitise, cette inepte démocratie spirituelle...

Pour couronner cette série de journées, Champaklal avait décidé de venir ce soir ; j'ai essayé de faire savoir que ce n'était pas un bon moment, mais son entourage, et l'entourage de son entourage, comme une masse de sangsues qui s'accrochent, font de lui quelque chose de si faux et de si contraire : ces photographies et ces rituels, cette complicité et cette pression suffocante, et ces gens maladroits, physiquement inconscients, qui ne sont même pas capables de le porter simplement, qui n'ont plus de honte, toute cette troupe est arrivée, un cortège de voitures, un agglutinement – ce n'était ni paisible ni ouvert, c'était... rien !

Une comédie.

Je suis très fâché. Cela m'est égal si des gens cultivent l'antagonisme ; je suis déterminé à affirmer une certaine orientation.

Il y a trop de bêtise ici.

Pour une fois je ne crains pas de faire le jeu de l'ego : il s'agit d'autre chose ; ce n'est pas ma « petite personne », c'est un chemin...

Je veux servir ce Matrimandir honnêtement, et durablement... sans simagrées.

Il y a tant de beauté, et tant de puissance, là : Cela dont nous avons tant besoin...

Mais qui est ce « nous » ? Où est-il ? Une espèce d'embryon indéfini, sujet à toutes les influences... !

... Les nouvelles de Gorbatchev sont contradictoires : a-t-il été ramené par le KGB, de Crimée à Moscou ? Ceux qui ont pris le pouvoir apparaissent assez incohérents, et il semble que Yeltsin tienne toujours tête...

En Inde, plusieurs des responsables de l'assassinat de Rajiv, dont Subhu et Shivarasan, encerclés par la police à Bangalore, se suicident...

***21-8-1991, Auroville :**

Mes journées se passent à ouvrir et fermer des serrures, à commander ceci et cela, expliquer, calmer des conflits imbéciles, traiter avec tel ou tel problème de visiteurs, et je n'ai d'autre recours ou référence qu'une certaine orientation et la perception, si insuffisante soit-elle, d'une qualité de vibration ou d'approche – pas des choses dont on puisse « discuter »...

Il m'est arrivé par exemple d'accompagner à la Chambre un homme âgé, qui a eu récemment une crise cardiaque, mais avait demandé à pouvoir s'y rendre avant de repartir au Madhya Pradesh, d'où il ne reviendrait probablement jamais : un homme adorable, un enfant de Toi, tout nettoyé, et l'émotion dans la Chambre était un présent à Tes pieds ; je l'ai tenu par la main tout le temps ; il a dit après qu'il n'avait ressenti aucun malaise, aucune fatigue, aucune tension... Ce sont de ces choses qui arrivent ici quelquefois qui me redonnent toujours le sens d'appartenir directement à ce pays, dans sa profondeur essentielle, comme à une famille...

Et pourtant, cet après-midi, j'ai dû refuser l'accès – c'est-à-dire affirmer la règle de ces deux après midis par semaine que nous avons déterminée – à un autre homme, un « devotee » de Bombay qui a donné de l'argent dans le passé, mais s'arrogeait le « droit » de s'asseoir dans la Chambre et d'y méditer aussi souvent et autant qu'il le souhaitait, son argument étant qu'en Toi il n'y a pas de règles et que Tu es opposée à toutes les lois...

Et ainsi les exemples défilent... Et psychologiquement cela oblige, ou induit, à une constante réévaluation de mes attitudes ; cela touche au cœur du chemin...

... Un long moment avec Arjun cet après-midi : Arjun qui se contrôle de moins en moins, qui blesse les gens, et se contredit en condamnant chez les autres ce qu'il manifeste lui-même, mais Arjun aussi qui, « en privé » - dans un espace de confiance - a une perception fondée, ancrée, et fiable...

***22-8-1991, Auroville :**

Bhavani a dû être emmenée à l'hôpital dans la nuit, pour une crise respiratoire aigüe ; elle est encore dans une condition précaire.

Ce soir devait se tenir une réunion de tous ceux qui ont participé à l'accueil des visiteurs, dans l'espoir de pouvoir ensemble dégager quelques directions claires ; mais il y a tant de remous dans l'atmosphère et tel ou tel problème se répercute sur tous les autres : il y a maintenant une vague orchestrée d'opposition à la participation financière de Madanlal et de SSJ et, par association, à l'orientation suivie par notre équipe de Coordination (ce sont pourtant les mêmes gens qui avaient soi-disant choisi d'« oublier le passé »...

... J.L est très affecté par la violence verbale d'Arjun ; cela m'a attristé...

... Ce soir du 22 Août - le jour de l'année où le soleil à son zénith vient exactement à l'aplomb du Matrimandir -, vers 19.15 h, le Cristal est posé sur le modèle temporaire des 4 symboles ; environ 40 personnes se trouvent dans la Chambre, pour aider aux manœuvres et assister à l'« évènement »...

Je ne sais pas clairement pourquoi je n'ai pas aimé ce moment ; humainement j'ai trouvé cela pénible ; mais je vois bien aussi que cela n'a probablement aucune importance, car nous ne sommes que de petites ombres devant une Décision d'en haut...

Mais je vois aussi que le résultat matériel du travail effectué n'est pas encore correct ; le système de réflecteurs que Piero a conçu n'est pas bon, les lampes sont réfléchies dans la surface du cristal et le rayon central n'est pas visible ; trop de lumière traverse le cristal, la Chambre elle-même est dans son ensemble trop éclairée ; la plus grande intensité de lumière se trouve à présent au-dessous du cristal, entre les symboles, alors qu'il ne devrait y avoir là qu'une luminosité douce de teinte orangée, d'après Ta description très précise... D'autre part, nous ne sommes pas encore équipés pour assurer l'entretien adéquat du Cristal ; la température dans la Chambre est trop haute et l'air y est trop humide...

Je ne sais pas ; il y a comme une colère, qui ne s'applique à rien en particulier, mais à une sorte d'indigence, et de grossièreté...

... Ramalingam est revenu juste à temps des carrières de granite...

***23-8-1991, Auroville :**

Après la réunion de travail pour les Jardins ce matin, a eu lieu une autre réunion, sous le Banyan, à propos des visiteurs, et de l'accès à la Chambre en général ; Mallika et moi formons une bonne équipe pour aboutir à des résultats concrets. Une vingtaine de personnes se trouvait là ; Piero et GI étaient présents. Les points d'accord semblent suffisants pour établir le minimum d'organisation nécessaire...

***24-8-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai dû traiter avec le projet d'un rassemblement prévu pour demain soir, à Matrimandir - une sorte d'appel « musical » pour invoquer l'harmonie dans le

collectif, soi-disant : Nadaka et son groupe de musiciens veulent présenter une composition inédite soit à l'amphithéâtre, soit sous le Banyan...

... Au travail jusqu'à 18.30h, et j'ai fermé les portes... Toujours il me faut apprendre une clarté et une fermeté qui ne soit pas une dureté...

... Bhavani est rentrée de l'hôpital ; Narayana est toujours hostile...

***25-8-1991, Auroville :**

Tout l'après-midi de ce dimanche à aider à recevoir les visiteurs ; puis j'ai dû garder la structure pendant la durée de ce concert imbécile, dans une grande tension ; je me suis aperçu que Piero était non seulement partie prenante mais avait eu l'intention d'inviter tout le monde à monter ensuite dans le Chambre ; notre refus, à Mallika et moi, l'a plus que contrarié ! (Comment ce Lieu que Tu as voulu réservé à une concentration individuelle privilégiée et protégée peut-il être abordé ainsi ?!)

Je crois que, de tous les dangers sur ce chemin, celui qui m'effraye le plus profondément est la bêtise ; parce qu'ici, cela se change en une force active !

Ramalingam est venu me tenir compagnie pendant cette dernière heure difficile ; lui-même est très révolté par toute cette prétentieuse confusion ; nous entendons ainsi, à distance, cette caricature de musique, ce bêlement insipide et... déconcertant ! Et finalement tout s'est dissous...

Mais il y a ces moments clairs où des êtres simples, au cœur vivant, viennent, et reçoivent, et remercient.

La question, comme d'habitude, est de choisir entre un chemin d'engagement, de discernement et de discipline, et celui d'une anarchie générale.

Centralement, c'est l'anarchie qui est le plus proche de l'Etat dont l'âme se souvient ; mais l'anarchie qui se manifesterait ici et maintenant conduirait-elle à Cela ? Il n'y a pas de réponse...

Et pourtant, dès que quelque chose d'un peu vrai commence de s'installer et que l'on tente de le servir, on entre de suite en conflit avec des forces qui se réclament de cette anarchie avec une violence qui en contredit la possibilité même, comme s'il s'agissait du droit d'un ego collectif.

Et on tourne en rond.

Et il semble que l'on continuera de tourner en rond tant que le nombre d'individus devenus suffisamment conscients n'atteindra pas un certain seuil. Jusque là, l'on ne peut que persévérer dans cette ambiguïté profondément insatisfaisante, où les rôles sont distribués selon des valeurs encore ordinaires, où les réactions déforment automatiquement tous les mouvements possibles et où l'énergie se perd dans une inversion de la vraie complémentarité des êtres...

***27-8-1991, Auroville :**

Le projet que j'ai rédigé pour l'organisation de l'accès à la Chambre est bien reçu et sera distribué dès demain dans la communauté...

***28-8-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai du mal à rester, à continuer.

Les nuits sont pénibles ; il y a comme un poids sur le corps le matin et je commence mal les journées, sans élan ni confiance, et les choses se compliquent d'heure en heure, c'est un rassemblement de contradictions et une multiplication de petites malhonnêtetés. Les perceptions qui me sont données des uns et des autres

sont difficiles à vivre ; comment partager une telle aventure avec des êtres pour lesquels on ne peut plus avoir de respect ?

Enfin il y en a quelques-uns qui commandent l'estime et suscitent beaucoup d'affection...

Autour de la question du revêtement de la sphère, les tensions montent ; ce matin un groupe d'une douzaine d'architectes et de constructeurs sont venus visiter la structure, représentant les 160 personnes qui ont signé une pétition pour arrêter les travaux. Ce qui est réellement en question, c'est le concept de Roger A ; mais aucun n'a l'honnêteté de le dire simplement et directement. Ils se cantonnent tous dans une attitude négative et sarcastique, chargée de petits coups bas. Leurs critiques sont les mêmes que celles que j'ai moi-même souvent exprimées au cours des années, et donc dans ce sens je suis d'accord avec eux. Mais le courant qu'ils choisissent de laisser passer est révoltant. Et Piero... qui se joint à eux, dans une culmination de duplicité...

J'ai dû lutter pour ne pas tomber malade. C'est comme si on s'éloignait de plus en plus d'une pureté d'engagement, d'une transparence offerte, et d'un courage qui ignore consciemment la défaite, la mort et la petitesse...

Je ne sais pas où est le chemin matériel...

J'avais cru qu'en se concentrant dans un rassemblement d'énergies, dans un mouvement en avant, les choses et la matière elle-même nous indiqueraient la pas suivant, et que même quelqu'un comme Roger A serait saisi par le sens d'une évidence matérielle : LA chose à faire, à chaque pas, pour servir Ton Plan...

Mais il semble que ce fut là une forme de romantisme ; que les résistances ne veulent pas céder, et qu'il faille encore et encore traverser ces confusions intérieures, ces monstruosité psychologiques, et ces détours et ces gaspillages, et ces trahisons et ces exclusivismes qui s'annulent dans une même négation...

Arjun m'a demandé une fois de plus de lui dire ce que je voyais, pratiquement, pour le revêtement de la sphère ; je le lui ai décrit à nouveau ; puis Toine nous a rejoint et il a proposé que nous étudions précisément cette alternative... Mais je ne sais pas : sans que ce soit clairement un choix de la Force, cela ne risque-t-il pas d'ajouter à la confusion générale ? Je sais seulement que, profondément et constamment, j'éprouve comme la vérité de la sphère dans sa simplicité puissante et tranquille ; et le concept de Roger A, si séduisant soit-il, n'est qu'une grimace prétentieuse qui cherche à se plaquer sur elle.

Mais suis-je capable de proposer une méthode de travail fiable et sûre ? Sans aide ? Où est le chemin ?

***30-8-1991, Auroville :**

Avec le secours d'une calme persévérance, cette plongée se rétablit lentement ; mais il est impératif que je me concentre mieux...

... Jacques le dentiste a colmaté ce qu'il a pu, mais m'a déclaré qu'il ne pourrait rien d'autre pour moi ; si ça s'aggrave, je ne sais pas où aller... Il faudrait plusieurs séances de soins, et probablement beaucoup d'argent...

... Mallika et moi avons mis au point l'organisation des « Passes » pour ceux qui demandent à venir à la Chambre ; il nous faut maintenant trouver un lieu dans Pondy...

***31-8-1991, Auroville :**

Ramalingam et Arjun insistent que cela est nécessaire, et le sera de plus en plus, mais j'ai bien du mal à ne plus rien faire d'autre que de « superviser » et

d' « organiser »... Il est plus facile pour moi de diriger une équipe tout en étant l'un de ses membres, partageant un travail physique direct ; mais je vois bien en effet qu'il nous faut, à Ramalingam et à moi, être présents un peu partout à la fois, à mesure que nous prenons plus d'ouvriers pour faire avancer les travaux, même dans les Jardins...

... Piero s'en va en Italie pour ses « vacances » et laisse ses instructions, dont certaines me rendent assez perplexes...

Ce soir je suis allé assister à une représentation d'Anu au Bharat Nivas ; seule, pendant plus d'une heure, elle a dansé sur des pièces de musique difficiles – Stravinsky et Ravel, et aussi une composition de notre Stefano, et un chant Hindi et même une pièce de silence... -, et ce fut un vrai plaisir : la qualité de son travail et de sa concentration, comme de ses progrès...

Mais parmi les Auroviliens, surtout les Occidentaux, je me sens absolument comme un étranger ; je ne trouve rien là que je sois capable de partager ; ce n'est plus un malaise, comme avant : c'est une sorte de distance intraitable...

... Je relis Ton Agenda ; et cela augmente le sens de l'écart effrayant entre ce qui se passe et ce qui devrait se passer dans nos consciences – ces consciences fragmentées qui T'ont réduite et Te réduisent sans cesse à une sorte de support indéterminé qui légitime tout, et procure une dimension éthique relativement confortable, avec çà et là quelques percées tolérables – juste ce qu'il faut pour maintenir le sens d'une aventure spéciale... !

***1-9-1991, Auroville :**

C'est dimanche : la matinée ici, à nettoyer et laver ; et la visite, assez brève, de Su ; elle est encore incertaine et souhaite garder la possibilité physique de revenir ici ; elle ne semble vraiment ni plus forte ni plus libre, mais c'est un travail intérieur lent et profond qui ne permet pas un changement extérieur spectaculaire ; les habitudes d'être sont inscrites...

... Une tristesse, aussi : L vient me trouver, saoul, demandant de l'argent pour réparer son vélo ; à la demande de Ramalingam il a travaillé toute la nuit au bétonnage du toit de la nouvelle maison du père de Sumathi, au village, et cela ne s'est pas bien passé ; ils ont tous bu beaucoup d'arak et ce matin Ramalingam les a emmenés sur un autre projet, et sont retournés boire ; j'apprends ainsi que L s'est remis à boire régulièrement ces temps derniers... Cela semble sans issue, ici ; je veux pourtant essayer de l'arrêter...

Puis Ramalingam est aussi venu me rejoindre ici un moment, épuisé et déprimé...

Je ne sais pas où me tourner... Je me sens proche des gens d'ici, dans le sentiment comme dans le corps ; mais c'est constamment contredit par les cercles vicieux dans lesquels toute la vie ici est enfermée, où l'individu n'a pratiquement aucune chance d'émerger à la possibilité d'un choix conscient de son orientation, où tout et tous sont liés par un contrat collectif beaucoup plus astreignant et « naturel » qu'en Occident...

***2-9-1991, Auroville :**

Une sorte de mauvaise humeur permanente, et d'étouffement : le sens de ne plus être capable de tolérer la confusion générale, l'absence de clarté, de concentration, d'efficacité, de sobriété... de qualité ! J'oscille entre une solitude plutôt désespérée, et le besoin de briser, d'exploser, de nettoyer, de tailler dans cette masse semi inerte – ce brouillage qui ne mène à rien, ne va nulle part, se répète et se reproduit sans jamais s'ouvrir à rien d'autre...

... Yanne m'a fait demander de traduire mon article en Anglais, parce que ceux de la Revue « Auroville Today » le voudraient aussi... J'essaye, mais j'aurais préféré écrire autre chose directement en Anglais ; et puis, cela me semble périmé... !

... J'ai besoin d'une activité créative, qui ait son utilité, quelque chose que Tu me donnes à faire, qui m'emploie ; c'est une tristesse constante de ne pas être utilisé selon mes capacités...

Le fait de ne pas être un animal social semble me condamner à une sorte de réclusion stérile et fausse, et cette masse de choses que je pourrais faire, dire, créer, est devenue au cours des années comme un trou noir – au sens astronomique...

***3-9-1991, Auroville :**

Ce qui est uniquement appréciable dans ce monde physique est qu'une harmonie, quelle qu'elle soit, individuelle ou collective, doive, pour durer, constamment progresser ; au revers de cette loi est l'extrême précarité de toute réalisation physique, sa vulnérabilité...

A en juger par les récits d'Aster, Arjun et Toine, la réunion d'hier a dû être particulièrement pénible, comme une gerbe de poison ; et il semble bien que ce qui est mis en question est l'existence même de notre équipe de Coordination, dont le travail a pourtant permis aux énergies de se rassembler pour tâcher de finir Matrimandir. Reste maintenant à déterminer si nous pouvons trouver une position commune qui soit vraie également pour chacun de nous, dans l'éventualité où ce processus imbécile de démocratie, de vote – foncièrement malhonnête et lâche – produirait un rejet « officiel » de notre équipe ; or ce n'est pas facile d'atteindre à plusieurs à cette clarté... !

***4-9-1991, Auroville :**

Tout l'abord de la structure est en chantier : un espace boueux, constamment remanié. La participation de la Compagnie de Pierre E a modifié l'atmosphère ; le contrôle, relatif, des énergies est très différent, et différemment motivé : Pierre E est tenu de garder sa Compagnie à flots sur des bases ordinaires de « rentabilité », alors que nous avons toujours travaillé dans la foi et le recours à la Grâce – avec tous les abus et les excès correspondants ! Cela produit un brouillard ; on se déplace dans une sorte d'incohérence, avec des zones d'activité qui ne correspondent pas, ou qu'indirectement...

***5-9-1991, Auroville :**

Vers 15 h nous avons pu commencer le bétonnage du bassin central, sous la structure, et nous avons terminé à minuit ; plein d'énergie tout le temps, et les hommes étaient contents, cela s'est passé sans incident.

J'avais posté une notice dans Auroville pour informer, car on nous a fait le reproche de ne plus annoncer les bétonnages, mais absolument personne n'est venu aider ! Par contre, il est bien certain que cette réunion générale à propos de Matrimandir – à propos, vraiment, des antagonismes et des jeux de forces générant tant de rumeurs – attirera toute une foule !

Voilà où nous en sommes !

Mais je dois dire que cela me laisse maintenant indifférent ; il y a cette tendresse toujours renouvelée avec tous ces « ouvriers », qui est pour moi comme de l'or – et de les voir grandir un peu, et se donner ainsi, est une joie...

... Plus tard, dans la nuit, L est rentré ici dormir (son village est assez éloigné), et ainsi nous sommes-nous retrouvés une nouvelle fois, cette gentillesse et cette pureté de la tendresse physiquement donnée et partagée, c'est un si beau cadeau ; puis il a dormi comme un enfant... Pas moi : l'énergie de la journée a continué pendant des heures à circuler !

***6-9-1991, Auroville :**

Tous un peu fatigués de cette nuit de travail intensif... Et aujourd'hui il nous fallait démonter tout l'échafaudage... Selvam a dormi ici une partie de la journée. Ce soir, il nous faut encore déloger un nid d'abeilles...

Mais vient maintenant un énorme orage : des trombes d'eau et de magnifiques éclairs qui sillonnent le ciel à l'horizontale comme de grands serpents de pure énergie...

***7-9-1991, Auroville :**

Nous avons ouvert les coffrages : un béton impeccable, des formes presque parfaites...

... La question se pose pour notre équipe de Coordination de savoir si nous devons assister à cette réunion générale de lundi, nous abstenir, ou envoyer un message, et de quelle nature... Mais Toine n'attrape pas le sens profond d'une position commune ; il semble donc que chacun fera de son mieux et prendra ses décisions le moment venu... Je le regrette un peu...

***9-9-1991, Auroville :**

Je ne suis pas allé à cette réunion générale ; Ramalingam et moi, avec un groupe de nos hommes, avons commencé de démonter le grand échafaudage qui a servi à hisser les colonnes dans la Chambre, et nous avons travaillé jusqu'au soir, et c'était paisible, attentif et tendre... Mais il m'a semblé, aux mines satisfaites de ces Auroviliens qui sont venus à la Chambre vers 18 h, que les choses ne s'étaient pas très bien passées : il y avait l'importance vertueuse de la petitesse qui croit avoir le dessus ! Ar. est passée en bas, aussi, en désarroi, pour tout me raconter, mais je ne pouvais pas encore descendre... Et ce soir, Shivan, Ramalingam, Anand et moi devons détruire un autre nid d'abeilles, tout en haut de la structure...

***10-9-1991, Auroville :**

Les nouvelles de cette réunion ne sont pas entièrement négatives. Arjun et Toine, comme promis, ont su rester silencieux, ne pas répondre aux provocations et insinuations, et laisser d'autres rétablir un peu l'équilibre ; une période d'un mois a été fixée pour ceux qui se déclarent prêts à formuler une alternative à l'étude présente (d'après le concept de Roger A) pour le revêtement de la sphère ; quant à notre équipe, les tentatives destructrices sont pour le moment neutralisées...

... Joël est venu en visite pour quelques jours, calme et ouvert comme un frère qu'il est... Je lui ai demandé d'emmener Ramalingam une fois sur ses « ailes », qu'il ait l'expérience de survoler Auroville, et « sa » terre : la randonnée est prévue pour jeudi.

... Ce soir Ramalingam est venu passer un long moment de tranquillité avec moi ; il tend à m'associer de plus en plus dans ses autres projets, et je veux bien, car j'aime l'équipe que nous formons, et c'est l'occasion d'être un peu créatif...

***11-9-1991, Auroville :**

Jérôme, qui veut construire sa maison à « Samasti », nous a finalement demandé, à Ramalingam et moi, de s'occuper de tout – plans, études et construction...

***13-9-1991, Auroville :**

Longue pluie tranquille la nuit dernière et jusqu'au matin, et cet état d'émerveillement dans le jardin ; l'appel d'un temps sans horaires, d'un temps pour regarder, être avec – les plantes, la lumière et les pierres, la voûte des grands arbres... Mais au Matrimandir c'est un champ de boue et les gestes se font au ralenti, chaque manœuvre est compliquée...

***14-9-1991, Auroville :**

Un incident, qui dégénère en une scène méchamment explosive, l'une de ces percées purement destructives qui peuvent survenir à tout instant si nous ne sommes pas constamment centrés, à propos de la vente, que Selvam organisait, de toute la ferraille inutilisable dont il faut se débarrasser ; Durai s'ouvre à une force obscurément provocatrice et mensongère une fois de plus et, par ses accusations et son langage et l'intention même de cette force, parvient à susciter une série de réactions en Ramalingam qui se laisse entraîner et en vient aux coups... Tous les ouvriers sont présents, et il faut agir immédiatement pour enrayer ce processus ; Vinod et Gajendran s'en mêlent et répandent cette atmosphère maintenant connue, de laideur et de petitesse haineuse qui est devenue au cours des années l'un des traits distinctifs de la situation humaine autour de Matrimandir...

Il faut des heures, ensuite, pour rappeler Ramalingam à un sens et une perspective plus profonds, et à la nécessité d'un vrai courage et d'une vraie réponse – il doit faire une apologie publique - ; Arjun m'aide beaucoup ; il lui parle exactement du même point de vue plus intérieur et depuis la même perception, et les mots sont ceux là mêmes que j'aurais souhaités...

... En fin de journée, un long moment avec Charudatta ; c'est un jeune Indien brahmine de Goa, excellent peintre, que j'avais brièvement rencontré à l'Ashram, il y a quelques mois : un être très sensible, gentil, assez perdu, avec un développement complexe – beaucoup de potentiel, mais aussi les dangers, les faiblesses et l'ouverture passive de ceux qui n'ont pas encore la force intérieure de s'engager et restent à la merci de la confusion des valeurs, dans la rencontre de l'Inde avec l'Occident... Il reste longtemps ici avec moi, et parle librement ; il est honnête dans ses tâtonnements ; puis il chante un Raga pour moi, avec une très belle voix, et une vraie intensité...

... Je passe toute la soirée jusque tard dans la nuit à dessiner les plans et les perspectives de la maison de Jérôme ; ce n'est pas en soi un projet très intéressant, car il doit, ou veut se conformer au style des maisons de « Samasti », et la conception qu'il a de ses besoins est encore assez conventionnelle ; je le fais essentiellement pour Ramalingam, qui souhaite s'occuper de la construction ; et cela m'oblige à être créatif là où on n'espère plus l'être... !

***15-9-1991, Auroville :**

Je viens de toucher concrètement à certains des dangers qui font pression de manière latente sur l'entreprise d'Auroville, et particulièrement de Matrimandir – et combien effective est la Grâce qui neutralise sans cesse leur déploiement ; cela rend sobre de constater ainsi combien chacun de nous est encore seul devant la

nécessité de ne pas répondre, de ne pas céder, et de s'accrocher au Vrai ; combien nous sommes encore loin de la sécurité d'une orientation collective vérifiée... A travers un premier échange infructueux avec Vinod – qui est assez déséquilibré – et le dialogue effrayant qui s'est ensuivi entre lui et Ramalingam, l'ombre des violences collectives propres à ce pays s'est soudain clairement projetée, à la faveur de cet incident d'hier, qui n'est possible que par la juxtaposition de petites malhonnêtetés, de lâchetés et de faiblesses ; le spectre de cette sorte de conséquences s'est soudain inscrit...

... Su est passée ce matin ; elle vient de quitter Kenneth, et cherche encore un signe en moi de son retour ici... Elle est bien adorable, mais il est clair pour moi qu'elle doit trouver son chemin indépendamment de moi ; je reste tranquille, comme une sécurité pour elle, quelque part...

... Selvam a appris que l'incident d'hier avait été prémédité par plusieurs personnes qui avaient préparé une « pétition » et encouragé Durai à nous empêcher de vendre la ferraille ; c'est cette torsion qui fait des gens ici des hypocrites et des lâches, car aucun d'eux n'a même eu l'idée de simplement venir d'abord s'enquérir auprès de nous des raisons de cette vente et de son ampleur (un amas de vieilles armatures de lampes en aluminium tout cabossé, qui n'allait rapporter que 200 ou 300 roupies à réinvestir dans la construction)...

***16-9-1991, Auroville :**

Nous sommes dans un tunnel ; il y a évidemment une pression destructrice, « hostile », qui utilise tout, tous les points faibles, et coalise toutes les ombres ; et certains êtres ici, insuffisamment développés, en deviennent les proies, et les instruments redoutables... La moindre torsion, la moindre prétention, peut avoir des conséquences désastreuses...

Mais il faut sourire : voir sans vaciller.

Il y a pourtant des choses qu'il est difficile d'accepter : cette duplicité obscurément établie, ces courants obscurément nourris, jour après jour, qui attendent les circonstances et les conditions favorables pour se joindre...

On s'en irait ailleurs, si ce n'était Matrimandir, Ton cadeau et Ton travail...

Le pied du mur, ou la porte du prochain devenir...

***17-9-1991, Auroville :**

Je suis attentif à ce que Selvam et Ramalingam se remettent bien, et en avant, de cette épreuve... Mais ce n'est pas fini ; Durai est très actif dans sa recherche de soutiens politiques...

C'est une farce ; il faut maintenant faire un grand progrès.

Le pourquoi de ces marées d'antagonisme, de cette folie de rumeurs, n'est pas accessible...

Il faut un mouvement vers, en, Sri Aurobindo...

... Réunion malaisée de Coordination cet après-midi : Yoke envoie une étrange lettre de démission ; Toine est à Madras ; Ramalingam préfère rester sur la structure à travailler physiquement ; John H est encore à Bombay ; nous ne sommes donc que 5 et il y a d'abord l'impression d'un voile lourd, qui cherche à défaire, à nous convaincre que c'est fini, que cette équipe doit être dissoute et que le travail ne peut pas continuer à ce rythme, qu'il nous faut « lâcher »... C'est une sorte de sensation superstitieuse très pénible et très fausse...

... Su est revenue habiter dans la maison de C ; je n'ai rien dit...

***18-9-1991, Auroville :**

Après la journée, fastidieuse, au Matrimandir, j'ai travaillé dans le jardin ici jusqu'à la nuit...

Une bonne lettre de John H : il a une expérience très rigoureuse, seul à Bombay avec les symboles qu'il polit, polit, polit, sans plus rien savoir...

... Par Dharman nous avons découvert que Somu était activement impliqué dans la présente campagne de dénigrement et de fausses rumeurs – ce qui fait de lui, décidément, un remarquable exemple de duplicité...

C'est réellement, ici, cet « ennemi logé dans la poitrine de l'homme »... !

***19-9-1991, Auroville :**

Je dois de nouveau lutter pour ne pas tomber malade. Tout ce poison dirigé passe par tant d'ouvertures grimaçantes... J'essaie de m'accrocher au sens du progrès, de la Grâce qui utilise toute adversité pour forger le devenir – et aussi, négativement, de voir où il est bon, ou utile, d'abdiquer, de se défaire... Mais c'est une sorte de bombardement : la hargne quasi inhumaine de Narayana, les tricheries satisfaites de l'un ou de l'autre, le revirement de Jérôme qui a maintenant décidé, après que je lui aie remis tout mon travail, de continuer tout seul, la publication dans les « Nouvelles d'Auroville » de la lettre de Durai (malgré le fait que Ramalingam ait donné son apologie publique il y a déjà trois jours), lettre signée par une vingtaine de personnes et pour quoi ? Pour quoi ? N'importe qui d'un peu intelligent peut voir que ce n'est pas sincère, et que c'est un prétexte qui recouvre autre chose...

Mais ce qui m'a le plus touché est un phénomène étrange : une famille de corbeaux, qui a fait son nid dans la structure, s'est mise depuis quelques jours à m'attaquer ; aujourd'hui, c'était sans répit, et j'ai à peine pu travailler : ils plongent de par derrière et, en plein vol, plantent leur bec sur ma tête, et parfois leurs serres ; ils n'attaquent que moi...

Et je ne sais pas, c'est le même mouvement dans ces quelques êtres malades et dans ces corbeaux ; cela me fait de la peine, comme si le Matrimandir me disait physiquement « Va-t-en ! Va-t-en ! »...

Pourtant, d'un point de vue plus général, tous les remous à propos du revêtement de la sphère – si je fais abstraction des facilités, de la petitesse et des mensonges – me sont plutôt sympathiques, dans la mesure où cela indique la possibilité d'une réponse encore à trouver, plus vraie que ce concept de Roger A... Mais cela peut-il se révéler dans ces conditions ? C'est un climat effrayant... !

Ramalingam tient bon ; Selvam aussi ; Arjun aussi ; c'est moi qui me sens las...

... Ce soir L est venu ; j'ai retiré les points de suture ; sa blessure à la tête est guérie ; puis il est resté et nous avons à nouveau partagé cette simplicité physique joyeuse et sans histoires, cette affection mutuellement donnée...

***20-9-1991, Auroville :**

Tôt ce matin Su est venue me dire qu'elle pensait pouvoir rester ici, dans l'autre maison, sans retomber dans une dépendance envers moi, et qu'elle chercherait un autre endroit quand C viendrait...

... Après le travail, L est venu me retrouver ici ; je voulais faire une séance d'asanas, alors il est monté sur la terrasse avec moi et, tranquillement, a essayé de suivre, avec cette gentillesse heureuse et tendre qui est son cadeau...

***21-9-1991, Auroville :**

Ramalingam est aux prises avec ses propres réactions à l'incompréhension, aux jugements des autres, aux opinions, aux accusations dictées par la jalousie et la haine ; c'est un moment de choix pour lui, et de progrès intérieur ; il a décidé d'aller à Thirupatti, avec Loganathan, visiter ce dieu qui répond à tous les souhaits... ! Celui qui ainsi met tous les êtres devant les conséquences de leurs demandes, ce dieu sans visage qui attire les millions (de gens, et de roupies !)...

***22-9-1991, Auroville :**

L'après-midi à aller et venir entre les visiteurs au Matrimandir et la lessive ici, et ce soir un long moment tranquille dans la Chambre : quand ce sera vraiment prêt, quelle aide formidable ce sera ; on pourra faire réellement de grands progrès, marcher réellement sur Ton chemin...

***23-9-1991, Auroville :**

Une lutte physique de chaque instant contre la dépression, la maladie, le découragement, l'absurdité, l'inertie, l'étouffement ; et le résultat dominant, c'est une mauvaise humeur éprouvante, au bord de la tristesse... Continuer comme ça encore longtemps est une proposition inepte ! Je ne trouve pas la position créative ; je sais bien où elle est, pourtant, alors je n'ai pas d'excuses !

***24-9-1991, Auroville :**

A a envoyé sa voiture nous chercher, Arjun et moi, pour signer le contrat de location d'une petite maison non loin de l'Ashram où nous pensons établir un Centre d'Information et de coordination des visites ; un petit voyage amusant et loufoque, avec une belle musique d'opéra dans la voiture confortable – cette qualité occidentale que représente A...

... Réunion de Coordination cet après-midi ; il nous faut considérer, dans tout ce mélange, les symptômes de plus en plus explicites d'une intention peu scrupuleuse de « renverser » l'équipe que nous formons et, en arrière, d'arrêter le travail ou, au moins, d'en retarder le progrès... ce ne peut pas être une démarche exclusivement hostile ou destructrice : il y a nécessairement, dans tout groupement, des éléments de bonne volonté, qui se trouvent mêlés ou impliqués par manque de discernement, et c'est d'autant plus redoutable, comme un piège qui tend à se refermer quoique l'on fasse ou ne fasse pas. C'est-à-dire que toute réponse, ou non-réponse de notre part, peut être utilisé de la même manière si l'atmosphère n'est pas déblayée assez vite et profondément...

***25-9-1991, Auroville :**

Arjun m'apprend que le « Working Committee » a invité Madanlal et SSJ à les rencontrer, et que Madanlal a déjà accepté ; je sens que c'est mauvais et que cela ne peut qu'aggraver la situation. Dès ce soir je prend le risque – d'être idiot, dérangé, ou de susciter une réaction d'amour-propre – et j'envoie un mot à SSJ avec le texte d'une réponse que je leur demande d'adresser en leur nom, afin de se dégager de cette invitation tordue...

***26-9-1991, Auroville :**

Les jours passent comme des nuages dans le ciel...

Arjun me dit que SSJ et Madanlal ont beaucoup apprécié ma note mais que, si SSJ comprend bien, Madanlal, lui, reste persuadé qu'ils doivent se rendre à cette invitation... on ne peut rien faire de plus, sinon se préparer à la prochaine phase du... « processus » !

***27-9-1991, Auroville :**

Une mauvaise nuit à me battre contre la toux et la fièvre ; c'est venu sans avertissement, alors que je me préoccupais de ne rien avoir au foie !

Tout va de travers : gesticulations aberrantes de Bhavani et Narayana à l'entrée de la Chambre, Durai qui prépare une organisation parallèle pour la réception des visiteurs – l'horreur d'une mauvaise foi qui devient comme une armée de coalition à l'envers, cette haine et ce fiel, et je ne trouve nulle part cette qualité de partage qui soit à toute épreuve ; je vois, et je suis impuissant !

Et cet après-midi Dharman, qui a obstinément refusé de suivre mes instructions pour la mise en forme du coffrage métallique du cylindre de l'escalier central, et la méthode de vibration – persuadé comme à son habitude qu'il sait mieux que tout le monde et que je ne suis pas compétent -, nous met dans une situation difficile, dont je serai évidemment tenu pour responsable : en cours de bétonnage les panneaux se sont déformés en plusieurs endroits... Et il n'a toujours pas compris, et préfère trouver une autre cause et la mettre sur mon dos...

***30-9-1991, Auroville :**

C'est un état dégoûtant, de déséquilibre et de vulnérabilité dans le corps, qui reflète ce qui se passe autour de Matrimandir : ces vilains jeux d'influence, ces petits coups bas ; et il semble que je sois la cible déclarée... une fois de plus !

... J'ai du mal à absorber la nourriture ; le corps demande une soupe de légumes, mais je n'ai pas de légumes, et je me refuse à demander à Su de s'en occuper...

***1-10-1991, Auroville :**

Je n'ai pas comme Arjun ce goût de la vie, cette santé vitale qui trouve une joie même dans la bataille (et parfois lui donne substance !) ; au point de vue de la vie, je n'ai rien : c'est désert, c'est fini, c'est un vide qui attend – comme un exilé d'un temps pas encore possible...

Il y a seulement, où et quand c'est suffisamment vrai, une tendresse, et un sourire...

Pourquoi toute cette laideur autour de Matrimandir, ce rassemblement de petites gens ? Pourquoi n'y a-t-il pas plutôt assez d'êtres qui travaillent au-dedans comme au-dehors ?

C'est ainsi parce que le Seigneur le veut ainsi ?

Je sais bien que quoiqu'il arrive, quelles que soient les circonstances, la Nécessité est la même.

Et non seulement il faut que le travail se fasse sur une base offerte de libre choix, mais il faut qu'il implique et embrasse toute la gamme des degrés de développement de l'âme humaine ; c'est ainsi que ce qui peut sembler injuste du point de vue de l'individu est pourtant nécessaire à l'évolution d'une représentation du tout (pour le mentaliser)...

Mais, quelle horreur !

***2-10-1991, Auroville :**

Ce matin au réveil, pendant quelques minutes, le corps se sentait mieux – un peu de joie dans le monde physique...

Puis, je ne sais pas ce qui se passe, la fièvre revient, et cette faiblesse générale et ce sens de la lutte, et la difficulté d'absorber la nourriture, la nausée, un dégoût ; et pourtant il faut manger, j'ai déjà perdu trop de poids, et ça aussi c'est dégoûtant...

Et l'atmosphère reste la même. Rien ne vient. Rien n'intervient.

Ce qui m'inquiète en ce qui me concerne, c'est cette impression, cette sensation d'être absolument sans ressources...

... Vient une énorme, interminable pluie de mousson ; et à la nuit tombée je suis venu prendre mon tour de garde : le vacarme des grenouilles et les chauve-souris virevoltant à la lumière de l'unique lampe solaire ; je lis Ton Agenda, comme un prisonnier dans un cachot obscur se rassemble endolori contre une fissure de lumière et d'air pur...

L'ombre la plus terrible dans ma vie est cette incapacité à connaître la joie naturelle de l'existence ; c'est comme une infirmité essentielle, qui fait de l'endurance une nécessité beaucoup plus impérative qu'elle ne l'est probablement pour la plupart des gens. J'ai eu pourtant l'expérience de la joie vraie, dans une atmosphère de vérité, et d'un bien-être plus qu'humain, dans un état d'abandon conscient ; et, plus souvent, celle d'une sorte d'extase physique quand les conditions matérielles d'harmonie sont réunies : la beauté de la nature, et de la matière...

Mais jamais je n'ai eu l'expérience de cette joie d'exister qui semble être réellement le dénominateur commun de la majorité des êtres humains, si divers soient-ils...

Et je ne sais toujours pas pourquoi.

Je sais seulement que cela m'aliène ; je ne peux jamais durablement me sentir adapté, intégré, dans quelque situation humaine que ce soit. Avec les choses matérielles, avec les formes de la nature, avec le corps de la Terre, oui, mais jamais, jusqu'à présent, avec les hommes.

Et pourtant il n'y a rien, nulle part, que Tu aies dit, qui me soit étranger ; parfois je sais seulement que telle ou telle expérience m'est encore inaccessible, mais jamais étrangère... Alors ?

***3-10-1991, Auroville :**

Même du point de vue du travail extérieur, tout est brouillé ; je ne vois rien, qu'une sorte de chaos sillonné d'interférences et de doutes, échappant à toute maîtrise consciente...

C'est comme si quelqu'un était entré dans la demeure, un menteur, un voleur, et s'était emparé du ferment qui rassemble et connecte et anime – et tout n'est plus qu'une juxtaposition d'activités vides de sens... Je n'éprouve ni joie, ni intérêt ; la confiance est partie...

J'ai travaillé pourtant jusqu'à la nuit ; puis Ramalingam est venu ici ; et, comme lui aussi se sent triste et perdu et las de toute cette laideur qui s'expose, je suis resté près de lui pour qu'on retrouve un rythme, un peu...

... Arjun s'en va demain, au Japon, pour quelques semaines ; il est inquiet de notre condition : à nous regarder, Ramalingam et moi, évidemment ce n'est pas prometteur... ! On est comme sans ressort...

***4-10-1991, Auroville :**

Je vais comme un pantin et une ombre qui crie, en silence... Un cri de douleur qui n'est rien, une douleur sans nom ni forme : la douleur d'un trou, d'un vide obligé d'exister, obligé d'être tel...

Tout est suffoquant ; c'est comme une erreur...

... L'après-midi à Pondy, pour mon visa ; puis à essayer de trouver une nourriture que je puisse absorber ; un moment au Samadhi, mais c'était inutile : rien ne répond ; c'est comme une pierre qui tombe, et tombe, sans cesse, à chaque instant ; c'est sans drame, sans couleur, sans motif ; et si ça brûle, c'est du feu neutre de la destruction...

***5-10-1991, Auroville :**

Ce qui m'a aidé aujourd'hui, c'est que j'ai pu trouver un travail de menuiserie que je pouvais faire seul, sans être dérangé, tout au long de la journée ; cela a permis à un peu d'énergie de couler à nouveau, et de remettre les choses en perspective...

***6-10-1991, Auroville :**

N est revenu ce matin me voir ; mais je ne peux pas l'aider, ne le peux plus, ou ne le peux pas encore ; il avait une plaie putréfiée au pied, que j'ai soignée.

Cette misère de notre condition : « sa » misère, la « mienne »... Je ne sais pas...

***9-10-1991, Auroville :**

Je vois que je me trouve de plus en plus seul ; je n'ai personne qui m'aide à trouver la juste relation au monde, avec qui une alchimie de progrès puisse s'établir. Il y a seulement des êtres, surtout parmi les « ouvriers », dont les yeux, la présence, la tendresse me réconfortent et me soutiennent ; et quelques rares « Auroviliens ». Mais personne n'est là à sa place près de moi à ma place.

Et il me semble que s'il n'y a personne là et maintenant, c'est qu'il n'y aura personne « plus tard » non plus.

Alors la seule ouverture et le seul sens c'est que Tu me mènes à cet état où « mon » existence remplira une fonction vraie, au-delà de la personne, tangiblement, intégralement, une avec tout...

***10-10-1991, Auroville :**

C'est comme une atmosphère venimeuse, ou un champ de mines.

Les incidents se produisent quotidiennement ; aujourd'hui pendant la pause du déjeuner, il y a eu un échange d'insultes entre l'un des gardiens et un menuisier, un pauvre bougre qui n'a pas toute sa tête, et le gardien, Govindraj, l'a frappé avec un morceau de bois ; Durai me l'a amené, et j'ai dû l'envoyer à Jipmer pour des points de suture ; ce matin aussi Kalidas s'est électrocuté en manipulant la tondeuse à gazon, et j'ai dû l'envoyer au « Health Centre »...

***11-10-1991, Auroville :**

Tout incident est utilisé ; les petits mensonges se coulent ou se plient les uns dans les autres et l'atmosphère est polluée. Mais c'est la loi d'UNE substance, à laquelle on ne peut échapper : on ne peut qu'appeler, et persévérer, et tâcher de ne pas soi-même manifester la contradiction...

***15-10-1991, Auroville :**

Toute la matinée à marquer les ouvertures pour l'écoulement des eaux dans le grand Réservoir sous la sphère, avec Asha qui ne cesse de se tromper dans ses calculs – et c'est plein d'humour...

Toine n'est pas bien physiquement.

John H téléphone de Bombay qu'il revient demain avec A : un échec complet ! Les symboles ne sont pas acceptables, malgré ces semaines de polissage, et devront être entièrement refaits, ce qui repousse un certain état de réalisation de la Chambre plusieurs mois en avant ; extérieurement, ce retard est dû à l'entêtement mal inspiré de Piero. Mais il est difficile de ne pas penser que cela reflète assez exactement l'atmosphère présente. Sri Aurobindo demande, exige un certain progrès qualitatif avant que Ses vrais symboles puissent être mis en place.

***16-10-1991, Auroville :**

Le problème de l'accès à la Chambre – de l'incompréhension de cela pour quoi cette structure est créée, est très aigu, et génère quotidiennement des mouvements de tricherie, de colère ou de rancœur ; la contradiction est si multiple et pernicieuse et persistante que c'est comme une hydre vraiment ; aujourd'hui un incident avec LN à qui beaucoup de gens en rapport avec l'Ashram s'adressent personnellement pour avoir accès à la Chambre quand ils le veulent : une sorte de complicité entre l'ego spirituel et cette voracité, cette convoitise d'un vital qui se prétend tourné vers le Divin mais ne cherche qu'à se nourrir des forces en présence...

***17-10-1991, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui c'est la « Saraswati Puja ».

John H est revenu dans la nuit de Bombay, et mon Selvam cet après-midi des Himalaya ; mon beau et doux Selvam, aminci, nettoyé...

Les ouvriers ont passé la journée à tout briquer, et c'était plus simple et plus harmonieux que les autres années...

***18-10-1991, Auroville :**

Mon Selvam m'a laissé des cadeaux dans la maison : une surprise qui m'a beaucoup touché... C'est drôle, c'est avec lui que je ressens enfin cette vérité que les humains ont appelé « amour »...

... La malhonnêteté est toujours une peine ; mais que des êtres ici, tout près de Matrimandir, puissent intentionnellement, volontairement calculer, arranger, organiser et poursuivre malhonnêtement leurs buts, et que cette petitesse puisse non seulement s'introduire, mais subsister et agir, ici même, est une chose que je ne parviens pas à assimiler... Et pourtant c'est un fait, indéniable : c'est là !

***19-10-1991, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui, avec la constatation physique de cette nouvelle trahison, de ces mensonges écrits, institués et justifiés, j'ai éprouvé un ajustement de l'énergie : assez d'être poli et patient, assez de prendre sur soi et d'endurer, de toujours essayer de comprendre, d'accepter, de toujours intérieurement tenter d'absorber les « vérités » qui semblent s'opposer – il y a ici, tout simplement, des êtres vicieux, incapables de se donner ; et je ne sens plus de raison d'accepter...

***20-10-1991, Auroville :**

Tôt ce matin L est venu pour passer un moment ensemble ; puis il m'a aidé dans les rangements, gentiment... Et l'après-midi, après un doux déjeuner avec Selvam, je suis resté à Matrimandir pour aider à la réception des visiteurs, essayer d'établir un peu de respect et de compréhension : que Ta Chambre ne soit pas déjà trahie. La difficulté la plus aigüe et la plus effrayante est ici même, avec ces déséquilibrés qui s'accrochent au Matrimandir...

Mais chacun de nous n'est-il pas, à sa manière unique, un déséquilibré ?

Il y a pourtant une limite, que Tu as tant désignée : le mensonge !

Et là, c'est horrible...

AUM NAMO BHAGAVATE...

***21-10-1991, Auroville :**

Hier s'est produit un tremblement de terre assez violent à Nainital – où Aster et Prem séjournent en ce moment, et où Selvam se trouvait...

***22-10-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai proposé de faire une demande écrite à plusieurs groupes de travail en Auroville pour que l'on hâte la mise en place pratique d'une politique d'accueil et de réception de tous les visiteurs, en insistant sur la nécessité d'un filtrage en ce qui concerne Matrimandir ; il faut que je commence à la rédiger...

***23-10-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai envoyé Selvam prendre des nouvelles de Deepti, et découvert ainsi qu'elle est alitée depuis trois jours avec une double infection de la gorge et des reins ; je vais la voir ce soir...

26-10-1991, Auroville :

J'ai probablement manqué l'occasion de faire un progrès en réagissant, abruptement et publiquement, à l'interférence de Gajendran, comme au manque de fermeté de Mallika, dans le traitement des visiteurs ; mais c'est trop : la contradiction trouve trop de nourriture dans notre atmosphère, et nous sommes trop peu à éprouver le besoin de trouver ce chemin du Matrimandir... Alors quoi ? Est-ce que ce sera le cirque, la kermesse spirituelle ? Est-ce que c'est encore remis à plus tard ?

Il y a trop d'éléments préoccupés de leur image, de leur statut... Et trop de stupidité, de pauvreté intérieure...

Je vois simplement que je n'ai pas appris à n'être qu'un canal de l'Action ; en partant d'une sorte de tamas général et d'un état collectif de négligence, on a pu, à quelques-uns, redresser la situation et rouvrir l'espace à des énergies constructives et faire avancer le travail sur tous les fronts ; mais, profitant de ces mêmes énergies, ceux qui avaient laissé s'installer l'inertie maintenant interfèrent et veulent tirer à eux... Y a-t-il une position à découvrir qui puisse neutraliser cette interférence ?

... Ca ne sert à rien d'être triste... Mais rien ne sert à rien !

La seule chose : Tu as dit que Matrimandir était « directement sous l'influence du Suprême » ; ceci est ma seule foi, mon seul soutien, mon seul confort : si Tu l'as dit, c'est que c'est vrai, immuable et inaliénable, et la seule Réalité...

Que ce soit le Suprême !
 Rien d'autre, rien de moindre, ne vaut la peine d'être vécu...
 Sans Cela, c'est une farce, et le gaspillage le plus odieux...

***27-10-1991, Auroville :**

Après mon nettoyage dominical, je me suis rendu au Matrimandir pour y retrouver A.M et Mallika comme d'habitude ; nous découvrons alors que ce petit groupe – Narayana, Somu, Gajendran, Durai, Vinod et Stuart – a décidé de fermer la porte de la Chambre aux visiteurs, la raison extérieure étant que, pendant la mousson, il est préférable de ne laisser entrer qu'un minimum de gens, pour « protéger le marbre »...

En fait je trouve que c'est plutôt une bonne idée ! Car nous ne sommes pas prêts, c'est évident ! La Chambre même n'est pas prête – et, comme je le répète depuis des années, ne sera vraiment prête que lorsque Matrimandir sera entièrement un, accompli...

***28-10-1991, Auroville :**

Ce matin les ouvriers m'ont fait chercher : malgré la pluie, ils étaient tous venus pour faire connaître leur position à Gajendran et ses « amis ». Et pendant plus de deux heures, ce fut une masse compacte et bruyante, mais comme un même corps, avec cette douceur, cette continuité, et j'étais tranquille, et tout se passait là, dans le hangar, tous ces corps pressés, et pas un moment d'anxiété... Puis les autres, ces « Auroviliens » à la compréhension si, si petite, ont voulu tenir leur propre réunion, et ça a été une exposition de haine et de confusion mentale... principalement dirigée contre moi !

... Les ouvriers eux-mêmes ont décidé d'écrire une lettre au « Working Committee ».

Plus tard, Ramalingam et Selvam sont venus me retrouver ici.

Il y a quelque chose comme une grande tendresse avec tous ces hommes, et une distance croissante envers ceux qui s'appellent « Auroviliens ». Quelquefois je le regrette encore ; et je vois aussi qu'il y a des êtres en Auroville avec lesquels se partage un mouvement de conscience et de progrès ; et, malgré ma petitesse et celle de chacun, et si restreint soit encore ce partage, c'est pourtant la proportion exacte de notre capacité humaine présente à recevoir, à s'ouvrir et à marcher, à laisser Cela construire Son monde encore à venir...

***29-10-1991, Auroville :**

G.G, qui est à présent un membre du Working Committee, est venu me parler ce matin, assez longtemps ; après avoir clarifié les rumeurs qu'il m'a rapportées, j'ai bien accueilli son « idée » de donner une sorte de soutien formel et officiel à l'équipe chargée de l'accueil à la Chambre de Matrimandir, une équipe peut-être élargie, mais acceptée par l'organe central d'Auroville qui lui conférerait une autorité ; on a alors convenu qu'il viendrait en parler à notre équipe de Coordination...

Nous avons eu notre réunion cet après-midi ; G.G a donc introduit son idée ; Toine était de suite mal à l'aise et a posé des questions ; il s'est avéré que G.G cherchait en fait à parvenir à une proposition qui serait acceptée par tous en retirant de la scène ceux (moi, en l'occurrence) qui sont devenus des sujets de controverse, afin de satisfaire toutes les factions...

Je n'y avais pas pensé parce que, spontanément, je sens que ce qui compte, c'est que le travail soit bien fait, aussi consciemment que possible ; que ce soit avec ma participation ou non ne fait pas de différence. Cependant si, comme l'a montré Toine dans son exigence, on m'écarte par exemple, pour des raisons qui sont finalement purement politiques, et non pour des raisons de travail, alors on perpétue la vieille histoire et ne sert rien de nouveau...

***1-11-1991, Auroville :**

Yoke, qui est également membre du « Working Committee », a téléphoné ce matin pour inviter des membres de notre équipe de Coordination à rencontrer la leur demain matin. John H est prêt à s'y rendre.

Cet après-midi il a donc fallu que nous réunissions, surtout pour John H qui est décidément confus. De plus, les « Notes d'Auroville » contiennent cette semaine plusieurs pages qui sont tendancieuses, et des notes officielles du « Working Committee » qui impliquent évidemment que les allégations contre nous sont fondées... Le problème est maintenant que, par une sorte de coalition irréfléchie, « naturelle », de diverses malhonnêtetés et déformations, une représentation s'est installée qui n'a plus qu'un rapport très lointain avec les faits, comme avec les réalités intérieures...

... F.J vient de m'envoyer son dernier livre, juste publié, sur l'Algérie d'aujourd'hui...

***2-11-1991, Auroville :**

L'agitation continue. Ce petit groupe – composé à la majorité de « Tamil Auroviliens » - exige 500/- roupies par personne pour le festival de Deepawali ; nous sommes évidemment obligés de refuser. C'est vilain comme tout.

***6-11-1991, Auroville :**

Je sens tellement comme on a besoin d'un Matrimandir vivant, entier, habité par Ta Force... pour commencer enfin, chacun de nous, le véritable apprentissage, avec la seule Aide et le seul Pouvoir qui soient vrais et directs...

L'unité humaine ne peut pas être le premier but ; l'unité dans le travail, oui, devrait déjà être possible, si nous étions suffisamment honnêtes ; la première priorité pour chacun, la première Nécessité, est de devenir capable de s'ouvrir consciemment à Cela qui fera le Travail... Et l'unité humaine en sera une conséquence...

***7-11-1991, Auroville :**

Travail au fer, la plus grande part de la journée ; réunion en fin de matinée avec l'ingénieur de Hyderabad, Satyanarayanan, et Roger A, Jacq, Pierre E, J.L, Asha, Toine et Walter, à propos des Pétales ; la méthode de construction semble arrêtée.

... A l'aube Ramalingam était venu me trouver ; il avait attendu presque toute la nuit pour ne pas me déranger : piqué, dans son lit, par un scorpion, il avait très mal...

***8-11-1991, Auroville :**

Le « Working Committee » a invité Roger A à les rencontrer, à propos des « difficultés au Matrimandir »... ! Ils ont aussi décidé de convoquer une « Assemblée

Générale » le 18, sur le même sujet... C'est comme un hypnotisme : ils ne font plus rien que de rassembler à l'envers !

C'est à crier. Et tout est trahi.

Les mots les plus sacrés sont utilisés, souillés, vidés.

Le serment de vérité, à Tes pieds, n'a plus de valeur.

Peut-être c'est ainsi pour que nul ne puisse plus rien attendre des autres (leur approbation en particulier !) : c'est à chacun de devenir conscient directement – et le seul Juge désormais sera la capacité de chacun à laisser Cela se manifester...

C'est le seul sens que je parvienne à percevoir ou évoquer, dans cette trahison et cette faillite...

***9-11-1991, Auroville :**

Encore des remous : le « Working Committee » a eu la brillante inspiration de tirer Roger A dans la mêlée, et se sont mis d'accord avec lui pour inviter une réunion des « partis » : 2 ou 3 représentants de chaque, sous leur égide, avec Roger A contribuant son autorité « divine » ! C'est imbécile, mais c'est habillé de bonne volonté et de « nécessité d'harmonie »...

... Je ne sais rien. Toutes les contradictions sont là. Il faut pourtant marcher sur le chemin...

***10-11-1991, Auroville :**

C'est comme une bêtise qui demande, qui exige d'être « considérée », et qui est prête à tout empêcher si cette considération n'est pas donnée... Ar. même m'a piégé jusque dans la douche avec toutes ces histoires, insistant qu'il fallait une « ouverture de notre côté »...

***11-11-1991, Auroville :**

Travail au fer, tout le jour, avec « mes ouvriers »...

J'essaie de tout finir pour que le bétonnage se fasse ce vendredi.

Un moment difficile pour moi, aujourd'hui : j'avais bien vu depuis quelques temps que Mallika et même A.M m'évitaient ; j'ai pourtant dû croiser Mallika dans la structure, et elle a admis qu'elle avait choisi de délibérément m'écarter de l'organisation, et pris le parti de s'opposer, et de travailler plutôt avec ce groupe « parallèle » ; mais cela implique nécessairement qu'elle accepte les mensonges !

Cela m'a mis dans un état pénible ; ma tendance est de me retirer ; mais depuis un an ou deux j'apprends à ne plus le faire et à « tenir bon », non pour moi-même, mais pour la vérité de l'expérience...

J'ai eu une impression presque répugnante ; j'ai vu que dans ce cas, Mallika préfère le drame et un rôle à la droiture et à la solidarité dans l'exigence...

Mais tout est à l'envers ; la solidarité aussi est à l'envers ; c'est la loi du nombre, et de la mise en commun du plus lourd, du plus bas, du plus facile...

... Je ne sais rien. Mais le monde entier pourrait clamer que certains incidents se sont passés comme ils le prétendent, cela ne changerait rien : ils ont menti !

On ne peut pas bâtir Auroville avec des mensonges : c'est une impossibilité !

***12-11-1991, Auroville :**

Ce soir les ouvriers me disent que L.N, envoyé par Piero, leur a ordonné d'arrêter le travail (sur les arcs verticaux de la sphère) et de démonter les coffrages, et qu'il

faudrait même casser d'autres sections déjà bétonnées, parce que Piero veut maintenant pouvoir faire entrer la machinerie de la climatisation par là – alors qu'il savait que nous faisons ce travail tout le temps de son absence, et qu'il avait même donné les tailles et mesures des fers... C'est plus que décourageant, cela devient inacceptable, comme une folie mauvaise...

***13-11-1991, Auroville :**

La première chose ce matin fut, avec l'aide de Toine, de clarifier au près de L.N cette histoire de machinerie pour la climatisation de la Chambre, et de rétablir le feu vert pour les travaux en cours...

... Roger A cet après-midi a manifesté une bonne volonté très ferme et plutôt droite au cours de cette réunion autrement pénible des « partis » ; leurs allégations et insinuations sont principalement dirigées contre Ramalingam et moi, une campagne tout à fait vicieuse, et j'étais soulagé que Ramalingam se soit désisté et m'ait demandé de le représenter, car je ne crois pas qu'il aurait pu rester calme ; quant à moi, je me suis tu. Roger A a fait, je crois, de son mieux, même s'il ne peut se rendre compte du danger même de certaines de ses paroles, qui ne manqueront pas d'être interprétées ; il a d'instinct reconnu en Stuart le rôle pervers qu'il a joué dans toute cette histoire et lui a asséné une leçon bien conduite...

... Avec ces hommes, cette équipe d'« ouvriers », comme avec Ramalingam, et avec mon Selvam, c'est vraiment une histoire d'amour – c'est le cadeau qui m'est donné chaque jour, humainement...

***15-11-1991, Auroville :**

Les pluies torrentielles des deux derniers jours se sont changées la nuit dernière en une tempête formidable, qui a renversé et déraciné de nombreux grands arbres ; le jardin est un désastre et un chaos ; les arbres de « Transformation », mes compagnons depuis près de 20 ans, et plusieurs grands eucalyptus, ont été abattus, brisant d'autres arbres dans leur chute...

Plusieurs lignes électriques ont été rompues ; je suis attristé, pas tant par les ravages de la Nature – avec elle, on peut toujours recommencer), mais par cette convergence de poussées destructrices...

... Il y a comme une honte, la honte de ne pas être uni : il y a encore le « je » !

Avant même que la tempête s'apaise, je suis descendu en vélo jusqu'à l'océan... Je vois concrètement que rien ne change, que rien ne peut changer, tant que l'on n'est pas devenu des canaux, des réceptacles, des habitats de la Présence ; jusque là on est, au mieux comme au pire, les instruments des forces ; et au meilleur de la condition humaine présente, dans le sens d'un réel effort conscient vers l'unité intérieure, on est encore qu'une demeure vide ; consciente, peut-être, mais vide...

***16-11-1991, Auroville :**

J'essaie de recouvrer au moins mon harmonie individuelle... C'est à chacun individuellement qu'il incombe de trouver le courage et l'amour d'appeler l'harmonie et de la manifester, si limité soit le champ de notre action ; et c'est là une tâche que je n'ai pas encore appris à accomplir.

Je deviens démuni, désespéré ; je perd confiance, et tout s'annule ; peut-être parce que je me rend compte de l'insuffisance de tous nos efforts, face au manque de Ta Présence...

Ce soir pourtant, j'éprouve concrètement la pression de Ta Force : tout est différent et je ne suis plus seul, il n'y a plus ce « je » qui est un encombrement permanent parmi les multitudes de manques et d'à-peu-près et de désordres, mais un Sens, et dans ce Sens, par ce Sens, le vrai destin du petit « je » - se fondre et s'unir, être absorbé, résolu et réconcilié, empli et soulevé...

... C'est la fête de Su aujourd'hui et j'ai pu lui remettre son cadeau...

... L.N et ses compères ont refusé de rencontrer Roger A aujourd'hui, comme il en avait été convenu ; ils n'ont même pas communiqué une note d'explication, rien ; autant pour les efforts de bonne volonté de Roger A...

***18-11-1991, Auroville :**

L'après-midi, Selvam et moi assistons à cette Assemblée Générale ; presque 6 heures d'affilée ; à peu près 80 personnes ; de notre équipe de Coordination, seuls John H, Toine et moi. La majorité de ceux qui sont présents sont clairement venus avec l'intention d'abord de démolir notre équipe, en la rendant responsable de toute la désharmonie actuelle, et ensuite de rejeter Roger A et son concept, et d'amalgamer les deux objectifs...

Cela n'aboutit nulle part ; Toine se fait huer quand il essaye de parler ; je suis resté silencieux presque tout le temps... J'ai regardé et regardé, et il m'a semblé que nous n'étions pas capables ensemble de parvenir à une seule question pure... Je me suis tourné, là, dans la sécurité de Toi, et cela m'a apaisé et tenu...

***20-11-1991, Auroville :**

Tout l'après-midi en réunion de Coordination (si l'on écoute les clameurs, ce devrait être la dernière !) ; John H, qui a une fois de plus assumé le rôle d'un Judas, a dû écouter chacun de nous, et réaliser, au moins partiellement, la portée de son intervention...

***21-11-1991, Auroville :**

Les rares Auroviliens qui soutiennent notre équipe disent s'inquiéter et redouter que cette marée détruise notre travail et nous oblige à nous retirer si nous ne trouvons pas le geste qui peut rétablir l'équilibre...

***22-11-1991, Auroville :**

Grande réunion spéciale au Matrimandir, cet après-midi... Peut-être une trentaine de personnes sont venues, la plupart en amitié, avec de la bonne volonté, et il y avait quelque chose du vrai Auroville, et les signes de Ta Présence dans la conscience et le cœur de chacun ; mais c'est la contribution de P qui a été décisive, dès le début : après bien longtemps, il a fait un mouvement réel au-dedans de lui, un examen clair et lucide, et son offrande ; et tout est redevenu possible...

Même quand, vers la fin, Durai, Narayana et Gajendran ont voulu forcer le poison dans l'atmosphère, c'est l'exigence généralement ferme d'une qualité et d'une orientation, qui a prévalu.

Alors il y a le sens de la gratitude : la signature de Ton Action.

Ca fait du bien !

***25-11-1998, Auroville :**

Plongé dans le travail physique tout ce jour, avec quelques ouvriers, à planter la barre à mine et pelleter de la terre ; c'est mon refuge, où je peux à la fois me concentrer et m'annuler dans une activité purement physique... Je me sens un peu comme une bête qu'on a rouée de coups, pendant trop longtemps ; et alors, vient une accalmie, et il y a comme un étonnement peiné, qui ne comprend pas...

Et je suis en manque de simple tendresse physique, ces jours-ci, parce que L se prépare au pèlerinage d'Ayappa avec les « austérités » requises, et... je ne vais pas me battre avec les dieux aussi !

***27-11-1991, Auroville :**

Il y a de nouveau cette douce Pression tranquille, constante, et ça change toutes les proportions : tout tend à se rassembler en un feu profond et paisible...

Je me sens un peu à distance, parce que le vital n'est pas utilisé ; mais l'énergie physique est claire et calme...

Et je regarde tous ces drames et ces grimaces, maintenant que le vent tourne un peu et que certains doivent admettre que leurs campagnes de division n'aboutissent pas au résultat souhaité, et il y a comme une peine et... une étrangeté...

***30-11-1991, Auroville :**

Décoffrage et démontage des échafaudages ; préparations pour la visite du Vice Président de l'Inde demain matin : il y aura des centaines de policiers partout... Les mesures de sécurité sont multipliées, à cause des menaces du LTTE...

... Visite de Yolande Lemoine...

***1-12-1991, Auroville :**

Nous recevons le Vice Président, Sharma, vers 11 heures ; la police l'empêche de monter à la Chambre ; c'est stupide ! C'est un homme très bon, très doux, et impuissant : une fonction !

L vient ici un moment, très gentiment, et compte avec moi les jours qui... nous séparent encore, avant son retour de pèlerinage !

***2-12-1991, Auroville :**

J'ai senti le besoin cet après-midi de clarifier certains points, d'abord avec Toine et Arjun, puis avec B et Silvio, à propos de la couverture de la sphère ; nous sommes à ce point critique où les énergies peuvent, soit être invitées, reçues et canalisées dans le travail, soit détournées, repoussées, et annulées, et alors c'est tout l'endroit qui en souffrira...

***4-12-1991, Auroville :**

Je termine la lecture du dernier ouvrage de Frank Herbert avant sa mort, « Chapter House – Dune » ; c'est un homme qui a réfléchi profondément, en réceptivité...

***6-12-1991, Auroville :**

Nous nous sommes tous mis d'accord cet après-midi pour ne tenir aucune réunion avant 15 jours, où nous ferons le point d'une tentative concrète de travailler ensemble au quotidien...

... Notre équipe passe toutes ces soirées à préparer la révision des salaires pour l'an prochain...

***7-12-1991, Auroville :**

Subramani (notre conducteur de char à bœufs) est mort ce matin... Que sa douceur aille vers Toi, dans Tes Jardins...

***12-12-1991, Auroville :**

Toute une gamme, aujourd'hui, d'états et d'expériences : l'évidence du seul mouvement nécessaire ; des énergies de bataille assez remarquables ; le silence du travail physique ; les retrouvailles, tendres et libératrices, avec L, que le dieu d'Ayappa m'a rendu !

Il y a eu une longue réunion orageuse au nouveau Centre d'Information, où Arjun, Toine et Selvam ont voulu m'accompagner : Toine et Arjun y ont dégagé une énergie assez formidable pour contrer, dépasser, transpercer cette torsion, ce mensonge et cette noirceur que même Mallika avait choisi de servir...

***14-12-1991, Auroville :**

Mallika essaye de rétablir un contact acceptable, mais la mise au point n'est pas très concluante...

***15-12-1991, Auroville :**

N un moment ce matin, en larmes ; il vient régulièrement me trouver maintenant, parce que j'ai accepté de lui donner un peu d'argent pour sa nourriture ; mais il ne s'en sort pas ; il est comme un maudit...

Ma vie « personnelle » est pareille à un désert qui grandit... Il faudrait plutôt que cela devienne un espace offert et vivant d'union et d'aspiration ! Mais je me trouve démuné devant le phénomène... Ce n'est que lorsque la Pression transperce tout de sa coulée tranquille et impérieuse, de sa colonne de Présence, que tout devient juste, à sa place, sur le chemin...

Dans le quotidien ce qui me manque, je crois, est un travail, un service que je puisse faire le soir, quand le travail physique n'est plus possible ; mais ça ne se présente pas. Je voudrais que Tu me le donnes, que Tu m'utilises plus... !

***16-12-1991, Auroville :**

Encore des remous causés par Durai ; on est venu me demander d'accepter que le groupe d'organisation pour les visites et l'accès à la Chambre inclue non seulement L.N mais aussi Durai : j'ai dit « d'accord, si le travail de chacun est clair et si Durai cesse d'interférer auprès des ouvriers et des gardiens, dont je suis responsable » ; ce sera confirmé ce vendredi...

***17-12-1991, Auroville :**

Réunion de Coordination cet après-midi, en l'absence d'Arjun ; en insistant sur la nécessité de terminer au moins un prototype hexagonal complet (pour la coque) dans tous ses détails, incluant les joints, les cadres des ouvertures et l'étanchéité, j'ai blessé Toine, qui l'a pris comme une critique négative de ses efforts ; et je suis resté attristé d'avoir causé cette réaction...

***20-12-1991, Auroville :**

Réunion générale tout l'après-midi ; c'est encore opaque et laborieux ; mais petit à petit les uns et les autres réalisent combien Narayana et Durai peuvent être porteurs de poison, et dans quelle impasse nous nous projetons lorsque nous soutenons, pour d'autres raisons plus « évoluées » mais tout aussi vilaines, ces êtres malades... En ce qui concerne l'accès à la Chambre, il semble bien pourtant que je doive faire l'effort de rendre viable une équipe de 5 personnes : A.M, Mallika, L.N, Durai et moi... Durai, qui a tout de même trouvé le moyen de traiter Ramalingam de voleur – cette misère venimeuse... et il m'a fallu toute la soirée pour apaiser Ramalingam...

***21-12-1991, Auroville :**

L'un des nouveaux ouvriers employés aux Jardins, un homme assez âgé, est venu au Réservoir pour s'abriter d'une averse et a glissé dans l'un des trous d'évacuation : une grande blessure à la jambe ; j'ai dû l'emmener avec la jeep faire recoudre la plaie...

... On rouvre la Chambre chaque jour de 16 à 17 heures...

***23-12-1991, Auroville :**

Réunion plutôt tranquille et positive pour l'accès à la Chambre, et distribution des tâches : Selvam s'occupe maintenant des « Passes ».

... Visite de Madanlal en fin de journée...

***25-12-1991, Auroville :**

D'après les journaux, Gorbatchev doit remettre sa démission officiellement ce soir...

... Les aubes sont des hymnes de rosée : tout est frais, argenté, scintillant, paisible...

***27-12-1991, Auroville :**

Cet après-midi s'est tenue une réunion générale pour informer de l'organisation des visites au Matrimandir, et il y avait beaucoup moins de monde ! L'harmonie possible est tellement moins intéressante et motivante que les crises, les conflits et les antagonismes !

Voilà la tristesse de notre condition !

***31-12-1991, Auroville :**

Sukrit et Ramalingam préparent le bûcher avant la nuit ; puis Selvam et moi, alors que nous commençons de marquer l'emplacement des symboles à fleurir, devons décharger deux camions de ciment... Puis toute une petite équipe vient aider à

poser les fleurs, jusqu'au milieu de la nuit ; il y a Sumathi, et Grace, et L et Nagappan et Cori, John H et Juanita, et Bhoomadevi et Aurasylle et Indrasen... Nous préparons vos deux symboles accompagnés de deux kolams sur a grande plateforme, et une longue bande de fleurs montant vers l'urne...

- 1992 -

***1-1-1992, Auroville :**

La musique de Sunil pour cette année m'a fait du bien, avec la marche autour du Feu.

Puis j'étais de garde, de 6 à 9 heures, pour la visite de la Chambre ; et, plus tard, il y eut une belle averse.

L'atmosphère était bonne, le Feu robuste et uni, un silence général. Il y a eu des milliers de visiteurs dans la Chambre, et aucun incident.

Madanlal a apporté des roses de Ta chambre, et des « bénédictions », pour le bureau...

Je ne sais pas ; en alternance, je vois l'énormité du chemin à parcourir, et j'ai l'expérience qu'il n'y a qu'un très simple mouvement à faire pour que tout devienne, concrètement et maintenant, Ton Chemin... !

***3-1-1992, Auroville :**

Joël est là pour quelques jours et il m'aide un peu, le matin, au Réservoir...

Il y a le problème de Grace : Nagappan est trop étroit et jaloux pour la tenir, et il la frappe souvent ; cela s'est récemment aggravé, à cause de son amitié avec Selvam et, je crois aussi, les possibilités de liberté dans les relations que Nagappan a pu observer en ma présence, durant les préparatifs de la nouvelle année ; il est dépassé par le potentiel de Grace et son énergie ; elle a essayé de se suicider le lendemain soir. Ca se calme maintenant...

***4-1-1992, Auroville :**

Travail au Réservoir, en partie avec Joël ; il repart demain.

Les journées sont si courtes...

Nirodbaran visite la Chambre cet après-midi...

***6-1-1992, Auroville :**

Les problèmes « domestiques » continuent ; c'est maintenant entre Sarala et Mary, les deux « épouses » de Selvam : Mary a trouvé un travail au Bharat Nivas ; Sarala, en caricature de harpie, l'arrête sur la route et l'attaque...

Puis nous nous sommes aperçus que quelqu'un a volé Rs 500/- du coffre de l'Information...

Puis, à 14 heures, Grace vient nous trouver, Selvam et moi : Nagappan a menacé de la brûler vive si elle parlait de nouveau à Selvam... J'essaie de montrer à Grace le chemin qui peut s'ouvrir devant elle, et le soutien qu'elle peut recevoir de nous

tous, si elle se centre mieux et se donne à son propre progrès ; Selvam clarifie sa position...

***10-1-1992, Auroville :**

Réunion générale, appelée par L.N et Somu cet après-midi, à propos d'une augmentation de la Maintenance des Auroviliens ; ce sont des heures chaotiques : ces antagonismes, jalousies, tricheries, ces habitudes de réagir, si ridicules ou pénibles ou même malfaisantes soient-elles, deviennent finalement profondément ennuyeuses et stériles...

Je ressens de plus en plus, avec le temps qui passe, le besoin de cette qualité d'être qui résulte d'une évolution individuelle, d'une exigence intégrale de progrès s'appliquant, par une nécessité intérieure impérative, à tous les aspects de la vie...

Et c'est le seul reproche que je ferais à Arjun : il y a des domaines de relation et d'expression où son exigence est trop insuffisante...

Mais on apprend à n'attendre rien de personne ; c'est à chacun d'apprendre, selon ses besoins...

***15-1-1992, Auroville :**

Bétonnage de la seconde moitié de la dalle du Réservoir, de 8 h 30 à 15 h 30 ; ça s'est bien passé ; Anand et moi avons vibré le béton... J'ai les mains et les pieds brûlés...

***17-1-1992, Auroville :**

Longue réunion fatigante – Roger A, Toine, Silvio, Pierre E, J.L, B, Arjun, Asha, Luigi : comme c'est laborieux, comme il faut persister, persévérer, s'obstiner pour parvenir à la clarté nécessaire pour le travail physique direct dans la matière ; et toujours il faut trouver la force effective qui doit prendre la place de l'impatience...

***18-1-1992, Auroville :**

Depuis mercredi, je réfléchis à l'organisation optimale des travaux, et comment le mieux placer les équipes dans les prochaines semaines ; c'est un peu difficile, à cause du manque de concentration de Roger A ; et il y a encore toutes ces décisions d'ordre esthétique, qui sont presque douloureuses... !

***20-1-1992, Auroville :**

Des journées confuses : il me faut aussi coordonner le travail de Roger A, car Asha se trouve vite débordée, et il y a trop de paroles et pas assez d'attention soutenue ; je suis tout le temps en train de courir après les détails manquants ! Une sadhana collective est une entreprise de fous !

***23-1-1992, Auroville :**

Arjun est venu me réveiller dans la nuit : C a téléphoné ; je suis allé la rappeler du bureau ; Air India a annulé tous ses vols jusqu'à la mi-février...

***24-1-1992, Auroville :**

Longue réunion de travail avec Roger A : on parvient à finaliser la plupart des détails pour commencer le travail de la coque... Je les raccompagne, lui et Jacq, à « Auromodèle », avec la jeep ; puis je vais récupérer Bhaga à « Forecomers » pour la ramener chez elle à « Repos », convalescente, après une attaque sévère de fièvre typhoïde compliquée d'arthrite soudaine...

... C n'a obtenu une place que le 6 février, sur British Airways ; ce qui est intéressant, c'est que je lui avais demandé d'être ici pour la semaine du 21 au 28 février, et qu'elle n'avait pas pu l'organiser par elle-même, et maintenant ce sont les circonstances qui l'y obligent... !

***26-1-1992, Auroville :**

Mauvaises nouvelles de Bhaga : elle glisse dans un délire...

***29-1-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a cette étrange inclination au sommeil...

En fait, du point de vue du mental, il ne se passe rien, de plus en plus rien... ! Ma vie se réduit, ne cesse de se réduire... Mais là où le mental n'intervient pas, quelque chose se fait, que je n'ai pas les moyens de décrire, ni même vraiment d'appréhender...

C'est-à-dire que de ce point de vue de l'honnêteté mentale, je peux simplement dire que ma vie est sans intérêt, autre que celui d'un outil plus ou moins efficace pour un travail très localisé...

***30-1-1992, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui les 3 derniers chargements de marbre blanc ; Ramalingam et moi devons faire venir plusieurs de nos équipes, pour tout décharger et ranger par tailles ; il y a une bonne énergie, mais pourtant un accident se produit : l'une des grandes dalles avait fêlé pendant le voyage et, en la soulevant, une partie s'est brusquement détachée, tombant sur les pieds de Shano et de Munuswamy ; les bords acérés ont causé des blessures impressionnantes, propres, mais nécessitant plusieurs points de suture...

Je n'aime pas ça. Ces incidents se produisent trop souvent, et je ne suis pas capable de toucher le point de contrôle ; je ne sais pas où c'est...

... Après le travail, L est venu ici avec moi ; c'est un si gentil cadeau, cette amitié physique libre, simple et pleine de tendresse ; j'en suis très reconnaissant. Cela libère tout un bloc d'énergie, que je peux mieux offrir dans le travail ; c'est une sécurité...

Ce soir Ramalingam est venu se reposer près de moi ; il a de longues journées de travail, et tout ce parasitage autour de lui...

***31-1-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai passé une partie de la journée à Pondy ; Madanlal m'a gardé chez lui à déjeuner ; j'ai vu avec lui pour l'impression de cette carte spéciale que je prépare pour le 29 février, à son Imprimerie – c'est Safal qui s'en occupera ; c'était doux et simple ; sa relation avec Toi semble pure et vivante...

... Après l'heure des visites un moment avec A, qui semble souhaiter explorer la possibilité d'une amitié plus intime entre nous...

Il y a une quantité de détails à préciser et introduire matériellement, et aussi toutes sortes de dessins d'exécution à faire, puisque Asha a tant de mal à suivre le rythme ; mais il y a généralement une énergie plus heureuse qui circule, avec beaucoup de gentillesse...

***1-2-1992, Auroville :**

Qui peut raconter l'histoire de ce chemin, même dans son apparence la plus extérieure et la plus perceptible, comme la construction de Matrimandir ? Je crois que c'est impossible de le faire.

Il y a tous ces courants et ces origines, ces aspects, ces dimensions et ces portées, ces implications et ces besoins et ces orientations, dans un même champ de force et d'évolution – c'est comme une ouverture presque infinie qui demande une concentration formidable... !

... J'essaie, cahin-caha, de faire avancer le travail sur plusieurs fronts, et c'est comme un débroussaillage constant...

***2-2-1992, Auroville :**

Ce soir A est venu, jusque tard. C'est à plusieurs niveaux à la fois, et je ne sais pas comment ça va se placer ou s'intégrer ; il y a une bonne communication, au point de vue du chemin d'Auroville ; il m'a parlé longtemps de ces années difficiles, telles qu'il les a vécues, alors qu'il appartenait au groupe des « Neutres » ; et puis il y a l'aspect émotionnel et sexuel, qui s'est manifesté avec une certaine simplicité... Mais A, bien qu'oriental – japonais – d'origine, est né aux Etats-Unis et son conditionnement est occidental ; et j'ai développé une sorte d'intolérance à la substance mentalisée à l'occidentale : cela me met en tension, ou en réaction, ou cela m'ennuie... Je ne trouve vraiment une sorte de bonheur, la joie d'une tendresse qui coule, qu'avec les gens d'ici, et je l'apprécie de plus en plus, avec amour et gratitude...

... D.D et Klara sont à Auroville ; je dois dîner avec elles ce mercredi...

***3-2-1992, Auroville :**

Après le travail Toine est venu me trouver pour me parler des dernières complications : Roger A, stupidement, a donné son accord pour que William N prépare un prototype alternatif d'une coque en verre, ce qui pourrait, étant donné le jeu des forces et des ego, compromettre tout le travail en cours et précipiter encore une autre masse de confusion... Mais on ne peut que s'accrocher à la paix, dans le flot de l'énergie...

***4-2-1992, Auroville :**

Après le travail, et les visiteurs, L a finalement pu me retrouver ici ; je vois combien cette relation, si partielle ou limitée puisse t elle apparaître, comble en moi un besoin et libère une disponibilité, et comme j'en suis reconnaissant...

Et toute la soirée Ramalingam est resté ici avec moi. Et nous regardons ensemble, comme nous le faisons régulièrement, les nécessités de l'organisation du travail, mais aussi, un peu, un tout petit peu du formidable problème de la misère qui environne Auroville – cette misère dont il est lui-même venu, celle que nous côtoyons chaque jour à chaque instant à travers tous ces êtres qui nous aident à

faire le travail ; et comment pouvoir les aider à atteindre aussi, dans leur vie, ce minimum nécessaire pour pouvoir devenir capables de choisir et de s'orienter...

Il est impossible de dire tout ce qui est touché par le seul point de cette Action qui consiste à servir Ton Matrimandir...

L'intensité de la question que Ramalingam pose, et du regard que nous avons partagé, nous a laissés un peu éprouvés – avec un sourire...

***5-2-1992, Auroville :**

Une partie de la matinée avec Roger A ; il y a une autre pétition, de 72 personnes, demandant la pose de ce prototype en verre !

... Je suis allé à « Fraternité » rencontrer Franz et lui demander de faire le travail graphique pour la carte spéciale que j'ai préparée ; il a accepté. Puis j'ai dîné avec Klara et D.D chez elles à « Auromodèle » : comme deux petites sœurs... !

***6-2-1992, Auroville :**

L'avion de C est arrivé peu après 8 h. Nous sommes rentrés ici vers midi.

Il y avait quelque chose de gris, qui m'a pris par surprise ; au cours de la journée, j'ai eu l'explication : il y a quelques jours René a appris qu'il avait développé un cancer de la prostate – et toute la logique séparatrice infernale, la perte de sens...

Dans la soirée j'ai emmené C à la Chambre, et elle a vécu là, déjà, un apaisement...

***7-2-1992, Auroville :**

Dans les « Nouvelles d'Auroville » Piero a écrit une lettre ouverte à propos du revêtement du Matrimandir, dont le niveau et la tenue sont misérables – il est devenu un pantin, comme s'il avait perdu toute intégrité...

***8-2-1992, Auroville :**

Ce mal de tête persiste, comme une obstruction...

Il y a une ombre dans l'atmosphère, un courant de division dont Piero s'est fait l'instrument...

J'essaie de ne pas réagir, de ne pas être affecté, de percevoir l'action juste dans l'état juste... Mais il y a comme quelque chose qui dit « non, pas déjà une autre vague, c'était juste en train de devenir simplement progressif... ! ».

Il y aussi le problème, devenu aigu, de Stuart à la Nursery...

C'est une sorte d'équivalence du point de vue moral d'une perte ou d'un manque d'intégrité ou de probité dans la conduite individuelle de tel ou tel d'entre nous ; dans le courant des énergies cela introduit l'intention tacite d'empêcher, sinon de détruire – c'est par là, il me semble, que ça passe...

***10-2-1992, Auroville :**

Alors ce sont à nouveau des journées difficiles ; de tous côtés, la vague remonte ! Ce sont tous ces degrés de torsion, depuis un simple manque de lucidité, par une sorte de lâcheté, jusqu'à la malhonnêteté, qui ne peut subsister ici que par le maniement intéressé des notions ou des termes de l'idéal... Et je crois que je suis probablement encore bien naïf dans mon évaluation... !

Ramalingam et moi nous sentons bien mal : quelque chose d'heureux commençait juste à percer, et voilà toute cette laideur qui ré afflue...

Je me suis mis « en colère » plusieurs fois aujourd'hui, avec Roger A puis avec B d'abord, puis j'ai appelé William N pour le mettre en face de son action, et parlé sans détours à Basu et Karthik, de l'Ashram, qui se sont prêtés à l'entreprise...
 Quant l'atmosphère est relativement harmonieuse il y a déjà tant d'interférences et de confusions à dissoudre ou traverser : on n'a pas besoin de cette laideur !
 Mais il n'y a que Toi qui puisses agir en chacun.
 Je ne sais pas. Il faut un nettoyage du dedans, il faut une Action... !

***11-2-1992, Auroville :**

Une lettre de G.M, après bien longtemps : comme un appel et un retour à un espace toujours là ; il vient de s'installer en Birmanie, où il fore des puits de pétrole...

***13-2-1992, Auroville :**

Une rage de dents à calmer, aujourd'hui...
 L s'est battu avec ses voisins...
 On a commencé à monter l'échafaudage pour le prototype de verre...
 La petite fille d'Anand est née dans la nuit...
 Deepti me raconte, encore bouleversée, les tourmentes de « Last School »...

***14-2-1992, Auroville :**

Réunion cet après-midi, en principe pour confirmer l'augmentation des Maintenances, en gardant les deux catégories – mi-temps = 5 heures de travail quotidien et plein-temps = 8 heures et plus selon les responsabilités ; ça se passe relativement bien jusqu'à ce que Narayana, poussé par ses démons, insiste pour aborder une question de « charité », introduisant la situation de la veuve de Kannan, mort l'an passé, et exigeant que nous lui donnions un travail ; il se fait provocant et nous reproche d'employer de plus en plus d'ouvriers au lieu de laisser les « Auroviliens » faire le travail ; Ramalingam réagit et ça tourne au drame et à l'hystérie, ramenant dans l'atmosphère cette énergie venimeuse qui s'était relativement dissipée ces temps derniers...

***16-2-1992, Auroville :**

Visite de Champaklal à la Chambre ce matin ; Durai et moi aidons à le porter...
 En sa présence, par deux fois, j'ai pris la mesure du résidu d'inconscience, en ce qui me concerne...
 Mais aussi, de l'agitation et de l'épaisseur de ceux qui l'entourent ! Ils n'ont su établir qu'une harmonie très partielle et superficielle avec son état réel...
 ... Ramalingam s'est blessé, pendant son travail à « Samasti » : 2 points de suture à la lèvre supérieure, et il n'a plus de moustache !

***18-2-1992, Auroville :**

Journée de congé pour les ouvriers : c'est le jour où on jette tous les dieux à la mer ! (Une manière de dire !)...
 L est venu ce matin m'aider à fixer l'armature du nouveau treillis devant la maison, puis nous nous sommes reposés ensemble, avec beaucoup de douceur...

***22-2-1992, Auroville :**

Des centaines et des centaines de visiteurs chaque jour, qui sont venus de tous côtés de l'Inde, pour cette semaine...

***23-2-1992, Auroville :**

Plus de 1000 visiteurs en 2 heures, cet après-midi...

Et un besoin de sommeil que je ne comprends pas...

Dans cet ouvrage, intelligemment composé, de Chet B.Snow, « Dreams of the Future », il cite des études sur les origines « extra terrestres » d'une certaine catégorie d'individus (« semée par les étoiles ») aux origines génétiquement transmises à travers les âges, qui ont en commun certains caractères ou traits ou particularités physiques et psychologiques : des côtes ou des vertèbres supplémentaires, une tension et une température basses, une tendance à la sinusite, et un sens prononcé de la responsabilité... Cela ne peut manquer de me frapper, car j'ai tous ces signes – y compris la cote supplémentaire, juste au-dessus du cœur ! Et c'est la première fois que je les vois réunis ensemble !

***26-2-1992, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui, avec Ramalingam, j'ai pu commencer l'armature du symbole pour le fût de l'escalier central (Roger A a voulu installer là une variation sur Ton symbole, à la verticale du rayon, au-dessous de la Chambre)...

Une réunion élargie avec Roger A pour faire le point des travaux et évaluer les lacunes de l'organisation pratique ; la qualité de la communication entre nous tous est plutôt bonne maintenant, et en progrès ; mais Toine doit partir en Hollande pour un mois, à la demande de sa mère, et J.L a besoin de repos : je vais avoir plus de travail...

***27-2-1992, Auroville :**

Dans l'après-midi j'ai dessiné, au bas de l'Urne, le symbole d'Auroville, pendant que Ramalingam, Shivan et Rajaram construisent le bûcher ; une quinzaine d'entre nous préparons les fleurs, toute la soirée jusque vers minuit ; C vient nous aider un moment ; c'est un très beau symbole, très puissant...

***28-2-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai réveillé C avant 5 h pour l'emmener au Feu ; puis je monte à la Chambre pour y recevoir et guider les visiteurs, jusque vers 9 h ; plus de 3000 personnes ... Mais ce qui m'a demandé le plus, c'est cette folie en Narayana, cette énergie qui l'habite...

... Karan Singh, en tant que Chairman du « Governing Board » a réuni au bureau les membres du « Working Committee », ceux de notre équipe de Coordination et Piero et Roger A ; Arjun s'est désisté, ne voulant pas provoquer une autre explosion... Une réunion malaisée, et peu concluante ; l'équipe de William N a terminé la pose du prototype de verre sur la coque, pendant la nuit dernière, et le « Working Committee » empêche Karan Singh de trancher en faveur de Roger A ; quant à Karan Singh lui-même, il est identifié à la poursuite de son propre prestige, et n'est motivé que par son ambition d'obtenir une réussite visible, un Matrimandir fini et ouvert au public par son grand geste d'inaugurateur, l'an prochain, pour le 25^{ème} anniversaire d'Auroville, et c'est assez pitoyable...

***2-3-1992, Auroville :**

Une lettre anonyme, faussement attribuée à Ramalingam, circule dans Auroville, qui est pleine d'allégations contre Mani, du Land Service...

... C et moi descendons en ville et dînons près de l'océan ; le moment de son départ approche à nouveau, et il faut apaiser, situer, placer...

***3-3-1992, Auroville :**

Réunion de Coordination mouvementée : Aster et Arjun s'affrontent à propos de l'attitude de Karan Singh – et c'est moi, avec peut-être un manque de tact, qui ai souhaité aborder le sujet !

Puis nous avons la visite de Nandalal Patel, qui s'apprête à rassembler l'or nécessaire pour la dorure des disques, selon le concept de Roger A (révisé par Jacq)...

... Nous aidons Anil Mukherjee à monter à la Chambre...

***4-3-1992, Auroville :**

Durai monte encore une histoire, sur le fonds habituel de ses jalousies, mais il y a un progrès: il vient s'en excuser auprès de moi plus tard... !

... Roger A m'a demandé de traduire en anglais le rapport qu'il a rédigé pour le « Working Committee »...

***5-3-1992, Auroville :**

C, Klara et moi sommes partis à Madras en fin d'après-midi ; D.D nous avait réservé une voiture confortable et nous sommes arrivés assez tôt pour dîner ensemble à l'hôtel près de l'aéroport, où je trouve mon cadeau pour C, pour l'accompagner physiquement dans les mois qui viennent : deux statuettes de bronze, l'une de Hanuman et l'autre de Garuda, impérieuses et douces à la fois...

Je suis resté avec elles à l'aéroport jusqu'à ce qu'elles aient passé tous les contrôles...

Retour dans la brume, avec Sunrita...

***7-3-1992, Auroville :**

C'est un tâtonnement de chaque instant, avec pour seule force perceptible une attention calme à ne pas se compromettre ; mais certains êtres ici semblent décidément n'être que les agents de poussées destructrices ou corruptrices, ainsi Durai, qui est possédé par un tel désir d'avoir un rôle, un statut et une position, si retors et pervers dans ses mouvements... C'est un monde de torsions et de petites animosités, prêtes à cracher leur venin...

***9-3-1992, Auroville :**

Ramalingam me déclare ce matin qu'il a réfléchi, et que nous devons choisir entre Durai et lui, que l'un des deux doit s'en aller...

Alors, tout le jour, il y a un travail dans le cœur, pour le chemin.

Et ce soir il est venu ici, apaisé, résolu...

Ca ne coule pas bien dans le travail : J.L est épuisé, Roger A est incapable de saisir l'ensemble des mouvements nécessaires à l'exécution, Asha est toujours en retard, Pierre E n'est pas assez présent...

***10-3-1992, Auroville :**

Le nouveau Secrétaire de la Fondation, nommé par le Gouvernement Central, Shri Tripathy, vient nous rencontrer, accompagné par Ojha ; nous lui expliquons notre position quant à l'exécution des travaux et notre attitude envers la polémique entretenue au sujet du revêtement de la sphère : dans l'absence d'une proposition alternative cohérente, réfléchie, qui réponde à tous les paramètres et toutes les nécessités de Matrimandir et soit évidemment supérieure à celle de Roger A, nous devons travailler à la réalisation matérielle du concept de Roger A, et notre responsabilité est de veiller à ce que les critères de sécurité, de solidité, d'harmonie et de durée soient respectés... Il semble bien comprendre...

***11-3-1992, Auroville :**

Réunion de travail à propos des Pétales ; j'avais réalisé que personne n'était content du dernier travail de Roger A, et proposé qu'ensemble nous lui communiquions clairement nos réserves... Je suis donc allé le chercher en jeep et j'ai pu « préparer le terrain » pendant le trajet ; pendant la réunion, il fait une proposition de circulation à l'intérieur des pétales qui est beaucoup plus simple et harmonieuse et structurellement cohérente, et nous respirons tous un peu mieux... Mais l'agitation à propos de la coque n'est pas dissoute ; Roger A vient d'accepter de répondre à toutes les questions « de bonne volonté », à « Aurofuture », ce lundi prochain ; il nous demande d'être présents...

***12-3-1992, Auroville :**

C a téléphoné dans la matinée : l'opération de R s'est bien passée, mais on ne saura son effet qu'après quelques semaines ; la communication était si claire que le trouble de C était palpable, sa difficulté à vivre l'éloignement physique ; mais elle est consciente, et je crois reconnaissante, du progrès à faire et du chemin qui s'est ouvert en elle cette fois-ci...

... Madanlal me fait dire de l'attendre après le travail, et il vient avec Nandalal Patel...

***13-3-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a cette gratitude pour tout ce qui est donné, pour ce rassemblement des conditions optimales d'un progrès intégral ; c'est quelque chose qu'il faudrait célébrer chaque jour... ! Mais le fait est que c'est un « exercice » si absorbant qu'on « oublie » cette simple gratitude qui reconnaît la main du Vrai, du Divin...

Ce matin Asha, qui s'est laissée influencer par Piero, m'a écarté de la réunion de travail que nous avons choisi d'appeler, avec Roger A et Piero à la fois, à propos du système de climatisation ; Piero a aussi invité Karel en renfort...

Mais plus tard, et ce sont ces mouvements que je trouve encourageants, Asha est venue s'excuser – elle a vu... !

... La visite, à 12 h 30, du Gouverneur de l'Etat de Pondichéry...

***14-3-1992, Auroville :**

Une autre invasion de police, pour la visite de Jacob, le Ministre de l'Intérieur du Gouvernement Central, accompagné par le Premier Ministre et le Gouverneur du Tamil Nadu – et c'est à nous de garder les lieux... de la police ! Il n'arrive en fait qu'à 17 h 30 ; cela semble être un homme de qualité, très sobre...

... Une scène presque violente, dans la Chambre, entre Cori et Gajendran, qui se saisit de la moindre occasion d'être vu en compagnie de gens « importants », et avait réussi à accompagner des gens de l'Ambassade Américaine sans nous en informer ; c'est toujours cette ambition sociale, cette convoitise... Chacun est venu me parler plus tard : c'est tout un chemin de patience, et il n'est jamais sûr que ça en vaille la peine...

***16-3-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai dû participer à deux réunions cet après-midi ! La première, inévitable, à « Aurofuture » avec tous ceux qui souhaitaient poser des questions à Roger A sur son choix pour le revêtement de la coque ; mais c'est la même histoire qui se perpétue, avec le même aveuglement, avec les mêmes courants de violence, et rien de créatif, aucun progrès partagé n'en émerge jamais... H a giflé Al.B ; Arjun et Nadaka en sont presque venus aux coups...

Puis la seconde réunion, de 17 à 19 h, sous le Banyan, à propos de l'accès à la Chambre ; nous sommes trop peu nombreux encore pour ce travail, mais une bonne volonté du cœur est là, et c'est encourageant ; sont venus Asha, Juanita, Geneviève, Mallika, Tina, Shradhavan, L.N, Durai, F, Sunrita, Peter, et même Jocelyn... !

***17-3-1992, Auroville :**

Première lettre de C ; lettre de JYL, qui s'apprête à venir vivre ici avec Patricia et Aurevan, leur fille, et me demande de « tout préparer »...

***19-3-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai été surpris aujourd'hui par une dépression soudaine, et une lutte ; puis il m'a semblé que c'était dû au fait que Ramalingam n'est pas heureux ces jours-ci, et qu'il ne partage pas encore son trouble avec moi ; et combien il m'est nécessaire de marcher ensemble avec lui, d'aborder la tâche avec deux corps et deux cœurs unis – tout comme, bien qu'autrement, Selvam participe directement à ma capacité de me rendre disponible jour après jour... Ramalingam me dit plus tard que, sans moi, il ne resterait pas, et qu'il ne tient que parce que je suis là ; je lui répond que ce n'est pas ainsi, que c'est quelque chose de tellement plus grand qui tient chacun de nous ici...

... J'ai parlé à Madanlal de mon « idée » d'ouvrir une sorte de fonds de soutien pour aider ceux de nos hommes dont les conditions de vie sont par trop misérables : il n'a rien répondu, mais j'ai senti qu'il aurait préféré que je ne m'occupe pas de ça... ! C'est une attitude bien ancienne !

***21-3-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai de la peine ces jours-ci à me sortir du sommeil ; c'est comme un besoin accru... Et il y a de nouveau ces hémorroïdes, comme une fuite d'énergie, ou une capture par le bas ; mais je n'ai pas de raisons personnelles, et je ne sens même pas vraiment de fatigue ; l'énergie est là et je voudrais bien travailler plus, ce n'est pas un effort. Ce qui est un effort, c'est de neutraliser cette sorte de masse qui interfère, ou cette béance qui s'impose en bas.

La seule cause que je puisse trouver est ce déséquilibre dans l'unité active, parce que Ramalingam est dérangé, et ne se donne pas ; et ce soir il le reconnaît, quand

je le lui montre... ! C'est comme un langage qui de force code la réalité à son aune, et c'est tout ce qui ne va pas qui devient prédominant... !

***22-3-1992, Auroville :**

La matinée à ranger, nettoyer et laver, et un moment avec L qui m'apporte des cacahuètes toutes fraîches de ses champs, et sa tendresse contente... !
L'après-midi à recevoir les visiteurs ; Tina commence à remplacer Mallika qui souhaite se retirer graduellement avant son voyage en France...

***23-3-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a une dépression massive qui pénètre le corps sans passer par le mental ni même le subconscient ; c'est à un niveau auquel je n'ai pas consciemment accès, même en me concentrant ; c'est comme si l'énergie s'échappait par une béance mal orientée...

***24-3-1992, Auroville :**

Les nouvelles de l'Assemblée Générale d'hier ne sont pas « bonnes »... Piero semble avoir pris le rôle de meneur ; à peu près 70 personnes se sont réunies, et ont décidé par majorité d'organiser un référendum ayant pour buts : a) de remettre en question la responsabilité et le rôle de Roger A ; b) de demander la dissolution de notre équipe de Coordination ; c) d'arrêter la production des panneaux de ferrociment pour la couverture de la sphère ; d) d'interrompre les donations canalisées par Madanlal. Les membres du « Working Committee » se sont divisés, certains exprimant leur opposition à toute tentative de vote. Il est aussi question, pour certains, de recourir à une intervention physique pour arrêter les travaux...
Piero a donc attendu le départ de Roger A pour venir en avant et déclarer ouvertement ses intentions...

***25-3-1992, Auroville :**

Après le travail, Rajaram insiste pour venir avec moi ; depuis des semaines il me demande de lui trouver une chambre quelque part en Auroville ; il ne veut plus rester au village ; il est comme un petit enfant qui cherche sa place et serait tout à fait content si je le prenais avec moi... Je ne sais pas quel est le chemin pour « aider » tous ces êtres... !
... Je lis ce livre merveilleux de Richard Llewellyn, « How green was my valley », qui est un temple à l'humanité profonde...

***26-3-1992, Auroville :**

Je suis affreusement fatigué ; ce n'est pas un manque d'énergie ni une paresse, mais c'est comme si il arrivait quelque chose à l'énergie au passage, et je ne tiens qu'en m'accrochant...
... L'ordre donné par l'Assemblée Générale (80 personnes, écrivent-ils) est que nous devons arrêter les travaux pour le revêtement de la sphère, et attendre les directives de la « Communauté ». Il y a quelques réponses assez claires dans les « Nouvelles d'Auroville », mais comme tout cela est loin de l'âme... !
... Ce soir Ramalingam est venu me retrouver, longtemps, paisible et profond...

***27-2-1992, Auroville :**

Cette fuite d'énergie est comme un viol, ou un vol obscur ; une impression de faiblesse absurde...

C'est un labeur pour chaque geste...

... Visite inattendue de Dom (l'amie de Krishna), qui n'était pas venue depuis 5 ans, je crois...

***28-3-1992, Auroville :**

Après de longs débats, le « Working Committee », ou plutôt 5 de ses membres, sont parvenus à formuler une déclaration droite, sobre et bien centrée, dont ils nous ont immédiatement envoyé une copie ; quelque chose s'est fait ; il y a là un mouvement réel, une action vraie...

... Toine envoie d'Europe des nouvelles intéressantes pour nous ; le patron de la petite entreprise qui a réalisé la dorure des dômes des Invalides à Paris a accepté de venir ici en Septembre avec son fils pour nous enseigner la technique et réaliser avec notre aide la dorure des 21 premiers disques...

***29-3-1992, Auroville :**

Le jour anniversaire de Votre rencontre !

J'ai récemment suggéré que ce jour devienne l'un de nos jours « auroviliens » pour Matrimandir, et ce fut bien accueilli... Alors, ce matin, on a ouvert la Chambre plus tôt !

Que ce soit Ton champ de Force et notre ancre...

***30-3-1992, Auroville :**

Sunilda m'a envoyé, par Giuseppe, sans que j'aie rien demandé, la dernière musique qu'il a composé pour « Savitri », avec toute sa douceur et son affection... Ce la m'a beaucoup ému...

... Rajaram est venu pour que je lui refasse son bandage, après le travail, avec Anand et L, et L est resté près de moi...

1-4-1992, Auroville :

Selvam est tout absorbé dans la finition de son espace privé, que nous avons enfin pu terminer cette année, pour que tout soit prêt le jour de sa fête ; mais il ne m'a pas appelé pour l'aider...

... L'achat des terrains pour les Jardins de Matrimandir est pratiquement confirmé.

... De l'argent doit venir pour la coque et pour l'or...

***2-4-1992, Auroville :**

Selvam me dit, à déjeuner, que quoiqu'il fasse il sent toujours que je suis avec lui, et qu'il ne m'avait pas demandé de venir l'aider parce qu'il trouve que j'ai déjà bien à faire... Ce qui est idiot : je ne fais rien !

***3-4-1992, Auroville :**

Cette crise « énergétique » ou physique commence à obstruer le chemin ; rien n'y fait ; les hémorroïdes continuent, les yeux sont injectés et brûlants, le pouls est

erratique, et le sens de faiblesse est ridicule... Et aujourd'hui, une migraine, juste au centre du front... !

Tout cela me ralentit dans le travail ; je devrais insuffler, animer, mais je me traîne... Heureusement, il y a ces êtres qui sont comme des trésors, ainsi Anand : démonter un échafaudage en équipe avec lui est une telle douceur... !

***7-4-1992, Auroville :**

Je m'efforce chaque jour d'amener Pierre E à observer un minimum d'organisation et de permanence ; sa gentillesse et son engagement sont pourtant tangibles...

... Nous préparons le bétonnage de la grande ceinture qui va séparer la base des 12 Pétales du Réservoir central...

... Réunion de Coordination un peu accidentée : Durai vient nous voir avec une requête personnelle – il dit avoir emménagé à « Existence » dans la maison que Somu a réparée, et demande que nous lui donnions une connexion à la Pompe du Banyan ; Somu avant lui avait déjà fait cette demande, que nous ne pouvions satisfaire : les besoins des Jardins l'interdisent, et de plus il y a 3 autres puits beaucoup plus proches, qui n'ont simplement pas été entretenus... Nous essayons donc, vainement, de faire comprendre ceci à Durai, pour nous apercevoir que son intention est en fait de provoquer un drame, quand il déclare alors qu'il veut devenir membre de notre équipe et ne bougera pas tant que ce ne sera pas accepté... C'est Aster qui finalement le persuade de se retirer... !

Puis Karel est venu représenter la position de Piero en ce qui concerne le choix du système de climatisation... ! Tout cela est pénible, et demande le sens de l'humour ! Et en plus, aujourd'hui, cette bande de petits voyous désœuvrés d'Edayachavadi, que leur village même désavoue, est revenue à la charge autour des Jardins, cherchant à provoquer les ouvriers...

Et le climat s'y prête ! C'est une chaleur soudaine et brutale, avec une sorte de succion dans l'air qui brûle les yeux et la peau...

***8-4-1992, Auroville :**

Tout est prêt pour le bétonnage demain et, si ça tombe ainsi le jour de ma fête, c'est un peu gentil et normal, je crois, puisque c'est la ceinture qui boucle tout le travail de l'année écoulée...

***9-4-1992, Auroville :**

AUM NAMO BHAGAVATE MAA

Bétonnage de la poutre ceinture, de 8 à 16 h 30.

Ca se passe bien, sans interruption.

Puis L m'accompagne ici, pour se nettoyer de tout le ciment et se reposer avec moi, librement...

Je passe ensuite un moment dans la Chambre, « pour moi » !

... Deepti et Arjun avaient insisté pour me faire à dîner chez eux, et je les y retrouve vers 19 h ; mais Arjun, après une journée de tension (à la fois Madanlal et le Secrétaire, Tripathy, sont entrés dans le jeu des influences, et ça devient compliqué !) est pris de malaise et de vertige et doit s'étendre immobile toute la soirée, que Deepti et moi passons tranquillement, à partager nos expériences – Deepti est dans l'humeur de se livrer...

... Tôt ce matin, Su m'a remis, comme une enfant, un merveilleux coussin qu'elle a préparé et brodé elle-même d'un motif solaire, et Anand, mon adorable Anand est timidement venu m'apporter son cadeau, un « t-shirt » tout neuf...

***10-4-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai dû participer à cette réunion avec Piero à propos de la climatisation – où j'ai eu à représenter tout ce à quoi il s'oppose ! Mais Karel semble s'être éclairci et Sylvie est une femme posée, amicale ; les études doivent se poursuivre, pauvre Piero... !

***12-4-1992, Auroville :**

Visite impromptue d'Arjun pendant mon ménage dominical, ce matin ; il se trouve très préoccupé à propos des 4 symboles de Sri Aurobindo – qui, se joignant debout, soutiennent le globe de cristal, et que Piero essaye de réaliser en acier doré -, depuis que j'ai incidemment rappelé que Tu avais employé les mots « taillés dans la pierre » pour les décrire ; il y a ainsi d'autres éléments de Ta description qui ne semblent pas avoir été bien compris, ou obéis... Or, par « coïncidence », SSJ sans rien savoir de notre discussion récente est tombé hier sur ces mêmes paroles de Toi et il lui est alors apparu que c'était pour cette raison que ces symboles d'acier ne se faisaient pas...

... J'ai commencé à décoller et découper de mes albums toutes les plus belles photographies de Toi qui, malgré toutes les protections, s'abîment : Shyama, la secrétaire de Madanlal, m'a proposé de les laminer toutes ; cela m'oblige à détruire mes compositions de couleurs, de textes et de fleurs séchées, mais ce sont Tes photographies qui comptent... !

***13-4-1992, Auroville :**

C'est le jour du Nouvel An Tamil, et nos travailleurs ont congé.

A l'aube, Ramalingam inaugure son nouvel atelier, « Satyakarma », à Bharati Puram ; plusieurs de nos hommes, qui ont aidé aux préparatifs, sont présents, ainsi qu'Arjun, F.Gr, Jérôme et John H...

Visites de L, à midi ; de Selvam ; de Jaimurthy et ses enfants, de Ramalingam et Sumathi...

***14-4-1992, Auroville :**

D'autres personnes ont ces jours-ci observé ou remarqué la différence entre les symboles qui sont à l'étude et la description que Tu en as donnée – taillés dans une pierre d'une couleur indéfinissable, orange doré ; et maintenant que nous savons comment Piero et Paolo ont décidé seuls de suivre l'option de symboles en métal doré pour soutenir la masse d'un globe de cristal de verre, il semble assez impératif que nous nous lancions dans la recherche active du matériau qui correspondrait à Ta vision... Il semble parfois que tout ce qui vient de la seule initiative de Piero soit empreint ou affligé d'un même mélange d'orgueil et d'indigence, bien que son souci de perfection soit plus que remarquable...

***16-4-1992, Auroville :**

Madanlal me rapporte lui-même, très gentiment, toutes les photos de Toi, laminées par Shyama...

***18-4-1992, Auroville :**

Arjun et moi avons un long entretien, pour voir tous les travaux des mois prochains ; devons-nous continuer d'essayer de faire tout avancer à la fois, tous les aspects de Matrimandir en un seul mouvement de progrès matériel ? Avec tout ce que cela implique en termes d'énergie, et dans quelle mesure peut-on employer plus d'ouvriers ? Jusqu'à quel point Ramalingam et moi pouvons-nous être efficaces ? Comment s'orienter pour que les fonds viennent à temps ?

Cela nous a permis de faire une sorte de révision générale et de reprise de conscience partagée, entre Arjun, Ramalingam et moi ; et il y a désormais toute l'activité de la compagnie de Pierre E, « Atmarati », sur le site... Pierre E et moi communiquons assez bien, mais nous aurions besoin d'être plus nombreux, disponibles et engagés...

***20-4-1992, Auroville :**

Le monde entier est là, sur ce chantier minuscule au centre d'une graine infime, Auroville, qui n'est encore qu'une promesse...

***21-4-1992, Auroville :**

La question des symboles est maintenant l'objet des habituels conflits, et le Secrétaire s'en mêle, sous la pression de Piero... J'ai pourtant commencé de recueillir des informations sur les sources de « pierre du soleil » dans le pays, et Madanlal est très intéressé... Il nous semble qu'il nous faut honnêtement faire l'effort de suivre toutes Tes indications, même si Piero pense avoir raisonnablement écarté la possibilité de symboles en pierre...

***22-4-1992, Auroville :**

Lettre de Myrtle, après plusieurs mois... On aimerait souvent mieux s'être trompé ! Voilà une démonstration attristante de ce que je lui ai toujours dit qu'il arriverait si elle retournait là-bas (l'esclavage à sa mère et ses filles, la solitude et l'incompréhension) ; et elle donne un tableau bien sombre de l'état du monde occidental...

***23-4-1992, Auroville :**

Une partie de la matinée avec Arjun à voir les comptes d'Atmarati ; ce ne devrait pas être mon travail de vérifier les rapports et les factures que Pierre E fait établir, mais son approche est aux antipodes de ces qualités de précision, de transparence et d'exactitude que nous avons essayé de développer, et cela cause une grande confusion...

Puis je suis allé rencontrer Vijay : il a parcouru tout le pays ces 15 dernières années, à la recherche de cristaux et de pierres, semi-précieuses et précieuses ; d'après lui, la « pierre de soleil » est trop tendre, tandis que la cornaline, si elle est plus dure, n'existe pas en de telles dimensions ; il va réfléchir et consulter des géologues et prendre des contacts ; il faudrait peut-être faire des recherches au Brésil et en Afrique ; il n'y a qu'une pierre, le jade orange de Chine, qui correspondrait assez parfaitement à Ta description, mais si elle existe dans un bloc de cette taille, il faudrait probablement une fortune colossale pour l'acquérir...

Quel est Ton chemin ?

Je suis troublé par l'omniprésence de l'antagonisme entre Piero et Arjun...

... Ce soir, Shivan, Anand, Rajaram, Ayanar et moi retournons sur la structure pour détruire une énorme ruche de ces abeilles de rocher, et je ne rentre ici, fatigué, que vers 23 h...

***25-4-1992, Auroville :**

Cette question des symboles rend plus aigue encore celle de savoir ou percevoir si Tu es satisfaite de la direction que Piero a prise au cours des années, décidant seul, ou avec Paolo, de tout ce qui concerne Ta Chambre, quand le résultat présent ne correspond pas réellement à Tes descriptions, ou si Tu souhaites que se fassent de nouvelles recherches qui auraient pour seul objectif d'intégrer tous les éléments contenus dans Ta vision, tout en bénéficiant de l'expérience déjà faite...

Je ne sens de réponse ni dans un sens ni dans l'autre...

Il me semble seulement qu'il nous faut à la fois terminer ce qui est commencé selon la logique déjà inscrite, et chercher aussi une alternative supérieure qui soit libre de la formation présente, quitte même à revoir le matériau du globe (Tu avais parlé d'un globe en matière synthétique !), qui est à présent beaucoup trop lourd pour être supporté par de la pierre sculptée translucide...

... Ramalingam est venu se reposer ici ce soir et, en sa présence, je dessine une étude structurelle pour l'atelier de manufacture des disques...

***27-4-1992, Auroville :**

Une grande partie de la journée mobilisée par la tentative de remédier à la confusion prévalente entre Atmarati (les méthodes et habitudes de Pierre E) et nous ; Arjun et moi lui avons demandé de tout regarder avec nous, et j'ai proposé quelques changements qui demanderont un effort de sa part, mais qui peuvent, je crois, rééquilibrer la situation et la rendre plus transparente...

Le lundi matin est souvent un moment difficile : je vois plus précisément tout ce qui ne va pas, tout ce qui contredit, tout ce qui est inerte ou se refuse ou se dérobe, tout ce qui trompe...

***29-4-1992, Auroville :**

Pour faire ce travail il faut être capable de constamment harmoniser une gamme de rythmes différents – différemment déterminés, différemment orientés et différemment vécus... Il y a par exemple, parallèlement au rythme des « Auroviliens », celui des « ouvriers », c'est-à-dire d'hommes et de femmes qui, pour gagner leur vie, doivent fournir un certain nombre d'heures de travail, et qui ont besoin de l'information et de la supervision nécessaires. Il y a également le rythme de l'argent ; il y a celui des décisions à prendre, des choix à faire, en consultation ; il y a le rythme d'une coordination réaliste de tous les aspects du travail physique (matériaux, équipement, outils, entretien, etc.) ; et il y a celui des conflits, difficultés, défis et progrès que nous rencontrons collectivement et qui influent constamment ; il y a enfin celui de nos réceptivités individuelles à l'énergie, et celui de nos corps...

... Une réunion bizarre aujourd'hui, entre notre équipe et celle de CSR, à propos de la « commission » qu'ils avaient l'intention de prélever sur toutes les donations destinées au travail du Matrimandir : une si profonde et grave absurdité, si parfaitement justifiée et confortable... !

***30-4-1992, Auroville :**

Disharmonie prononcée avec Silvio, dont l'attitude avec les ouvriers est un peu... difficile à intégrer – et pas seulement pour moi ! C'est pourtant moi qui me suis fâché !

... La nuit dernière Hannah, l'amie d'Ulli B, s'est suicidée, en prenant une dose de drogue excessive...

... La nuit dernière aussi, quelqu'un a volé tous les robinets de cuivre partout dans les Jardins et autour de Matrimandir...

***1-5-1992, Auroville :**

Voilà une journée idiote ! Les travailleurs sont en congé ; la plupart d'entre eux sont incapables de bien utiliser ce moment de « liberté », et mon L rentre saoul, la chemise en lambeaux et plus pauvre de Rs 500/-, de sa randonnée à Pondy, et je dois m'occuper de lui tout l'après-midi...

... Ce matin Ramalingam et moi avons décidé d'emmener tous les petits chiots (la dernière portée) loin d'ici, car c'est une ménagerie autour de Matrimandir, et d'essayer de les laisser dans la nature ; j'aurais préféré emmener leur mère avec eux pour qu'elle chasse leur nourriture, mais tous ont insisté qu'elle était notre meilleure gardienne... ! On a pris la jeep et roulé vers le Sud ; à près de 50 Kms d'ici, on a dû rebrousser chemin : un embouteillage de plusieurs Kms à cause d'un énorme accident ; alors on a abandonné les petits à proximité d'un village ; ils n'auraient pas survécu seuls dans la forêt...

***5-5-1992, Auroville :**

Une heure d'épreuve physique et nerveuse : Sakuntala, la jeune femme qui remplace Jacques le dentiste, doit couper puis arracher la moitié d'une molaire pour libérer une cavité qui s'est creusée dans l'os et l'assainir, avant de reconstruire quelque chose... !

... Un moment avec Su aujourd'hui : nous allons faire une demande d'autorisation de construire une, ou deux extensions, comme des ailes, à la maison de C : pour Su, pour C et R, et aussi, maintenant, pour JYL...

***7-5-1992, Auroville :**

La grève des routiers depuis 10 jours : pas de livraisons de matériaux...

De longues coupures de courant chaque jour et, aujourd'hui, la pompe d'abord et le générateur ensuite, tombent en panne ; le courrier n'arrive pas ; les gens ne viennent pas faire leur travail... Il faut rester bien tranquille et garder le sens de l'humour, même s'il fait... bien chaud !

***9-5-1992, Auroville :**

Comme chaque année à cette saison, tout va de travers, les machines nous lâchent, les matériaux sont bloqués, les retards s'accumulent et on court d'une urgence à l'autre...

... Champaklal a quitté son corps, près de Baroda, dans le Gujarat...

***11-5-1992, Auroville :**

J'éprouve ce besoin de Te servir, de Te faire plaisir... Et l'action la plus claire, le travail qui est donné, c'est Matrimandir ! Mais alors, je ne peux rien tout seul ! Et maintenant John H va partir, et Ramalingam se laisse absorber par d'autres travaux et d'autres énergies, et sans lui j'ai du mal...

***12-5-1992, Auroville :**

La question qui brûle : comment Te laisser agir pour que Matrimandir soit Tien, entièrement et absolument Tien ?

***13-5-1992, Auroville :**

La fête de Deepti : elle est bien belle et vivante ; et son besoin s'intensifie par les épreuves aussi...

***14-5-1992, Auroville :**

Su et John H s'en vont à Vancouver, pour être près de leur mère...

... Selvam aussi va partir pendant une semaine accompagner un groupe d'enfants d'Auroville dans les montagnes du Sud...

***19-5-1992, Auroville :**

Je fais de nouveau des erreurs dans le travail : soit je ne communique pas les instructions assez attentivement, soit j'oublie tout simplement des données importantes... Ce matin j'ai dû faire recommencer par deux fois un travail... Il y a comme un besoin physique de se retirer un peu des mouvements grossiers de la surface, de couler autrement...

... Ce soir A est venu me voir avec son ami Rajesh, et ils restent jusque tard ; c'est intéressant, et Rajesh (qui est un jeune médecin de psychiatrie) me touche beaucoup...

***20-5-1992, Auroville :**

Je n'aurais probablement pas dû laisser Ramalingam s'impliquer ainsi dans d'autres projets et d'autres travaux en Auroville (il est déterminé à se prouver et à prouver aux autres de quoi il est capable) ; il n'est plus assez disponible pour canaliser les énergies, bien que nous ayons tous deux tant à organiser et de nouveaux travaux à commencer pour Matrimandir, et c'est un peu affolant...

Pourtant, quand je n'ai pas à traiter avec une certaine « présence » que je ne sais pas qualifier mais qui est directement liée au mental occidental, je ne ressens ni effort ni tension, et il y a le sens de s'en remettre à Ce qui peut, à Ce qui fait, et d'être, même pas un instrument, mais plutôt comme la forme relative d'un courant ; et il y a cette tendresse constante avec les gens d'ici, avec « nos gars »...

Mais dès que je dois avoir à faire avec des occidentaux, presque sans exception, je me trouve soit fatigué, soit révolté et impatient, soit étranger, aliéné par des notions, des définitions et un mode de compréhension qui sont devenus presque répugnants – et ce sont pourtant des frères et des sœurs (je l'espère), mais le fait est que... ce n'est plus mon élément, si ce l'a jamais été !

***21-5-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a toutes sortes d'instants qui viennent montrer à quel point on est vulnérable : de notre point de vue, l'extrême fragilité ou précarité de l'équilibre ; c'est-à-dire que ça ne tient que par la Grâce et, pour nous, dans notre condition, c'est encore synonyme de précarité, parce que nous ne sommes pas encore unis, nous ne savons pas encore, avec nos corps, que c'est là même, dans la Grâce, que se trouve la seule Réalité solide...

***22-5-1992, Auroville :**

La violence de Narayana encore, une explosion de plus, aux portes de Ta Chambre : cette haine hurlée, cette lumière jaune sale qui attaque, venimeuse, toute la structure résonant de ses cris pendant une heure, ce torrent d'insultes et de laideur... Et cela m'a affecté beaucoup plus que je l'ai cru sur le moment, et s'est ajouté à une difficulté que j'éprouve de plus en plus avec le temps ; je ne sais pas exactement de quoi il s'agit : je crois que c'est la présence du mental qui me devient pénible, presque physiquement pénible... C'est peut-être aussi pourquoi je tend de plus en plus à ne m'ouvrir et à partager qu'avec ces êtres qui travaillent avec moi, qui sont dénués de toute formation mentale autre que la formation collective dans laquelle ils sont nés...

***23-5-1992, Auroville :**

La chaleur est suffocante – on ne fonctionne que par la volonté... et la magie de l'eau... !

***25-5-1992, Auroville :**

Selvam est de retour, après une semaine qui l'a bien éprouvé...
... Anand et Rajaram viennent cueillir deux grandes panières de mangues après le travail...

***28-5-1992, Auroville :**

L'orage éclate entre Toine, Pierre E et moi, ce matin... Et je passe les heures suivantes dans une sorte d'état second ; puis Arjun vient me trouver – pour s'excuser de m'avoir mis dans une situation difficile et me communiquer son accord profond ; puis Toine vient aussi me trouver, avec sa tendresse et son regret, pour résoudre ce passage... Ce sont des moments surprenants...
... Et ce soir L est venu me rejoindre ici, après son tour de garde, avec son adorable et libre douceur...

***29-5-1992, Auroville :**

Un incident dangereux, apaisé de justesse, entre des ouvriers ; il faut alors s'adresser à eux patiemment, clairement et fermement, et trouver avec eux le sens de l'harmonie...
... En fin de journée L, qui est enrhumé depuis des semaines maintenant (c'est un virus qui se promène entre nous tous), devient très fiévreux et agité, et je pars avec lui à la recherche d'un docteur ; cela nous conduit à Pondy ; il est comme un gosse s'accrochant à moi sur la moto... On lui fait deux injections qui le calment et

le rassurent, et on revient ce soir avec une enveloppe pleine de gélules, capsules et pilules, tout un armement... ! Il dort ici...

Je travaille tard à terminer la « Newsletter » (en l'absence de John H, j'ai dû m'en occuper avec Barbara...).

***30-5-1992, Auroville :**

Presque toute la matinée au bureau avec Arjun à voir ceci et cela (il doit partir à Delhi pour 2 semaines), et Toine nous y rejoint, très affectueux, et c'est comme si nous avions tous les 3 subi le même choc, l'autre jour...

***31-5-1992, Auroville :**

Grace est venue me voir ici à midi ; je crois qu'elle est à la recherche d'un lien qui la pousse, la stimule, la porte en avant, et c'est un mouvement à la fois confus et confiant, mêlé de son attachement pour Selvam...

***1-6-1992, Auroville :**

Encore une explosion de Narayana ce matin ; pour une fois c'est après Durai qu'il en avait... Alors, ces hurlements dans la sphère, cette énergie de haine et de provocation malicieuse : tout le monde s'arrête de travailler, paralysé. Les ouvriers ne comprennent pas pourquoi nous ne faisons rien... J'extirpe Durai, et ça se calme un moment... jusqu'à ce que Bhavani s'en prenne à moi ! Il leur faut tout le drame, ils veulent y arriver : alors elle me frappe plusieurs fois de son balai, avec une violence remarquable (dans cette culture, voici un acte extrême, l'insulte et l'offense impardonnable...)...

Plus tard, je demande à L.N que nous nous mettions d'accord sur les mesures à prendre ; mais, comme d'habitude, il se défile...

C'est cette inertie ambivalente qui est solidaire de tout ce qui résiste ou cherche à détruire...

... Je suis surpris, plus tard, de voir combien Selvam, qui a appris la « nouvelle » par Kanta, est bouleversé...

***2-6-1992, Auroville :**

A est venu ce soir avec de la salade et des papayes, et Ramalingam nous a rejoints...

***3-6-1992, Auroville :**

Rita est revenue de Calcutta pour assister notre équipe en s'occupant des recherches de matériaux et de fournisseurs et des commandes ; jour après jour il faut éclaircir une confusion qui est comme une broussaille qui se reforme sans cesse à travers les insuffisances de chacun de nous...

... Réunion ce soir de notre petite équipe pour l'accès à la Chambre ; Mallika s'en va pour 3 mois ; L.N reconnaît enfin qu'il est devenu nécessaire de neutraliser Bhavani et Narayana...

***5-6-1992, Auroville :**

Chaque jour la jungle a repoussé, chaque jour il faut chercher l'ordre...

On n'est plus ici, et on n'est pas encore là ; nos cerveaux ne fonctionnent plus au service des vieux maîtres, mais on n'a pas encore appris à soumettre et offrir l'action, le choix, le mouvement à une Vision Présente qui consciemment contient tout et habite tout...

... L, qui est bien guéri, demande à venir ici avec moi après le travail : cette tendresse sans histoires, que j'apprécie profondément...

***6-6-1992, Auroville :**

Un autre vol a eu lieu dans l'aire des Jardins la nuit dernière... Comment faire progresser la qualité d'une manifestation matérielle dans ces conditions... ?

... Ramalingam et moi sommes allés au village d'Edayachavadi. Nous n'avons eu jusqu'à présent que des ennuis avec ce village ; récemment, nous avons eu la permission de déterrer d'énormes rochers sur un arpent des terres du temple, pour les Jardins de Matrimandir ; maintenant les « chefs » nous demandent de les aider à bâtir un échafaudage autour du temple rénové, pour leur festival qui s'approche ; c'est donc sur la base d'une sorte de collaboration tacite que nous ferons ce travail...

***7-6-1992, Auroville :**

Souvent je demande si il y aurait de nouveau quelque chose à passer, à communiquer, à écrire, un nouveau « témoignage », ou une histoire qui serait comme un canal... Mais c'est le silence ! Rien ne vient. Rien ne semble même se préparer.

C'est comme si, vraiment, du point de vue individuel, j'avais cessé de progresser.

Et c'est ainsi, je crois.

Le choix s'est formé de me rendre disponible, comme un outil, en acceptant la condition générale la plus élémentaire et en laissant toute aspiration « personnelle » de côté...

***8-6-1992, Auroville :**

Cette journée a cristallisé les doutes et les questions, et le sens d'insuffisance, de ces derniers temps...

Ramalingam, qui tend à prendre les circonstances comme un défi personnel à dépasser ses propres limites, avait eu beaucoup de mal à organiser la location d'un équipement de levage et de transport de ces rochers que l'une de nos équipes a passé des semaines à dégager du sol, au village d'Edayachavadi... Les gens qui sont venus, avec leur camion, remorque et grue, sont des gens ordinaires, tout à fait extérieurs à Auroville, et l'atmosphère d'Edayachavadi est plutôt mauvaise... Il y a eu 2 accidents !

Et ainsi je passe plusieurs heures à Jipmer, dans un état d'impatience proche de la suffocation, à essayer d'obtenir que Ranganathan soit recousu (il s'est ouvert le menton en tombant de l'arrière de la grue) : le personnel de l'hôpital, aux urgences, s'obstine à vouloir rassembler, sinon même à suggérer, les informations qui pourraient constituer un dossier légal contre nous, les « employeurs », et c'est dégoûtant... Rajesh, qui est Interne à Jipmer, vient à ma rescousse... Nous sommes encore là quand Mannathan m'amène Devaraj, blessé à la tête (c'est Ramalingam, cette fois, qui a laissé glisser sa barre à mine) ; alors je l'envoie directement à une clinique privée, fâché déjà de ma propre sottise d'être venu à Jipmer pour Ranganathan – que je dois accepter de laisser en observation pour 24 heures...

Est-ce une aveugle témérité de notre part d'initier tous ces travaux pour Matrimandir ?

Et aujourd'hui il n'y a plus d'argent à la Banque et nous ne pouvons même pas payer Atmarati...

Je m'en veux : j'étais là, j'étais présent, j'étais calme, et je n'ai rien pu empêcher ! Je n'avais pas la responsabilité directe de l'équipe, j'étais là plutôt comme un observateur, pour accompagner Ramalingam, mais j'aurais dû sentir, et prévenir, et je n'ai même pas vu Ranganathan tomber (il se trouvait de l'autre côté de la grue)...

***9-6-1992, Auroville :**

Après le travail, Ramalingam et moi avons emmené une dizaine de nos gars, avec le tracteur, à Edayachavadi, pour ériger cet échafaudage autour de la partie centrale du temple qu'ils sont en train de rénover en préparation du festival, le 18. Nous travaillons sans une pause jusqu'à 21 h 30 et tout se passe bien ; les chefs du village sont contents ; le retour est doux et paisible.

***10-6-1992, Auroville :**

Je renonce à seconder Toine dans cette réunion à propos de la climatisation : je n'y comprend rien, et cette artificialité me déprime...

... La pluie est enfin venue, dense, trouée de longs éclairs, abondante ; à la fin de l'orage, Usha vient me tenir compagnie – c'est ma garde de nuit à Matrimandir ; elle a fait bien du chemin ces derniers mois...

***11-6-1992, Auroville :**

J'accompagne Dadu à Jipmer pour son traitement de radiations...

***12-6-1992, Auroville :**

Ramalingam est mal fichu : des vomissements et une attaque d'amibiase ; je lui apporte des remèdes et doit m'occuper seul des équipes des Jardins ; il y a tellement à « superviser » qu'il s'établit une sorte de distance interne, qui me donne l'impression que je ne « fais » absolument rien, autre qu'officier comme une référence visible...

***13-6-1992, Auroville :**

L'absence prolongée d'Arjun me pèse...

... Après le travail je retrouve Toine et Madanlal : comment aider à ce que l'argent arrive en quantités suffisantes ? On va au jour le jour, et ce n'est pas économique : on gaspille finalement plus, en démarches et en matériaux, lorsqu'on n'a que juste assez à chaque moment, que lorsqu'on peut disposer d'un capital...

... Anand et Ayanar me rendent visite ici avec leurs familles...

***15-6-1992, Auroville :**

Longue séance de dentiste...

Un malentendu avec Selvam...

Je ne sais pas ; je suis désemparé devant la lenteur, et aussi une sorte d'indignité, du processus ; l'individu est en démolition, par fragments, par niveaux, et par pans entiers ; mais le passage, la transition à la Personne, à Cela qui devient unique par et en chaque âme vivante – la musique et la plénitude et la solidité libre de Cela... c'est encore bien loin... !

Il n'y a plus rien à « comprendre » ; on n'est plus qui que ce soit de reconnaissable et de fiable, on n'est plus rien de mesurable ou de comparable, et Cela n'est pas encore manifeste, parce que tout n'est pas encore prêt à abdiquer consciemment, en avant, pour la vraie Vie...

C'est l'habitude de la défaite : de se dé faire pour se refaire, encore et encore...

Et l'horreur de cette mort : de toute cette expérience de gâchis, de gaspillage, de fausseté, de laideur, l'horreur physique – avoir encore une fois à supporter ça ?...

***16-6-1992, Auroville :**

Préparations et marquages, coordination ici et là, en haut, en bas...

Visite du « Planning Commission Deputy Chairman », l'un des hommes les plus puissants du pays... !

***17-6-1992, Auroville :**

Une attaque de fatigue : comme ce vent qui souffle depuis 3 jours, une bourrasque continue qui soulève des tourbillons de poussière où que l'on se trouve, brûlante, affligeante ; on a les yeux rougis, et le jardin ici est jonché de débris...

On prépare pour le bétonnage, demain, de l'extension du 4^{ème} pilier, à l'Est, celui de Mahalakshmi ; il nous aura fallu des mois, car nous avons dû refaire presque tous les coffrages, trop usés après trois bétonnages ; j'ai le trac !

... Une lettre de JYL ce matin, qui m'a un peu secoué, bien que, comme il l'écrit, je ne puisse guère être surpris ! Patricia se sépare de lui et garde Aurevan avec elle ; il doit quitter leur lieu de vie et se prépare à s'installer ici, seul ; il semble en fait être en partie soulagé (il oblige souvent les autres à déblayer le chemin pour lui, en lui fermant les portes !). Mais je ne puis m'empêcher de voir là comme une répétition de ma propre histoire, quand Diane avait pris Auragni avec elle et s'était arrangée pour que je ne puisse même plus la voir ; et des années ont passé et rien ne s'est ouvert ni résolu, et pour cette enfant de 10 ans maintenant, qui est ma fille, je ne suis qu'un étranger... Alors, faut-il que la même dureté, la même séparation pèse sur JYL ? Et je vois bien que j'ai peut-être agi comme un détonateur en lui demandant de venir d'abord seul (pour voir plus facilement comment arranger leur habitation ici) ; mais c'était un mouvement impersonnel, de cela je suis certain... Il ne faut pas qu'une fois de plus une enfant soit privée, par nos ego, de la réponse et de la disponibilité de l'un de ses compagnons choisis... Ce serait un échec de la vraie conscience, il me semble...

***18-6-1992, Auroville :**

Bétonnage de l'extension du pilier de Mahalakshmi, de 8 h 30 à 14 h... Je crois que ça s'est bien passé, mais on ne le saura qu'après le démoulage ; Selvam et moi avons vibré, chacun d'un côté...

L est venu ici avec moi après le travail, pour un long nettoyage de tout le ciment, et l'un de nos moments de détente ; il y a là une telle gentillesse et un tel sourire... !

***19-6-1992, Auroville :**

Trois heures chez le dentiste... Pas de douleur, mais il reste comme du découragement : il faudrait beaucoup de ces heures pour rétablir une harmonie, par ces moyens extérieurs mécaniques ; tandis que l'on traite d'un côté, une autre partie des gencives s'est enflammée et il y a de nouveaux dégâts ! D'après Ton expérience, la Force ne semblait pas agir sur les dents, comme si cela doit disparaître (?)... En attendant, c'est dégoûtant !

... L'envie de ne rien faire du tout ; ou de lire, de flotter...

... Lettre de Su : elle et John H sont tranquilles, absorbant la beauté de leur île (au large de Vancouver) et partageant une période d'assimilation avec Helen, leur mère...

***20-6-1992, Auroville :**

Ce soir, Durai arrange avec Joss pour que je voie la vidéo que Joss et Anita ont prise de Matrimandir et de sa Chambre, car je dois faire mes critiques ! C'est un sujet difficile : le film montre précisément tous les défauts, les contradictions et les manques, tout ce qui sépare la réalité physique présente de la Chambre de ce qu'elle devrait être...

... Toujours ce besoin impressionnant de sommeil ; je dors parfois jusque 9 heures de suite ; et si je tente de résister, tout va de travers...

***23-6-1992, Auroville :**

Walter a un petit accident, et se blesse au visage...

***25-6-1992, Auroville :**

L est venu ce soir... Je ne sais pas, je suis très touché par ce cadeau de tendresse, et de simplicité...

***27-6-1992, Auroville :**

Nous commençons d'ériger la structure métallique de l'atelier des disques...

***29-6-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a trop de points sur lesquels ceux qui devraient mettre l'attention nécessaire ne le font pas, et il s'ensuit une sorte de confusion permanente, de frustration des mouvements...

Je vois bien que l'anarchie véritable ne sera possible que lorsque chacun sera mû par un dévouement complet, actif et inconditionnel ; jusque là – et on ne peut pas tricher, il s'agit d'un fait énergétique concret – il est indispensable de s'en tenir à la discipline que l'on choisit, ouvertement et honnêtement...

... Ce matin JYL m'a téléphoné au bureau, de France : je n'entendais qu'à peine ce qu'il voulait me dire et c'était plutôt pénible ; j'ai compris qu'il venait le 1^{er} Août, et que Patricia, son fils Christophe et Aurevan, viendraient le 8, et qu'il me fallait leur trouver une maison...

***30-6-1992, Auroville :**

Arjun sera de retour demain, et j'en suis bien soulagé ; c'est un peu juste sans lui et, aujourd'hui encore, j'ai été surpris par le comportement de Toine... Il y a tant d'éléments qui tirent, au lieu de donner ; et Ramalingam, lui, est obnubilé par les buts personnels qu'il s'est fixé dans sa vie...

... L est venu après le travail : ce sont des moments d'heureuse et simple douceur, sans déguisements ni prétentions...

***1-7-1992, Auroville :**

Passé la journée, avec Rajaram et son équipe, à bâtir un échafaudage suspendu, un peu difficile à réaliser... J'apprécie toujours beaucoup ce travail particulier, qui tire en avant, physiquement, le meilleur de chacun - attention, solidarité, équilibre, rapidité de réflexes, agilité, endurance...

C'est mon tour de garde ce soir, et je dois rédiger un rapport de travail pour le Governing Board et Monsieur... Karan Singh !

***3-7-1992, Auroville :**

Ramalingam est à un moment de choix ; il me semble qu'il me faut l'y laisser en face, sans interférer, et attendre qu'il revienne partager... Mais c'est un peu déprimant ; je ressens toujours que, tous les deux ensemble il est possible de maintenir un rythme progressif et relativement harmonieux dans le travail, et que notre complémentarité, dans ce sens, est utile ; et dès que l'un de nous est troublé, c'est comme un trou dans l'atmosphère...

... Ayanar a demandé à me parler seul : il souhaite apprendre la menuiserie, et Matrimandir ne lui offre que du gros œuvre ; il veut ma permission pour s'en aller !

***5-7-1992, Auroville :**

C'est un peu triste avec L ce matin quand il vient me retrouver ici : je me rend compte qu'il est retourné boire hier soir au « toddy shop », malgré ses promesses, et il réalise lui-même que cela abîme la qualité de notre contact...

... Subrayan vient demander de l'aide... Jaïmurthy vient avec ses enfants...

Puis la réception des visiteurs tout l'après-midi ; je demande à Selvam de réduire à nouveau le nombre de « Passes » qu'il donne à l'heure des visites à la Chambre, et de refuser les simples « touristes » ; nous avons essayé de laisser entrer tous ceux qui le demandaient, sans insister trop sur les motivations, mais c'est devenu impraticable... C'est un problème difficile, et on ne peut guère que tâtonner...

***6-7-1992, Auroville :**

Une partie de la journée à mettre en place l'armature de Ton symbole en haut du cylindre central ; j'ai pu vérifier ainsi que j'avais effectivement fait une erreur, une de plus ! J'ai oublié de compter l'épaisseur du marbre sur le bandeau extérieur, et tout est donc un peu plus large que sur le plan ; mais je vais le laisser là jusqu'au retour de Roger A, car cela peut nous mener à une solution plus simple que son projet de bombures alternées, très compliqué et n'exprimant rien qu'une recherche décorative ou ornementale sans signification...

... Il y a du tirant avec Pierre E et sa compagnie ; ils ne font aucun effort de précision dans leur travail, et il n'y a aucune exactitude dans leurs comptes...

... Ramalingam est négatif, divisé en lui-même, alourdi et brouillé...

... Giuseppe me demande de l'aider à faire les plans de sa maison...

***8-7-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai du mal à traiter avec une forme de malhonnêteté en Pierre E ; ce n'est pas une malhonnêteté habituelle, mais quelque chose de tenace qui déforme un peu tout ce que ça touche et produit de la confusion physique et matérielle...

... Mon tour de garde, ce soir ; Ramalingam vient m'y retrouver avec sa famille un long moment, tranquille...

***10-7-1992, Auroville :**

Dans la nuit Durai vient me chercher : Angamma a commencé son labeur d'enfantement, les eaux ont rompu, et il demande à ce que je les emmène, avec la mère de Durai, à Jipmer (Angamma a déjà perdu deux bébés avant terme). S'ensuit un long, pénible processus, comme une farce affreuse qui moque l'existence, dans ce bâtiment monstrueux qui semble générer l'attitude la plus contraire à la vérité ; l'on découvre que l'enfant est très faible et malingre et souffre d'une difficulté respiratoire, et le labeur est trop lent, les contractions trop superficielles ; il y a un danger pour l'enfant et pour Angamma ; la doctoresse recommande une césarienne, sans attendre ; mais il me faut tout expliquer à Durai à mesure, et intervenir pour écarter le drame et la confusion. L'opération se passe bien. L'enfant naît à 1 h 35, une petite fille, très faible et très menue ; Angamma est hors de danger.

... Une dispute un peu douloureuse entre Arjun et Ramalingam, à cause du tour que Ramalingam et Loganathan ont accepté d'organiser pour une vingtaine de nos gars qui le souhaitent ; je leur avais assuré que je me débrouillerais sans eux pendant les trois jours de leur périple ; mais Arjun a soulevé de violentes objections (objections que j'avais moi-même évoquées, quoique d'un point de vue un peu différent), et toute la journée s'en ressent...

***11-7-1992, Auroville :**

La tempête entre Arjun et Ramalingam s'apaise ; Arjun s'est excusé, je crois, auprès de Ramalingam. Mais Shivan et Ramalingam ont tous les deux décidé de ne pas accompagner nos gars dans leur voyage, et de rester travailler...

***12-7-1992, Auroville :**

L'enfant d'Angamma et Durai est morte aujourd'hui, à 13 h 30 ; elle aura vécu 60 heures ; ce n'est pas un événement ordinaire : ça a été vu par la Conscience...

***13-7-1992, Auroville :**

Nous avons démonté ce prototype en panneaux triangulaires de verre réfléchissant. ... Encore un incident, avec de petits officiers de police, saouls et menaçants, qui cherchent à forcer l'accès à la Chambre... Le soir, Selvam, Sumathi et moi arrangeons Vos livres dans le kiosque d'Information ; Giuseppe vient nous aider, et m'accompagne ici plus tard, et reste dîner avec moi, tout tranquille...

***14-7-1992, Auroville :**

Visite de Durai ce soir : on dirait qu'une sorte de contact s'établit avec cet être...

***15-7-1992, Auroville :**

Shyama a pris rendez-vous pour moi avec Anurakta à l'Ashram, pour qu'il nous aide à identifier la position d'un ou deux nouveaux puits dans les Jardins de Matrimandir ; il procède selon une méthode que Tu lui as enseignée, avec une aiguille d'or tenue comme un pendulier au-dessus d'une carte topographique, en se référant à Ta Présence ; j'ai assez confiance dans sa relation avec Toi, et j'ai pu vérifier déjà dans le passé l'exactitude de son travail, et sentir l'action de la Force dans son atmosphère...

Avant de descendre à Pondy je suis allé avec Ramalingam à « Certitude », dans la maison de SSJ, pour voir ce qu'il faut faire : il a été cambriolé de façon bizarre, il y a deux jours...

***16-7-1992, Auroville :**

C'est la fête de Madanlal ; j'ai préparé un grand bouquet d'orchidées et de fougères.

***20-7-1992, Auroville :**

Depuis hier matin, à plusieurs reprises, un sanglot très profond, qui monte et prend tout : une peine si profonde qu'elle porte sûrement sa propre délivrance... Mais ce qui l'évoque... hier ce fut d'abord Ta voix, lisant ces lignes de « Savitri » :
« My father, my heart has chosen, it is done... ».

Et aujourd'hui, c'est plutôt une association de causes extérieures, rien de particulier en soi: une distance avec Selvam; la découverte que c'est Munuswamy qui a commis ces vols récents à Matrimandir et, l'autre soir, à « Vérité » ; une autre attaque de Narayana, ce matin, soudaine et surprenante, ce rictus jaune, cette violence manique...

Je ne sais pas : quelque chose pousse du dedans...

Après le travail j'ai dû m'allonger et me concentrer longtemps pour ne pas tomber malade, avec Ton Agenda posé à plat sur le ventre, en écoutant la musique de Sunil...

Maintenant, ce n'est pas encore passé, mais un peu de confiance est revenu...

Dans la nuit, j'ai eu aussi d'étranges cauchemars ; l'impression générale est d'être pressé dans un passage étroit... Ce n'est pas « personnel », au sens de « ma difficulté » ou de « mon passé », mais ce n'en est pas moins intense...

Il n'y a qu'un chemin, c'est le progrès de la conscience – et l'incarnation de la Conscience vraie...

***21-7-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai encore parlé franchement à Selvam ; une fois de plus, au lieu d'être « habile », j'ai été candide ; et il n'est pas revenu, incapable, comme d'habitude, de faire face. Mais qu'est-ce que cela veut dire, « faire face » ? Il y a un attachement, là, que je ne comprend pas entièrement : il y a, simultanément, une très belle vérité, et quelque chose de très insuffisant, ou de faux, quelque chose qui trompe ou qui ne se donne pas, je ne sais pas bien...

Cette peine qui est là me montre, crûment et presque brutalement, l'absence en moi d'un simple amour de la vie – ou, d'un point de vue supérieur, tout ce qui sépare encore de la capacité à recevoir la Présence, à La laisser emplir cette parcelle de Son existence...

... Dadu demande, avec insistance et détermination, à quitter le Camp ; il souhaiterait que nous lui construisions une petite maison ici, à « Sincérité ». Il faut que j'y réfléchisse, que je fasse une étude...

***22-7-1992, Auroville :**

Shivan est venu se reposer ici : il est beau et tendre et droit, c'est une joie...

Avec Selvam, ça s'est un peu rétabli ; de tous côtés lui vient la même pression impérative pour qu'il consente à se discipliner, et apprenne à se concentrer...

***23-7-1992, Auroville :**

Après le travail, réunion plutôt paisible et utile sous le Banyan, avec Tina, Durai, L.N et... Narayana ! Narayana qui a demandé à se joindre à l'équipe pour l'accès à la Chambre et, dans ce contexte, s'en est tenu à la personne que nous sommes tous prêts à retrouver, au lieu de cette grimace destructrice qui le voile et le possède si fréquemment...

***24-7-1992, Auroville :**

Levage et pose du premier panneau triangulaire de ferrociment sur la structure – nous commençons par le haut...

... Travaillé tard aux plans de la maison de Dadu...

***26-7-1992, Auroville :**

Deux coups de téléphone de JYL : Patricia a été hospitalisée ; cancer du sein, et peut-être de la lymphe. Leur voyage est annulé.

Que ce soit Ta Force qui agisse, que ce soit entre Tes mains...

Comme nous sommes tamasiques, comme nous rechignons à nous en remettre positivement, activement à Cela... ! Et pourtant ce n'est qu'alors que l'existence prend son sens...

Nous disons « prend tout ça... ! », mais nous le disons comme depuis une acquiescence inerte, un abandon confortable, qui est une démission – alors qu'il faut se lever, se donner, dans un mouvement d'éveil et d'énergie, fidèle et honnête...

On ne vit vraiment que quand on vit là...

***29-7-1992, Auroville :**

Un autre accrochage avec B ce matin ; je suis décidément incapable de trouver une harmonie avec lui et Silvio – avec, en fait, la plupart des « Auroviliens »... !

***30-7-1992, Auroville :**

SSJ, qui part en Russie et en Allemagne pour plusieurs semaines, me demande aujourd'hui de lui faire faire un tour complet des travaux...

***2-8-1992, Auroville :**

Tina, aujourd'hui, réagit violemment contre l'afflux croissant de visiteurs et la passivité ambivalente de la « communauté »...

... JYL a téléphoné : Patricia est mieux (après l'intervention chirurgicale), et ils arrivent tous les quatre, le 11, à 9 h 55...

***4-8-1992, Auroville :**

Plusieurs soirées de suite, jusque tard, avec Vijayakumari au bureau, pour examiner les comptes, rapports et estimatifs d'Atmarati ; et je dois ensuite la raccompagner chez elle...

***6-8-1992, Auroville :**

L'atmosphère d'Auroville est comme bondée d'arguments et de notions frelatés, de prétentions qui ne font que souligner un manque...

... Comment lutter efficacement pour aider à dissoudre toutes ces habitudes de déformation... ?

***8-8-1992, Auroville :**

Je passe les journées comme une bourrique : rectifier, réparer, arranger, expliquer, vérifier...

... Arjun insiste que je dois être attentif à rester dans Ta protection...

***10-8-1992, Auroville :**

Je vais à « Samasti » aujourd'hui, vérifier que tout est prêt : j'y ai réservé la Guest House pour JYL, Patricia, Aurevan et Christophe... C'est comme un décor, mais un décor de l'ego... je trouve l'endroit étouffant... !

***12-8-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a une précipitation générale, avec l'approche du 15 Août et l'afflux spectaculaire des visiteurs, et j'ai à peine le temps d'être avec JYL et sa « famille »... Aurevan a maintenant 1 an et demi, une adorable petite ; leur atmosphère est nouée encore...

... Su et John H rentrent dans la nuit...

***13-8-1992, Auroville :**

JYL vient demander de l'aide : Patricia veut rentrer en France ; elle panique physiquement, ne mange plus, vomit et s'angoisse ; on va chercher de la médecine homéopathique chez Kamala T, puis j'amène Patricia ici pour qu'elle se calme...

***14-8-1992, Auroville :**

Réunion officielle présidée par Karan Singh, avec le Governing Board et le « Working Committee »...

... Madanlal m'apporte, avec toute son affection, dans sa camionnette, une immense photographie de Toi... Je suis très touché...

JYL et sa famille dorment tous ici, et la maison est comme un champ de bataille – les insectes, la nourriture, le désordre... Mais ils se sentent mieux ici, et Patricia y trouve aide et réconfort...

***15-8-1992, Auroville :**

De 15 à 18 h 30, des centaines et centaines et centaines de visiteurs... Le doux Anand me tient compagnie...

***17-8-1992, Auroville :**

JYL se joint à moi pour une séance d'asanas sur la terrasse, après le travail... et la délicieuse Aurevan...

***18-8-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a une lourdeur pénible ; c'est à la fois physique et subtil, et il semble que nous la ressentions tous ; quelque chose qui pèse et cherche à dissocier, constamment...
... JYL et sa famille emménagent dans la maison de Janet, qui est absente...
... Dyuman quitte son corps, ce soir...

***19-8-1992, Auroville :**

On se traîne, on se hisse, on se pousse, c'est de l'entêtement de persévérance ; il y a comme un étranglement de l'énergie quelque part, depuis des jours... On ne sait rien !

***20-8-1992, Auroville :**

Marquage, ce soir, pour la maison de Dadu, à l'arrière de la Nursery : c'est le seul endroit sur lequel nous avons pu obtenir un accord ; j'ai préparé tous les plans et dessins d'exécution...
... Travaillé, jusque tard, à la « Newsletter »...

***23-8-1992, Auroville :**

L est venu, après bien longtemps...
Cet après-midi JYL, Patricia et Aurevan m'ont accompagné au Matrimandir, pour toute la période des visites, et celle du Commandeur en Chef de l'Armée de l'Inde, avec tout son entourage... Puis nous avons dîné ensemble dans la maison de Janet...

***24-8-1992, Auroville :**

Rajesh vient me voir : A me l'amène, et revient plus tard le chercher ! Rajesh a obtenu un poste de psychiatre dans un hôpital de Bangalore, pour son agrégation, et s'en va la semaine prochaine ; il avait demandé à me voir. Mais il y a l'attachement d'A... ! Pourtant je vois que cela se met en place, et qu'il reviendra...

***26-8-1992, Auroville :**

C'est mon tour de garde ce soir, et ma petite famille, et John H, et Ramalingam, viennent me tenir compagnie... Patricia m'apporte, juste à temps, un nouveau cahier !

***28-8-1992, Auroville :**

Une journée de fièvre... et les méandres et sables mouvants, et la brousse d'épineux... des diverses transactions et relations humaines...

De petits bétonnages ; les visiteurs ; et, ce soir, nous dînons tous chez Janet – Su m'y accompagne – avant d'aller assister à un spectacle de danse très annoncé, une prière dansée sur « Savitri », par une troupe de Bombay : c'est une caricature creuse et grandiloquente, sombre et pompeuse, presque comique... On finit tous, avec Selvam qui nous a rejoints là, par attendre dehors que Guy, qui a la clé de la maison, veuille bien ressortir... !

***29-8-1992, Auroville :**

C'est plus que de la discipline qu'il faut pour ne pas adhérer à cette confusion qui cherche constamment à dominer les circonstances et les relations, dans cette situation qui est la nôtre : c'est un apprentissage de tous les instants...

Plusieurs petits bétonnages...

Un incident pénible provoqué par Mauna, qui joue un rôle assez malsain avec les « visiteurs importants » ; on ne peut pas condamner un être pour la petitesse humaine qu'il porte ou représente, mais il faut bien traiter avec les effets de cette perversion – tout en étant amalgamés pêle-mêle sous l'étendard de l'« unité humaine » en cours de réalisation... ! Ces incidents sont souvent comme la lie du vin au fond du verre : le goût, l'odeur et l'effet sont... différents !

***30-8-1992, Auroville :**

Les tâches dominicales... et la visite de L...

C'est le mariage de Vijaya et Dhanapal ce soir : la tradition ! Une contradiction sans issue ?

... Patricia a décidé d'entrer dans son ordinateur et d'imprimer toute ma traduction de « Savitri »...

***31-8-1992, Auroville :**

Ma « famille » est repartie ce matin ; juste avant leur départ, j'ai eu le temps de montrer à Patricia quelques simples asanas qui peuvent l'aider...

Pas d'ouvriers aujourd'hui : c'est la fête de Ganapati !

***2-9-1992, Auroville :**

Apologie de Mauna...

Beaucoup de nos gars sont absents aujourd'hui... Il a fallu retourner au village ce soir pour démonter et récupérer les échafaudages...

J'ai fait à dîner pour Ramalingam ce soir, et lui et John H sont venus me tenir compagnie pendant mon tout de garde ; ces moments aident beaucoup à s'ajuster notre contact aux différents aspects du travail...

***4-9-1992, Auroville :**

Je vais de ci, de là comme une toupie : un manque d'attention sur un point, et c'est tout qui se déséquilibre...

La fièvre, que j'avais tenue pendant le séjour de JYL et les siens en prenant de l'aspirine a maintenant la main haute, et s'est compliquée d'une toux qui n'en finit pas et d'un nouvel accès d'hémorroïdes ; alors il y a cette tentation idiote de « prendre du repos » : idiote, parce que je sens très bien que la seule chose nécessaire est une qualité de concentration tout à fait abordable... !

***5-9-1992, Auroville :**

L'énergie passe mieux.

Mais dans l'ensemble, la tendance inscrite dans les choses, dans les mouvements et les circonstances, est de se tordre, de résister et d'aller de travers... ! Dans ce microcosme qui s'est aggloméré autour de Matrimandir, il y a trop de points faibles ouverts au désordre et à la déformation...

Il faut bien constater que, dans cet extraordinaire luxe de liberté qui nous est donné ici, l'on doit développer une forme de fidélité constante et active qui semble demander beaucoup plus que ce que la plupart sont prêts à donner... !

***7-9-1992, Auroville :**

Ce sont des jours ingrats : tout l'effort semble être absorbé par la nécessité d'écarter la confusion ; c'est comme un marécage sans fin...

... La femme de l'un de nos gardiens s'est pendue, la nuit dernière ; tous nos gars ont quitté le travail plus tôt...

***8-9-1992, Auroville :**

Asha est « en crise » et se déclare incapable d'assumer aucune tâche et aucune responsabilité... La démission de l'un ou l'autre d'entre nous peut multiplier la confusion, au point où l'on déplore presque la notion de « libre choix » : dans le physique, dans la matière, il semble impossible d'accomplir, ou de laisser s'accomplir quoi que ce soit sans un minimum de discipline, de constance et de fidélité...

***10-9-1992, Auroville :**

Toine, Walter et moi avons passé plusieurs heures dans les Jardins à marquer l'emplacement d'un nouveau bâtiment, qui sera intégré dans le flanc d'une colline, pour abriter les nouveaux générateurs et relais électriques pour toute l'aire de Matrimandir...

... Une bien douce visite : à ma suggestion, Madanlal a finalement conduit Millie et Minnie, ces deux merveilleuses, adorables enfants et compagnes de Toi : l'une est presque aveugle et l'autre marche à peine, mais... quelle profonde, quelle évidente reconnaissance ! C'est le confort des âmes vivantes !

... Nous travaillons tous jusque tard, ces jours-ci : il faut se hâter un peu avant la mousson !

***14-9-1992, Auroville :**

Dans les conditions qui règnent ici, ce travail de coordination est parfois affolant : chacun a le « droit » d'intervenir, d'interférer, d'imposer son opinion, de changer d'avis selon son plaisir, sans la moindre concentration, sans jamais tenir compte de l'ensemble, ni même de ce qui est adjacent... Mais probablement la manière que j'ai de procéder est aussi déconcertante pour d'autres ? Je n'en sais rien...

Chacun de nous contribue à la confusion, ne serait-ce qu'en réagissant – ce que je fais encore ! Il me faudrait être... étale !

... Quelques équipes travaillent la nuit... Moi aussi, jusque tard : je finis de rédiger ce texte que Ratna m'a demandé pour l'Allemagne, à propos de Matrimandir, et de l'accès à sa Chambre...

***15-9-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai accepté de refaire toute la partie centrale d' « Eco House », où habitent Deepti et Arjun ; et il faut aussi s'occuper maintenant de la construction de la petite maison de Dadu ; alors, avec les nouveaux travaux au Matrimandir – la centrale de climatisation sous l'amphithéâtre, le bassin de l'Unité près du Banyan, etc. -, c'est un peu la course de haies...

... Piero, qui est extrêmement aimable et presque fraternel avec moi ces jours-ci (peut-être depuis qu'il a besoin de moi pour son travail ?), me demande aussi de commencer dès demain les fondations pour la machinerie du système de climatisation...

... Je ne me plains pas ! Il y a une grande reconnaissance pour cet exercice qui est donné : mais aussi, une sorte de crainte : il faudrait qu'on soit tout à fait sincère !

Car, sans cette sincérité, on court le risque d'un monumental gaspillage, et d'une trahison !

Et ça, ce n'est pas amusant !

***16-9-1992, Auroville :**

O discipline individuelle !

Cette nécessité impérative que chacun donne, à chaque instant et progressivement, à la vérité, honnêtement...

Sans cette participation de chacun, il n'y a pas de chemin viable, ni partageable, et il n'y a pas d'unité possible, ni même souhaitable... !

... Une explosion ce matin, entre Toine et B, à propos des disques et de l'attitude de Silvio... Une autre ce soir, entre Toine et L.N et Narayana, à propos des visiteurs et d'un homme un peu trouble à qui L.N a donné un « Passe » très spécial, de son propre chef et selon sa propre inspiration...

***17-9-1992, Auroville :**

Encore une réunion difficile à propos des disques ; je me trouve un peu seul face à une sorte d'absence générale de perception directe de l'intégrité matérielle de Matrimandir, et à une action corrosive, confondante, du mental : il est maintenant question de revoir entièrement la disposition des disques, avec l'intention soit d'ignorer, soit de camoufler le travail déjà exécuté... Et ça tourne et tourne autour d'un petit axe séparé : qu'est ce qui progresse dans tout ça ? J'ai trouvé Arjun vain et gravement stupide, ce matin... !

***18-9-1992, Auroville :**

Je m'efforce d'identifier la réponse intérieure la plus vraie, la plus vraiment vraie, à un certain état de choses – quelque chose qui vienne de plus haut et de plus profond que la tristesse, et qui écarte de la conscience les vieux sentiments de solitude, en attelant la responsabilité du petit être à la Tienne... Au-delà, et libre de toutes les réactions...

C'est une leçon continue ; et on ne peut répondre à l'appel de la conscience qu'en soi, que par le contact individuel donné : là est la priorité, quelle que soit la condition de l'autre et des autres...

... Réunion générale, dans la « Cuisine », à propos des Maintenances des Auroviliens ; Arjun et L.N sont comme deux coqs !

... Trois bétonnages aujourd'hui...

***19-9-1992, Auroville :**

Le dernier bétonnage du « rib » (une section de l'un des 4 arcs structurels) n'a pas été bon du tout ; Shivan n'a pas donné l'attention nécessaire et, de mon côté, je lui ai fait trop confiance. Les autres bétonnages sont bien venus ; mais la qualité du ciment est très médiocre, ces temps-ci : l'arnaque est plus répandue que jamais !

... Ce soir, Ramalingam est venu me retrouver ici, comme souvent, et nous faisons ensemble les comptes pour les maisons de Dadu et d'Arjun et Deepti...

***20-9-1992, Auroville :**

Rajaram vient prendre le petit-déjeuner avec moi : il s'entête à ce que je lui construisse une « capsule » ici (une petite hutte sur pilotis), malgré tous les obstacles – il n'est pas « Aurovilien », et on n'a pas le droit (!) de construire ici...

***21-9-1992, Auroville :**

Roger A et Jacq sont de retour pour un mois ; je leur donne « le tour des travaux » et, demain, ce sera le « tour des questions »...

***23-9-1992, Auroville :**

Pour la réunion de travail avec Roger A ce matin, j'ai rassemblé les études complètes des disques que nous avons faites avec Jeet, où il est clairement montré que, pour réaliser le modèle présent (le concept de Roger A révisé par Jacq), il est nécessaire de faire 3 tailles différentes de disques – ce que Silvio et B, en toute mauvaise foi, nient avoir jamais entendu, et ce que Jacq a tout simplement négligé, par une sorte de présomption anxieuse... Tout cela est peu encourageant...

***24-9-1992, Auroville :**

P.M m'envoie les 60 premières copies de l'Agenda que je lui ai demandées, pour les mettre en vente dans le kiosque d'Information à l'entrée des Jardins...

***28-9-1992, Auroville :**

Il a plu beaucoup et souvent ces jours derniers ; il faut aller et venir dans la gadoue, et je ne trouve assez de travail utile qu'à une partie de nos ouvriers, dans une organisation très approximative... !

***30-9-1992, Auroville :**

Arrivée des 2 Français, père et fils, qui doivent effectuer la dorure de 21 disques...

***1-10-1992, Auroville :**

Première lettre de JYL, calme et tendre...

Les volumes de Ton Agenda déjà traduit en Anglais, en Hindi et en Oriya arrivent à notre pavillon d'Information...

***2-10-1992, Auroville :**

Rajesh est venu, et reviendra demain, si A ne l'en empêche pas...

... Reçu le dernier livre de Satprem, « Evolution II »...

***5-10-1992, Auroville :**

C'est le jour de la Puja à Saraswati. Tout le monde nettoie : la structure, les lieux, les outils, les machines, les véhicules ; puis, avec Vos photographies et une image de Saraswati, et les fleurs et l'encens et la flamme et le son de la cloche, on se réunit... C'est un progrès par rapport aux années précédentes...

Mais j'ai dû passer tout le matin avec Vijayakumari, qui me demandait de l'aider à revoir des comptes et des estimatifs...

... Des centaines de visiteurs ; des éruptions ; Babushwar, notre gardien, saoul...

... Le jeune Venkadeshan s'est suicidé ce matin, avec une corde... Comment accompagner un peu ces êtres qui ne savent rien...

... Ce soir Walter m'a demandé d'aller regarder avec lui une projection de photographies de fleurs avec Tes désignations, à CSR, en préparation pour l'étude des Jardins intérieurs...

Il y a du tonnerre dans le ciel, maintenant...

***7-10-1992, Auroville :**

Su et moi envisageons la construction d'une extension à la maison de C, pour elle et aussi pour JYL et les siens...

... Après l'heure des visites à la Chambre, ce soir, nous avons une réunion de tous ceux qui ont participé à la garde de la Chambre ces temps derniers... Les notions des uns et des autres sont encore très disparates ; Tina veut se retirer de l'équipe, et le petit F est en train de craquer... Comment obtenir que suffisamment d'entre nous se rendent disponibles au service de ce qui croît ici, au Matrimandir ?

***9-10-1992, Auroville :**

Une longue réunion de travail, avec Roger A, Jacq et B et Asha, et Arjun, Toine et Walter ; Il est longtemps question des touristes et visiteurs, et de ce qu'il est possible et nécessaire de faire dès maintenant dans Auroville pour endiguer et canaliser la marée ; puis, en réponse à mon insistance, Roger A accepte de simplifier la coque intérieure et, de lui-même, propose la solution que j'avais tenté de communiquer auparavant : une coque intérieure translucide, plus facile à réaliser et plus harmonieuse dans l'expression...

***10-10-1992, Auroville :**

Anurakta m'a envoyé ses réponses, pour les sources d'eau dans les Jardins et pour les clés géométriques des 4 Aspects de la Mère (le carré pour Mahakali, le cercle pour Mahalakshmi, le losange ou l'hexagone pour Maheshwari et le triangle pour Mahasaraswati)...

***11-10-1992, Auroville :**

Rajaram revient à la charge une fois de plus, avec la confiance entêtée d'un enfant ; je « dois » lui faire une place ici ! Il y a quelque chose comme un désespoir en lui, qui m'inquiète un peu ; mais je n'ai pas de solution, et je ne vois pas qu'il soit souhaitable de le prendre ici avec moi...

***14-10-1992, Auroville :**

Ce sont des journées de fou ; je ne sais pas, il semble que les gens n'entendent pas ; les choses se répètent, se répètent, et les cerveaux sont barricadés et les énergies sont égoïstes... Quelquefois, c'est à crier !

Et, ce matin, une réunion très difficile, à propos des disques et du programme des travaux ; j'ai éclaté à la figure de Roger A : il y a une sorte de malhonnêteté en lui, ou de facilité, qui ne peut plus être tolérée quand l'enjeu est si grand...

Comment rester à la fois calme et persévérant, activement engagé sans tension ni impatience, sans être affecté ni tenté par un retrait – c'est encore le plus difficile à résister pour moi, cette tentation de tout laisser, de m'écarter : un désistement...

Et puis, il manque dans tout ça comme une sorte d'intelligence ; je ne sais pas comment le dire, cela participe d'une intégralité dans l'approche et le besoin, et d'une compréhension plus directe et progressive, mais libre de doutes... Cela manque ! Il y a comme une pauvreté...

... Le petit F s'est retiré de l'équipe des gardiens, et cela fait un trou que personne ne se propose de combler...

***15-10-1992, Auroville :**

De plus en plus je dois constater cette réalité du monde présent : le fait de voir juste ne rend ni efficace ni content ; ce qu'on voit n'est accepté que trop tard, après beaucoup de gaspillage et, quand l'acceptation vient enfin, la vérité de ce qui avait été perçu doit alors se compromettre pour intégrer autant que possible, dans l'ignorance générale, ce que les retards et les déformations ont manifesté... Et ce phénomène se reproduit à toutes les échelles...

Tant que la conscience n'est pas devenue entièrement une et limpide, on ne cesse, par nos ombres, de nourrir la nécessité du temps et de la mort...

***18-10-1992, Auroville :**

Le rythme du dimanche... L est venu me retrouver un moment, tout tendre et content...

Puis cet après-midi un épisode difficile avec un groupe de visiteurs hargneux et revendicateurs, attisés par deux jeunes gens de l'Ashram, qui nous a menés au bord de l'émeute ; quelque chose se fait pourtant, ardu, mais ô combien nécessaire...

***20-10-1992, Auroville :**

Bill S est venu à notre réunion de Coordination, spécialement pour nous avertir d'une autre vague de rumeurs et d'accusations destructives dirigées contre nous, qui semble s'être emparée d'un nombre de gens...

***21-10-1992, Auroville :**

J'essaie de préparer un texte que notre équipe pourra adresser au groupe qui s'occupe des admissions à Auroville (« Entry Group »), à propos des nombreuses demandes faites par des travailleurs, « ouvriers », pour être acceptés avec leurs familles dans Auroville...

***22-10-1992, Auroville :**

C'est décourageant : Silvio, ce matin, nie tout ce qui a été confirmé avec Roger A, et revient sur tout ce dont on a parlé ; c'est comme une sorte de folie obscure, insaisissable, et très négative...

Long bétonnage de la dalle du centre de climatisation, de 11 à 20 h ; malgré la fatigue, je suis très touché par la qualité de don de tous nos gars, et je suis très fier d'eux ; ils travaillent sans compter, avec adhésion, et c'est magnifique et c'est adorable... Ramalingam est aussi heureux que moi... !

***23-10-1992, Auroville :**

L.N a invité le « Working Committee » à une réunion générale : ce sont les mêmes circuits infernaux, avec des discours moralisateurs hystériques ; c'est épuisant...

***24-10-1992, Auroville :**

Les membres du « Working Committee » nous ont communiqué leurs excuses pour s'être laissés prendre à la manipulation de la réunion appelée par L.N...

... Passé une grande partie de la matinée, avec Asha et un nouvel arpenteur géomètre, S, à corriger les erreurs que Pierre E, J.L et Mani ont faites dans les mesures des premiers Pétales et de l'accès Ouest ; puis un long moment avec Walter pour préciser, avec l'aide de nos cartes, l'emplacement des deux nouveaux puits, en appelant l'inspiration juste...

... Selvam veut s'en aller à Madras pour 2 ou 3 mois, pour étudier : il a réalisé qu'il lui fallait vraiment maîtriser la lecture et l'écriture de l'Anglais ; c'est bien, mais son absence va me donner plus de travail !

***27-10-1992, Auroville :**

Je me sens submergé...

Et il y a ce perpétuel problème : à mesure que l'on prend conscience d'un ensemble donné, on devient en même temps conscient comme de la direction ou de la vérité de chaque mouvement, de chacune des situations dans cet ensemble. Et si l'on est centré dans l'action, alors on touche concrètement à tous ces points et l'on cherche spontanément à manifester ce que l'on en perçoit ; mais le temps physique ne suffit pas, et nous sommes encore trop peu à être ainsi orientés : les chaînons manquent de tous côtés...

Ainsi il faut s'en remettre à une Action directe de la Force dans les êtres et les circonstances, et trouver à chaque instant comment le mieux la servir, sans attacher à, ni même vouloir vérifier, aucun résultat.

Je ne sais pas bien expliquer les termes du problème, qui pourtant se pose de plus en plus...

Puisqu'il est indispensable que chacun ait le temps et l'espace de parvenir à un état de perception vraie, selon ses données individuelles, et puisque chacun progresse de manière différente et à des rythmes différents, il est impossible de communiquer consciemment à un niveau qui soit à la fois commun et fidèle ; le seul niveau commun abordable est toujours très inférieur aux possibilités que l'on perçoit...

Alors on est condamné à la fois à s'efforcer constamment d'être fidèle dans l'action, et à accepter un formidable gaspillage et d'innombrables détours et complications, sans en être affecté...

C'est tellement plus confortable de recevoir un travail défini et limité avec l'assurance qu'en s'y donnant, on reçoit aussi l'action de la Force pour le changement de la conscience... !

... Un long moment avec Toine ce soir, pour chercher ensemble le chemin matériel de ces disques – leurs positions et leurs tailles ; tout est irrésolu ; ni Roger A, ni Silvio, malgré leurs prétentions initiales, n'ont été capables de trouver la solution, et nous nous trouvons dans une situation intenable...

***29-10-1992, Auroville :**

Un éclat de colère ce matin, provoqué soudainement par cette force en L.N qui tord et abîme ; c'est quelque chose qui ment tout en prétendant à la vérité, quelque chose de grossier ; et je me suis laissé prendre, et Ramalingam aussi... Cherchant à rejeter sur moi la responsabilité de ses propres retards et de son inertie, L.N a voulu me faire passer pour un menteur, et je n'ai pas été capable de laisser couler... La colère n'est jamais justifiable ; c'est dégoûtant ! Et après, il faut offrir !

Et toute la journée, sur la structure, je dois de justesse me rattraper, au bord de l'accident ; et ce soir, la moto tombe plusieurs fois en panne, et je dois rentrer de Pondy sans lumière...

***31-10-1992, Auroville :**

Plusieurs bétonnages dans la journée, à des endroits différents...

Une autre réunion de travail dans la soirée, à propos de la position des disques sur les portions singulières de la sphère (la sphère de Matrimandir n'est pas une sphère géométrique parfaite, mais une sphère aplatie aux pôles), et, pour la première fois dans toute cette confusion redoutable, il y a un peu de joie et le sens d'une ouverture et d'un chemin possible, d'une solution harmonieuse et puissante...

***3-11-1992, Auroville :**

Yoke quitte son corps, ce soir ; emportée d'urgence à Madras par Karel, le cœur a flanché...

***5-11-1992, Auroville :**

L'enterrement du corps de Yoke, près de « Forecomers », dans les bois...

Il y a l'expérience de traverser les tensions et les formations et les « croyances » pour toucher quelque chose de vrai ; c'est l'un de ces moments où la réalité

collective du groupe est mise à l'épreuve et retrouve la conscience de ses fondements ; il y a peut-être une cinquantaine d'entre nous, calmes...

... Selvam est revenu pour 3 jours, confiant que cette période d'études sera utile, doux et presque tendre...

... Clinton a été élu Président des Etats-Unis ! Mais c'est un tout petit être !

Sa femme, peut-être, a quelque énergie, mais le monde humain semble si pauvre quand on regarde ses figures de proue... !

De l'Un, par le Deux, en le Multiple, pour retourner à l'Un

Jusqu'à Le devenir

Inséparablement

Dans le monde...

***11-11-1992, Auroville :**

Hier soir L, saoul, dans son village, décide de grimper tout seul en haut du pylône voisin pour réparer un fusible, et s'électrocute : il tombe de 4 mètres.

Nous n'apprenons la nouvelle que ce matin ; il a été transporté à Jipmer.

Ce soir je vais le voir. C'est plus que de la chance : il a été protégé !

La plupart des brûlures ne sont pas trop profondes, et devraient guérir assez vite, et il n'y a pas d'autres conséquences. Il n'y a pas de fièvre. Il est bien traité et on lui administre du glucose par IV, avec les médicaments. Cet imbécile de L... !

***12-11-1992, Auroville :**

Il pleut, il pleut ; Rajaram ce soir m'accompagne rendre visite à L à Jipmer, sous les trombes...

***13-11-1992, Auroville :**

Il pleut... Une rixe entre Angad et l'un de nos gardiens... Je cherche dans le fouillis et le fatras de cristaux chez Vijay un cadeau pour la fête de Su, qui approche...

Sous la pluie, je plante un arbre de « l'Amour Divin Gouvernant le Monde »... Raju vient avec moi voir L, à la nuit tombante...

***14-11-1992, Auroville :**

La pluie, la pluie... C'est un champ, une marée de boue autour de Matrimandir ; il faut bien pourtant organiser le travail possible...

Puis je vais à l'atelier de Prema pour vérifier la commande d'un tapis circulaire pour les visiteurs dans la Chambre ; puis je retourne chez Vijay pour confirmer le choix d'un cristal pour Su ; pour y arriver, je passe devant l'entrée d'une hutte ; deux petits chiots s'amuse à se débattre dans la boue ; leur mère endormie près d'eux, à mon approche, sursaute et se dresse et bondit sur moi et me mord à la jambe droite ; Ann accourt et je dois alors la calmer et calmer la chienne en même temps !

C'est un curieux épisode ; je n'ai eu aucun mouvement de peur ni d'agression ; tout est resté complètement calme ; et pourtant, cela s'est bien produit !

Maintenant, le muscle de la jambe est gonflé et douloureux ; Ann m'a affirmé que la chienne avait été vaccinée contre la rage... Mais il y a la formation de tétanos dans le mental physique... IL faut que le Force s'en occupe !

***16-11-1992, Auroville :**

Dans la nuit j'ai été réveillé par la fièvre, et un ganglion soudain à l'aîne droite ; j'ai ajouté une couverture et essayé de me concentrer...

Au Matrimandir, sous le déluge, la boue a dévalé toutes les pentes et les bords des excavations se sont écroulés – évidemment... !

***20-11-1992, Auroville :**

En fin de journée, je descend à Jipmer ; L vient juste de sortir, et m'attend déjà ; il avait décidé de toutes manières qu'il resterait avec moi ; je dois donc l'emmener à Pondy avec moi, où j'ai des courses à faire, mais il est vite fatigué et nous rentrons le plus tôt possible ; il veut rester ici jusqu'à ce que tout soit guéri et cicatrisé ; il est tendre et confiant. Après le dîner, je lui fais un nettoyage attentif, pour effacer un peu les traces de toute cette expérience ; il a perdu du poids, et devra faire de l'exercice pour recouvrer l'usage normal de ses bras... Certaines des brûlures ont été profondes ; je ne m'attendais pas à ce que les docteurs le fassent sortir aussi tôt, mais ils ont certainement besoin de lits dans l'hôpital ! Je crois que je peux faire ce qu'il faut...

***22-11-1992, Auroville :**

Dimanche de pluie... Anand vient se reposer tout l'après-midi ; cette tendresse qu'il évoque en moi est comme un amour et aussi le sentiment envers un tout petit enfant...

Je dois donner l'instruction de fermer la Chambre aux visiteurs, parce que les chemins sont trop boueux, et je rentre tôt, et fais la cuisine, pour que L reprenne du poids !

Ramalingam vient plus tard et nous faisons les comptes...

***24-11-1992, Auroville :**

Bétonnage du bassin de l'Unité : 270 sacs de ciment, 12 heures de travail ininterrompu ; nous terminons à 20 h ; l'air est limpide et frais. Nos gars sont efficaces, et contents.

Au début, il y a une lourdeur : Asha se plaint et me fait des reproches qui ne sont ni fondés ni de bonne foi, et je refuse d'absorber ce poison et lui demande de le reprendre, et ça tourne en une scène plutôt spectaculaire ; plus tard, dans l'après-midi, la dernière section de coffrage du muret circulaire s'ouvre sous la pression, et il faut la vider d'urgence et ré étayer, réajuster et remplir...

... L se remet doucement ; graduellement, les brûlures les plus profondes se cicatrisent ; je lui refais ses bandages chaque soir...

***27-11-1992, Auroville :**

Nous ouvrons les coffrages du bassin de l'Unité : c'est plutôt bon.

Walter a préparé plusieurs esquisses pour les formes des dalles de granit qui viendront couvrir le béton : l'une d'elles m'a ému ; il m'a semblé qu'elle représentait parfaitement Ton unité, la vraie, celle qui porte le Suprême en son centre, consciemment dynamisé...

Nous faisons les préparatifs pour le forage des deux puits...

... L est curieusement content et tranquille ici : curieusement, parce qu'il ne semble pas s'ennuyer du tout, ni se sentir dépaycé...

***28-11-1992, Auroville :**

Je reçois une lettre de la grand-mère de Cyril qui veut le contacter pour lui laisser un héritage... Mais comment trouver sa trace ? Quand sa mère et son nouveau compagnon l'ont emmené au Canada, il n'y avait plus de contact entre nous...

***3-12-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a comme une errance : les questions sont trop grandes, dans un silence qui attend sans rien savoir...

... L sera prêt à retourner chez lui ce dimanche, je crois, et à reprendre le travail lundi...

***4-12-1992, Auroville :**

N, tôt ce matin, est venu me demander de l'argent, prétendant une fois de plus qu'il ne trouvait aucun travail ; peut-être est- le fait de découvrir que L séjourne ici avec moi qui l'a provoqué, mais son attitude était bien différente, presque vicieuse, mauvaise, et il a fini par me menacer de... chantage ! (la relation physique et affective que nous avons eue dans le passé, quand il était plus droit et que je lui faisais toute confiance) ; je l'ai renvoyé presque brutalement, mais ça m'a laissé un peu bouleversé : ce tableau de toute une laideur d'être, d'une horreur de conscience...

... Madanlal voulait m'emmenner sur ses terres près de « Lake Estate », sous le prétexte de voir le tas de briques qu'il souhaite donner au Matrimandir pour la construction des Pétales ; je suis arrivé un peu en retard, à cause d'une panne et du déluge sur la route ; puis nous avons fait une grande randonnée dans sa voiture, et marché au bord du lac, et visité « Gloria Farm » ; il m'a raconté toutes ces choses qui lui reviennent de Toi, de ses expériences avec Toi ; il m'a récité de longs passages de « Savitri »... Je suis reconnaissant de sa confiance...

***5-12-1992, Auroville :**

Quelque chose d'idiot, de comique, de désolant m'est arrivé dans la nuit, vers 5 h : sortant d'un rêve détaillé avec Sujata, Satprem, une jeune fille et une histoire de courrier, je descend l'escalier de bois, fraîchement ciré par L, avec des chaussettes de laine aux pieds, dans l'obscurité, et je glisse et dévale toutes les marches sur le dos, cassant l'une d'elles, et décrochant une peinture au passage, et j'atterris en brisant une lampe et écrasant un scorpion en même temps !

Le coccyx est très douloureux ! C'est comme la suite de ce moment vilain avec N le matin, quelque chose qu'il faut nettoyer tout à fait, maintenant, avec le vrai mouvement...

Et il pleut, sans cesse !

Je suis furieux de ma négligence, de cette veulerie, cette faiblesse en moi qui ont permis cet accident... Furieux aussi de céder à cette misère égoïste, petitement centrée sur sa propre irréalité séparée, qui veut s'installer dans la douleur physique et stigmatiser les « dégâts »... !

Il y a comme une déchirure près de la colonne vertébrale, à l'attache d'une côte...

... Selvam est revenu de Madras ; il a passé ici un moment réparateur ; il a une belle et profonde présence, et je crois qu'il progresse...

... L va rentrer chez lui demain ; il n'a plus besoin de mes soins...

... Ce matin, après un peu de travail au Matrimandir, j'ai trouvé Anand endormi ici, les yeux bandés : il s'était brûlé avec la soudure hier soir ! Ca faisait une drôle de maisonnée, gentille et très douce...

***6-12-1992, Auroville :**

Anand et L m'ont aidé à nettoyer et ranger la maison ce matin, et Su s'est offerte à faire la lessive !

... Les événements d'Ayodhya... (Une foule menée par des fundamentalistes « hindous » - et des politiciens qui font un usage sans scrupules du « sentiment religieux » - a démolé la mosquée de Babri Masjid qui avait été érigée, semble-t-il, sur l'emplacement d'un ancien temple dédié à Rama)

***8-12-1992, Auroville :**

Avec l'accord et la contribution de l'équipe, je termine de préparer la carte d'invitation pour le 28-2-1993, le 25^{ème} anniversaire d'Auroville...

***9-12-1992, Auroville :**

Je suis descendu rencontrer Tara chez elle, avant son retour à Delhi ; je regarde des centaines de ses photographies de Toi et j'en choisis plus de 150, et lui demande d'y ajouter, à Delhi, celles de Tes Darshans au balcon, dont elle n'a pas les copies ici...

De retour ici, je trouve Selvam à la maison : Madras est paralysée par les grèves et les diverses réactions à la scène d'Ayodhya, et il a préféré rester ici... Il y a beaucoup de violences dans tout le pays... Demain doit se tenir un Bandh général, sanctionné par les gouvernements du Tamil Nadu et de Pondichéry, et il n'y aura pas de travail possible...

... En fin de journée, réunion sous le banyan, à ma demande, avec ceux qui aident régulièrement au service de la Chambre, pour présenter les possibilités d'organisation pour le 1^{er} Janvier et le 28 Février... Il y a un malaise croissant : parmi nous R, Juanita et Geneviève représentent maintenant cette attitude exclusive qui attribue aux « Auroviliens » un droit presque sacré d'accès, en toute circonstance...

***10-12-1992, Auroville :**

Bandh. Pas de travail.

Un peu de temps au bureau ; puis à élaguer les arbustes près des bâtiments ; puis L vient ici me retrouver...

Je commence à étudier les formes et les volumes pour cette extension de la maison de C...

... Elagage à « Eco House »...

***14-12-1992, Auroville :**

Les travaux à « Eco House » sont laborieux – des délais, des négligences, et l'impatience d'Arjun et, tout comme pour la maison de Dadu, le manque de fonds...

... C'est le vernissage de l'exposition de Su à Pondy, à l'Alliance Française...

***15-12-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai cette impression que l'on a quand on voyage en avion : une sorte de confort distant, une perspective à la fois privilégiée et désincarnée...

... Le forage du premier puits, au Sud Est des Jardins, s'achève, à 112 m de profondeur...

***16-12-1992, Auroville :**

Le père de Ramdas, alcoolique, s'est suicidé, après une dispute entre eux ; beaucoup de nos gars quittent tôt le travail, et Ramalingam doit s'occuper de tout...

***18-12-1992, Auroville :**

Ramalingam est à Madras pour la journée, et je dois courir à doubles foulées... !

Il y a ces jours-ci toute une comédie dangereuse entre le Secrétaire de la Fondation et une partie de la communauté autour de la question des visas et des « pouvoirs » ; Toine m'indique la nécessité d'agir, pour calmer et situer les choses, et cela me tire tout l'après-midi, jusqu'à ce que je rédige un texte court, pour publication dans les « Auroville News » ; Toine et Arjun en sont très heureux !

***19-12-1992, Auroville :**

Le petit garçon de Raman et de Kamala, Arasu, se noie dans l'étang d' « Aurodam »... (A Auroville, les très jeunes enfants, quand ils veulent « partir », se noient... comme Auroson, le premier, et Aurolouis, dans des puits, il y déjà des années...)

***20-12-1992, Auroville :**

Janet, à qui j'avais demandé de communiquer ma note à l'Assemblée et aux « Auroville News », puisqu'elle voulait s'y présenter comme la proue de l'opposition au Secrétaire, me renvoie les 2 copies avec une note très dure et rigide, me situant dans le camp du... fascisme ! Elle n'a rien compris au texte, tant elle est déterminée à ne voir et n'entendre rien d'autre que sa propre démarche... ! Cela m'a un peu choqué, mais il faut en rire aussi ! Le fait est que la plupart des gens ici souhaitent plutôt demeurer au niveau du jeu des forces ; ils y trouvent la satisfaction d'une identité et ils craindraient de se perdre, de disparaître en se tournant au-delà, ou au dessus...

***21-12-1992, Auroville :**

Il y a cette lumière glorieuse de l'hiver ; l'air est limpide et cristallin ; les feuilles et les herbes sont paisibles, et vigoureuses...

... Il faut faire accepter à Deepti que la maison ne peut pas être prête cette semaine, qu'il lui faut s'adapter et savoir accompagner le travail jusqu'à sa réalisation harmonieuse...

... Roger A et Jacq sont de retour depuis deux jours, mais nous n'aurons notre première réunion que mercredi...

... L'équipement de forage se déplace pour commencer le deuxième puits, près des ateliers...

... Visite de Gîta : c'est une femme dont j'apprécie la compagnie, comme une vieille connaissance, peut-être une sœur, autrefois ?

***22-12-1992, Auroville :**

Je me suis trouvé à l'endroit et à l'instant justes pour traiter sur le terrain avec Tripathy, le Secrétaire – avec sa colère, son ressentiment et sa frustration (c'est l'histoire du changement de trajet des visiteurs) ; puis je me suis rendu au « Development Group » pour qu'ils collaborent à la réparation et au rétablissement nécessaires ; puis il m'a fallu rédiger une lettre de présentation formelle et officielle expliquant les raisons de ce changement de route, et la faire approuver...

... C écrit qu'elle arrive le 9 Février...

***23-12-1992, Auroville :**

J'ai découvert encore des erreurs dans le travail des Pétales : un manque d'attention et de supervision, et de temps, de ma part, et l'imbécillité du maçon que je ne me résous pas à renvoyer, malgré le nombre de bêtises inexcusables qu'il a déjà faites. Cela me met très mal à l'aise. Je ne suis pas certain de la marche à suivre : arrêter certains travaux pour mieux me concentrer avec les ouvriers ? Je me tournerais volontiers vers J.L et lui laisserais plus de responsabilités, mais il a déjà bien à faire, et n'avait pas supporté la charge auparavant... Il y a cette tristesse d'un travail mal fait, à refaire, quand il est déjà si difficile de faire venir l'énergie dans ce chemin...

... Longue réunion de travail avec toute l'équipe et Roger A et Jacq, principalement à propos de la position des disques : « on » a vraiment choisi le concept, la méthode et le processus les plus compliqués et les plus difficiles à réaliser !

Pourquoi n'y a t il jamais eu le soutien d'en haut à la proposition que j'avais faite, qui était dictée par la simplicité inhérente à la structure même de Matrimandir ? Cela, je ne le comprends pas, d'aucune manière...

... Tant que l'on n'est pas conscient à chaque instant de la Coulée et de son Sens, tant que cet état n'est pas une réalité physique, la plupart des mouvements que l'on fait conduit à un gaspillage, un bruit, une confusion...

... Suresh, de l'Ashram, me fait remettre par Sunrita « quelque chose que Tu as tenu dans Tes mains » : c'est une carte de Bonne Année avec Tes bénédictions... Cela me touche, et m'étonne...

***24-12-1992, Auroville :**

Avec J.L j'ai pu vérifier que l' « erreur » que j'avais découverte n'est pas en fait une erreur de négligence, mais un problème de mesures – de volumétrie : les mesures dans l'espace ne correspondent pas aux mesures sur les plans ; et que les pentes déjà matérialisées, sous ma responsabilité, sont correctes. Il va falloir regarder tout cela en détail, et décider...

***25-12-1992, Auroville :**

Madanlal m'apporte un cadeau, « sans raison », avec sa discrète affection : c'est un curieux petit vase taillé dans une pierre noire polie, avec des inscriptions dorées... Comme beaucoup de ces hommes très « riches », il ne garde qu'un strict minimum d'effets personnels...

... Ce soir, dernière réunion nocturne de notre équipe pour la révision des salaires...

... J'ai placé une commande de matériaux pour la construction d'une unité supplémentaire, attachée à la maison de C ; la démarche est encore hésitante et je n'ai pas arrêté tous les plans ; je ne souhaite pas déclencher d'autres conflits et je veux aller tout doucement, et tranquillement...

***26-12-1992, Auroville :**

Une cohue de visiteurs... Madanlal, peut-être sans le vouloir, interfère, et je réagis... Mais sa réponse, plus tard, est à la fois humble, affectueuse et directe...

... Pierre E est venu me voir avec gentillesse, pour proposer une solution à cette différence de niveaux dans les pentes...

***28-12-1992, Auroville :**

Arjun, tendre et affectueux : lui et Deepti s'en vont à Delhi pour une douzaine de jours...

Pose des éléments de ferrociment : nous commençons la seconde ligne, en descendant, avec les nouvelles attaches...

... Organisation pour le 1^{er} Janvier...

***29-12-1992, Auroville :**

Un formidable besoin de sommeil : je peux dormir jusqu'à 9 heures d'affilée ! J'ai depuis longtemps abandonné la discipline de noter mes activités de « rêve », parce qu'il ne semblait pas que, dans mon cas, ce soit fructueux ou réellement utile ; il me semble que ce qui est vraiment nécessaire, c'est la frayée d'un passage direct dans les énergies pour le courant de la Force...

***30-12-1992, Auroville :**

Où est l'utilisation consciente du temps ? Ou la perception d'un Temps conscient, d'un Temps Force ?

Les mouvements que l'on fait sont ridicules : une agitation !

Leur seule rédemption possible est dans une certaine douceur, un certain élan...

Quand le milieu de l'action sera établi à partir d'un niveau de conscience plus évolué, tout sera différent ; mais ici et maintenant, c'est comme toute l'échelle, toute la gamme de conscience jusqu'à son maximum actuel est représentée en chacune de nos actions...

***31-12-1992, Auroville :**

Test du réservoir du centre de climatisation : 80 000 litres.

Le forage du deuxième puits est bon ; on descend à plus de 200 mètres, 2 nappes d'eau...

Jusque tard dans la nuit, Selvam et moi, avec l'idée de toute une équipe de volontaires, préparons l'arrangement floral dans l'amphithéâtre ; je dessine un grand octogone, aux couleurs de l'Inde : au centre, les deux lettres sanskrites du mot MAA ; autour, 16 triangles... On me demande d'où j'ai tiré ça, et je n'en sais rien du tout... ! Mais c'est beau !

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***1-1-1993, Auroville :**

De garde à la Chambre depuis avant l'aube jusqu'à 9 h...

Puis L et Anand viennent ici avec moi...

... Je marque les fondations de la première « aile » de la maison de C...

... Les visiteurs, tout l'après-midi ; puis, le soir, Su demande à ce que je l'accompagne dans la Chambre...

***4-1-1993, Auroville :**

Je ne vois pas encore assez clairement l'espace de cette nouvelle construction ici...

Et le jardin demande des soins que je n'ai pas le temps de donner, et que mes deux vieux bonshommes ne sont plus capables de donner ; il me faudrait me retirer du travail au Matrimandir pendant quelques semaines... ou quoi ? Je ne sais rien du tout... !

***6-1-1993, Auroville :**

Une disharmonie pénible avec Tripathy, à propos des visiteurs : les vieilles et dangereuses questions de prestige et de pouvoir... !

Quel est le chemin ?

Quelle est la Volonté ?

Et il y a la vilaine politique de certains villageois, propriétaires de terrains voisins, qui ont adressé une pétition pour protester contre le changement de route autour de l'aire des Jardins...

***9-1-1993, Auroville :**

Lettres de C, de JYL, et de Rajesh... Rajesh m'écrit qu'il veut venir me rencontrer à la fin du mois...

***12-1-1993, Auroville :**

J'essaie de tout préparer pour le retour d'Arjun et Deepti, et pour l'emménagement de Dadu ; je passe la soirée jusque tard, avec Arunasalam, à encaustiquer la nouvelle cuisine de Deepti !

***13-1-1993, Auroville :**

Patricia m'a envoyé une copie, qu'elle a imprimée avec son ordinateur, du petit livre que j'avais écrit il y a... 11 ans ! Mais c'est encore fort et harmonieux, et cela me

rappelle à la question du chemin accompli depuis : un chemin qui n'a pas le caractère d'un progrès en avant, mais plutôt de l'établissement d'une synthèse, dans le quotidien ordinaire, et dans le champ de la petite conscience physique – absolument rien d'exceptionnel, rien qui vaille la peine d'être dit ! C'est comme un zéro qui se parfait... !

***15-1-1993, Auroville :**

Les jours du festival de Pongal ; et le grand problème des visiteurs, de l'entrée dans Auroville, et de l'accès du public au Matrimandir...

... Lettre d'E.B : elle a été remise en hôpital psychiatrique...

... Su m'aide à tout nettoyer et cirer dans la nouvelle maison de Dadu, et demain je lui remettrai les clés ; mais à présent que tout est prêt, il est plein de résistances et de craintes ; je n'ai plus la patience de traiter avec ça ; il me semble que Ramalingam et moi avons fait de notre mieux...

***18-1-1993, Auroville :**

Sans avertissement je me trouve submergé par une vague de non-sens ; une distance qui interrompt l'énergie : tout me semble déraciné ou décentré ; il manque, il manque un Acte puissant, qui coule et circule et habite...

Je me traîne tout le jour, avec une sorte de nausée...

... Le deuxième puits est terminé...

***19-1-1993, Auroville :**

Lila a préparé de merveilleux petits carreaux de céramique vitrifiée, pour nous montrer ce qui pourrait être fait pour recouvrir la coque de Matrimandir : mon rêve !

... Mauna m'envoie un brouillon d'un texte qui pourrait être présenté aux nouveaux venus à Auroville, me demandant mes commentaires...

***23-1-1993, Auroville :**

Je descend à Pondy avec Anand pour rendre visite à Ravi qui est immobilisé chez lui avec un collier orthopédique, depuis son accident la semaine dernière : un gentil petit gars...

De retour ici, Anand reste dîner avec moi ; Selvam nous retrouve un moment ; Anand évoque en moi, depuis des années et jour après jour, une qualité de tendresse qui est parfois presque douloureuse ; ce n'est pas un attachement, mais une densité unique, et donnée...

***24-1-1993, Auroville :**

Su s'occupe de faire photocopier les plans et dessins de la construction que nous projetons de faire ici, pour les remettre au « Development Group »...

***26-1-1993, Auroville :**

C'est la Fête de la République Indienne : pas de travail !

Walter vient m'aider au bureau à préparer toutes les enveloppes pour la carte du 28 Février.

Nous avons notre réunion de Coordination l'après-midi ; une pétition nous est adressée, nous demandant de cesser de vendre le livre de SSJ, « Down Memory Lane » (un recueil de Tes réponses selon les notations qu'il a retrouvées du journal qu'il tenait dans les années 70) au kiosque d'Information...

... Anand et moi rentrons de Pondy dans un magnifique crépuscule qui baigne les terres d'Auroville...

***27-1-1993, Auroville :**

Selvam et moi nous rendons à une réunion de toute l'équipe du nouveau « Visitors Centre » - Myriam, Eleanore, Sonia, Joster et Luigi - pour étudier avec eux l'orientation du travail commun, et ses étapes et ses degrés d'application, ainsi que la participation de chacun, et cela dure jusqu'après 19 h, et je suis en retard pour mon tour de garde...

***31-1-1993, Auroville :**

Ce n'est qu'hier soir que Rajesh a pu venir me retrouver ; il est resté la nuit. Et ce soir il repart à Bangalore... Le rapport qui s'est établi est très tranquille, comme envahi de tranquillité et d'une attention très douce l'un à l'autre...

... C'est dimanche et, dès l'aube, l'équipe de Kr vient creuser les tranchées des fondations pour la nouvelle unité ici...

... L est venu plus tard se reposer et se détendre : la simplicité, l'innocence et le contentement du contact est à chaque fois un baume et un rétablissement...

***1-2-1993, Auroville :**

Bien que nous n'ayons pas encore reçu d'autorisation « officielle », Arunasalam a commencé ce matin le travail de construction de la nouvelle unité ici...

... Un accident si stupide et si triste : l'un des deux bœufs tirant la charrette chargée du réservoir d'eau que Tency nous a prêté (avec réticence) pour arroser la nouvelle haie de bougainvillées au Nord des Jardins, est blessé : par l'imbécillité du conducteur et de l'un de nos gars qui lui indique un raccourci, la charrette se renverse le long d'un talus, et le bœuf a une corne arrachée...

***2-2-1993, Auroville :**

L'agitation continue à propos du livre de SSJ, que nous avons refusé de retirer de la vente...

... Avec Selvam, c'est un tel effort de garder une discipline d'organisation ; il se laisse constamment déborder par l'énergie, qu'il ne sait pas canaliser...

... Luigi joue, semble-t-il, un petit jeu ambigu, et ne cesse de retarder l'émission de ce « permis de construire »...

... Lettre de Ruthy Patel à Barbara et moi, décrivant les récentes émeutes, infernales, à Bombay...

... C m'a envoyé le dernier livre de Roger Garaudy, « Les Fossoyeurs » : il y a une ardente sincérité, là !

***3-2-1993, Auroville :**

Du temps et de l'énergie détournés par ces mouvements irresponsables d'exclusion, autour de la question du livre de SSJ ; F.G s'est hier emparé physiquement de

toutes les copies encore disponibles dans le kiosque d'Information, en notre absence, et refuse de les rendre ; Selvam doit aller chez lui pour les récupérer ; puis, cet après-midi, c'est Al.B, Chr et Pat qui cherchent à se saisir d'une autre copie... ! Tout cela serait parfaitement ridicule, si cela ne nous ouvrait au jeu des petites forces qui refusent... Et ainsi, parallèlement, quelqu'un est allé, dans la nuit, briser tous les piliers de granite des nouvelles clôtures de « Samasti » et à l'arrière des Jardins ; des dizaines de piliers ! D'après les traces de pieds, il ne s'agirait que d'une seule personne, plutôt de petite taille... C'est comme une folie !

... Ce soir j'ai rencontré SSJ et lui ai livré, pour ce qu'il vaut, mon sentiment sur toute l'affaire, en privé – je crois que le petit texte qu'il a mis en exergue, au dos de la couverture, où il se présente comme l' « élu », ainsi que toute la rancœur qu'il a introduite dans ces paries du livre qu'il a récemment écrites, ont contribué négativement...

***4-2-1993, Auroville :**

Un autre moment de violence à peine contenue, avec un F.G blanc de rage...

... Une sorte de compromis technique s'est dégagé, à travers le travail combiné de Jacq et de Viktor, pour une méthode d'attachement des disques sur la coque ; mais il faudra doubler le nombre des boulons dans les barres de jointure entre les triangles... Tout ce gaspillage est plutôt désolant... !

***5-2-1993, Auroville :**

C'est Su qui affronte les vagues de refus, en ce qui concerne la nouvelle construction ici, qui représente beaucoup pour elle ; alors que j'essaie de la soutenir, c'est à mon tour de passer la crise : c'est toute cette petitesse mentalisée qui se réclame de Toi, c'est cet Auroville étouffant parce les compréhensions ne s'y rassemblent qu'au niveau d'un mental qui aplanit et aplatit tout, où il n'y a plus la place d'être, nu, en Ta Grâce...

***8-2-1993, Auroville :**

Le processus est toujours le même face à ces jeux d'influences qui cherchent à saper la confiance lentement acquise : on cherche à rectifier et à éclaircir, et l'on est obligé de faire scrupuleusement le tour des points de vue en présence ; ce faisant, un certain nombre d'assomptions sont remises en question ; il semble alors tout à fait vain d'accorder une confiance inconditionnelle à quelque « côté » que ce soit, et l'on se demande donc s'il ne faudrait pas mieux se retirer, et s'abstenir ; et vient enfin le sens de la nécessité, non plus de se retirer ou de se méfier, mais d'approfondir la perception vraie, et sa qualité, oui..., d'amour... !

***9-2-1993, Auroville :**

L'avion de C est arrivé à 14 h.

Le retour ici est très tranquille.

Su, très affectée, me transmet la nouvelle : ils ont refusé de nous laisser construire la double extension (deux ailes symétriques, en forme de L, aux deux coins Nord Est et Nord Ouest de la maison de C et en hauteur) mais ils nous offrent en compromis, accompagné d'une série de commentaires négatifs, la permission de construire une aile seulement... Cela suffira pour Su, mais pas pour JYL et sa famille ! En attendant, Su est allée habiter chez Menaig...

***10-2-1993, Auroville :**

C'est la saison, cette période qui précède Ta fête et celle d'Auroville, durant laquelle les conflits redoublent d'intensité et les « histoires » resurgissent. Nous sommes maintenant attaqués pour notre responsabilité dans la participation et l'« influence » (sic) croissantes de Madanlal et SSJ... Ce qui est le plus absurde, c'est que l'opportunisme de ces forces, qui feront n'importe quoi pour retarder, empêcher, entraver, repoussant, éclaire si crûment nos limites et la précarité de toutes ces « positions » dont nous nous targuons si volontiers... !

... J'ai envoyé mes notes au « Development Group » et à Tripathy, après les avoir montrées à Su, qui les a aimées. Pour le moment je continue... Mais il faut que j'écrive dès ce soir à JYL car, d'après C, il se repose sur la confiance que j'aurai construit une habitation pour eux d'ici le mois de Juin... !

... La durée d'une vie, dans les conditions actuelles de la conscience physique... les choix de création, comme les choix de devenir... tout est si absorbant ; et il y a les perceptions qui affleurent du dedans et que les moyens de la nature ne peuvent pas servir, aussi longtemps qu'un degré de transformation générale n'est pas réalisé...

C'est difficile pourtant de ne pas s'attacher au monde matériel, à la beauté, à la poignante innocence de la matière terrestre, de la nature de la terre ; difficile de rester toujours conscient de l'infinie possibilité de création... Dans sa précarité même et jusque dans sa misère, cette terre, ce corps matériel de la terre, est comme un Suprême plus réel et plus vrai que l'Origine, dont le but se voudrait encore l'image...

... C'est une crise encore ; l'humilité est indispensable, mais aussi le courage, et l'écoute d'un futur de plénitude – un futur non tronqué, un futur qui ait tout embrassé...

***11-2-1993, Auroville :**

Il nous faut trouver un autre logement pour Narayana et Bhavani ; c'est d'autant plus urgent maintenant qu'Alok est de retour à Auroville...

... Al.B et A.A viennent au pavillon d'Information alors que je donne les passes (aux visiteurs qui font la demande d'entrer dans la Chambre du Matrimandir pour se concentrer), et cette ancienne et presque reptilienne puissance de formation négative, épaisse, qui passait à travers Al.B il y a des années, dirigée contre moi, est de nouveau là, identique : ça entre par le plexus solaire et affecte tout le corps et les nerfs, et il me faut toute la capacité d'attirer le calme et la liberté pour ne pas céder... Ils doivent pourtant attendre que s'espacent les groupes de visiteurs ; puis ils demandent à acheter toutes les copies du livre de SSJ que nous avons en réserve ; Ayanar et moi leur faisons une facture, et il devient alors possible de traiter toute l'affaire avec un peu d'ironie amicale... Mais comme tout cela est vieux, et si confortable encore dans sa barbarie... ! Comme ce processus d'évolution est lent !

... Plus tard, Selvam et moi retrouvons Yves, des sports, et Mallika et Asha, près de l'Urne, pour tâcher de coordonner les tâches des différentes équipes le matin du 28 Février ; ça promet d'être laborieux, étant données les tensions et revendications diverses...

***12-2-1993, Auroville :**

Les quatre symboles de Sri Aurobindo, qui ont été plaqués d'or en Allemagne, sous la responsabilité de M.B, sont arrivés à l'aéroport de Madras ce matin, après deux

jours d'attente à Delhi, et John H, Luca, Kalyan et Mannathan sont allés les chercher...

***13-2-1993, Auroville :**

Passé la matinée avec Piero à tout préparer dans la Chambre pour l'installation des symboles : le changement des lentilles optiques pour diriger le rayon sous le cristal et jusqu'en bas et en dessous de la sphère, au centre du bassin, un échafaudage spécial pour le cristal, le nettoyage de la feuille de protection en plastique sur le toit, etc.

***14-2-1993, Auroville :**

Le rythme du dimanche... et L y a inscrit nos moments de détente partagée, et cela nous convient à tous les deux, et sa gentillesse est si tranquille et confiante...

... Selvam vient nous retrouver, C et moi...

... Chaque dimanche après-midi, désormais, je vais chercher Kusum à « Promesse » et l'y raccompagne après l'heure des visites, depuis qu'elle a commencé de nous aider à garder la Chambre et recevoir les visiteurs et, le soir, elle aime à me garder un moment, à ce que nous partagions un peu de nourriture ensemble...

***15-2-1993, Auroville :**

Nous essayons de mettre au point une lettre ouverte en soutien de Madanlal et SSJ, en réponse aux commentaires insultants qui ont été publiés dans les « Auroville News »... Et ce soir, P vient me voir pour nier ce caractère offensif : mais il finit par admettre que la moindre des choses, pour tous ceux qui prétendent redouter l'« influence » de SSJ, serait de clarifier décemment leurs propres questions, afin que nous puissions y répondre, dans la mesure du possible...

***17-2-1993, Auroville :**

Selvam a un accident de la route avec Ponnuswamy ; il s'en sort endolori mais indemne, tandis que Ponnu doit avoir quelques points de suture à la jambe – ils allaient à Madras pour aider un de leurs amis à emménager à Pondy...

... P.V a écrit une lettre vicieuse et féroce contre Arjun, Toine et moi, une sorte de déclaration de guerre : nous sommes d'après lui les ennemis de la communauté... !

***18-2-1993, Auroville :**

Mise en place des 4 symboles de Sri Aurobindo, à 16 h 30.

Il y a toute la journée un flot d'énergie, et, en même temps, comme une grande suction. Un certain nombre d'Auroviliens sont présents uniquement pour empêcher la participation éventuelle de SSJ, nous « avoir à l'œil » et « nettoyer les vibrations » des symboles qui ont été réalisés dans « le camp de l'ennemi », portant ainsi jusque dans la Chambre et jusqu'à ce point les données de notre condition collective...

Mais j'ai eu par deux fois l'expérience, fugace, mais claire, de la réponse de Sri Aurobindo : une fois, presque incidemment ce matin, alors que je me trouvais seul dans la Chambre ; puis au moment même de la pose des quatre symboles joints, comme si Son regard plaçait notre condition en relation à Sa Présence...

Et il m'a semblé que Piero a su, au-delà de sa faiblesse naturelle, rester intègre dans ses mouvements... Il faut une vigilance de chaque instant, ces jours-ci, pour ne pas entrer dans le jeu des forces, pour ne pas y prêter le moindre concours conscient... Hélas, il reste bien sûr tout ce dont on n'est pas conscient !

***19-2-1993, Auroville :**

J'ai eu hier soir au moment de m'endormir, tard, la pire attaque d'embolie que j'ai eues jusqu'à présent...

C'était la « foire des ouvriers d'Auroville » aujourd'hui, dans l'aire du Bharat Nivas ; il y a une gentillesse générale, là, mais j'ai trouvé comme un mélange d'intentions plutôt pénible de la part des organisateurs...

***21-2-1993, Auroville :**

C'est Ta fête, et nous avons la visite du Gouverneur du Tamil Nadu, qui est aussi celui de Pondichéry, ainsi que du Collecteur, accompagnés de Tripathy, et des forces de police et des bataillons de sécurité...

***22-2-1993, Auroville :**

John H, Toine, Arjun – qui doit vite se retirer, malade et fiévreux – et moi tentons de participer à ce séminaire d' « introspection » ; je croyais avoir des choses utiles à dire, mais ni l'occasion ni le signe ne sont venus, et nous ne pouvions rester longtemps ; mais pendant que nous étions là quelques-uns de ceux qui ont parlé, parce qu'ils portaient en eux le souvenir intérieur de leur contact physique avec Toi, ont apporté cette dimension et un peu de cet état de vérité vivante – qui est Toi... !

... Selvam prend le déjeuner avec C et moi...

... Nous recevons de grandes quantités de visiteurs et, aujourd'hui, nous avons eu la visite d'une centaine de recteurs d'universités de l'Inde, ainsi que celle du Général Bakshi, grand chef militaire, accompagné de quelques-uns de ses Commandants...

... Toine aussi est fiévreux, maintenant, et Arjun est au lit !

***23-2-1993, Auroville :**

C et moi allons chercher R à l'aéroport de Madras, et nous revenons vers 17 h 30.

... La quantité d'heures de sommeil dont mon corps a besoin est étonnante, et rien n'y change : c'est un impératif, qui ne peut être écarté que très temporairement...

***24-2-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun est cloué au lit, avec fièvre et nausée...

... Nous nous réunissons avec les enfants, dans l'amphithéâtre, jusqu'à la nuit ; Selvam, Yves, Mallika et Feroza sont là ; nous précisons les fonctions de chacun, l'arrangement des fleurs, des mouvements, les horaires...

Puis C vient faire le tour de garde avec moi, et Alok, puis John H nous tiennent compagnie...

***25-2-1993, Auroville :**

Mallika, dans la foulée du travail, a négligé de faire participer Narayana aux choix d'organisation pour le 28 Février ; il l'assaille aujourd'hui de ses violentes récriminations et, comme à son habitude, finit par s'en prendre à moi... Mallika, déjà fatiguée, est un peu secouée ; puis, tout semble s'être apaisé...

Plus tard, Mallika et moi rencontrons Monique, qui avait interféré dans la visite de SSJ à la Chambre la semaine dernière et à qui Mallika s'adresse pour lui reprocher d'avoir agi sans essayer de comprendre d'abord la situation présente... Monique aussi tient le langage du passé...

... Le « Working Committee » a bien publié, avec quelques modifications seulement, le texte que je leur avais proposé pour inviter la meilleure atmosphère possible le 28 à l'aube...

***26-2-1993, Auroville :**

Une effervescence générale dans Auroville, et toutes ces « personnalités importantes » à recevoir... Ce matin, nous avons eu une réunion avec le Governing Board ; Il y a cette étrange affection avec Karan Singh...

Puis, JRD Tata doit venir et son arrivée est plusieurs fois reportée ; finalement, Yolande et Fred l'accompagnent, peu après 17 h ; c'est un homme maintenant très âgé, péremptoire, grincheux et sceptique, qui peut soudain devenir doux et attentif comme un enfant : un bien curieux être, et une sorte de tyran, certainement...

Il y a aussi eu la visite, par deux fois, ambiguë et bien compliquée, de Carlo Schuller... Et celle des membres de l' « International Advisory Council »...

Cette fois Karan Singh a proposé, pour l'achèvement complet de Matrimandir et de ses Jardins, la date du 17 Novembre 1998... il y a peut-être quelque chose de vrai, là ; son attitude cette fois a été d'une qualité très appréciable...

... Arjun a toujours la fièvre ; Ramalingam et moi sommes allés le retrouver chez lui ce matin...

... Ce soir Selvam et moi faisons répéter à tous les enfants du groupe de sports mené par Yves et Rama leurs positions et leurs fonctions à l'aube du 28... C et R ont dû se rendre sans moi au spectacle de danse au Bharat Nivas...

***27-12-1993, Auroville :**

Il semble qu'Arjun ait attrapé la typhoïde...

***28-2-1993, Auroville :**

Je suis à l'amphithéâtre dès 4 h, et de garde à la Chambre jusqu'après 8 h.

Miraculeusement, tout se déroule harmonieusement, et les flammes sont belles ; ce sont des milliers de gens qui sont venus !

... Selvam a une journée difficile : Mary s'est faite attaquer physiquement par Sarala, en public, et en reste si secouée qu'elle a plus tard une crise de suffocation et doit être emmenée à l'hôpital en urgence...

... Anand et L passent la matinée ici, tranquillement, à m'aider...

... L'hélicoptère de Yolande et JRD Tata, s'en allant d'Auroville, survole toute l'aire au ras des arbres...

... Ramalingam vient ce soir, pour que nous terminions tous nos comptes et regardions ensemble la reprise des travaux au Matrimandir sur une base plus calme, maintenant que les « fêtes » sont finies...

***2-3-1993, Auroville :**

Il est temps de remanier tous les échafaudages autour de la sphère, et je me dispute avec tout le monde, parce que la logique du travail dicte que nous retirions de la coque les disques « prototypes », alors que l'avis général est qu'ils remplissent un rôle encore nécessaire ; je n'ai pas vraiment raison, mais j'ai du mal avec ce genre d'attitude, qui me semble uniquement politique...

... Je passe un long moment chez Arjun à lui montrer comment respirer et se détendre ; Kamal T a diagnostiqué une combinaison de pneumonie et de typhoïde, et Deepti est assaillie par cette sorte de pression vorace exercée par la famille ; ils souhaitent tous les eux que je vienne souvent...

***3-3-1993, Auroville :**

Devaraj fait une erreur pour le premier bétonnage du réservoir dans les Jardins ; Ramalingam lui parle très durement, et il faut ensuite le consoler...

Krishnaprasad, saoul, se bat avec un conducteur de rickshaw et un de ces magiciens qui se promènent avec un cobra dans leur sac, devant tous les visiteurs, et cela déclenche une petite émeute...

Au cours de la journée, nous sommes menés à la conclusion qu'I a volé une grosse somme d'argent de la boîte à offrandes (le « hundi », ou « tronc » !) ; s'ensuit tout un processus très délicat, avec un appel très profond, quand Toine et Ramalingam décident de me laisser seul m'occuper de lui ; je l'emmène passer un long moment, crucial pour lui, au Banyan ; puis, le soir venu, je descend avec lui à Pondy récupérer l'argent, et lui fait promettre qu'il viendra bien travailler demain – que le courage qu'il lui a fallu pour reconnaître sa faute, sans la déguiser d'aucune manière, annule en quelque sorte ses conséquences, en ce qui nous concerne...

C et R tiennent la garde jusqu'à ce que je revienne et, plus tard, John H et Ramalingam nous rejoignent...

***4-3-1993, Auroville :**

I est venu travailler ce matin, après avoir demandé à s'asseoir seul un moment dans la Chambre...

Ramalingam et Arjun se disputent à propos du gardien et de la scène publique d'hier ; Krishnaprasad a décidé de s'en aller...

***5-3-1993, Auroville :**

Il nous faut donc démonter toute une partie de l'échafaudage extérieur sans même effleurer les disques dorés, et cela cause une tension physique considérable...

... Toine et moi allons rencontrer Aster au Bharat Nivas, à propos de l'attitude très ambivalente et négative de Tripathy concernant ces visiteurs officiels qui demandent à entrer dans le Matrimandir...

... Dans la soirée se réunissent sous le banyan ceux qui ont accepté de partager une évaluation de l'évènement du 28 Février, et c'est plutôt tranquille, gentil et posé...

***6-3-1993, Auroville :**

C, R, Su et moi dînons à Pondy près de l'océan, après avoir fait nos courses ; de retour ici, L vient bientôt me retrouver, assez ivre : d'après lui, c'est parce que je n'ai pas eu de temps pour lui cette semaine qu'il a dû aller ce soir se saouler... !

***9-3-1993, Auroville :**

Il est temps d'informer Arjun de ce qui s'est passé avec I, ce que I redoute beaucoup, ainsi que VK ; elle et Toine souhaitent que je sois le premier à lui en parler...

C, R et moi partons à Madras vers 16 h.

C'est une pagaïe à l'aéroport, et leur avion est plus que complet ; je les accompagne jusqu'aux douanes, et C est très brave !

***10-3-1993, Auroville :**

J'ai encore de la fièvre, et le soleil tape très dur !

Et je reçois une lettre de F.G, jointe à la copie d'une lettre ouverte – qu'il a renoncé à publier dans les « Auroville News » par une sorte d'égard tardif envers le travail qui se fait au Matrimandir -, à mon sujet.

C'est un réquisitoire qui me présente comme un asura assoiffé de pouvoir, qu'il a bâti sur des déformations et interprétations de faits et de paroles reçues : Tu m'aurais ainsi interdit à jamais d'être ici ; j'aurais attendu Ton départ physique pour revenir quand même et exercer mon influence ; Satprem lui-même m'aurait décrit comme un « petit serpent », etc.

Cela m'a fait comprendre que F.G a probablement été à l'origine d'un certain nombre de rumeurs qui m'ont harcelé au cours des années, se réclamant pour cela d'une courte période d'amitié que nous avons connue à Pondy en 1970... Je suis si lent, ou idiot, ou naïf, ou si préoccupé de distinguer en moi-même ce qui contribue à tout ce drame, que je n'y avais jamais réfléchi...

Alors, en fin de journée, j'ai rédigé à la machine à écrire une réponse assez brève, relatant particulièrement ce moment où Tu as choisi de me donner l'ordre de partir ; comme si le temps était venu de défaire cette formation...

***11-3-1993, Auroville :**

La fièvre a augmenté, et ce n'est guère pratique : j'oublie les choses, et me trouve embarrassé...

La nouvelle équipe de tailleurs de pierre est arrivée ce matin et s'est installée sur le site, avec outils, matériaux et batterie de cuisine...

Aujourd'hui j'ai un peu regretté d'avoir mis dans les « Auroville News » ce texte sur la perspective de notre travail à Auroville : n'est-ce pas prétentieux ? Probablement, après cette attaque de F.G, c'est le souhait de passer plutôt « inaperçu » et de n'attirer aucune attention qui me fait sentir ainsi... ?

***14-3-1993, Auroville :**

Cette fièvre ne me lâche pas, et ça devient pénible et nerveusement fatigant...

... Madhav Pandit quitte son corps, à Madras...

***15-3-1993, Auroville :**

Hier soir, pendant que Su était sortie, un voleur est entré dans la maison de C et prit son argent, sa caméra, et une machine à faire des jus de fruits ; puis il est allé à la maison de Myriam et, à l'aide d'un long crochet au bout d'un bâton, s'est emparé de son sac...

... Je me sens comme pris dans un étau, à la dérive : il y a une dépression physique, et la fièvre continue ; c'est le même vieil adversaire, cet abandon négatif

dans le rien ; mais je vois maintenant que c'est vraiment la mort, la mort de la conscience : ce mensonge...

Tout est comme lointain, et sans rapport ; il n'y a plus d'impulsion, ni de don, ni de confiance ; l'énergie ne coule plus et rien n'a de sens, c'est l'incapacité sans issue et aucun espoir que cela change, et tout cela est cristallisé dans le corps...

Alors, ce soir, j'ai avalé des antibiotiques et des vitamines, et j'ai passé plusieurs heures à ranger, trier et tailler dans des tas de papiers, de notes et de lettres : le début d'une remise en ordre qui est bien nécessaire...

***16-3-1993, Auroville :**

Toine est aussi démuni par le même « rhume », et cela nous fait réfléchir : est-il juste de chercher ainsi à aller plus vite, quand nous sommes si peu nombreux à assurer ?

***17-3-1993, Auroville :**

Ramalingam pense souvent à partir, tous les deux, pour quelques jours, n'importe où : faire le vide et laisser aller ; mais nous ne voyons pas comment l'arranger : du point de vue du travail, c'est un peu risqué, car il n'y a personne pour nous remplacer...

***18-3-1993, Auroville :**

Beaucoup de rosée ce matin encore : ce sont des moments si jolis, comme une caresse ou un sourire secret de la terre, de sa nature...

Toine me fait avaler une « pilule spéciale » pour assécher le marasme du rhume, et cela semble avoir plus d'effet que les antibiotiques n'en ont eu...

... Le « Development Group » a finalement donné à Su la permission de construire une extension de 30 m², si elle signe une liste de plusieurs conditions (guère acceptables et exprimant surtout le manque d'autorité réelle de ce groupe), alors que nous sommes prêts à signer encore et encore le document de « non propriété »... Ils n'ont rien répondu à ma lettre. Alors il me semble que le mieux désormais est de garder le silence ; s'ils veulent servir la vérité, il faut que ce soit son propre pouvoir de conviction qui agisse : ce ne peut plus être une question d'opinions...

***19-3-1993, Auroville :**

Un des nouveaux ouvriers aux Jardins se blesse au pied et le tendon d'Achille est coupé ; il faut lui faire subir une opération...

... Madanlal est revenu, après deux semaines de retraite silencieuse...

***22-3-1993, Auroville :**

Dernière séance de travail avec Roger A avant son départ, sur la structure, pour confirmer un certain nombre de détails...

Arjun est de retour à son poste...

***23-3-1993, Auroville :**

Toine et moi préparons une série d'estimatifs pour les 2 années à venir...

... Ca ne va pas avec Selvam ; il se refuse à établir une discipline ; on n'arrive à rien partager, et je n'ai plus d'inspiration pour le tirer ou l'accompagner : il faut qu'il choisisse...

***24-3-1993, Auroville :**

Réunion générale en fin de matinée, à propos de la Maintenance d'Angamma, de la transition éventuelle du statut d'ouvriers à celui de « nouveaux venus » pour quelques-uns de nos gars, et de la formation d'une équipe monitrice de tous ceux qui sont sur la liste des Maintenances...

***25-3-1993, Auroville :**

Une vague de chaleur a déferlé, et tous les corps font un effort d'adaptation ; il y a des moments de creux, où nos gars sont comme arrêtés, et je n'ai pas le cœur de les secouer !

***27-3-1993, Auroville :**

L vient dîner avec moi, avant son tour de garde : c'est sans complications, sans poids, et si plein de gentillesse... !

... Plus tard dans la nuit, un voleur pénètre chez Ar. et Ritam et Ar. siffle l'alarme – nous avons distribué des sifflets dans chaque maison -, mais nous arrivons trop tard...

***29-3-1993, Auroville :**

L, et un autre de nos gars, Manipal, sont impliqués dans une rixe et un meurtre qui ont eu lieu hier soir, près du « Toddy Shop » dans le village, où tant de nos hommes vont boire... La police est venue ce matin les arrêter, au travail. Il y a deux autres suspects.

Rien que nous puissions faire. L a eu tous les avertissements possibles...

Je ne sais pas...

... Avec l'équipe de la Chambre, nous nous mettons d'accord sur le texte d'une réponse à F.G...

... VK doit terminer les comptes de l'année financière et je dois à nouveau la raccompagner chez elle, tard chaque soir...

***30-3-1993, Auroville :**

Ni Ramalingam ni moi n'avons d'enthousiasme... ! Cette dernière histoire – de L – est comme une faille de déperdition, un ressort à l'envers... Il faut presque une lutte pour persévérer dans le quotidien...

... Arjun me reconforte, avec son désir de partager la belle expérience qu'il vient d'avoir, en la compagnie de Sonal Mansingh...

... Visite d'Amal Kiran, sa première expérience du Matrimandir : nous le montons en chaise jusqu'à la Chambre, et c'est un doux moment, bienfaisant...

Visite, aussi, et presque en même temps, de Ruthy Patel, qu'il faut aussi accompagner...

... Et en fin de journée je décide de descendre seul à Pondy, pour essayer d'obtenir des nouvelles précises de L, et aussi pour chercher un cadeau pour la fête de Selvam, et acheter... un piège à rats ! Au poste de police de Kottakuppam, je

contacte les 2 Inspecteurs, que je connais un peu ; assez gentiment, ils me reçoivent dans une pièce séparée, et m'offrent du thé ; après une conversation plutôt fraternelle, ils font chercher L et me l'amènent ; il a avoué, ainsi que Manipal et un autre gars de leur village ; et devant les Inspecteurs il me raconte toute la scène : il est comme un enfant, pas vicieux, ni honteux, ni dramatique ; il est simple et direct, un tout petit enfant qui s'est trompé, gravement trompé, mais ne ment pas... J'ai bien du mal à ne pas le prendre dans mes bras... Peut-être toute sa vie est à présent en échec, une impasse, et il n'y a rien que je puisse faire, vraiment...

Jaïvel, dont c'est le cousin qui a été tué, se tient à l'entrée du poste quand j'en ressors, et je passe un moment avec lui aussi...

***31-3-1993, Auroville :**

L'action de L et de Manipal, ainsi probablement que ma visite hier au poste de police, ont provoqué bien des remous... Un certain nombre de villageois qui ne me connaissent pas se sont saisis de la formation selon laquelle je soutiendrais de mon amitié et de mes « ressources » les pires éléments – ainsi N dans le passé, et Rajaram et L maintenant – et toutes sortes de mensonges dans ce sens se sont mis à circuler ; tout cela soucie beaucoup mon Selvam, qui m'a interdit de faire quoique ce soit pour venir en aide à L, et je dois lui parler longtemps pour le rassurer et le convaincre que je n'ai pas la moindre intention d'intervenir à ce niveau et que je ne l'ai jamais fait pour personne... Le problème est que ces remous sont particulièrement dirigés vers la police locale (que j'ai pourtant rencontrée hier, sans ambiguïté), et cela se complique de toutes sortes de motivations intéressées parmi les ouvriers...

Toute cette histoire fait de la peine ; il y aussi ma tristesse égoïste d'être séparé de L pour longtemps peut-être, comme une fin obscure qui nie et défigure toute la tendresse et la gentillesse partagée...

Cette sauvagerie qui prend le dessus, sans que rien dans l'être ne vienne l'équilibrer ou la neutraliser, quand l'effet de l'alcool a dissous les inhibitions de l'état ordinaire, cette sauvagerie est comme une ignorance foncière, une simple absence de la conscience. Ce n'est pas la cruauté, ni même la violence au sens que le développement mental a donné à ces termes ; c'est plutôt une virginité, une béance, une « informité », l'illustration d'une absence de développement due à une sorte de très longue stagnation de la réalité individuelle dans cette société et cette culture...

***1-4-1993, Auroville :**

Réunion à propos du soutien économique qu'Auroville pourrait tenter d'instaurer pour le travail du Matrimandir (la « communauté » n'a en fait jamais participé activement au financement de Matrimandir) ; nous rassemblons nos suggestions...

... La femme de L est venue me trouver ici à l'heure du repas, désespérée, espérant que je choisirais d'aider légalement ou financièrement, comme c'est la coutume de le faire dans ce pays, pour que L soit libéré ; il n'en est pas question, mais je lui donne le nécessaire pour la nourriture de leurs enfants, car elle semble n'avoir aucun autre soutien...

***3-4-1993, Auroville :**

Ce soir Luca, avec une très gentille insistance, nous a invités à dîner, Toine et Meenakshi, Arjun et Deepti, et Su et moi, dans sa maison à « Gaïa » où il vit avec Martina, Simon et Angelo : une belle demeure, harmonieuse et tranquille, bien équilibrée ; après le dîner, il nous montre 3 films vidéo de Toi : un délice intense, de Te voir... !

***4-4-1993, Auroville :**

La libre tendresse de L, sa simplicité de cœur et de mouvements, me manquent...
... Les abeilles de roc sont revenues aujourd'hui, et ont élu, pour ancrer leur ruche, l'un des grands disques d'or... ! C'est comme une attaque délibérée... !

***7-4-1993, Auroville :**

Toine vient ici un moment, ce soir : il y a eu un autre incident dans l'après-midi avec de « hauts personnages », dont il a été témoin, et cela lui a donné l'occasion de remettre Tripathy à sa place, et nous comparons nos notes !
... Rajaram aussi est venu, s'épancher... Sa sœur vient de mourir en accouchant...

***8-4-1993, Auroville :**

De la paresse... C'est comme si le corps demandait du temps qui ne soit pas déjà engagé, investi, promis, pour flotter un peu, et couler, et sentir à d'autres rythmes... Mais il y a la solidarité dans la tâche...

***9-4-1993, Auroville :**

43 ans...
Su, tôt ce matin, avec son présent ; puis Selvam et Mary m'apportent une brassée de roses et un grand gâteau, avant la journée de travail...
Arjun et Deepti ont tenu à faire à dîner chez eux, invitant, Su, Barbara et John H, et c'est calme et simple, et Deepti m'offre un présent très spécial et très pur : un sari que Tu as porté !

***10-4-1993, Auroville :**

Toine, John H, Arjun et moi assistons, pour une partie de la journée, à un séminaire interne sur l'économie d'Auroville ; c'est Toine et moi qui avons la tâche de communiquer nos suggestions et notre approche... Le climat d'Auroville se reflète dans ce petit groupe de participants ; c'est encore très mélangé et traversé de contradictions et d'attitudes très partielles, mais il y a quelques moments de réflexion profonde, d'élan et d'ouverture...

***13-4-1993, Auroville :**

Nar est venu me trouver ce matin, avant que je parte travailler ; puis il est revenu en début d'après-midi, d'abord ici, puis au Matrimandir, et s'est conduit très bizarrement : un mélange de violence et de déséquilibre, de méchanceté et de désespoir, quelque chose de très tordu et primaire, mais aussi un besoin, étouffé dans le *tamas*... Il semble présumer que c'est mon devoir de l'aider, puisqu'il a été un assistant personnel pour D.M et Janaka, sous ma direction, à la fin de leur vie...

***14-4-1993, Auroville :**

C'est la Nouvelle Année Tamil : pas d'ouvriers...

Réunion à « Aurofuture » à propos des panneaux indicateurs et du système de réception à l'entrée d'Auroville...

Puis études, avec Walter, des plans d'eau et du canal douve entre l'aire ovale des Jardins intérieurs et celle des Jardins extérieurs...

***16-4-1993, Auroville :**

En fin de journée Kr vient, de sa propre initiative, me retrouver ici, et quelque chose d'affectueux se développe, et c'est tranquille et sans aucune tension...

***18-4-1993, Auroville :**

Su part au Japon, pour 3 semaines.

... Je prépare un brouillon d'une lettre de soutien au texte de P.V, qui est une belle offrande à Ton Auroville et devrait être honoré...

***19-4-1993, Auroville :**

Ce soir Rajaram vient se réfugier ici, avec ce qui semble bien être une crise de paludisme ; je lui donne de la quinine et lui fait à manger...

Le soleil a frappé très dur aujourd'hui, et il y a cette masse de tamas qui tend à écraser, défaire, paralyser...

***21-4-1993, Auroville :**

Petits mensonges et petites tumeurs locales tissés dans le quotidien...

Anand, Shivan, Rajaram et Kannan préparent leur voyage dans le Nord...

Lettre de Soaz : elle vient cet été avec Gwen et Samuel...

Des matériaux arrivent pour la construction ici...

***23-4-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun m'emmène à Pondy pour retrouver Toine chez Madanlal ; ils avaient arrangé cette réunion sans m'en informer, me gardant en réserve comme leur « arme secrète » ; la situation financière de Matrimandir est au plus bas, et il faut absolument constituer une nouvelle base d'énergie ; et il semble alors que l'affection qui existe entre Madanlal et moi puisse aider. Mais l'élément calculateur qui a contribué à l'arrangement de cette réunion m'a gêné... Pourtant je crois que, chacun à sa manière, on fait de son mieux...

***24-4-1993, Auroville :**

En réponse à l'affluence exceptionnelle de visiteurs, aujourd'hui étant un jour de Darshan, nous organisons une heure spéciale, dans l'après-midi, de visite en ligne ininterrompue, et j'invite tous nos ouvriers à s'y joindre...

***26-4-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun, Toine, Barbara et moi rencontrons Madanlal et SSJ, et c'est une réunion assez décisive, et cruciale pour la période qui s'annonce ; mais il faut atteindre plus

de transparence et de confiance mutuelle... Madanlal, une fois de plus, demande à ce que nous nous rencontrions seuls... Il reviendra demain...

***27-4-1993, Auroville :**

La relation du pouvoir de l'argent avec la Force à l'œuvre dans Matrimandir... : c'est complexe, et multiforme, et il y a encore bien des zones opaques...

***28-4-1993, Auroville :**

Nous avons une autre réunion, sans SSJ cette fois ; c'est un moment important, parce que Ta Présence est très tangible : le temps s'efface et il n'y a plus que Toi, Ton travail et Ton chemin, et cette conscience derrière le cœur qui T'offre tout...

***1-5-1993, Auroville :**

Jour de congé universel !

Je vais et viens entre Matrimandir et le jardin ici, et les dessins que je termine pour la fête de Deepti ; une longue sieste dans la journée ; puis une ruée de « vacanciers » que Selvam, dont c'est le tour au pavillon, ne parvient pas endiguer, et nous nous disputons, sur un malentendu, devant un homme qui s'est fait le porte-parole d'un groupe d'une centaine de touristes, et cela nous rend tous les deux bien tristes... Cette question du tourisme, et du droit du public, est très délicate et très laborieuse : il y a là un jeu de forces qui a le pouvoir de retarder tout le vrai travail à Auroville, et notre tamas et notre manque de flamme favorisent de dangereuses ambiguïtés...

... Je lis un roman remarquablement écrit, un témoignage merveilleusement lucide de la substance et de la condition humaine, « Disturbances in the Field », par Lynne Sharon Schwartz...

***4-5-1993, Auroville :**

Deepti s'est rendue disponible pour nous aider à préparer et composer une nouvelle brochure pour Matrimandir...

J.L est de nouveau malade, une sorte d'épuisement nerveux soudain, et il faut aller doucement pour les travaux des Pétales...

... Madanlal passe tout l'après-midi et la soirée avec moi ; je l'emmène d'abord tout en haut de la structure, puis voir tous les travaux ; puis il vient et reste ici avec moi jusqu'à 20 h ; il y a toute son affection ; il y a ce sens d'une appartenance inconditionnelle à Ta Volonté, à Ta Force ; il est calme et détendu, et il me récite, ou m'énonce une longue prière à Toi, bien précieuse...

Je ne sais pas... C'est quand il m'est demandé d'être le plus disponible et le plus transparent que je me sens le plus mélangé et le plus résistant... !

C'est comme ça !

***5-5-1993, Auroville :**

Une autre réunion avec Madanlal et SSJ, dont c'est la fête aujourd'hui...

Une explosion entre Toine et Arjun à propos de certaines mesures administratives qu'Arjun a encouragé VK à prendre – un peu excessives peut-être...

Toutes sortes d'humeurs et de petits drames au cours de la journée...

I a décidé de s'en aller...

Jairaman a frappé Bhoomadevi, qui a dû être emmenée à l'hôpital...
Javier est immobilisé par une mauvaise infection...

***6-5-1993, Auroville :**

Je reçois une convocation de la police. Des villageois ont présenté une pétition contre moi, m'accusant d'avoir soutenu et aidé L dans ses « activités criminelles »... Je descends à Kottakuppam, mais l'Inspecteur est absent, et je refuse de l'attendre... De retour j'explique la situation à Arjun, Toine et John H, et ils sont tous d'accord que je ne dois pas y retourner...

***8-5-1993, Auroville :**

Il fait si chaud sur le chantier que j'ai des moments de ... veulerie ! L'envie terrible de me cacher près d'une rivière ombragée, ou même... dans le bureau !
... Nous recevons un gros camion de morceaux de marbre blanc, pour la mosaïque du bassin sous la sphère, et cela nous prend jusqu'à la nuit pour le décharger...

***10-5-1993, Auroville :**

Mes quatre mousquetaires sont de retour de l'Himalaya... Ils me manquaient, comme des cœurs ; seul Anand vient travailler...
... Ce matin, j'ai laissé glisser une clé à boulons du haut de la structure, et elle est tombée sur la jambe d'un ouvrier d'Atmarati tout en bas... Rien de cassé, mais il y a de suite un petit drame qui se forme, un spectacle assez mal intentionné...
... Deepti et moi commençons à travailler sur cette nouvelle brochure...

***11-5-1993, Auroville :**

Deepti a formulé une proposition bien claire et centrée pour un programme de publications nécessaires concernant Matrimandir...
... Ramalingam est très perturbé affectivement ces temps ci dans sa vie personnelle, et cela affecte constamment les relations qui se situent dans notre champ de travail...

***12-5-1993, Auroville :**

Il est certainement possible de s'établir dans une sorte d'espace solitaire de compréhension de chacun ; mais il me semble qu'ici il nous faut surtout atteindre à une qualité de partage conscient et dynamique, progressif, et cela demande une vigilance constante et un souci constant de l'équilibre, ainsi qu'une honnêteté rigoureuse...
... Deux jeunes voyous d'Edayachavadi viennent à nouveau provoquer physiquement trois de nos ouvriers dans les Jardins, misant probablement sur un potentiel de soutien de la part des ouvriers qui viennent du même village ; et plus tard Ramalingam me reproche à nouveau d'avoir engagé deux maçons d'Edayachavadi ; mais c'est un reproche que je ne puis accepter : nous ne pouvons pas favoriser un village plutôt qu'un autre...
... Le Secrétaire, Tripathy, a reçu une pétition signée par, me dit-on, une cinquantaine de villageois, qui m'accuse d'avoir soutenu les « criminels » et donne une version des faits plus que fantaisiste (ainsi, par exemple, ils auraient été

découverts dans la maison ici !)... Et c'est Toine et Arjun, une fois de plus, qui doivent me défendre... !

***13-5-1993, Auroville :**

Hier il a été décidé que toutes les unités commerciales d'Auroville contribueraient à la construction de Matrimandir la somme totale de toutes les taxes qui seraient collectées par le Gouvernement si Auroville n'en était pas exempté... C'est un pas !

***14-5-1993, Auroville :**

Que ce soit dans la relation avec le public et les visiteurs, ou dans nos travaux et tâches collectifs, il y a en permanence le problème de l'équilibre entre, d'une part, la confiance et le respect, et d'autre part la nécessité de servir une volonté d'exactitude et de vérité dans l'action... La nature humaine ne permet pas que l'on se repose dans une attitude définitive : il faut une attention et une exigence de chaque instant, une disponibilité à l'action, et une adaptabilité à de nouvelles évaluations et à des réponses qui n'ont pas de précédents... C'est un peu vertigineux, et les autres yogas semblent presque simples en comparaison...

***15-5-1993, Auroville :**

Ce matin il y a d'abord eu un énorme coup de vent ; puis la pluie, abondante, est enfin venue au secours...

L'air est tout rafraîchi, et c'est comme un souffle d'énergie neuve...

... Ce contrat pour la taille des pierres nous cause du souci ; c'est comme un nœud qui se serre plus on s'agite ; Arjun est convaincu que Ramalingam et moi n'avons pas été assez stricts et que Ramalingam particulièrement n'a pas examiné d'assez près les termes initiaux du contrat...

... Il y a depuis hier un conflit plutôt féroce entre Hero et Tripathy et Tripathy a fait intervenir la police qui est venue arrêter Hero ; tout un groupe d'Auroviliens s'est alors rassemblé pour demander à ce que Tripathy revienne sur sa décision... Bien que de manières différentes, c'est assez vilain des deux côtés : du côté d'Auroville, c'est injustifiable, et du côté de Tripathy, c'est très ordinaire ; j'avais prévenu Auroson que ses actions ne pourraient qu'aboutir à cette sorte de petit drame, et réalisé en lui parlant qu'il était en fait motivé, précisément, par cette volonté de conflit...

Nous avons fermé la Réception aujourd'hui : pas de visiteurs...

... Su, tôt ce matin, est venue me raconter « son Japon » comme une enfant ramenant son butin...

... Lettre de JYL : ils ont réservé leurs billets pour le 16 Septembre...

***17-5-1993, Auroville :**

C'est une course d'obstacles... ! Javier, très tôt, pour que je refasse son bandage ; Arunasalam et le travail ici ; puis Andy me fait parvenir le message que la police s'apprête à m'arrêter, parce que j'aurais refusé de me rendre à leur convocation trois fois de suite ; l'une des charges est que j'aurais, de façon menaçante, touché l'épaule du Gouverneur lors de sa dernière visite... Puis, une réunion générale très pénible, appelée une fois de plus par L.N, à propos des « Maintenances » et de l'addition d'Arundati sur la liste : la même scène qui se répète, presque mot pour mot, depuis des années...

Et puis, Ramalingam est pris dans son problème personnel affectif et ne saisit ni le sens ni la nécessité d'être « plus grand que l'expérience » et d'apprendre à se donner ; il est si troublé que je ne puis plus guère compter sur lui dans le travail...

Et d'autres malentendus s'égrènent tout au long de la journée...

Plusieurs des membres de l'équipe de la Chambre seront absents dans les semaines qui viennent, et on ne voit pas comment organiser le service...

Peut-être tout cela se présente parce qu'on doit apprendre à s'en remettre directement à la Force et Sa loi, alors que nous faisons tous écran avec nos bonnes comme avec nos mauvaises volontés... Emotionnellement, c'est bien et utile de voir cela ; mais est-ce la vraie vérité ? Je ne sais pas...

... Jaïraman vient me trouver, pour se défaire près de moi de cette violence désespérée qui le mine, attisée cette fois par une remarque publique de Silvio qui l'a intensément blessé...

... Et puis c'est la visite inattendue d'Himal : il vient avec un profond besoin de comprendre, après qu'il ait fondu en larmes près de Matrimandir ; il me parle de tout ce que les Auroviliens qu'il fréquente, avec lesquels il vit et grandit, sentent et disent de ce qui se passe à Matrimandir – que ça va trop vite, que ce n'est plus « leur » Matrimandir, que nous avons pris le pouvoir sur le processus qui leur est dû et que nous ne respectons pas la loi de la communauté en allant ainsi de l'avant « coûte que coûte »... Nous parlons longtemps... C'est un bel être, mais il a été soumis à des influences lourdes et sans flamme...

Je ne sais pas si je Te sers, si nous Te servons. Seule Tu peux le dire...

D'un point de vue simplement ordinaire et humain, il me semble que notre orientation est beaucoup plus inconfortable qu'un choix qui serait dicté par l'ambition ou l'intérêt égoïste – de l'ego... Mais il y a évidemment beaucoup de nettoyage à faire... !

***19-5-1993, Auroville :**

Les malentendus repoussent comme de mauvaises herbes...

Par deux fois aujourd'hui Arjun et moi devons nous rendre au poste de police ; Arjun se met en avant pour me garantir.

A la seconde fois, la plus longue, John H, Su et Subramaniam sont également présents, pour le vol qui a eu lieu dans la maison de Su...

Tous les ressentiments sont en jeu, avec vengeance, pour avoir ma tête : il y a le fait que j'essaie d'établir une éthique pour l'accès à la Chambre qui soit libre de ces « privilèges » sociaux, alors que la « coutume » exige l'opposé ; il y a le fait que je donne mon amitié et mon affection à nos gars sans me soucier des conséquences ; et l'influence des divers conflits en Auroville...

Arjun fait un beau travail d'amadouement, et John H impétueusement prend ma défense, et j'éprouve tant d'affection pour eux, et d'émotion envers cette solidarité qui nous lie...

En même temps, j'ai cette tristesse : j'ai beau me réduire et me limiter, j'ai beau renoncer et laisser se dissoudre, mes mouvements continuent de déranger et de provoquer des remous... Je ne le souhaite pas : je ne souhaite pas attirer l'attention, ni déranger ; je ne crois pas que j'ai quoi que ce soit à montrer... Et pourtant, même si, intellectuellement, je deviens de plus en plus « idiot » et incapable, même si je me laisse, du point de vue de la conscience, annuler ou disparaître pour simplement pouvoir assurer une continuité dans un quotidien de travail auprès d'êtres qui sont mentalement peu développés, chacun de mes gestes semble porter malgré tout une charge qui dérange...

... Il est tard quand je rentre pour mon tour de garde et Sumathi et Ramalingam m'ont remplacé en attendant mon retour ; Javier vient alors pour son bandage ; j'ai commencé de lui donner des antibiotiques (il a une longue histoire de blessures qui ne guérissent pas et de sang mal équilibré, une faiblesse congénitale qu'il ne me décrit que ce soir, quand je commençais à douter du traitement que je lui administre : c'est une étrange histoire, car il est né en retard, à 10 mois, par césarienne, et trois de ses frères sont morts enfants et sa mère est constamment en difficulté)...

... Cette question revient : est-ce juste pour moi de persévérer ici ?

Oui, il y a de merveilleuses amitiés, et de précieux encouragements ; et cela en soi me donnerait la responsabilité de continuer. Mais ce n'est pas isolé : c'est constamment en rapport avec une opposition si multiple et tentaculaire... Je ne sais pas...

... Si seulement L avait pu ou su choisir le pouvoir harmonisateur de notre amitié, avait su garder ses mouvements transparents et offerts et ne pas trahir la confiance donnée... A travers lui, c'est comme si une rencontre très profonde avait failli...

J'ai demandé ce soir à Ramalingam de me dire honnêtement ce qu'il sentait et voyait, si mon attitude en général constituait un danger, et devait changer...

Il m'a répondu, très justement et simplement : de l'intérieur tout est bien et tout est à sa place et tout a un sens et il comprend toujours ; de l'extérieur cela apparaît comme des erreurs de jugement, prêtant à toutes les interprétations...

***20-5-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun est sur le sentier de guerre ! Il est désormais assez clair que Tripathy a joué un rôle destructeur dans cette affaire de pétition, et que nous avons à traiter avec une certaine orchestration de mauvaises volontés envers Matrimandir, et que les termes particuliers de cette attaque ne sont qu'une incidence...

Il y a de ces jours où je ressens comme une fierté dans le cœur, une fierté de la qualité d'engagement et de réponse de ces quelques êtres avec qui il m'est donné de partager un peu ce chemin...

***21-5-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun et moi passons une grande partie de la journée à établir le texte de ma déclaration à la police ; nous demandons l'avis et le conseil de plusieurs personnes...

... Deepti et moi continuons notre travail sur la nouvelle brochure...

***22-5-1993, Auroville :**

Comment, pratiquement et dans le geste physique de chaque instant, apprendre à s'en remettre à l'action concrète de la Force ?

Le cerveau est en faillite, et ne le remplace qu'une sorte de confiance vague en la Présence qui habite les circonstances, permée les mouvements des uns et des autres ou se fraye un chemin entre ou malgré eux... Même si l'on est déterminé à ne pas juger du point de vue étroit de la construction mentale, et même si l'on a le besoin de laisser couler en soi et dans le corps et la vie un courant du Vrai et du Direct, on demeure tout de même une imposition de limites, ne serait-ce que par le regard et l'interprétation d'autrui...

***23-5-1993, Auroville :**

Ce soir encore, tard, tout un petit drame se déroule entre le Camp et les bureaux avec Jaïraman, Dhanapal, Ayanar, et les gardiens qui s'en mêlent, et c'est John H qui finit par m'amener un Jaïraman tout à fait ivre et désespéré, et je dois le tirer à nouveau, jusqu'après minuit, pour qu'il retrouve une perspective et un mouvement du cœur...

***24-5-1993, Auroville :**

C'est donc cette idiotie de « vacances », et Selvam est obligé, à l'Information, de faire le travail de 3 personnes...

... La chaleur est accablante, mais il y a un moment bien tranquille, à prendre des photos dans le Banyan ; Anand m'accompagne, et nous nous reposons ensuite, sur l'herbe, dans la fraîcheur de la brise qui circule toujours sous les branches...

... Cette hargne des petits officiels contre moi ne lâche pas, contre la position que j'ai adoptée et représenté, plutôt : l'accès à la Chambre de Matrimandir exclut les privilèges de la société ordinaire, et chacun vient à Toi comme une âme devant le Suprême...

... Le Gouverneur, victime des pressions antagonistes entre le Centre et l'Etat du Tamil Nadu, a dû remettre sa démission...

***25-5-1993, Auroville :**

Il faut étudier tous les détails de toute l'infrastructure pour la sphère et les Jardins, et c'est comme un deuxième corps vu par le mental... Presque un cauchemar !

... Réunion de Coordination, jusque tard... Il nous faut choisir ensemble, soit de ne plus du tout s'occuper de cette affaire de Maintenance pour les Auroviliens qui censément travaillent au Matrimandir, soit de partager les responsabilités et traverser ensemble les orages... et c'est ce que, finalement, nous décidons... !

... J'écris à D.D ce soir, pour lui demander quelques photographies pour la brochure...

***26-5-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun part à Bangalore pour une semaine...

... Anand et Bhaskar restent longtemps ici à la maison...

... Jaïraman, dans un mouvement de confiance et d'offrande, trouve la force de ne pas répondre par la violence aux provocations dirigées contre lui...

***27-5-1993, Auroville :**

Ce soir I vient ici se délivrer des tensions qu'il rencontre au bureau ; mais il lui faut choisir aussi ; je dois lui parler longtemps...

Puis Su, qui est très troublée par la visite de Subramaniam : il est venu lui demander de l'argent, pour les démarches qu'il a faites auprès de la police afin de recouvrer les objets volés (il reçoit sa Maintenance d'Auroville pour faire précisément ce travail)...

***28-5-1993, Auroville :**

L arrive ! Il est sorti de prison, sous conditions...

Je ne l'avais plus revu depuis cette dernière fois au poste de police...

Après le choc du premier regard, c'est comme une réalisation, et il est pris dans une longue crise de sanglots, les sanglots profonds d'un condamné...

J'ai le cœur si serré...

Puis, petit à petit, ça se mélange et s'apaise en même temps...

Je le laisse alors revenir à cette tendresse que nous avons si longtemps partagée...

Mais je sais que je ne pourrai pas l'aider extérieurement, tant que le procès n'a pas abouti et la peine n'est pas purgée, car cela compromettrait trop de choses et irait à l'encontre de mes responsabilités présentes...

***1-6-1993, Auroville :**

Nous devons tout préparer pour la visite annoncée du nouveau Gouverneur du Tamil Nadu, demain matin...

***2-6-1993, Auroville :**

Radhakrishna, le plus âgé de mes deux jardiniers, celui qui travaille ici depuis le premier jour, s'est pendu à un arbre, ce matin à l'aube, du côté de la route ; je ne le découvre là, au bout de la corde, qu'au moment où j'allais partir au travail (il a l'habitude de rester dormir dans l'appentis)...

Je savais qu'il avait du mal à vivre depuis quelques temps, des disputes continuelles avec sa famille, une santé mauvaise – opéré d'une hernie -, et l'âge... mais je ne puis comprendre pourquoi il a fait ça ici, comme une attaque.

Je le gardais ici bien que depuis déjà plusieurs années il ne puisse plus faire grand-chose, mais c'est comme s'il avait voulu me porter tort aussi ; ou bien il a été, dans son désarroi, l'instrument d'autre chose qui s'en prend à moi et à notre travail au Matrimandir, comme on a pu le vérifier assez vite dans l'attitude hostile et insidieuse de la police à mon égard...

C'est l'exemple dramatique de toute une corruption des mœurs, d'une pléthore de problèmes typiques de cette culture : Radhakrishna devait marier sa fille dans 10 jours, et pour cela il lui faudrait s'endetter pour couvrir la dot et tous les frais...

... Il faut tout organiser pour qu'enfin, des heures plus tard, le corps soit emmené ; toute notre équipe est mobilisée et solidaire, et il faut rassembler l'argent pour le transport, les frais d'autopsie (obligatoire selon la loi) et les funérailles...

La visite attendue du Gouverneur est finalement annulée...

... Une grande fatigue, et une tristesse et une colère et une question, et un appel...

Je dois me rendre demain à la police, qui menace sourdement de m'arrêter...

K.T vient nous retrouver au bureau dans l'après-midi... : je suis très ému de la solidarité de ces quelques êtres ici...

... Ce soir, je passe mon tour de garde allongé sur le tas de sable devant la structure, la lune haut dans le ciel, une brise rafraîchissante et John H pour compagnie... Su a passé longtemps à balayer soigneusement tout le jardin, après que tous ces gens soient partis...

***3-6-1993, Auroville :**

Ce matin, après la distribution du travail, Toine m'a accompagné au poste de police, et c'était une bonne aide, je crois ; c'est devenu un peu difficile de traiter avec cette formation active dirigée sur moi, et je n'ai pas encore assimilé le fait du suicide de Radhakrishna, ni de sa manière ; alors, même si je sais bien que ce n'est là qu'un prétexte pour atteindre et contredire ou empêcher la réalité nouvelle que Matrimandir représente, d'entendre encore ces insinuations et accusations, et d'être

harassé ainsi et désigné comme suspect d'un meurtre déguisé... demandait tout le calme et toute la patience et l'offrande dont j'étais capable...

... Une longue pluie est venue dans l'après-midi : pas de visiteurs, et peu de travail accompli aujourd'hui...

***4-6-1993, Auroville :**

J'ai dormi dix heures d'affilée la nuit dernière, après une pluie violente ; et aujourd'hui l'air est calme et le ciel est couvert, et c'est un repos...

Arjun est rentré de Bangalore, et Toine lui conte nos dernières aventures...

... Gajendran vient me voir à propos de la réduction de sa Maintenance (il est devenu beaucoup trop paresseux) : il semble essayer honnêtement d'attraper un mouvement plus vrai en lui, et cela m'inspire un peu d'amitié...

... La situation n'est pas encore éclaircie avec la police – qui représente en ce moment l'affirmation de tous ces petits pouvoirs de la grande farce qui doit abdiquer, en nous et dans le monde... Et il semble que nous soyons devant un choix, au pied de Matrimandir : ou bien nous acceptons un compromis, par « réalisme » - mais en vérité par manque de confiance, de sincérité et d'équilibre intérieur -, ou nous tenons bon et nous déclarons prêts à lutter ensemble, quelles que soient les conséquences, pour qu'un lieu au moins sur cette terre humaine soit dédié à la vérité vivante dans les êtres et à son seul pouvoir...

... Pour la petite histoire, je remplis une fois de plus le rôle de « celui par qui le scandale arrive » ; j'essaie d'écarter tout recul ou repli sur moi-même ; dans un sens, c'est relativement aisé, puisque je suis pas du tout concerné « personnellement » ; mais je suis à ce point où je ne peux plus accepter ces formations qui se précipitent et dont je suis, aux yeux des autres, la « cible »...

... Selvam, dans ces moments, est adorable : il est clair alors que son cœur est grand ouvert et sa loyauté sans ombre...

***5-6-1993, Auroville :**

Variation sur la même scène, ce matin, au poste de police : un Subramaniam fuyant et vicieux, au service de quelque chose de très malveillant ; l'Inspecteur satisfait de sa pose, déclarant que je reste à leurs yeux le suspect principal, puis indiquant la possibilité d'un paiement ; Toine s'accrochant à la position qu'il juge la plus efficace, avec toute sa solidarité...

Puis une rencontre avec K.T, qui est maintenant déterminé à partir en bataille, en vrai soldat qu'il est, aux prises pourtant avec une opposition infiniment plus complexe et retorse...

Plus tard, une longue discussion, malaisée, avec Arjun, qui tend à croire que je devrais m'écarter et me rendre invisible pour quelques temps, et me faire remplacer à la réception des visiteurs... Mais par qui ?

Si assez d'entre nous ne sont pas capables d'affirmer l'orientation, alors ces mêmes difficultés que nous affrontons aujourd'hui – les revendications des petits pouvoirs du faux – deviendront réellement insurmontables, et quelque grande brisure devra alors se produire pour ouvrir à nouveau l'aventure, à d'autres et dans d'autres conditions...

Tout cela est assez absorbant, et déconcertant...

Je ne sais ni comment ni pourquoi les récentes circonstances se sont arrangées ainsi... Je vois bien, dans une petite mesure, la solidarité obscure de tout ce qui ment, comme un tissu qui constamment cherche à se reformer, un peu en deçà des apparences, et comment les mouvements des uns et des autres y contribuent à

plusieurs niveaux... Et qu'un être comme Subramaniam, par exemple, au sein même d'Auroville, puisse fonctionner confortablement et enrouler ainsi, quotidiennement, la même pourriture... Et, bien sûr, toutes ces histoires colportées à mon sujet, qui circulent maintenant dans ce milieu de corruption...

Alors, la question qui revient : est ce que mon existence ici n'apporte pas plus de trouble que de service véritable ? Ne devrais-je pas me plier enfin, céder à la pression négative, d'où qu'elle vienne, et renoncer, partir ?

Voilà.

Et, ce soir, la douceur de ce jardin régénéré, nourri, cette tendresse, la présence de Ton amour en ce lieu qui a été mon refuge, ma protection et mon havre depuis près de 20 ans...

Veux Tu me garder ici ?

***8-6-1993, Auroville :**

La famille de Radhakrishna est venue me trouver ici, tôt ce matin, et me demander l'argent de ses années de service ; j'ai accepté de leur remettre demain la somme que j'estime raisonnable : Rs 6,000/-, en plus des Rs 3,000/- déjà versées pour les funérailles...

... Travail de coffrage et d'échafaudage ; travail avec Deepti sur la brochure...

... Selvam a un moment difficile avec Arjun, et il se met à sangloter, ce qui me tord le cœur ; Arjun est si inconscient de son effet sur les autres !

Puis je dois tenter de ramener A à une perspective viable, à propos de deux « Auroviliennes » qui travaillent à la Nursery (et, puisqu'elles ont le statut, ont le droit supérieur par conséquent d'en faire moins que les autres), qui lui ont donné bien du mal récemment...

***9-6-1993, Auroville :**

Des tensions psychologiques à traverser presque à chaque pas...

Et des retards, des erreurs, des contretemps, et des soi-disant « solutions » qui se révèlent impraticables... Et probablement nous créons nous-mêmes la plupart de ces pressions, en proportion de notre manque d'unité intérieure...

***12-6-1993, Auroville :**

Beaucoup d'interférences, et il est souvent nécessaire d'essayer de réparer les dégâts émotionnels causés par l'attitude d'Arjun dans ses relations avec les uns et les autres...

... Un peu de lassitude... : besoin de passer à plus vrai, à plus conscient, à un espace plus entier, mieux habité...

***13-6-1993, Auroville :**

Les tâches dominicales... Envie de beauté et de fraîcheur, de me promener le long de l'océan dans le vent, de contentement libre, des choses comme ça, impossibles !

... Cet après-midi, nous avons la visite d'un groupe d'une centaine de dévots de Madhav Pandit, conduits par Madanlal... Deepti vient nous aider à les recevoir...

... Le soir, Dharman revient me voir, avec son plus jeune fils Vadivel, à propos de leur... statut !

Il est trop tard, et il fait trop chaud : je n'arrive pas à écrire mon courrier !

***14-6-1993, Auroville :**

Visite du Vice Président de l'Inde, K. Narayana : les routes bloquées, la police partout, la cohue, et un temps gris, immobile...

Des moments difficiles avec Arjun, qui ne parvient pas à se retirer d'une énergie très contraire...

***15-6-1993, Auroville :**

Il y a eu hier un incident dans la Chambre, au cours duquel Vinod, en tant que garde de service, a semble-t-il offensé les policiers lors de la visite du Vice Président ; et aujourd'hui l'affreux jojo du poste de Kottakuppam est venu chercher Vinod au Camp ; j'essaie, malgré le passé de Vinod, de mobiliser pour lui un peu de soutien...

***20-6-1993, Auroville :**

Kusum me demande de voir le petit temple de Ganesh, dont elle s'occupe depuis plus de 20 ans, pour que je la conseille et l'aide à quelques travaux nécessaires...

***21-6-1993, Auroville :**

Les problèmes des uns et des autres s'accroissent plus vite que l'on est capable d'avancer...

... Je me trouve trop souvent dans la position de cible ou de bouc émissaire, et il y a certainement un mouvement à changer en ce qui me concerne ; simplement, je ne suis pas conscient de ce qui m'est demandé ; c'est très pénible !

... Tout est tellement mélangé : dans les mêmes consciences, un germe de vérité, qui émerge d'un marasme persistant, et pas le pouvoir de changement ; mais, parce que ce germe de vérité est là, cela impose ou oblige à de la tolérance, à une acceptation patiente, et ainsi on avale en même temps une masse de fausseté, de drame et d'intensité obscure...

***22-6-1993, Auroville :**

Gajendran vient, tôt le matin, me conter ses problèmes personnels – typiques de cette culture, et pour lesquels Auroville n'offre encore aucune solution... Il me semble qu'il faudrait être considérablement plus exigeant dans l'acceptation de nouveaux résidents, d'où qu'ils viennent ; que les conditions d'admission soient beaucoup plus strictes qu'elles ne le sont à présent... Mais je ne sais rien ; et je n'ai ni la capacité ni les moyens d'aider plus ou mieux que je ne le fais...

***23-6-1993, Auroville :**

Un peu de paresse aujourd'hui ; et j'ai trouvé une petite chouette, mourante, qu'un corbeau avait attaquée et blessée ; sans vraiment le vouloir, je la ranime et la ravive ; puis Shivan et moi allons la porter à « Gratitude » pour que Ditra la soigne...

... Narayana est de nouveau fixé sur moi, avec cette grimace infernale, et cette amertume intarissable...

***24-6-1993, Auroville :**

Je me suis trouvé un travail un peu à l'écart aujourd'hui, dans un silence qui m'a reposé, à peindre les nouvelles grilles dans l'amphithéâtre...

... Ce soir l'équipe d'Arunasalam termine la surface intérieure du dernier toit de la nouvelle unité ici, et il faut organiser l'éclairage ; je crois que ce sera un lieu harmonieux... Arunasalam reste dormir ici, tranquillement...

***25-6-1993, Auroville :**

Joseph, l'ami de JYL, me téléphone de Madras : il a raté son avion, et a besoin d'urgence d'un peu d'argent...

... Tapas arrive ici en larmes, après un incident à la porte de la Chambre ; elle amenait la femme de son frère, et Tina l'a refusée... Tina devient de plus en plus intolérante dans son travail et il y a des heurts presque quotidiennement ; alors je dois retourner, contacter Tina, et emmener moi-même dans la Chambre Manan et Jayati...

... J'ai coupé mes cheveux...

***26-6-1993, Auroville :**

Visite de Tripathy : nous lui faisons faire le tour des travaux, et il nous donne ses « vues » sur la situation d'Auroville... Les ingrédients d'une explosion semblent réunis !

... Après le travail, Anand et moi descendons en vélo jusqu'à la plage ; Indira nous fait à manger dans la maison de Selvam ; une bonne heure à courir et nager, le corps en avait besoin !

... Je rentre pour trouver Jaïraman, encore saoul, qui est venu se remettre... ! Mais il me montre aussi que j'ai été trop confiant envers Gajendran, qui fait un usage intéressé de mon amitié...

***3-7-1993, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui j'ai pu emmener Toine au petit temple de Ganesh, pour qu'il m'aide à y refaire l'installation électrique...

... Un moment de chagrin : Silvio, dans son atelier, s'adresse brutalement et sans respect à mon Anand, qui vient me chercher... Ce n'est pas la première fois, loin de là, que l'attitude de Silvio provoque des réactions parmi nos gars ; mais cette fois, comme je n'ai pas été témoin direct et que Silvio est sur ses gardes en ma présence, je ne puis que confirmer les nécessités du travail à faire et le mettre poliment à sa place ; mais c'est la peine d'Anand, et ses larmes soudaines, qui me bouleversent : il y a ici de tels trésors à choyer, à accompagner, à renforcer...

... VK m'appelle pour me lire la lettre d'I, qui a finalement quitté son travail au bureau...

... Cette question du temps est aigue : le temps de progresser réellement, le temps d'accomplir ne serait-ce qu'un pas, irréversible, de toute la conscience et de tout l'être... Les avances sont constamment contredites ou trompées, abîmées, compromises – à moins que l'on vive dans l'éternité, libre de la pression des formes et des circonstances...

***8-7-1993, Auroville :**

Le pari « impossible » de continuer les travaux partout à la fois, pour que Matrimandir soit entier – malgré tout et sans la moindre garantie extérieure : la pratique consciente de ce pari, dans le détail et la psychologie multiple du quotidien, doit porter, certainement, son enseignement et son action transformatrice... ? Mais je ne sais rien : il n'y a rien dans la tête que ces mille détails du moment ; au-dessus, c'est le calme et le silence...

Il y a ces temps-ci, dans Auroville, une crise grave, agencée par l'association des réactions du Secrétaire et des visées d'un certain nombre d'Auroviliens... Cet homme est épris de vengeance et a soif de reconnaissance, et il est déjà parfois un instrument pour ce qui contredit l'existence même d'Auroville, bien qu'il soit aussi, parfois, celui du devenir d'Auroville ; il y a encore le passage de la ligne dans les deux sens, et rien n'est arrêté... Ce qui est critique, comme toujours, c'est le manque de la qualité nécessaire en « nous »... !

... Après le travail, Kr vient me retrouver ici...

... Ce soir, avec Toine, au bureau, je finis de rédiger le « Progress Report » qui doit partir demain à Delhi...

***9-7-1993, Auroville :**

Soaz et les enfants ont raté leur correspondance à Colombo ; ils devraient arriver plus tard aujourd'hui...

... Je suis retourné, dans la matinée, au temple de Ganesh, avec Bhavani Shankar ; il est possible que je m'occupe de refaire l'intérieur en marbre...

... Ce soir Arunasalam est venu sur la terrasse avec moi, pour apprendre quelques asanas... Cet être aussi est un cadeau...

***10-7-1993, Auroville :**

Encore une matinée difficile : une attaque venimeuse de Narayana, suivie presque aussitôt d'une scène de L.N, qui interfère dans l'organisation du travail que Sunrita m'a demandé de mettre en route pour elle ; c'est cette espèce de fragmentation ambivalente, qui brandit Vos noms et se justifie de belles phrases... A chaque fois il me faut des heures pour retrouver un équilibre et une confiance dans les énergies... Et, ce soir, visite fulminante d'Arundati, incitée par Narayana... et tous ces petits mensonges... Puis, I, qui m'a cherché depuis deux jours, et j'essaie d'accompagner, là, une possibilité d'ouverture...

Enfin, je retrouve Soaz et les enfants à la Guest House pour dîner ; mon Samuel a maintenant 9 ans, et la tête investie de ces innombrables éléments reçus ; mais la tendresse et la reconnaissance sont restées vivantes ; et Gwen est une adolescente en crise, mais avec une beauté d'âme qui transparaît ; Soaz est courageuse, honnête, et incertaine...

***11-7-1993, Auroville :**

C'est dimanche, et L est venu me retrouver ; mais il insiste qu'il veut du travail ici avec moi et, évidemment, il a besoin d'argent ; je dois pourtant lui refuser ces deux choses, si tenté je sois de l'aider, car cela aurait trop de conséquences négatives...

... Ce soir, en accompagnant Kusum à « Promesse », nous nous sommes arrêtés au temple de Ganesh pour regarder ensemble comment le restaurer et ensemble faire évoluer le lieu...

***14-7-1993, Auroville :**

J'emmène au temple de Ganesh le soudeur de l'atelier des disques, pour fixer la cloche sur un nouvel anneau de suspension (quelqu'un avait essayé de s'en emparer en l'absence de Kusum)...

... K.T vient retrouver notre équipe dans les Jardins, pour déterminer l'accès le plus souhaitable pour les « VIPs » (les « Personnes Très Importantes »)...

***15-7-1993, Auroville :**

Une secousse inattendue : je me laisse déborder par ma propre réaction à l'attitude d'Arjun, à propos de détails administratifs que je ne parviens pas à comprendre clairement, tant ils sont mêlés à toutes sortes de mouvements psychologiques, d'assomptions et de jugements ; peut-être se montre-t-il plus qu'à l'habitude excessif, outrecuidant et injuste, je ne sais pas, mais, malgré un avertissement concret de la Force, je me laisse emporter par une réponse plutôt bruyante et démonstrative – je suis en colère ! Et je m'en vais ! Mais c'est évident pour tout le monde, y compris pour lui, que ce n'est pas vraiment de la colère, mais plutôt une tristesse, une perte de confiance et un retrait ; et je suis affecté par une accumulation de petites complicités et partialités entre lui et Ramalingam, dans ces tourbillons qu'il ne cesse de nourrir et provoquer...

Je ne lui en veux pas ; mais je regrette de n'avoir pas su trouver une réponse vivante plus haute et plus vraie, même s'il est clair qu'il y a quelque chose à redresser, urgemment, de son côté...

... Ce n'est que plus tard, ici, grâce à l'insistance enfantine d'Arunasalam qui veut continuer d'apprendre des asanas avec moi, que je retrouve un peu d'harmonie...

***16-7-1993, Auroville :**

Je prépare un présent pour la fête de Madanlal, qui vient en fin de journée avec Babaji d'Orissa...

***17-7-1993, Auroville :**

Rien d'extérieur, mais j'éprouve une perte d'énergie et une incapacité douloureuse, et l'envie de crier... C'est une question d'endurance nue, à chaque instant ; les nerfs physiques sont touchés, et il y a une nouvelle crise d'hémorroïdes...

... Le fait d'avoir glissé dans la disharmonie, du point de vue du partage constructif des énergies, m'a beaucoup affecté, je crois ; mais je ne puis changer seul ce qui s'est produit ; je ne puis que m'efforcer d'atteindre à l'état qui m'aurait permis d'éviter ce glissement, et ce n'est pas accompli...

***18-7-1993, Auroville :**

Soaz et Samuel sont venus ce soir ; mais je n'ai pas d'énergie disponible ! Tout est utilisé pour endurer cet enfer destructeur dans la conscience, et tenir...

***19-7-1993, Auroville :**

Je me sens inutile, un poids qui ne trouve pas sa place, sans fonction, et sans protection, exposé à la ruée de tout ce qui contredit. Je cherche à déterminer s'il s'agit en partie d'un mouvement d'orgueil en moi, qui m'aurait projeté hors de l'harmonie, pour l'offrir, simplement... Mais ce n'est pas assez...

C'est un enfer...

Tout est pris par cette étrange bataille...

Quelque chose se passe ; mais je ne souhaiterais à personne d'éprouver ce que j'éprouve, qui n'a pas de nom... qui demande et oblige seulement à l'endurance...

... J'essaie seulement de suivre l'ordre de la journée, et d'être extérieurement là où cela peut être le plus utile, et c'est tout...

... Visite de Joël...

***20-7-1993, Auroville :**

C'est un labeur que de persévérer et se maintenir à flots, dans le travail...

Je m'abstiens de la réunion, cet après-midi, et Toine vient me trouver après, anxieux d'aider à rétablir l'harmonie...

Il y a dans le corps une fatigue et le sens d'une accélération du processus négatif du « temps »...

Il y a une masse de « choses » éprouvées ou perçues dans la conscience - et une capacité infime, absurdement insignifiante, de tenir la charge, de laisser être et s'incarner...

***21-7-1993, Auroville :**

Tenir, persévérer, endurer... sans rien durcir, et sans rien ignorer non plus... tenir, les yeux ouverts et la conscience offerte...

Toute l'énergie est absorbée par la nécessité d'endurer, et je n'ai rien à donner, qu'une sorte de sens de la responsabilité, ou du devoir, ou de la solidarité... je ne sais pas...

***22-7-1993, Auroville :**

Réunion au crépuscule, à l'amphithéâtre, avec Asha, Selvam et Aryamani, pour chercher ensemble les formes et l'arrangement de la cérémonie du 15 Août prochain...

Après le travail, Anand m'aide à sélectionner, parmi les dalles de marbre au rebut, celles que je vais utiliser pour l'intérieur du temple de Ganesh...

Et ce soir, Arunasalam reste dîner et dormir, gentil, comme un enfant...

***25-7-1993, Auroville :**

Il y a des moments qui sont comme des béances...

Pourtant, et c'est sur quoi il me faut me concentrer, tout, tout est donné pour inscrire dans la substance même la réalité d'un vrai pas en avant, d'un vrai progrès de conscience... Alors, oui, je veux, je dis, oui !

***26-7-1993, Auroville :**

J'ai dû me rendre à cette réunion pour la préparation et le programme de la journée du 15 Août : une atmosphère de fous... de folles ! Ganga, Paulette, Jocelyn... que faire ! Il y a tous les courants, toutes les formations, toutes les chaînes de réactions, là, prêtes... !

Réunion de Coordination après le travail : d'assez mauvais gré, Arjun a fini par accepter de changer l'heure et la place de nos réunions - ce sera désormais en fin de journée, afin de ne pas désertier le chantier, et ce ne sera plus dans le bureau

d'Arjun, pour plus de neutralité... Mais ça ne coule toujours pas bien ; il y a un pas que chacun doit faire, chacun directement, pour pouvoir le faire ensemble...

***28-7-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun s'est enfin décidé à venir me trouver, nous retrouver l'un et l'autre ; puis il rentre chez lui, fiévreux...

***30-7-1993, Auroville :**

Mary A est à Auroville ; aux Etats-Unis elle travaille maintenant pour informer à propos d'Auroville et rassembler des fonds ; nous avons déjà commencé de sélectionner des photographies que j'ai prises récemment, pour une présentation qu'elle fera à son retour ; en fin de journée, je l'emmène partout sur la structure, et lui explique tout le travail...

... Arunasalam m'attend, et reste la nuit ici : il appelle ça ses « vacances » !

... Les finances sont désastreuses ; Toine parlait hier de réduire notre « force ouvrière » et de concentrer les efforts sur les priorités : c'est rationnel et raisonnable, mais je ne trouve aucun écho intérieur...

Il me semble que ce sur quoi nous devons travailler avant tout, c'est notre unité, notre adhésion, collaboration, réceptivité... c'est cela qui est contredit, dans nos propres mouvements !

Je ne sais rien... La tête est un poids de confusion... !

***31-7-1993, Auroville :**

Le désaccord persiste entre Toine, Arjun, et moi ; ce matin, cela s'est cristallisé autour de la question de la réception des visiteurs, et de l'arrangement projeté pour le 15 Août ; je me trouve incapable d'accepter leurs jugements qui me semblent injustes et partiaux, et influencés par les pressions sociales dominantes...

La vieille tendance en moi à me retirer, à laisser la place libre, revient en force ces jours-ci... Quand il n'y a pas assez de confiance qui coule, tout devient un poids et perd son sens...

... Ce soir, j'emmène Samuel à Pondy en moto, et nous y dînons avec Soaz, Su et Gwen...

***1-8-1993, Auroville :**

Je me traite pour une infestation de vermines dans les intestins ; le corps a beaucoup maigri...

C'est le fête d'Arjun ; je lui apporte des guirlandes et une série de photographies de Toi, dans Ta chambre ; mais je n'ai pas l'énergie de rester longtemps...

***2-8-1993, Auroville :**

Réunion au Bharat Nivas à propos du 15 Août : après les batailles d'exclusivismes entre ces dames, il ne reste pratiquement plus rien du « programme », et la tâche nous revient encore d'assurer un minimum d'organisation et, par un travail de préparation physique, d'inviter et servir l'atmosphère la plus vraie possible...

... La réunion de Coordination est très pénible. Pourquoi est-ce que j'attire cette intensité de réaction, parfois cette violence, simplement en allant un pas après l'autre ? Arjun tient un langage inacceptable, tandis que, derrière Aster, se tient

l'influence de Prem qui espère toujours être « reconnu » ; et Toine est saisi par une espèce d'exclusivisme étrange, à la fois noble et dangereux...

Cella me fait réfléchir toute la nuit...

Je veux seulement que ce soit Toi, et Toi seule, qui établisses ma conscience...

Il y a tant de choses que je vois, sens, éprouve, au-dedans...

Mais quand il n'y a plus assez de confiance, je deviens comme un infirme : il n'y a plus d'énergie, il n'y a plus la force de se soucier de rien, ni de passer la tendresse, il n'y a plus le courage de continuer à vivre...

J'ai observé, toutes ces années, que la confiance est pour moi, et pour le corps – et, il me semble, pour Matrimandir aussi –, comme l'eau de la vie : quand elle est suffisamment présente, les choses se font, le progrès devient concret et les circonstances s'arrangent. Quand elle est niée ou trop contredite, alors tout, immédiatement, devient un poids insupportable...

***3-8-1993, Auroville :**

Avec l'accord de Mallika, Durai et L.N, je modifie la note d'information pour les horaires de visite du 15 Août, en intégrant le plus vrai du mouvement négatif d'Arjun, Toine et Aster, sans que ce soit un abandon lâche de l'orientation essentielle : il faut continuer de s'efforcer de travailler ensemble. Mais une distance s'est créée, que je T'offre...

***4-8-1993, Auroville :**

Il faut rester au point de silence, dans cette grande vague de disharmonie...

Les ouvriers d'Atmarati sont en grève : c'est la répétition d'une vieille histoire qui est surtout celle de Pierre E, de sa relation au travail, à l'argent, à Auroville et aux gens d'ici ; nous ne pouvons pas intervenir. Mais dans ce cas je sens et j'éprouve – j'ai regardé cela dans la nuit – aussi le début d'une sorte de débandade sous la pression exclusive et limitée qu'exerce Madanlal afin que nous nous engagions à ne réaliser qu'un premier Pétale ; mais les choses ne se passent pas ainsi et l'élan véritable est de vouloir tout accomplir et que l'intégralité de Matrimandir soit matérialisée ; au lieu de mesurer et de compter selon des projections mentales, il faut laisser passer l'énergie et l'accompagner selon les possibilités du moment, et la servir sans lui imposer de trajectoire rigide. Il me semble que Toine et Arjun se sont laissés influencer, parce qu'ils sont moins directement en contact avec la matière ; et ils ont alors imposé à Pierre E de réduire sa force ouvrière, puisqu'il n'y a plus d'argent... ! Il y a là un tissu complexe, dont les parasites ne peuvent être combattus sur leur propre terrain : il faut plutôt les emporter dans un mouvement d'avance irrésistible, par lequel ils perdront leur milieu...

Tout cela, dans l'expérience de l'instant, se traduit par une fatigue intolérable, si intense qu'on a envie de hurler...

Et s'inscrivant dans cette crise une autre crise personnelle s'est déclarée : l'oncle d'Arjun, en voyage en Californie (pour un séminaire, je crois) vient d'être soudainement hospitalisé et diagnostiqué d'un cancer des os de la pire espèce ; il vient d'exprimer la volonté que ce soit Arjun seul qui vienne le retrouver et tenter de le ramener en Inde... Alors nous passons une partie de la journée à organiser pour le départ d'Arjun – réservations, visa, emprunt, etc.

Et Toine aussi doit s'en aller, ce lundi...

Il y a un aspect de débâcle ; et pourtant, tout continue, autrement...

Et l'absence de la main d'œuvre d'Atmarati laisse les lieux, pourtant animés et occupés par nos équipes, dans un calme soudain et une sorte d'intimité... Nos gars sont pourtant 150 !

***6-8-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun part aux Etats-Unis.

Curieusement, un filet d'énergie se remet à couler, et je me sens moins accablé...

La majorité des ouvriers d'Atmarati sont revenus travailler, mais Parasuraman a dû « démissionner », ce qui complique les choses...

***8-8-1993, Auroville :**

Cette fatigue est corrosive !

Le corps a envie de dormir pour un siècle ! Je ne comprends pas !

L'impression est de ne pas avoir le courage de continuer, de s'accrocher aveuglément à l'endurance.

Il y a un abcès dans la bouche aussi ; et ce fait, incontrôlable, insaisissable, d'un phénomène de vieillissement accéléré, qui ne correspond à rien dans la conscience... Je ne sais rien : c'est une misère !

***9-8-1993, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui j'ai eu le temps de travailler sur l'échafaudage avec l'équipe d'Anand, et ça coule un peu mieux... Mais toutes sortes de détails tirent sans cesse, avec la charge supplémentaire de responsabilités, en l'absence d'Arjun, et de Toine qui est parti ce matin...

... Arundati a écrit une lettre d'accusations folles contre moi, au Secrétaire – probablement dictée par Narayana -, et le Secrétaire demande maintenant nos commentaires ! Pourquoi est-ce que je suis toujours la cible de prédilection ? C'est comme une folie obscure qui cherche constamment à... me détruire !

Est-ce que c'est dû à une attitude essentiellement mauvaise de ma part ? Mais pourquoi, si tel est le cas, n'en suis-je pas du tout conscient ? C'est pénible !

Et les fonds sont pratiquement à zéro – Madanlal ferme la valve ! -, et nous ne savons pas quoi faire, dans le sens où nous ne sommes pas capables, ensemble, d'être sûrs qu'il soit vrai de continuer au même rythme, dans une confiance aveugle ; devons-nous alors accepter de réduire, de ralentir et de remettre à plus tard une grande partie du travail ? Il n'y a pas d'indication intérieure claire...

***12-8-1993, Auroville :**

Arunasalam, qui fait un très bon travail avec la construction de la nouvelle unité ici, reste dormir dans la maison, comme un petit enfant heureux...

***14-8-1993, Auroville :**

Des centaines et des centaines de visiteurs...

Et toute la soirée jusque tard, à l'amphithéâtre, à préparer le bois pour le Feu, à disposer les lampes à huile, et arranger les fleurs...

***15-8-1993, Auroville :**

De retour à l'amphithéâtre à 4 heures, pour les derniers préparatifs avec l'équipe d'hier soir et les enfants d'Ilangarkal... Et le redoutable tension, avec l'arrivée sur les lieux de notre glorieuse jeunesse Aurovilienne, provocante, agressive et vicieuse et destructrice, et... pitoyable ! Alors il faut essayer de les écarter, d'apaiser, de contrôler, de trouver un contact avec l'harmonie du cœur... Puis, Ta musique et Ton message, la flambée d'un Feu magnifique, et la nouvelle lune avec son étoile juste à l'aplomb du Matrimandir dans la naissance du jour...

Et, quand le jour se lève, notre jeunesse qui détruit les guirlandes et piétine les flammes... !

Alors, je regarde, et regarde...

***16-8-1993, Auroville :**

Depuis plusieurs jours, nous avons une nouvelle source d'agitation parmi nous ! Il s'agit de l'intrusion d'un jeune singe robuste, un mâle, qui s'en prend à tout le monde, particulièrement à l'heure des visites, et manifeste une curieuse détermination à semer la panique, renversant les outils, abîmant ou démolissant les choses, tirant sur le sari des femmes et sautant sur ceux qui réagissent ; il se produit un phénomène de peur très insolite, et ce serait intéressant de travailler dessus : mais dans ces conditions cela implique trop de risques ; je ne suis pas sûr de ce qu'il faut faire pour se débarrasser de ce singe...

... Arjun a téléphoné de San Francisco : il espère être de retour le 29...

***17-8-1993, Auroville :**

J'ai préparé un texte pour les « Auroville News » à propos de nos rassemblements à l'amphithéâtre, des visiteurs, de la relation entre Matrimandir et le monde ; Mallika a voulu le co-signer... Il y avait bien sûr la possibilité de se taire, pour ne rien cristalliser (après la démonstration destructrice de la jeunesse Aurovilienne, rejetant et ruinant tout le travail d'offrande qui avait été fait par une équipe d'enfants et d'adultes principalement tamil sous notre responsabilité) ; mais il faut sortir de cette ornière absolument, et quelque chose doit être dit, sans ambiguïté...

... Il y a une quantité de détails d'organisation qui demandent mon attention ces jours-ci, qui auraient dû être traités par Arjun ou par Toine, et je ne suis pas certain de la marche à suivre – surtout dans l'organisation financière, dont je ne m'occupe jamais, et où je trouve un manque de simplicité et d'utilité : tout est excessivement laborieux, sans raison apparente !

***18-8-1993, Auroville :**

La nouvelle unité à « Sincérité » est de plus en plus belle, profondément, comme s'offrant à un âge de contemplation matérielle ; c'est à la fois très discret, presque ordinaire, et tout à fait magique...

... En fin de journée, à sa demande, je passe un moment avec SSJ pour regarder ensemble la situation financière...

***20-8-1993, Auroville :**

Toutes ces contradictions qui cherchent à empêcher, à interférer, se servent avec le plus grand art de la complexité humaine !

... Une scène assez mauvaise avec B ; mais heureusement John H et J.L sont tous deux présents et gardent une perception claire ; sinon ce serait encore tombé sur mon dos !

... Ce soir j'emmène Soaz, Gwen, Samuel et Su dîner près de l'océan...

***21-8-1993, Auroville :**

J'ai la crève, et Selvam aussi...

Une longue réunion dans le bureau, à propos des factures d'Atmarati – et des erreurs commises dans leurs comptes ; c'est un exercice exigeant pour chacun, car c'est une situation potentiellement destructive, et la qualité ou le degré d'aspiration et de don de soi, en chaque être concerné, ont des effets immédiats... Rien n'est encore résolu, mais une certaine intégrité a été préservée de part et d'autre...

En l'absence d'Arjun et de Toine, John H et moi devons assumer des responsabilités supplémentaires, en tant que signataires, et il nous faut être doublement vigilants...

... La confusion de Selvam dans son travail a des conséquences pour tous, et je dois voir tout cela avec VK assez longtemps...

... Soaz m'a appelé pour dîner ce soir, au Guest House ; elle repart dans deux jours avec les enfants, et Samuel est malade... !

***22-8-1993, Auroville :**

La routine du dimanche, et les visiteurs et le passage à « Promesse », dans une brume, abruti par la fièvre... Et, ce soir, la surprise bienvenue, après des semaines de silence, de la visite de L : cette simple tendresse qui me manquait...

***23-8-1993, Auroville :**

Une séance orageuse à propos des disques dorés, que B et Silvio déclarent maintenant « expérimentaux »... Ce qui me rend fou, c'est cette avec laquelle certains ici consomment et gaspillent, au nom de la perfection... Ces différences d'attitude envers le travail, envers la responsabilité, se présentent parfois comme des abîmes, irréconciliables – et pourtant, il faut marcher !

***24-8-1993, Auroville :**

De nouveaux épisodes bien délicats, avec successivement Pierre E, J.L et C.E., à propos des paiements d'Atmarati ; les frustrations de chacun s'en mêlent, y compris celles de VK qui se trouve depuis le début dans la position ingrate d'avoir à présenter des comptes clairs... L'attitude de Pierre E serait intenable s'il n'avait ce contact vivant avec Ta Grâce ; Ramalingam se montre presque hargneux d'impatience ; il y a ainsi toute la gamme de ce que nous sommes, à Tes pieds... John H et moi avons pour fonction de dégager le chemin et d'assurer un équilibre, et John H me laisse en avant, me donnant son soutien... Tout cela est retors ; on pourrait crier, ou claquer la porte et rejeter toute la charge, ou bien fermer les yeux, compromettre, « faire confiance » - mais l'exigence est vive, et la pression est concrète...

... Puis il y a Madanlal... Et aussi, les pressions de Piero...

Ce nœud de formations et d'approches, cette coalescence de résistances diverses, de déformations et de limitations individuelles, et tout, tout le travail simplement physique à accomplir, avec ces petits corps insuffisamment habités, ces différences

de développements intérieurs, et cette foule de motivations presque malades... c'est là qu'il faut marcher... !

***25-8-1993, Auroville :**

Ce sont des cargaisons de problèmes, auxquels nous sommes incapables de trouver des solutions satisfaisantes, vraies et progressives...

La situation avec Atmarati est critique : Pierre E qui, par négligence, manque d'organisation et de discipline, a porté le destin de sa compagnie (des centaines d'ouvriers) à un point de débâcle que Matrimandir ne peut assumer ; non seulement Atmarati est en dettes et ne peut payer ses salaires, mais Matrimandir ne sera pas en position de verser de nouveaux paiements (paiements d'avance) pour quelques semaines, à moins de compromettre une intégrité essentielle à la poursuite du travail ; dans les termes d'Auroville, c'est une situation intenable, puisque Pierre E est l'un d'entre nous, et qu'il est également impossible d'ignorer les besoins évidents de tant d'ouvriers...

***27-8-1993, Auroville :**

Après des préparations intensives, les derniers soirs, avec VK, nous avons une réunion marathon aujourd'hui, pour clarifier toutes les questions, de construction comme de finances, entre Atmarati et Matrimandir ; aucun de nous ne se sentait prêt à affronter cette séance, potentiellement désastreuse ; mais chacun a donné de son meilleur, et un accord sur tous les points importants s'est établi, et John H et moi avons accepté de signer un chèque, sur des conditions reconnues fraternellement de part et d'autre... A la fin, il n'y avait plus de malaise ; et il y avait peut-être même une sorte de rapprochement...

Mais il est certain que, de notre côté, notre équipe doit dorénavant être beaucoup plus attentive et ferme : plus de travail pour nous, car nous avons trop délégué...

... Arrivée d'E.B, qui revient vivre à Auroville...

***30-8-1993, Auroville :**

La fièvre persiste et les sinus sont enflammés ; Selvam aussi a toujours du mal : il a eu une attaque de migraine et de vomissements violents cet après-midi...

... J'ai été convoqué par le FRRO (Le Bureau d'Enregistrement des Résidents Etrangers) à Pondy ; j'apprends que Tripathy a refusé de recommander mon visa de 5 ans, bien que j'y aie droit, après 20 ans de séjour continu ; il m'est posé une série de questions bizarres, personnelles et générales, sur ma fille, sur les jeunes d'Auroville (à propos de l'incident du 15 Août), et sur les règles que nous avons instaurées pour les visites au Matrimandir ; et je vois qu'il y a une lettre de Tripathy dans mon dossier, mais l'officier refuse de me laisser la lire... Ca me donne un coup de tristesse : j'attendais bien ce signe extérieur comme une forme d'acceptation : être enfin autre chose qu'un « étranger », qu'un « blanc »... Et la conduite de Tripathy est un peu révoltante... Alors, de retour ici, je rédige une lettre pour lui, avec copies pour le Working Committee et le Governing Board...

... Une autre masse d'abeilles de roc est arrivée : une chose après l'autre ! De là et de là et de là aussi, la résistance et l'opposition... Quelquefois, c'est comme un enfant qui dit « c'est trop difficile, je n'y arrive pas !... »

***31-8-1993, Auroville :**

Mallika m'aide à finaliser le texte de présentation sur l'accès au Matrimandir...

... Un beau voyage aujourd'hui : Anand et Saravanam m'aident à capturer le singe et nous l'emmenons dans la jeep, après le travail, jusque dans l'arrière-pays : un lieu magnifique, près de Maïlam, tout à côté d'un beau temple à Ganesh dans les collines rocheuses ; c'est un moment heureux pour tous les trois ; et nous rentrons sous un déluge !

Et ce soir, nous détruisons le nouvel essaim d'abeilles !

... J'écris à Karan Singh...

***1-9-1993, Auroville :**

JYL a écrit : il confirme leur arrivée le 17 de ce mois...

***2-9-1993, Auroville :**

Comment persévérer, s'efforcer, parfois lutter, pour la vérité et pour la conscience, sans se trouver « contre », en opposition à d'autres êtres, à cause des mouvements, attitudes ou tendances qu'ils expriment, véhiculent ou soutiennent ?

Nous sommes tous mélangés : aucun ne peut affirmer avec certitude qu'il ne collabore plus avec ce qui se refuse, ou plutôt qu'il collabore intégralement à la création de vérité...

Pendant deux heures ce matin, une autre réunion avec Atmarati : les mêmes personnes que la dernière fois, mais Pierre E a cette fois choisi une position qu'il prétend être « large » et « confiante », dans « l'esprit d'Auroville », mais qui effectivement empêche ou paralyse toute tentative de clarté et de vérité dans les détails ; et tout cela est motivé par l'argent, bien qu'il s'en défende ! Son langage, pourtant « louable », est comme une imposture, et je me trouve incapable de tolérance : je ne ressens que de la tristesse, un malaise et un rejet...

Ainsi, rien n'est éclairci ! Et c'est comme un choix du drame.

Tout est remis au retour d'Arjun, qui sera naturellement plus dur et inflexible, et cela pourra provoquer une autre rupture ou même l'arrêt d'une grande partie des travaux...

... Le problème de Kalidas, et cette impossible question de l'argent, avec les besoins immédiats, absolus, de tous ces êtres qui n'ont aucune marge de sécurité matérielle et sont encore au-dessous d'un minimum de qualité de vie ; il n'y a pas de critère ni de position tenable ! Kalidas menace maintenant de se suicider si nous ne l'aïdons pas tout de suite, car il lui faut trouver la somme nécessaire au mariage de sa sœur, dont il est le seul responsable, d'ici deux jours...

***3-9-1993, Auroville :**

A accepte de m'aider à « prêter » de l'argent à Kalidas...

... Un long moment seul avec J.L, en qui j'ai beaucoup confiance ; il ne comprend pas encore bien le problème que pose l'attitude de Pierre E, ni l'impossibilité à laquelle sa résistance risque de conduire le travail...

***4-9-1993, Auroville :**

Deepti est ennuyée qu'Arjun ne revienne pas plus vite – il est resté à Delhi depuis son retour des Etats-Unis avec son oncle – et me demande de lui téléphoner : il m'explique longuement pourquoi il doit y rester encore une semaine...

... Il pleut beaucoup... et il y a aussi le sens d'une inertie qui remonte comme de l'eau souterraine, se traduisant par toutes sortes d'oublis et de démissions, dans les individus comme dans les circonstances...

J'ai l'envie de tout nettoyer, au dedans comme au dehors, et de recréer un environnement et une atmosphère sur des bases neuves...

Tout moisit ! Je voudrais bien reconstruire une maison qui soit surélevée, et impeccable, comme sacrée ; et je voudrais plonger le corps dans un état purifiant et balayer toutes les habitudes des autres... !

***6-9-1993, Auroville :**

L'humidité est alourdissante ; on se déplace comme dans une buée subtile, et les énergies sont lentes... Des retards, des malentendus, et ce sentiment physique de désordre, de boue, d'opacité, et d'une pesanteur générale : une sorte de noyade continue dans le marasme d'une condition humano matérielle où seules des bribes de tendresse gratuite, et la beauté physique de la terre et de ses substances préservent le sens d'un éternel possible...

... Fax, puis téléphone de JYL : il n'a rien prévu pour leur arrivée et s'attendait vaguement à ce que tout soit prêt ici... Alors j'essaie de leur réserver une chambre au Guest House, au moins pour les premiers temps...

***8-9-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun a encore repoussé son retour... John H, en attendant, remplit calmement et sans remous plusieurs fonctions simultanées, et je continue, maladroitement, de faire acte de présence ; beaucoup de travaux sont ralentis, sujets à des décisions qui ne seront donc prises que... plus tard !

... Je me suis réfugié ce matin dans le ciselage d'une poutre, seul sur la structure...

... Le tracteur est immobilisé à la barrière d'octroi sur la grand-route, depuis deux jours : par-dessus ces histoires de droit coutumier, il y a toute la corruption de l'administration locale... John H et moi devons y retourner et palabrer une fois de plus pour récupérer enfin le tracteur, la remorque et son chargement de chaux ; mais demain nous devons payer l'amende (dont le montant est à « discuter ») !

***9-9-1993, Auroville :**

La fièvre et le rhume sont revenus à la charge, comme une entreprise de démolition ! Ca reste dans notre atmosphère et se ballade de l'un à l'autre, continûment...

***14-9-1993, Auroville :**

C'est comme si il n'y a rien que je doive « faire », mais que je ne l'accepte pas : il y a ce vieux besoin moral d'être « utile » et de participer physiquement – c'est idiot probablement ! Cette fonction de « superviseur » est éprouvée comme un poids inerte, alors que j'y trouverais peut-être, avec un peu de concentration dans le bon sens, le chemin qui me manque tant... Au lieu de cela, il me semble qu'il n'y a de progrès réel nulle part, ni en soi ni autour de soi, ni dans les circonstances...

***15-9-1993, Auroville :**

Dans la nuit, deux heures entières d'une trombe d'une puissance formidable : des dégâts considérables, un chaos sous la structure, les réservoirs ont débordé, la boue est entrée partout : il nous faudra des journées de travail pour rétablir l'ordre...

... Je passe un long moment avec Kusum à élaguer les arbustes dans le petit jardin du temple de Ganesh...

... Arjun rentre de Delhi...

***16-9-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun et moi passons la matinée ensemble, et je le mets « à jour »... !

J'éprouve la nécessité d'un grand progrès en moi-même, le sens d'un pas concret qui m'attend, très tangible...

... Je dois partir dans la nuit, pour aller chercher JYL et les siens, qui arrivent à l'aube en provenance de... Ryadh !

17-9-1993, Auroville :

Il faut des heures à JYL, Patricia et Aurevan pour récupérer tous leurs nombreux bagages et sortir enfin de l'aéroport, et nous ne rentrons que vers midi...

... Ce soir, je dîne avec eux, et E.B et deux nouveaux arrivants, au Guest House : c'est une atmosphère amicale et tranquille, mais grise, et creuse, et j'en ressens de comme de la détresse !

... Sunil m'a écrit une réponse très affectueuse à ma lettre au sujet de la distribution de sa musique...

***18-9-1993, Auroville :**

Le frère de Ponnu meurt d'alcoolisme...

... Il y a une sorte de veulerie dans la conscience physique, qui s'est installée dans une posture de noyade, de non recours et de non appel, alors que la Présence est parfaitement tangible dès que la décision de se tourner est prise... Il me faut une discipline, pour trouver l'équilibre juste entre le chemin et la nécessité de demeurer disponible aux énergies qui participent à la construction extérieure de Matrimandir...

***19-9-1993, Auroville :**

C'est la fête de Sri Ganesh – Vinayagam !

Anand et moi, tôt le matin, portons les fleurs à Kusum, au petit temple rénové.

Jaïraman y passe la journée, dans la fonction de gardien...

C'est aussi dimanche, et jour de ménage ! Et L vient me retrouver, doux, tendre et patient... Il n'a toujours pas de travail et ne pourra pas en retrouver avec nous tant que son procès ne sera pas conclu...

JYL, Patricia et Aurevan m'apportent tout un lot d'outils et d'instruments de mesure pour Matrimandir, et pour moi une magnifique rose des sables que Ch.J m'envoie...

***21-9-1993, Auroville :**

Longue réunion de Coordination ; Arjun ne fait pas d'effort réel pour changer certaines attitudes faciles, qui deviennent des plis ; mais il y a toujours avec lui cette énergie expansive et ce besoin d'affection et de rire...

Un incident avec Ireno, qui veut prendre Matrimandir comme sujet principal pour son entreprise commerciale privée de photographie... Auroville est bien mal servie ! Sa vérité est trompée de tous côtés ! On ne sait rien et ne peut rien : on ne peut que persévérer dans une orientation qui ne rencontre que peu d'échos !

... Reçu une carte de D.D, enfin : comme les êtres ont peur de se donner sans condition ! (Je lui avais demandé de nous donner quelques photographies pour la Brochure)

***22-9-1993, Auroville :**

Les choses ne coulent pas : les attitudes de chacun de nous, les interférences et, autour de nous, la corruption qui se généralise dans le pays, les grèves et les chantages – la bureaucratie, et le tissu de mensonges si serré, si serré, de tous côtés...

Depuis quelques temps, je crois que j'éprouve quelque chose comme de la résignation : j'accepte d'être simplement débordé, impuissant à servir ne serait ce que le redressement d'une seule torsion « locale »...

Mais il y aussi, dans cette résignation, le caractère d'un appel, ou d'une réceptivité à l'autre Etat : comme s'il fallait accepter que rien ne va s' « arranger » ; que non seulement l'harmonie que l'on souhaitait - et que l'on avait pu croire abordable avec un peu de bonne volonté, d'engagement et de don de soi – n'est pas dans le programme, mais que les choses vont plutôt probablement empirer ; que le processus de « défaite » n'est qu'à mi chemin...

Et qu'il est juste qu'il en soit ainsi...

Car la « réussite », le « succès » d'un pari, si éthique soit il, et si remarquable sa qualité de foi puisse nous sembler, retarderaient en fait plus encore le passage à ce qui EST vraiment...

Car nous devons apprendre à lui faire toute la place : à disparaître, sans cesser d'être !

Je vois à chaque instant, dans chaque circonstance et à la faveur de chaque contact et chaque échange, que l'adhésion nécessaire diminue...

Quelquefois c'est terrible, comme une pauvreté si énorme qu'on n'a plus le cœur de se soucier de quoi que ce soit, ni de qui que ce soit... On est réduit à un seul effort d'endurance !

Et c'est également faux !

Car l'âme vivante ne peut cesser d'aimer !

Ainsi, on trébuche de piège en piège, et de négation en contradiction...

Et tout se mesure encore à l'échelle de la durée d'une vie humaine : comme c'est absurde !

Dans la situation où nous nous trouvons tous, il n'est plus possible de suivre une seule perception vraie sans verser dans l'affirmation exclusive pour écarter les interférences... Alors il y a encore l'envie, ou l'instinct, de partir en courant, de se retirer de cette arène impossible et de se concentrer dans un mouvement moins exposé et une atmosphère plus contrôlée : rester à « Sincérité », peindre ou jardiner, et fermer la porte à toutes ces pressions, ces tractions et ces demandes et ces opinions et positions et ces soifs ; puisqu'on n'y peut rien changer de toutes manières, laisser les autres, ceux qui aiment encore la comédie des énergies, s'user à l'inanité...

C'est la même association de plusieurs facteurs qui toujours me convainc de continuer : la tendresse pour les gens d'ici ; un pacte d'amour avec l'être ou la réalité de Matrimandir, et celle de son corps en gestation ; le besoin, l'aspiration, la

prière à être utile, à servir un peu de Ton travail ; le sens de la solidarité et de la responsabilité...

Mais tout est si inextricablement mélangé...

Il y a le besoin de centrer, de creuser, d'amincir ce voile, de dissoudre cette opacité de la séparation : de respirer le Vrai et d'y reposer physiquement...

***27-9-1993, Auroville :**

C'est le sens d'opérer simultanément à deux niveaux, ou sur deux voies parallèles.

A un niveau, la conscience reçoit des informations de haute qualité – des perceptions, des saisies d'expérience.

A l'autre niveau, l'être est aux prises avec ses propres limitations comme avec celles de tous ceux qu'il rencontre, les courants dominants et les plis et les inerties ou les trahisons de chaque instant...

C'est la juxtaposition d'un sens très concret du progrès qui appelle, presque impérieux, et d'une expérience pénible et laborieuse et presque désespérée parmi les influences, les attitudes et les jeux de forces.

Et il y a le manque terrible d'un minimum vital des manifestations de la vérité...

Alors, tout ça fait un ensemble impossible à dire...

Il y a une chose qui est certaine, dans toute cette vie jusqu'à présent : la présence de la vérité me rend heureux !

Je n'ai jamais connu d'autre bonheur : c'est un bonheur que le corps éprouve directement.

Et c'est si extrêmement rare !

Au degré en dessous, l'aspiration à la vérité est ce qui m'a jusqu'à présent toujours permis de persévérer dans une situation donnée ; et, quand c'est suffisamment vivant dans les autres aussi, alors il y a ce sens de partager une aventure qui vaut la peine...

Mais il y a un seuil, en deçà duquel cela n'est plus qu'un exercice absurde... ! Et ces temps ci, c'est cette dernière impression qui tend à dominer...

Alors, il y a toujours ce choix possible : on assume sa responsabilité individuelle et, même en l'absence d'un partage intérieur de l'orientation, et du soutien qu'il peut donner, on se concentre, peut-être d'autant plus... ?

Je me trouve là, comme au bord : un choix pour lequel l'ego doit se taire...

... Les journées s'écoulaient dans une sorte d'errance ; il y a les tâches inhérentes à ce travail de présence, de coordination et de supervision, assez réduits à cause de tous les obstacles et les retards dus à la situation générale – manque de fonds, grève des transports -, et la nécessité de neutraliser ou combattre la tendance à l'inertie, à la négligence, au désordre lâche ; mais il manque une cohérence, celle d'un continuum entre les êtres... La communication est difficile avec Ramalingam, avec Arjun, avec d'autres : ce sont les petits manques d'intégrité et d'exigence qui s'ajoutent dans l'atmosphère...

Et, plus « personnellement », il y a la difficulté pratique pour JYL, Patricia et Aurevan : l'Auroville d'aujourd'hui est gouvernée par l'argent, et je ne vois pas clairement comment aider...

***28-9-1993, Auroville :**

Roger A et Jacq sont revenus il y a quelques jours, et nous faisons aujourd'hui une longue visite du « chantier » avec eux...

***29-9-1993, Auroville :**

Encore une scène avec Silvio, aujourd'hui ; c'est une sorte d'escalade ! Je ne sais pas ce que les gens veulent, ici, à Auroville, mais c'est rarement la vérité... !

... Et c'est la saison des « vacanciers » ; la foule des visiteurs est souvent mauvaise : des gens sans respect ni tenue, qui poussent et réclament et n'expriment qu'une sorte de hargne avide...

***1-10-1993, Auroville :**

Hier soir il y a eu un grand tremblement de terre à la frontière de l'Etat du Maharastra, qui a été ressenti jusque dans la région de Madras : peut-être plus de 10,000 victimes...

Ce matin, nous devons tâcher de conclure le contentieux avec Atmarati ; et le scénario négatif s'est surimposé : Pierre E incapable de faire un pas ; J.L incapable de tenir la charge ; Arjun incapable de se contrôler ; John H et moi incapables d'y rien changer...

Cela m'a donné une névralgie aigue au centre du front ! C'est la débâcle, et rien de nouveau !

Tout, tout est gouverné par cette force qui est encore en possession de l'argent.

Que ce soit à un niveau ou un autre, à celui des jalousies et des calculs, ou des conditionnements et de la misère de nos gars, ou à celui des compromis des Auroviliens, c'est le gouvernement de la conscience physique par l'argent, par cette force qui tient l'argent...

... Et puis il y a toujours cette sorte de maladie venimeuse et tragique de Narayana, cette possession en lui qui persiste ; et Alok, son fils, en est happé ; il y perd son intégrité... Ainsi ils ont maintenant décidé de couper tous les arbres, menés par cette obsession qui me prend pour cible, cherchant à provoquer quelque réaction... C'est la circulation incessante d'un poison actif, qui trouve des ouvertures même parmi les ouvriers, qui crée des malentendus quotidiens entre Ramalingam et moi ; et, d'un certain point de vue de l'action, ces petites forces n'ont qu'un but, de retarder, d'empêcher, d'arrêter, de paralyser : que Matrimandir ne soit pas, qu'Auroville ne soit pas... Que rien ne dérange le mélange et le statu quo confortables où toutes ces forces moindres et séparées ont libre jeu, le jeu « démocratique »... !

Si elles ne peuvent briser tout à fait, elles ont au moins le pouvoir de salir, de calomnier, d'abîmer et d'user...

Et pourtant, tout, tout, en fait, ne peut que Te servir... !

Mais il vaut mieux, en soi-même, ne pas insister sur le décor ou le paysage ! Car, si le processus n'est ni « élégant », ni « harmonieux », cela ne peut pourtant pas justifier la démission...

J'essaie d'apprendre à libérer ma conscience de la tristesse et de la dépression, de ce regard sur soi qui devient une victoire pour tout ce qui se refuse...

... Ramalingam vient passer un long moment ici avec moi, ce soir, pour regarder ensemble tout ça ; essayer ensemble de percevoir comment agir pour libérer la situation de ces lourdeurs et ces obscurités accumulées...

***3-10-1993, Auroville :**

C'est dimanche et, dans la soirée, après les visiteurs, je vais au bureau pour travailler à l'ordinateur et imprimer mon texte pour les « Auroville News » ; soudain, Narayana surgit, comme une entité de ce monde vital hostile, avec ses yeux jaunes et sa haine et son langage vicieux... Je suis pris par surprise, là, et j'ai

un mouvement de peur ! Peur, je crois, autant de mes propres réactions : et cela me montre clairement, dans le fait, combien je suis peu ou mal centré ; rien n'arrive, je reste quand même assez tranquille pour neutraliser l'attaque...

***5-10-1993, Auroville :**

Tout est si mélangé, et les « problèmes » sont de toutes tailles et viennent de tous côtés !

Le temps de la confiance n'est pas venu, aussi triste cela soit : ce qui est demandé est une vigilance orientée et constante, mais qui ne condamne pas, qui soit libre de l'égo !

***6-10-1993, Auroville :**

Ramalingam n'est pas bien ; il est très fiévreux et désorienté, incapable de participer, mais réticent à toute assistance... Anand est toujours distant, après l'épisode du bois coupé, dont il me rend responsable par association, puisque Ramalingam et moi sommes supposés décider de tout ensemble ! Mais en fait il s'avère que, non seulement dans ce cas mais dans beaucoup d'autres, Ramalingam n'a pas été clair avec moi... Et rien n'est vraiment droit, ni désintéressé, dans cette atmosphère...

... C'est comme si chacun se dérobaît juste au moment et au point où quelque chose de plus est requis... Qu'est ce qu'un petit être peut y changer ? J'ai la tête prise à garder la trace de tous ces mouvements séparés, qui se fichent tout à fait d'une collaboration véritable et compréhensive – qui ait le courage d'intégrer tous les aspects et toutes les contraintes...

... J'apprends ce soir que Narayana a invité Somu et Vinod à s'organiser pour m'attaquer physiquement... !

***7-10-1993, Auroville :**

Ce matin j'installe Ramalingam ici, fiévreux, pour qu'il se repose, et demande à Sumathi de lui préparer une nourriture qui enfin lui convienne...

... Rencontre avec le Brigadier Mahadevan, à propos de son projet d'installer une centrale solaire au Matrimandir...

... Anand, qui est dans un état très contraire, comme pris par la résistance, déclenche une situation pénible... Après une série de plaintes et de rapports de vols divers sur le site, j'avais demandé aux gardiens d'être plus attentifs et plus stricts, et de vérifier parfois, sans prévenir, les affaires de chacun au moment de quitter le travail ; mes raisons étaient évidentes pour tout le monde ; mais Anand, monté par l'interprétation qui lui en a été donnée, le prend comme une insulte... Cela me rend bien triste, car il a tort et il choisit le petit, et c'est comme une négation de cette merveille que j'ai si souvent éprouvée avec lui... C'est l'influence de cette résistance, de sa griffe qui salit, qui touche si grossièrement, et si habilement, à tout ce qui est encore pur et fragile, qui démolit les derniers repères de beauté, de douceur et de confiance...

Et pourtant il y a, à travers cette obscure persévérance maligne, le message d'un être plus grand ; et il faut lâcher, et lâcher encore, quand on croyait déjà avoir tout offert... !

Alors, je regarde, et j'essaie de ne pas être le jouet...

Mais je ne sais pas ! Je ne crois pas qu'il soit possible, ni vrai, de travailler sans un minimum de confiance et de reconnaissance entre les êtres, même s'il faut se

battre pour obtenir que la base soit au moins honnête – et, dans la bataille, offrir le résultat, quel qu'il soit... A l'issue de la bataille il faut tout de même qu'au moins quelques êtres, et non pas un seul, puissent se reconnaître, et suivrent ensemble le sens du chemin !

... Comme d'habitude, je suis toujours trop prêt à me retirer... !
Mais je suis fatigué, comme d'un grand piège qui utilise tout !

***8-10-1993, Auroville :**

Il a plu une partie de la nuit... Ramalingam est un peu mieux, et j'essaie de l'amener à une résolution envers les ouvriers : il est clair que la situation a besoin d'un redressement en profondeur, et ce n'est possible que si lui et moi le voyons et l'éprouvons ensemble, et le communiquons ensemble à nos gars...

***10-10-1993, Auroville :**

Dans mes activités dominicales solitaires, j'ai le temps de réfléchir calmement à la crise qu'Auroville traverse à présent, et de regarder à nouveau ces notions de « droit », de « choix » et de « responsabilité »... Il y a tous ces remous avec Tripathy, et SSJ et toutes les perpétuelles influences et le « Working Committee » a appelé une réunion générale d'urgence ce lundi...

Comme pour tant d'autres situations sur ce chemin collectif, il y a le choix entre une inertie qui s'ajuste aux petits changements inévitables, et une détermination commune à accompagner un mouvement en avant, vers l'inconnu ; entre un mouvement de maintien et un mouvement d'avance et de création...

Mais la moyenne générale de ce que nous sommes tire toujours vers le premier choix : et tout s'enfoncé !

***12-10-1993, Auroville :**

Encore un moment de tension avec Arjun, qui se refuse à regarder le simple fait qu'il manifeste lui-même exactement ce dont il se plaint si activement chez les autres... et les difficultés d'organisation qui s'ensuivent... !

***13-10-1993, Auroville :**

J'ai eu une sorte d'accident dans la nuit. J'ai fait l'erreur de manger trop vite et trop tard hier soir. Je venais de m'endormir quand une contraction de l'estomac a soudainement produit un blocage des voies respiratoires, et j'étouffe complètement pendant plusieurs minutes : c'est tout à fait spectaculaire et sans issue ; et, dans ce moment d'extrême détresse du corps, en tous les cas de la partie concernée de l'organisme, cette détresse qui, par sa soudaineté et son acuité accapare toute la conscience physique, je me demande seulement, comme un dépit et une peine, comment une telle stupidité peut être le dernier instant de la vie... partir comme ça, juste parce qu'on a trop mangé avant de dormir, comme c'est dommage et disharmonieux... ! Puis, je ne sais comment, au fond et au bout de cette panique, un conduit à l'arrière d'une narine se débouche et se libère – et c'est le retour au rivage, secoué, trempé de sueur, et perplexe !

***15-10-1993, Auroville :**

JYL a modelé, avec de l'argile, la tête magnifique et bouleversante d'un être de l'Egypte ancienne, sans savoir ce qu'il faisait, sans avoir jamais touché d'argile : comme une résurrection immobile et directe d'une époque que nous avons sûrement partagée...

***16-10-1993, Auroville :**

Dadu est emmené à la clinique à Pondy...

***24-10-1993, Auroville :**

Je ne trouve pas le levier de contrôle du phénomène de vieillissement du corps ; et cela semble s'accélérer : dans les dernières quelques semaines, le visage s'est considérablement altéré et creusé, raviné ; c'est impressionnant, et cela ne correspond à rien de conscient, quand la conscience physique même cherche à progresser et se sent la même qu'il y a vingt ans, sinon mieux ou plus « informée »...

***26-10-1993, Auroville :**

Depuis quelques temps, il n'est presque pas un jour où je ne me trouve en désaccord avec Arjun ; aujourd'hui encore il a interféré dans la réception des visiteurs à la Chambre de telle manière que tout est devenu instantanément compliqué et presque douloureux, et il a fallu tout réorganiser sur la champ pour absorber le désordre...

Je ne sais pas... A quoi tient réellement la qualité d'un partage ?

Si l'on est libéré des attaches émotionnelles et des échanges vitaux habituels, si l'on n'a plus besoin de l'autre pour sa propre satisfaction égoïste, je ne suis pas sûr de ce qu'il reste...

Dans la mesure où chacun de nous est nécessairement engagé dans un mouvement de progrès, de changement en avant et de refonte continue, il me semble que seul le psychique peut reconnaître les siens !

Mais alors, nous sommes généralement encore bien loin d'être continûment conscients, là...

... La réunion de Coordination, cet après-midi, est ardue ; et il y a en plus le sujet de la bataille actuelle à propos de SSJ et de son statut dans Auroville, et du rôle que joue le Secrétaire...

Plus tard, je rencontre SSJ un moment, pour lui faire part directement de mes sentiments, afin qu'il n'y ait pas de malentendu entre nous...

... Selvam souhaite récupérer la maison de la plage pour la louer ; Anand et Indira ne s'y adaptent pas ; c'est-à-dire qu'Indira, en fait, n'est pas intéressée de vivre en Auroville, cela ne correspond à rien en elle et elle préfère retourner au village...

Alors je parle longtemps avec Anand ce soir, qui est de nouveau tout tendre et ouvert, comme avant...

***27-10-1993, Auroville :**

L'énergie dégagée par cette succession de petits conflits avec Arjun, et leurs conséquences dans la relation avec Ramalingam, est revenue, ou ressortie, brute, dans la nuit, comme une petite tornade intrusive et oppressante, et il m'a fallu attendre bien tranquillement pour que ça s'écarte... L'exercice pour moi étant de ne

pas me laisser affecter, de ne pas m'attrister : un exercice que je dois encore souvent refaire... !

... L'atmosphère créée par cette pétition de soutien à SSJ, circulée par Lucas et Mani, n'est pas bonne ; SSJ m'a montré ce matin la lettre qu'il avait envoyée à Tripathy, ainsi que les clauses légales de l'Acte de Parlement de la Fondation qui ont trait à la responsabilité du Secrétaire envers la liste officielle des résidents d'Auroville ; mais cela ne me convainc pas, au contraire !

... Narayana est occupé à semer la confusion et la mauvaise volonté, et s'attaque même à Durai, maintenant !

Dans quelles mesure les lois qui prévalent pour le progrès individuel face aux pressions hostiles, sont elles applicables, ou même identifiables, lorsqu'il s'agit du progrès collectif à Auroville ? Et où est alors la conscience qui peut percevoir l'hostilité comme le signe et l'indice du changement nécessaire ?

Dans le cas de cette possession si tenace (en Narayana), je ne parviens ni à comprendre ni à sentir ce qui est demandé, en soi, au-delà de ce qui me concerne personnellement, c'est-à-dire d'apprendre à ne pas réagir en retour, et à en rire sans effort, d'un rire vrai, étranger à la haine, d'un rire qui peut aimer...

... C'est encore une période de « vacances », et nous voyons défiler des centaines de gens qui sont bien mal informés et n'ont en fait pas la moindre idée de ce qu'est ce lieu auquel ils ont été menés (par les guides touristiques et autres vendeurs de pittoresque) ; il y tout ce travail à faire, avec patience et persévérance, sans jamais perdre l'orientation, pour, petit à petit, petit à petit, communiquer le sens d'une approche, d'une autre approche, et d'une réalité... différente !

... Chaque jour il me faut traiter avec mon propre mouvement de démission : je ne veux pas travailler en conflit, je veux me retirer puisqu'il n'y a plus assez de confiance, je ne veux pas imposer « ma » volonté contre celle d'un autre, etc.

C'est tout de la même nature : c'est encore « je veux » et « je ne veux pas »... !

La seule solution est de respirer au-dedans de Ca, et de laisser Ca me mouvoir dans telle ou telle position ou direction, à tel ou tel moment, sans tout ce gaspillage de réactions à l'autre, à sa partialité ou son ignorance...

***28-10-1993, Auroville :**

Les effets subtils du désaccord avec Arjun se font sentir ici et là ; c'est difficile pour Selvam, qui travaille avec moi, car la nature d'Arjun est vengeresse, et Selvam est incapable d'y répondre librement... Il me faut moi-même un gros effort, malgré l'apprentissage de beaucoup d'années, pour ne pas me laisser décourager !

VK est intervenue aujourd'hui, très belle et perceptive et dynamique, auprès de Selvam et de moi, pour affirmer la nécessité de persévérer et de laisser la vérité intérieure de notre équipe faire le nécessaire...

... Ce soir, Mallika a offert de laisser sa maison à JYL et les siens pendant son voyage de deux semaines, et nous y passons un long moment ensemble, pour qu'elle explique tout...

***31-10-1993, Auroville :**

Un dimanche bien paisible : pas de visiteurs, à cause de la pluie !

Ce soir, Madanlal arrange une voiture pour nous amener dîner chez lui, JYL, Patricia, Aurevan et moi, avec deux membres de sa famille, Bharat et son épouse ; c'est calme, et il y a beaucoup de douceur, et nous avons le temps d'être un peu au Samadhi ; cela faisait longtemps que je ne m'y étais pas retrouvé, et c'est, sans question, la sécurité complète !

***2-11-1993, Auroville :**

La mousson : l'air est doux, les averses sont sans violence, et c'est un repos pour le corps et les nerfs...

... Encore une série de séances de dentiste...

***3-11-1993, Auroville :**

Une femme qui a récemment séjourné à Auroville et semble n'avoir pas eu de « chance » dans ses visites à la Chambre de Matrimandir – elle a peut-être été mal induite, sinon manipulée par A.T par exemple – vient d'écrire une longue lettre de plaintes à propos des règlements que nous avons instaurés autour de Matrimandir et du « climat de peur » dont nous sommes soi-disant responsables ; c'est donc un « témoignage direct », plutôt caractériel, qui a dû satisfaire un bon nombre de gens et montre à quel point nous sommes tous encore les instruments de la confusion et de la résistance...

***8-11-1993, Auroville :**

Arjun a été fiévreux et « malade » tous ces jours-ci ; ce matin, Ramalingam et moi lui rendons une longue visite...

Visite de Sandro – mon ami que je n'avais plus vu depuis peut-être 25 ans !

***11-11-1993, Auroville :**

Cela fait 20 ans aujourd'hui que je suis revenu dans l'Inde, pour rester à Auroville...

... Ramalingam s'est mis dans la tête de nettoyer la boue qui est tombée sur l'acier de renforcement des fondations d'un nouveau Pétale, pour que le bétonnage puisse se faire demain, avant que plus de terre ne s'affaisse ; alors nous travaillons ensemble sous la pluie, jusqu'à la nuit...

... Arjun est de retour dans l'activité, et c'est comme un enfant tyrannique dans un corps et une conscience plus développés ; c'est une énergie qui absorbe et qui donne à la fois, mais... il me semble qu'il y a constamment, jour après jour, des dégâts... !

... L me manque... C'est comme une sécheresse, l'imposition d'un arbitraire, de n'avoir aucun prolongement physique de l'émotion, aucun autre corps confortable... Ca fait presque mal !

***12-11-1993, Auroville :**

Mallika revient après-demain et JYL et P et A ne savent pas où aller ; Patricia insiste pour qu'ils viennent habiter ici avec moi ; mais je ne crois pas que ce soit une bonne chose : il n'y a rien en moi qui souhaite cette vie de famille, et cette promiscuité ne pourrait que causer des tensions que chacun de nous regretterait beaucoup... C'est comme une prière : que le chemin matériel s'ouvre pour eux ici, sans compromis ni mélange...

***13-11-1993, Auroville :**

Réunion ce matin pour la nouvelle brochure ; ça se développe utilement, mais il y a encore à faire...

... Cet après-midi JYL et moi allons chez Vijay à la recherche de cristaux pour lui et d'un cadeau pour la fête de Su, le 16 ; j'explique à JYL pourquoi il me semble que

ce ne sera pas possible de vivre tous ensemble dans la maison ; mais pour quelques jours au moins, étant données les crispations de Patricia, il n'y a pas d'autre solution...

***14-11-1993, Auroville :**

Mes trois ont donc emménagé... JYL ne se rend pas bien compte encore de sa responsabilité dans le choix qu'ils ont fait de venir vivre à Auroville sans avoir rien organisé au préalable... Mais il faut durer, pour le moment, et j'ai sûrement aussi quelque chose à apprendre avec cette expérience de vie commune...

17-11-1993, Auroville :

Cela fait 20 ans, Douce Mère...
... Visite de Rajesh...

***18-11-1993, Auroville :**

Longue réunion, à CSR, avec le FAMC, l' « Economy Group » et des représentants de plusieurs unités commerciales ; quand vient le sujet de Matrimandir John H, Toine, Arjun et moi nous concentrons pour communiquer ce que nous ressentons comme essentiel, et quelque chose se passe, que chacun ressent ; c'est créatif...
... Ce soir Rajesh est venu dîner, et il reste la nuit... Ca fait une maison de 5 !

***19-11-1993, Auroville :**

Cet après-midi Toine et Arjun insistent pour que je les accompagne à Pondy rencontrer Madanlal chez lui, dans sa nouvelle fonction de Chairman du « Matrimandir Fund-Raising Committee » (une entité légale dont il a initié la formation avec le soutien de Karan Singh, pour avoir le contrôle formel et effectif à la fois de la canalisation des fonds) ; son ami L, de Delhi, est présent ; c'est assez amical, pour le moment... Puis Madanlal insiste pour nous montrer le désastre architectural et financier que Pierre E a commis – Madanlal s'était adressé à lui pour refaire une grande partie du bâtiment, malgré l'avis de tous... C'est triste ; Pierre E a manqué à tous les principes de rigueur...

***24-11-1993, Auroville :**

C'est le déluge depuis deux jours... Ce soir – c'est mon tour de garde, et John H et JYL m'ont rejoint – Matrimandir est comme un vaisseau puissant ancré dans la brume et le vent et les flots percés d'éclairs...

***25-11-1993, Auroville :**

La fièvre et le rhume...

Ma « petite famille » a choisi maintenant de retourner vivre chez Menaig, pendant une semaine ; je retrouve le silence de la maison, et son espace...

***27-11-1993, Auroville :**

Joël est ici pour quelques jours...

Ce matin, G.M me téléphone depuis Sanaa, au Yémen... !

***29-11-1993, Auroville :**

JRD Tata quitte son corps...

***4-12-1993, Auroville :**

Le cyclone est passé.

Nous n'avons pas eu le centre, qui a frappé à Karikal, mais seulement les « franges » : c'est un désastre !

Après ces jours de pluie presque ininterrompue, les racines des grands arbres les plus exposés aux rafales ont lâché ; un peu partout les arbres les plus hauts ont été abattus, brisant ou écrasant sous leur poids les arbustes et les plantes autour d'eux ; c'est un carnage dans le jardin ici ; les lignes d'électricité sont rompues, les conduites d'eau éclatées par la terre soulevée ; beaucoup d'arbres rares, qui ont reçu la masse des plus grands eucalyptus, sont abîmés et mutilés...

C'est cette violence qui m'a rendu triste ; c'est idiot, car la matière est éternelle et on peut toujours retrouver une harmonie plus consciente, et c'est ce qui se passera ; mais c'est cette habitude de la nature de détruire pour avancer... la violence, la force aveugle, la démolition, la brutalité de l'interférence...

Je ne sais pas ; je ne crois pas qu'il soit possible d'établir seul, ou même à quelques-uns, une atmosphère suffisamment pure, offerte et consciente : il faut que ce soit assez répandu pour habiter un espace relativement étendu, qui ne puisse plus être contredit (c'est pourquoi, par exemple, il faut un, ou des « Auroville »)...

Il va nous falloir maintenant beaucoup de journées de travail pour rétablir un peu d'ordre et de paix...

J'aimerais bien, j'aurais bien envie qu'il y ait vraiment assez d'argent disponible à la fois pour établir quelque chose qui soit matériellement mieux fondé et mieux développé dans l'espace et le temps, ici, à « Sincérité »...

... Dans une étrange concurrence, JYL, P et A ont de nouveau emménagé ici, et le bruit, le désordre et le brouillage sont entrés dans la maison une fois encore...

Nous passons tous la journée, dans la tempête qui dure encore, à scier, déblayer, balayer...

***5-12-1993, Auroville :**

On se sent plutôt débordé par l'énormité du travail à faire...

On est constamment condamné à abandonner une priorité pour une autre, et ce n'est pas satisfaisant, et ce ne peut être vrai...

Qu'est-ce vraiment que cette force de destruction ?

... John H, Durai et moi décidons de ne pas ouvrir la Chambre aux visiteurs – les chemins d'accès sont encore boueux et nous n'avons pas eu le temps de nettoyer toute la structure – malgré le fait qu'une centaine de dévots et de donateurs ont insisté pour faire une marche symbolique autour de Matrimandir avant de monter dans la Chambre... Je ne puis croire que Matrimandir soit fait pour ce type de démonstration et, en tous cas, il ne me semble pas que nous devions faire exception pour eux, le lendemain d'un cyclone et seulement quelques heures après la pluie... mais cela crée des remous et d'intenses malentendus...

***6-12-1993, Auroville :**

Ce matin je dois encaisser la colère de Toine et d'Arjun, et à travers eux de ces forces qui réclament leur « droit » au Matrimandir – ces gens de Singapore, ces

« dévots », et le lien de l'argent « offert au Divin »... Et cela me plonge dans un malaise aigu... Puis, les autres soucis et les circonstances s'enchaînent, et le sens de l'humour aidant, petit à petit Arjun se calme... Il pleut encore plusieurs fois dans la journée et nous gardons la Chambre fermée...

... Ce soir Patricia et JYL veulent parler longtemps, et je me sens fatigué et vulnérable, avec un besoin impérieux de silence et d'isolement... Le moindre bruit le soir me fait chavirer, dans ce passage toujours délicat au sommeil, quand chaque soir depuis des années il me faut franchir un même seuil sans une sorte d'attaque cardiaque et respiratoire... Il faut vraiment qu'ils trouvent vite un logement !

***7-12-1993, Auroville :**

Bhaskar et Selvam m'aident un peu chaque jour à scier les arbres abattus et élaguer les autres...

... Visite de Nandalal Patel et de sa femme, accompagnés de leur fille Anjana, qui sont venus remettre leur offrande d'or et de monnaie au Matrimandir, et nous les accompagnons dans la Chambre, encore fermée aux visiteurs...

... Tous les soirs maintenant, nous nous réunissons pour étudier et préparer la révision des salaires pour l'an prochain ; ce soir nous travaillons jusqu'à minuit... ! C'est affectueux et drôle et attentif...

***10-12-1993, Auroville :**

Elagage dans le jardin ici jusqu'à la nuit...

... A la demande de John H, Dadu, qui doit rester en clinique, a fini par accepter de prêter sa petite maison, mais il faudra plusieurs jours à JYL, P et A pour s'y installer.

***13-12-1993, Auroville :**

Je passe la soirée avec Madanlal à Pondy, pour voir avec lui comment aménager son nouvel espace de travail pour Matrimandir, et il me garde à dîner...

... Les Postes fonctionnent à nouveau et deux lettres de C sont arrivées, et une de JF.A...

***14-12-1993, Auroville :**

Apprendre à s'effacer sans renoncer, à recevoir sans trahir... A donner sans avoir ?

***17-12-1993, Auroville :**

Il y a un manque de plénitude, parce que le moment n'est pas encore venu en moi de tout laisser à Ta charge ; il y a encore cette petite zone de besoin séparé, qui demande encore à trouver sa réponse dans la vie telle qu'elle se montre...

***18-12-1993, Auroville :**

Réunion de « combat » avec nos deux généraux (K.T et A.C) pour se préparer dans la mesure de nos moyens à la visite officielle du Dalaï Lama, dans quelques jours...

... JYL et P et A ont déménagé dans la maison de Dadu ; ils ont pratiquement retiré toutes leurs affaires, et le calme graduellement revient... Maintenant il faut aussi que le corps se rétablisse...

***22-12-1993, Auroville :**

Il pleut à verses et nous devons renvoyer tous les ouvriers chez eux...

Les finances sont à zéro : il y a juste de quoi finir la semaine et payer les factures...

Madanlal est dans une curieuse position...

Il faut s'unir à un mouvement plus profond...

***23-12-1993, Auroville :**

Le Dalaï Lama arrive, avec son entourage, un peu avant 17 heures.

Sous la pluie, il marche toute la droite distance au pilier de Mahasaraswati : un être conscient. Ça se passe bien.

Mais je dois me battre un peu, ici et là, avec Madanlal, avec les photographes et avec la police, pour essayer de neutraliser cette avidité si laide et réductrice, cette grossièreté en nous qui veut prendre, qui s'impose, qui veut « avoir »... et ne reçoit rien : un gaspillage misérable de l'opportunité d'un progrès... Et le contraste des deux expériences simultanées me met dans un drôle d'état : Madanlal me semble tout à coup tout petit, et aussi comme un enfant qui cherche à s'excuser...

***25-12-1993, Auroville :**

Roger A et Jacq sont de retour, et nous faisons le tour des travaux...

... Longue réunion avec Piero, Asha et Toine pour coordonner et planifier tout ce qui reste à faire dans la Chambre ; Piero se montre de bonne volonté, et cela fait une grande différence !

... Nous recevons les deux creusets pour la fonte du verre, et le grand réservoir d'huile...

... Arjun s'en va à Delhi demain, pour deux semaines...

***28-12-1993, Auroville :**

Ramalingam est venu ce soir ; il m'explique que, pour assurer la bonne marche de tous les travaux de construction qu'il a pris en contrat dans Auroville, il doit absolument passer chaque jour plusieurs heures à visiter les chantiers et ne peut s'en remettre à ses superviseurs comme il essayait de la faire jusqu'à présent... Il me demande si je le « permets »... !

Du point de vue d'Auroville, c'est probablement une bonne chose, car il y a le risque réel que les gens fassent appel à des entrepreneurs de Pondichéry, alors que nous essayons toujours, en priorité et pour toutes les activités, de fournir de l'emploi aux villageois qui sont voisins d'Auroville et partagent sa destinée... Mais évidemment, ça me laisse plutôt démuni !

***29-12-1993, Auroville :**

Madanlal ne semble pas capable de canaliser les fonds nécessaires, et il y a déjà des paiements que nous ne pouvons pas effectuer... Dans ce domaine j'ai encore bien du chemin à faire pour seulement apprendre à ne pas réagir, à être un instrument libre : la situation de tous nos gens qui ont absolument besoin de leurs salaires me préoccupe tout le temps, et le sens aigu du gaspillage qu'une interruption dans la marche des travaux causerait inévitablement...

***31-12-1993, Auroville :**

C'est la cohue des visiteurs et des hôtes de toutes sortes...

Et il faut tout organiser à la fois, et il n'y a plus d'argent... !

Et puis je me mets en colère avec Asha ; c'est la deuxième fois que cela se produit, pour la même raison : elle me reproche de commencer de nouveaux travaux sans la prévenir, et ce n'est pas vrai ; mais ce qui déclenche la colère surtout, c'est le sens de toute une construction mentale en elle, fondée sur son interprétation erronée à laquelle elle tient plus qu'aux faits et selon laquelle elle me juge ; et ce n'est pas vrai, je le sais : je me souviens très bien de l'avoir prévenue plus d'une fois, de lui avoir demandé les plans et d'avoir commencé avec son accord... Ce sont des moments où on ne sait plus où sont les autres, ni de quel état ils participent...

Enfin, c'est une manière plutôt triste de terminer une année de collaboration, et ma colère est une grimace pénible et fausse...

Voilà une chose de plus à offrir !

PART FIVE

- 1994 -

***1-1-1994, Auroville :**

A mon poste dès 5 heures 30, jusqu'à 9 heures...

Il y a le sens que ce sera une année difficile, et que les passages seront étroits...

...Selvam, sans rien me dire, est allé au Samadhi avant l'aube et m'a rapporté une gerbe de roses...

... A mon poste de nouveau, de 15 heures 30 à 18 heures 30... alors que toute cette humanité défile, l'ombre haineuse et obsessionnelle de Narayana se tient là...

... Madanlal est plus optimiste ; il dit avoir rassemblé quelques fonds en ouvrant ce matin son nouveau bureau...

***4-1-1994, Auroville :**

La soirée à Pondy avec Madanlal : il veut maintenant que j'aménage et décoore un local en sous-sol pour y recevoir les visiteurs intéressés par Matrimandir, et que je choisisse les photographies et l'arrangement des panneaux d'information...

***5-1-1994, Auroville :**

La mise en page de la nouvelle Brochure est presque prête...

... JYL reste habiter seul avec moi ces jours ci, car Patricia a demandé à se « débrouiller seule avec Aurevan » dans la maisonnette de Dadu...

***6-1-1994, Auroville :**

Je me trouve souvent ces temps ci dans un état de réaction, d'impatience et d'intolérance – devant la justification facile de certains mouvements, ou la place excessive que prennent les exigences de chacun (ainsi celle de Barbara, qui ne supporte la présence de personne dans le bureau !), ou l'action insidieusement diviseuse de certains (de VK par exemple !)... Mais cette impatience même est un symptôme, aussi bien, d'une même vague de négation qui cherche à empêcher ou à faire dévier...

... Cet après-midi, la situation avec la foule croissante des visiteurs est devenue franchement vilaine, et une scène s'est développée qui m'a permis de comprendre physiquement comment un « Ayodhya » arrive... ! Perumal, qui a voulu venir à mon aide, s'est fait agresser par une trentaine de créatures, et je n'ai rien pu faire d'autre qu'appeler le calme et l'annulation de cette atmosphère démente, jusqu'à ce qu'ils soient tous repartis...

***7-1-1994, Auroville :**

Après l'expérience d'hier, j'ai adapté notre méthode d'admission : nous portons maintenant à l'avance au « Visitors Centre » une note indiquant clairement le nombre de Passes encore disponibles pour le jour même...

... Quand je rentre ce soir, JYL a déjà commencé à préparer le dîner... C'est presque comme si on avait toujours vécu comme ça, tous les deux...

***10-1-1994, Auroville :**

JYL est retourné dans la maison de Dadu, mais il est comme alourdi et vague, obstrué...

... Madanlal a tenté d'utiliser Tripathy à ses fins, pour obtenir la liste complète de tous les donateurs au Matrimandir, et c'est quelque chose que nous ne pouvons pas accepter...

***11-1-1994, Auroville :**

Joël repart ce matin...

... Je retrouve Madanlal à Pondy en fin de journée... J'essaie de communiquer utilement avec lui à propos de cette histoire de liste des donateurs et de ses efforts pour l'obtenir par l'intermédiaire de Tripathy après que Barbara s'y soit opposée... Tout cela est un peu triste. Il me semble toucher là une différence assez centrale entre notre approche et la sienne, et j'ai besoin de regarder ça attentivement... Mais l'attitude de Barbara a été excessive : elle s'est méfiée de lui et l'a exclu, au lieu de lui dire simplement et fraternellement ce à quoi elle croit et s'efforce de servir...

***14-1-1994, Auroville :**

Le festival de Pongal : nous sommes en vacance forcée !

A midi, L vient me voir, après des semaines de silence ! Sa femme a eu un deuxième enfant ; il a été malade... Il m'avait bien manqué !

***20-1-1994, Auroville :**

Dans une autre réunion à CSR sur l'économie d'Auroville, Toine et moi nous opposons farouchement à certaines des directions proposées – ainsi le projet d'attirer l'argent par des offres d'investissements dans Auroville - ; nous nous montrons si intraitables – et fidèles à notre réputation – que cela cause quelques remous...

... C'est la fête d'Anand et je lui fais à dîner...

***22-1-1994, Auroville :**

Sous l'égide de Fred et d'un F.G vengeur, une autre vague de confusion est sur nous, à propos des Jardins...

***24-1-1994, Auroville :**

Ce matin j'ai pris Roger A à partie : je lui ai demandé de considérer franchement la profonde différence d'approche pour la réalisation des Jardins de Matrimandir entre son concept de représentation symbolique et structurelle et le sentiment d'un rêve

– le rêve de Mère – qu’il nous faut devenir capables de matérialiser, et qui serait l’offrande de la Nature et de l’Homme ensemble...

Sa réaction a été violente, autoritaire, dictatoriale, et il m’a accusé d’être le fauteur de troubles qui vient miner l’atmosphère... Je lui ai répondu qu’il n’était pas honnête...

Son attitude révèle tout un ensemble de manipulations qui s’expriment ces jours-ci de plusieurs manières... Ainsi il a demandé à Walter de préparer un questionnaire pour circulation dans la communauté, invitant à réfléchir aux qualités, attributs, caractères, substances, expressions, de chacun des douze Jardins intérieurs, sans avoir aucune intention d’en tenir compte autrement qu’en récupérant les réponses dans son propre concept minimaliste et spectaculaire qui est plus celui d’un décorateur...

Cela a été un moment très pénible...

***25-1-1994, Auroville :**

Réunion de Coordination dans l’après-midi ; beaucoup de rire partagé : cela aide, car la situation est plutôt mauvaise ! Et en ce qui me concerne, je suis de nouveau la cible reconnue, l’agent de la disharmonie perçu comme un obstacle... !

***26-1-1994, Auroville :**

Journée de congé national !

Tout est tranquille, mais il y a une tension sur mon chemin...

Arjun est en campagne pour contrer l’attention négative, et activement chargée, qui me prend perversément pour cible, afin d’éviter ainsi de faire face à d’autres questions – celle des Jardins, par exemple.

Mais le fait même qu’il sente cette nécessité de lutter ainsi me rend plus vulnérable à une attaque dont je pourrais autrement m’isoler, si ses termes ne m’étaient pas sans cesse rapportés...

La position d’Asha, une fois de plus, me laisse avec l’impression d’être sali, souillé : c’est curieux comme tout ce jeu de forces persiste, jusqu’à ce que nous soyons entièrement donnés...

... Ce matin, tôt, Patricia est venue me confier son « mal d’amour » : elle s’est entichée de John H... !

... Dans la journée, Arjun est venu me raconter son entretien avec Jacq ; cela me cloue dans un malaise tendu : pourquoi faut-il qu’il s’agisse de « moi », alors que c’est une question de travail et de direction, du vrai travail et de l’engagement de chacun... ?

Alors je retombe dans cette fosse : si réellement ce que je suis est l’instrument de ce qui empêche, alors que je me retire, tout de suite, à l’abri de tout ça !

La pression des autres, surtout quand ils se croient investis du droit de juger, est une fausseté qui déforme tout et manque à tout...

... Je rédige un texte en réponse à la lettre ouverte de Karel sur la question du financement du développement d’Auroville (l’exposé « rationnel et sensé, réaliste et de bonne volonté » des mêmes vieilles méthodes !)...

***27-1-1994, Auroville :**

Je vais au ralenti, en lutte pour offrir ce qui en moi est lié encore à toute cette obscurité que les gens jettent sur moi... Je me sens physiquement vulnérable : le corps se heurte plusieurs fois dans le travail... Il y a la tristesse, et le mouvement

de se retirer, de ne plus avoir à traiter avec tous ces subconscients, cette jungle opaque qui parasite les mouvements... Comment peut-on percevoir l'autre ainsi ? C'est si faux et ignorant et pénible !

***28-1-1994, Auroville :**

Arjun me raconte la réunion désastreuse que Toine et lui ont eue hier avec Roger A, Jacq et B, où il est devenu évident que, au-delà de l'attaque concertée qui me prend pour cible, c'est bien d'une campagne de démolition de notre équipe qu'il s'agit, et que Roger A s'y est bien volontiers prêté...

... Envie de rester à l'écart, à l'abri de cette jungle ; mais ce n'est pas ça !

Il y a tant de progrès à faire pour ne plus répondre, ne plus adhérer, en soi-même, à ce qui ment, à ce qui veut prendre... Et il faut apprendre à vraiment sourire, à ne pas en vouloir à ceux qui sont trop petits encore, à continuer de marcher en T'offrant tout, libre...

***29-1-1994, Auroville :**

Ramalingam, hier, s'est fait mal au dos...

... Ca suffit comme ça avec cette clique de « frères » qui ne se situe que contre d'autres, cette volonté de démolir tout en prétendant vouloir rétablir la « vérité collective », alors qu'il s'agit en fait de ne pas être dérangé, de ne pas s'ouvrir à l'inconnu...

... Je fais faire, par des menuisiers de Kuillapalayam, en bois de rose, un nouveau « hundi » pour le bureau de Madanlal à Pondy...

***31-1-1994, Auroville :**

Je ne sais pas ce qu'il se passe ; Arjun est plus que déraisonnable : il exige de participer à la moindre décision, et m'accuse de toujours aller de l'avant et de n'en faire qu'à ma tête, et il utilise les gens sur lesquels il a une autorité directe pour exercer ses repréailles...

... Je découvre une autre « négligence » de Selvam, qui aurait pu avoir des conséquences bien fâcheuses pour lui, et cela me rend un peu... navré !

... La tentation de me retirer est très forte ; en même temps, l'autre chemin reste présent : tranquillité, ne pas abriter le moindre ressentiment, mais regarder et voir, sans retirer la tendresse ou l'affection, et sans compromis non plus...

***1-2-1994, Auroville :**

Arjun me cherche pour se réconcilier, et me faire savoir et sentir que rien ne peut vraiment affecter la nature de ce qui nous unit...

L'équilibre est très fragile, très exposé, et il faut être attentif à chaque pas...

Les forces sont très actives, et nul ne peut prétendre n'être l'instrument que de LA Force vraie !

Il faut apprendre à regarder lucidement ses propres mouvements et ses propres complicités d'un point de vue impersonnel, pour pouvoir se corriger, s'offrir, se dégager, et s'engager toujours plus au service de la Conscience...

***3-2-1994, Auroville :**

Un moment – assez neutre – avec Roger A, Jacq et Asha, pour confirmer certains travaux ; c'est, après tout, un exercice utile, pour trouver la distance juste, sans passion, prêt à servir...

La confiance qui naît d'un partage profond n'est ni possible ni souhaitable, finalement, tant qu'une base consciente n'est pas établie, éprouvée par toutes sortes de circonstances et d'épreuves...

***5-2-1994, Auroville :**

Je suis parti dans la nuit pour chercher C à l'aéroport, et nous sommes revenus à 10 h 30...

... Bhaskar m'accompagne ce soir à Kuillapalayam pour transporter le « hundi »...

***7-2-1994, Auroville :**

Il a commencé de pleuvoir, doucement, tranquillement ; puis, ça s'est intensifié ; puis, c'est devenu torrentiel, sur le sol craquelé par le soleil de ces dernières semaines, et ça s'est infiltré dans toutes les fissures : tout un pan de l'excavation du premier grand réservoir dans les Jardins intérieurs s'écroule soudainement ! L'équipe est sauvée, de justesse ! C'est une petite catastrophe qui va coûter cher, bien sûr ; mais je n'ai pu m'empêcher de la ressentir comme une sorte de purge de cette vague d'intention négative à l'égard de notre travail...

... Asha, de son côté, a peut-être touché le piège : elle a choisi de se retirer à l'écart, et de passer une semaine à Golconde !

Avec Roger A et son entourage, c'est une sorte de statu quo malaisé...

Et Toine est au lit, avec une forte fièvre...

***8-2-1994, Auroville :**

Nous avons tant d'imbroglios à démêler ces jours-ci ! Faut-il s'enfuir, se fermer, passer ailleurs, tenir ?

... J'emmène C, ce soir, à Pondy, chez Madanlal : du travail avec lui ; puis il nous garde à dîner, et nous abordons le sujet délicat des comptes, et de nos relations à tous...

***9-2-1994, Auroville :**

Arjun me retient pendant presque deux heures, après le travail, et c'est plutôt créatif ; nous revoyons ensemble, directement et profondément, un certain nombre de points qui sont restés, ou devenus, chargés entre nous... Matrimandir suscite des situations qui sont uniques par leur complexité représentative, et toutes sont prises dans un même creuset d'évolution ; un livre ne suffirait pas à explorer, et tenter de décrire une seule de ces lignes de force... !

***14-2-1994, Auroville :**

Il semble que je ne trouve plus le temps d'écrire... Tout est très absorbant...

Notre équipe est menacée du dedans comme du dehors... Et l'attitude de Madanlal, son ambition personnelle et... « spirituelle » ?

***15-2-1994, Auroville :**

C'est parfois comme une implosion, parfois comme une débandade... Des torsions de tous les côtés, des écarts qui se durcissent...

... Toine et moi passons la soirée avec Madanlal...

... J'essaie d'aider Anand à acheter un tout petit bout de terrain dans le village de Kottakarai, où il pourrait éventuellement se construire une hutte...

***16-2-1994, Auroville :**

Encore une réunion bien exigeante entre Arjun, Toine, John H et moi d'une part et Madanlal et SSJ de l'autre, durant laquelle nous abordons directement les questions difficiles, après la récidive du Secrétaire, Tripathy, exigeant la liste complète des donateurs... L'affection pourtant demeure, et peut-être même la possibilité de continuer de marcher ensemble... Mais il faut voir : les prochains jours seront déterminants...

... Mon tour de garde ce soir, avec C ; et bientôt, JYL et John H nous rejoignent...

***17-2-1994, Auroville :**

Etude sur le chantier, avec Roger A, Jacq et Asha, des nouveaux travaux que nous pouvons en principe commencer... Le climat entre nous est encore pour le moins réservé, mais il reste toujours ce fait inaltérable, avec certains êtres, de l'engagement envers Toi, qui endure tout, et constitue peut-être peu à peu la seule base durable et solide de l'unité humaine...

... Madanlal est secoué, mais affectueux ; il demande à ce que nous poursuivions ensemble...

***19-2-1994, Auroville :**

C et moi sommes partis dans la nuit pour retrouver R à l'aéroport, et sommes rentrés vers 9 h 30 ce matin...

... Le tapis de laine de la Chambre est arrivé... Mittel et son équipe, qui ont mis 6 mois pour le tisser, vont rester ici le temps de l'installer ; nous les aidons à dérouler les énormes rouleaux, que Mittel devra couper sur place en douze triangles...

***20-2-1994, Auroville :**

Narayana me donne beaucoup de mal, sa haine qui me poursuit jusque dans la Chambre, comme une sangsue dont l'action s'amplifie dans cet espace... Il me faut trouver la leçon de cette incroyable persistance, au-delà de ce qu'elle reflète de son propre déséquilibre ; cela crée en moi une sorte de dépression douloureuse, et un peu dangereuse pour le corps, et j'ai dû lutter toute la nuit jusqu'à l'aube pour identifier l'utilité de la pression qui agit au travers de cette grimace : il y a, évidemment, cette semence d'ambition en moi, qui trouve encore la place de se terrer et de se nourrir, quelle que soit la « bonne volonté » des mouvements choisis ; et c'est cela qu'il faut extirper, et c'est pour cette action que je dois être capable de remercier cette hostilité si laide... Mais tout de même, ce n'est plus possible d'accepter, de légitimer la présence de ce rictus venimeux, jour après jour, sans relâche...

***21-2-1994, Auroville :**

Le jour de Ta fête...

Je suis à mon poste dès 5 heures, et bientôt JYL vient me rejoindre...

... Madanlal fait porter un ananas et des fraises fraîches, venus de Bangalore, à chacun de nous... !

... Des masses de visiteurs...

***23-2-1994, Auroville :**

Les fourneaux sont en marche depuis hier soir, pour un premier essai (pour la fonte des hublots de verre de couleur orangée qui devront être placés dans la coque extérieure, derrière les disques d'or)...

... Ce soir, le tapis est enfin en place : c'est une merveille !

***24-2-1994, Auroville :**

Il y a tellement à faire, et l'on travaille en courant, sur un champ... d'obstacles et de mines !

Mais il y a cet immense cadeau de douceur et de pure beauté entière qu'est la Chambre enfin révélée, après la pose du tapis : the Mother's lap !

Et pourtant, les confusions et les démissions et les mauvaises humeurs fusent et Asha se retire du travail et John H est mal fichu...

... Madanlal a organisé un déjeuner spécial chez lui à Pondy, où il a convié comme les veines et les artères profondes de toute une réalité de ce pays devant Toi, en relation avec Toi : Karan Singh et les membres du Governing Board, plusieurs donateurs, plusieurs membres de l'Ashram et tous les Trustees... Toine, Arjun et moi nous y rendons en compagnie de Kamala et K.T, et en revenons vers 15 heures, et c'est de nouveau la course...

... Un vilain épisode avec un groupe de visiteurs particulièrement grossiers et revendicateurs se termine par une autre dispute avec L.N ; pour lui, mon orientation qui consiste à tenter d'établir la nécessité du choix et d'une certaine préparation individuels dans l'approche de l'expérience que la Chambre peut donner à chacun, est une aberration ; selon lui, quiconque se présente doit pouvoir entrer... Cela serait peut-être valide, dans un autre âge – du passé lointain ou de l'avenir – mais certainement pas dans ce présent : nous serions inondés !

Quoiqu'il en soit, c'est l'un de ces moments, assez fréquents désormais, où je suis mené à me poser la question : faut-il laisser chacun faire l'expérience de ses propres inclinations, quelles que soient les conséquences pour l'ensemble et à long terme, à ce stade crucial de l'émergence de Matrimandir dans la conscience collective du monde ?

Faut-il laisser faire, ou persévérer ?

Où est le vrai chemin ?

Jusqu'à présent, chaque fois que la question se pose ainsi et que la suit le temps de la décantation, le sens demeure que, oui, cette orientation qui me détermine est souhaitée, et soutenue, du dedans et d'en haut...

***9-3-1994, Auroville :**

Tous ces jours ci, je ne trouvais plus le temps d'écrire ; les moments de la soirée où j'avais l'habitude de prendre ces quelques notes, étaient réservés à C et R ; C, qui marche et progresse et grandit, et R... qui suit !

Ils sont repartis dimanche...

... Et puis, c'est une foison de crises simultanées – avec Atmarati, avec l'équipe de l'atelier des disques, Silvio et B surtout, et avec A d' « Auroform » (en fait avec tous ces éléments rapportés par Roger A pour la réalisation de son concept), ainsi qu'avec Madanlal, et le train d'attitudes et d'approches malencontreuses dont il pourrait aisément devenir l'instrument si nous ne sommes pas suffisamment unis et centrés...

... Et puis, encore un abcès dentaire, et la fièvre...

... Le temps peut être un glaive, qui sans cesse transperce, défait et refait en avant...

Il y a tant à regarder, et tant de silence est nécessaire pour simplement, entièrement et vraiment, devenir... une goutte de Toi !

***18-3-1994, Auroville :**

La chaleur de l'été est arrivée, soudainement...

Les « Auroville News » sont pleines d'accusations terribles à notre égard...

... G.M me téléphone du Yémen...

... L est venu me retrouver ici...

... Shivan vient partager une séance d'exercices et d'asanas...

***Note.**

J'ai cessé, à partir de cette date, de tenir un journal.

***Texts and documents written in 1994.**

- On the issue of "Personal Maintenance" at Matrimandir; May 1st, 1994.

"For quite some time now there has been in Auroville a generalised attempt to discern the means to implement a change or a reversal of our economy towards a truer circulation of energies – money, food, goods and assets.

There seems to be a consensus on 3 points:

- 1- That everyone who has chosen and been accepted to stay in Auroville provided – with obvious exceptions – they contribute to the collective a minimum of 5 hours of daily work, ought to be given a minimum Maintenance. One study group has even evaluated this minimum Maintenance at Rs 1,500/- a month.
- 2- That the issuing of this Maintenance ought to be independent of the context of one's daily work.
- 3- That every effort ought to be made to reduce the circulation of cash and to increase and develop the capacities of all the collective services so that eventually every person's needs will be provided for in kind.

Where the work of Matrimandir is concerned, a first small step towards Point 2 was finally taken when, at the end of last year, a representative meeting of Economy Task Group, Central Fund, FAMC and the productive Units agreed by consensus to the inclusion of a monthly budget for both the physical maintenance of the completed parts and the Personal Maintenance of an average number of volunteer Aurovilians.

One recommendation was however that our team at Matrimandir would continue to monitor the list of the Aurovilians actually working there regularly, according to the two categories already established: "half-time" meaning 5 hours a day, 6 days a week, and "full-time" meaning a minimum of 7 hours a day for 6 days a week and a commitment to one's responsibilities.

This decision was important in another respect: it was the first time that the collective body of Auroville was able to formally take charge of at least one aspect of Matrimandir from its collective resources.

Recently the Economy Task Group had to acknowledge the necessity of raising the general level of the Maintenance of the Aurovilians working in Services, SAIIER, Forest and Matrimandir particularly. These "units" had so far been unable or unwilling to do so, but a large donation, specified for Personal Maintenance, had just been made directly to the Central Fund, allowing for this improvement.

In consultation with the Economy Task Group our team agreed that the level could be raised, which meant an augmented budget for recurring expenditures, and that this raise ought to be done "in kind", that is, in the form of services, material goods, rather than "in cash".

This decision was felt to be in support of Points 1 and 3.

We did not know at the time that the Financial Service was not yet equipped, accounting wise, to function with the simultaneous disbursement of "cash" and "kind"; We had assumed that this tiny step forward could easily be implemented, and had agreed on May 1st as the starting line.

The raise we had considered as appropriate in the present context was as follows: for "half-time", from Rs 1,000/- to 1,200/- in kind; for "full-time", from Rs 1,400/- to Rs 2,000/- in kind.

This is exclusive of the individual contribution to Central Fund, of a minimum of Rs 300/-.

There are several reasons why we felt that any increase ought to be done through services and not in cash. To appreciate these reasons, we must go back a little ways.

- 1- Over the years the term "Aurovilian", from being charged with the unique challenge of adventure, progress and change; has gradually come to represent a status, almost a caste, with its own "sub-castes". As is always the case naturally with any status, those who enjoy it will tend to make sure that it is inviolable.
- 2- It is a fact of Auroville that, by and large, very few of its residents are available for full-time physical work.
- 3- Since the time our team took up the coordination of the work at Matrimandir, it has been our perception that our mandate and our task were to see the whole of Matrimandir completed as soon as possible, within the guidelines of Auroville.
- 4- It is another fact of Auroville that, being situated in contemporary South India, it is not in position to make use of sophisticated machinery and equipment for any construction purposes, while virtually every adult person living near to Auroville must earn daily wages in order to survive.
- 5- There was always a "labour force" at Matrimandir, even through the lean years when only one main work was in progress, such as the erection of the space frame or, later, the laying of the marble in the Inner Chamber. But when the time came to look at the completion of the whole of Matrimandir – the two shells of the sphere, the Air Conditioning System, the entire interior, the underground areas, the whole infrastructure, the 12 large Petals and the 12 small petals, the Inner Gardens, the amphitheatre and the Park or Outer Gardens and its water bodies – it became obvious that we had to organise ourselves so as to receive the help of many more "workers".
- 6- At present there are more than 400 people working at Matrimandir, who hail from the neighbouring villages. They work for their livelihood, but they also work for Matrimandir itself and a number of them are manifesting a degree of commitment and care truly remarkable by all standards.
- 7- On the other hand several individuals who hail from the same background, who are sometimes even blood relatives to these men and women, have at various times become "Aurovilians"; among those, some were "workers" earlier and continued working at Matrimandir, albeit at a different pace and with somewhat different implications, while others have joined the work at Matrimandir after becoming "Aurovilians".
- 8- Given the complex and diverse nature of the work and the centrality of its purpose at all levels, given also that at the best of times there can only be a tentative planning, as its progress depends entirely on the flow of donations, the daily context of activity is naturally more loosely structured than in any specifically oriented service unit or any productive unit where it is generally accepted that a hierarchy and a strict discipline are a necessity.
- 9- It has thus been one of the most blatant contradictions surrounding the emergence of Matrimandir that, too often, on the part of those who being "Aurovilians" are expected to manifest the clearest sense of

responsibility and dedication, it is in fact the most casual show of participation that has been achieved.

- 10-In consideration of all these points or given conditions of growth, and out of respect for the contributions of these men and women who make it possible with their bodies and their energies for Matrimandir to become a material reality, we have consistently refused to allow more of a discrepancy between the wages or salaries they receive and the standards of living enjoyed by those Aurovilians who work alongside them.
- 11-It is not within our field of action to significantly help raise or improve the living standards of the Matrimandir workers alone, in isolation from the workers elsewhere in Auroville, as this would have negative consequences all round.
- 12-The labour situation at Matrimandir is actually faithful to the instructions given by the Mother in the early years of the construction, according to which Aurovilians were to constitute guiding frames for the labour of large teams of workers. (Alas, the Mother also wanted it built in 5 years!)

What Matrimandir needs is a steady and motivated team of Aurovilians sufficiently dedicated to give unreservedly all of their time to the demands of the work, so that the coordination of all activities is effective and harmonious.

And in terms of individual capacities what is required from the collective body of Auroville is an organ which will bring together the most suited individuals and the tasks at hand in all areas of its progress.

These individuals ought to be taken care of by Auroville in an organic way expressing the fact of their belonging, by conscious choice, to a larger adventure than is to be found in ordinary life elsewhere.

Such a thing as an "Aurovilian" clamouring to get Rs 2,000/- a month for doing, not any better, the work that a hired worker is doing day after day for a salary of less than half of this amount, ought not to happen.

Yet it does.

Therefore not only do we ask that at least a beginning is made in the direction of a saner economy, but we ask also for a deep and all-inclusive review of all the values we have given way to.

We feel that every single one of us all is responsible for the conditions we find Auroville in and that courage is required from each of us to face these and to seek the living truth that will open the way."

- On the "Auroville Sangha".

Note: The proposal for an "Auroville Sangha" had been floated for some time in the community by some of the remaining members of the "French Group", others having left Auroville in the wake of L.V's letter stating that Auroville was "finished". Their intent was to recapture the "true spirit of Auroville".

The following text was my personal response to it.

"Having read the report circulated under the title "Auroville Sangha" and given myself the time to assimilate its contents and its implications:

Apart from the excerpts of texts written by Sri Aurobindo, which always throw open the doors to a truer world, no matter the context in which they are referred to, I found that this report, beyond the claim to freedom of development it expresses, is most vague, ambiguous and misleading.

The attitude it reveals is known to each of us: it is easier to invest some formal entity with all the shadows one has not been able to offer and transform than to own them nakedly and present them in the light of honest effort.

It seems to me that it would have been more effective, had it been possible to truthfully do so, to point out specifically all the ways and manners by which this formation called "the Auroville Foundation" prevented any one resident of Auroville to follow the path of its Charter.

Yes, we do know for certain that that a particular individual, having been entrusted with a degree of legal and social power, has indeed taken a number of actions which were mainly oriented by spite and resentment; but that they have succeeded in producing unfortunate results only gives a measure of our inertia and absence of dedication.

We have been given all the conditions necessary for the birth and growth of more than a Sangha.

It is we alone who are to blame for not making right use of the gift.

The dedication required from each of us is the missing element; nothing else!

And it would be a vain and futilely dangerous illusion to now incite to a parallel attempt at realising the truth of Auroville, when all around us the consequences of our own carelessness are gaping.

No Sangha will ever be manifest without the individual and collective discipline freely chosen by each of those who will be its parts.

Therefore no arbitrary imposition of this discipline needs to be made.

This is the logic of the matter.

If such arbitrariness does try to enter, it only shows that the free choice has not been made: it can only enter through the weakness of our pretences.

And Auroville, Their Auroville, the Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's Auroville, is more than a Sangha.

It is a bomb of Truth, if only we could let it be, by adhering actively and directing all the energies we are able to muster.

Please, just look around you: Auroville is asking for true life.

Every activity asks for an impetus and a fire, every bit of its matter asks for care, every one of its movements asks for creativity.

There is not a single area in Auroville today where one may feel it is the way it is meant to be.

Is that the "Auroville Foundation's" fault?"

- Unfinished draft of an Introduction to Matrimandir, for the public.

"Introduction to the Matrimandir of Auroville.

You are going to the Matrimandir, the Abode of the Divine Mother, Her Shrine.

This is not a temple in the traditional or religious sense of the word, but a privileged space built for Her conscious Force to act and help us human beings to find our true consciousness, one with the divine, and let it transform our nature.

Founded by the Mother of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram as one more step in the realisation of Sri Aurobindo's teachings and action, it stands, in the words of the Mother, as:

'The symbol of the Divine's answer to man's aspiration for perfection. Union with the Divine manifesting through a progressive human unity.'

At the centre of Auroville – the 'city the earth needs' -, the Matrimandir heralds the age of equilibrium, when all opposites join in a creative harmony, surrendered to the reality of the true Consciousness and centred in its power of manifestation.

Symbol form of plenitude, a simple sphere lightly flattened at its poles like our earth - our earth that opens up in a twelve petals bloom to receive it or let it rise -, it rests on four pillars, the four aspects of the Divine Mother:

Mahakali at the North, Mahalakshmi at the East, Maheshwari at the South and Mahasaraswati at the West.

Clad in shimmering golden discs, the twelve petals around it overlaid with soft red sand stone, it is first surrounded by twelve inner Gardens, each expressing a state of being – Progress, Utility, Wealth, Power, Life, Light, Bliss, Consciousness, Existence, Perfection, Harmony and Youth.

Together these twelve Gardens spread over an area that is ten times that of the sphere in section, thus forming a large oval island which is in turn bordered by a wide and deep channel of water within a large contoured park land.

Around this park gathering many hundreds of species of tall and noble trees from all over the world, the city of Auroville will grow.

At present, in the year of 1994, the Matrimandir is still under construction.

The work began in 1971 and has never stopped, although over the years it has proceeded at various paces, according to the hardships, difficulties and progresses Auroville has experienced in its growth.

At the service of no religion and no movement, it is dedicated to Her only.

Its progress has met with numerous resistances, contradictions and oppositions.

Built exclusively with the donations of those individuals throughout the world who kept alive their trust in the Mother's vision and action, it carries Her seal and energies as a unique centre for the forging of a truer future upon earth.

The Matrimandir is not isolated.

The nucleus of a galaxy, it is the core of a laboratory in humanity, where consciousness is experimenting in accelerated evolution.

Auroville, meant by the Mother to shelter up to 50,000 volunteers who choose to try and serve, in life and matter, the advent of a new species, is the anvil where a willing representation of our humanity is to be put to the test of change.

Its Charter, issued by the Mother, contains its guiding principles and determines its orientations.

Distributed over some 4,000 acres of land, its settlements and activities relate to all of the human reality, attempting to unite with all aspects of the divine nature: wisdom and knowledge in the mind, love and ananda in the heart, unified power of manifestation in the vital, and beauty and perfection in the physical.

The conditions today:

To reach the Matrimandir you will turn off the main highway and follow first a winding asphalted road through green fields and simple villages, then pass on to a rammed earth road to the formal entrance to Auroville, a large building of pressed mud bricks and wide terraces, all ochre and white: the Visitors Centre.

Under its shaded arches and cooling arcades you will find a large range of information on Auroville, and exhibitions and sales of many of the Auroville products, crafts and art work; a cafeteria will also welcome you.

From that entry point, you will then be given directions to travel into Auroville, past the Bharat Nivas – the Pavilion of India, which is the first pavilion of the International Zone of Auroville. You will follow on an avenue of trees until you reach a large Banyan tree sheltering a group of stone benches: nearby the small Reception Kiosk of Matrimandir awaits you.

If you have made no prior arrangements, or if you have come on an impulse and if, besides, you have arrived after the viewing hours – 8.30 am to 3.45 pm -, you may find only one option left to you: to make reservations for the following day.

Indeed, access to the Inner Chamber of Matrimandir is necessarily restricted.

While the construction work is still in progress, there can only be one hour – 4 pm to 5 pm - reserved for the interested visitors and during that hour only 100 to 200 visitors can be allowed to sit in silent concentration.

On Sundays, more visitors are allowed to file in and out, without sitting.

However if you have taken the step of booking in advance, you simply have to confirm your name, read the recommendations and receive your Pass.

You will then walk through the gate and down a path across the Park area, until it meets the West Pathway pointing like an arrow to the sphere of Matrimandir.

On this wider path you will continue past the amphitheatre on your right, at the centre of which a small elevated white Urn contains the soil of all the nations which had sent a young representative to the Foundation Ceremony of Auroville on February 28, 1968.

On your left, you will meet the King Banyan, the first resident of Auroville and its exact geographical centre, a friend to all and the living symbol of inner life and unity.

You will then walk down the ramp between two of the twelve Petals to the Pillar of Mahasaraswati.

Concealed within its volume, each of these Petals is to house a room of colour, expressing a state of consciousness: luminous blue for Sincerity, deep blue for Peace, blue-violet for Equality, pure violet for Generosity, magenta for Goodness, vermilion red for Courage, deep orange for Progress, pale orange for Receptivity, golden yellow for Aspiration, pale yellow for Perseverance, light green for Gratitude, and emerald green for Humility..."

(Unfinished)

- Points for the receiving of visitors and the regulation of their movements to and into Auroville, to be approved by: the Working Committee, the Development Group and the Secretary of the Auroville Foundation:

- 1- Note of Information to be widely distributed – see the draft presented to the Working Committee and the list of addresses of various private and public tourism agencies and corporations.
- 2- Upgrading of the existing facilities at the Visitors Centre: a) enlarging the Parking area; b) shaded walk over to Bharat Nivas and, past Bharat Nivas to the Matrimandir Reception area; c) updated information materials translated in Indian languages (Hindi, Tamil, Gujarati, Bengali, Urdu, Oriya and Kannada); d) full-time video service with updated presentations on various aspects of Auroville, including Matrimandir (for a fee); e) formation of personnel to receive visitors and answers their questions according to the level and quality of their interest; f) organisation of exhibitions and demonstrations (crafts, alternative technologies, art work, ecological gardening, etc.
- 3- Creation of a proper Visitors Pass: a) use of the Pass in coordination with traffic regulation inside Auroville; b) all watchmen and guards in Auroville to use the same colour uniform and a badge, so as to be easily recognised, and to be trained in checking Passes and giving directions to visitors; c) The Auroville Patrol to request any visitors to show either their Visitor Pass or their Guest Pass.
- 4- Traffic Regulation: a) a new board to be placed at the turn to "Certitude", with a large map of the area positioned underneath a small shelter manned by a guardian, who is trained to answer basic questions and to direct visitors to the Visitors Centre; b) clear sign boards to be placed at all entrances to the Auroville area, indicating the way to the Visitors Centre and requesting quiet, cleanliness and slow speed; c) extra watchmen on duty at the parking areas of the Visitors Centre and the Matrimandir Reception.
- 5- Relationships with the villagers: a) to clearly explain to representatives of all the villages our policies regarding visitors and tourists, and access to Auroville in general; b) to introduce them practically to the system in place and seek their suggestions.
- 6- Budgets: a) additional budget to be allotted to the Visitors Centre; b) hundis to be placed at the Visitors Centre, with a simple notice explaining our guidelines and policies.

- 7- Visitors Park: creation of a fairly large Park area to cater for visitors, expressing the sense of beauty, cleanliness, harmony and collaboration with Nature; this Park to be situated near to the Visitors Centre, up to and around the water body there and along the road to Edayachavadi; eventually this area could be enclosed, and the right of entry be charged a token amount, for its maintenance and upkeep."

(Note: as of summer 2005, only Point 1, Point 2a, parts of 2b, c, d, e and f, a small beginning of Point 3a, b and c, parts of Point 4a, b and c, and parts of Point 6a and b have been implemented.)

- On society and governance in Auroville:

"We are not here to make classes and castes and categories.
We are here to make, to let her make, Aurovilians.

We are not here to make producers, bureaucrats, artists, servants, missionaries.
We are here to become men and women with living souls, incarnating the same need into every activity, every area of existence and every movement.

It is discovery. It is adventure. It is work, serious work!

We do not need committees and groups ad perpetuum.
We need dedicated people and the courage to serve the truth of the Charter in all its implications.

The less committed we are to that truth and the more fearful we grow of control:
and the further away we push from us the opportunity to truly grow.

Auroville is a field of action, change, transformation and becoming, that rests on a solid ground of Truth: it is a Gift.
If we are unwilling to serve it, we must be made to leave.

The Working Committee as a function is indispensable: a part of the organism of Auroville.

But the way it is presently manifested only adds to the pervading confusion.
For it cannot and must not be an instrument of the "collective will", unless that particular collective has reached a Gnostic stage. An unenlightened collective will can only lead to disaster and betrayal.
Instead the Working Committee must be, must learn to be, an instrument of the Truth of Auroville.

The Working Committee is meant to be the central channel for administering Auroville: its resources, its needs and its means of action.
Therefore what is termed as FAMC (Funds and Assets Management Committee) is simply one of the activities of the Working Committee, as are ABC (Auroville Board of Commerce), or the Visa and Entry Services and the Economy Group.

In order to do its work it must fulfil its first mandate, which is to actively seek to serve the Charter of Auroville: it must in that sense act as the steward and guardian of the integrity of Auroville, and be held accountable for it.

The more we postpone this essential duty and the more we play into the hands of all the forces that endeavour to slow, or block and prevent the process which Auroville has been created to initiate.

Our first allegiance is not to our "fellow Aurovilians": it is to the Mother and Sri Aurobindo or, if that is shocking, to the highest consciousness we are able to identify; it is anyway to the truth of Auroville.

What we are to one another is of a different nature and will progressively materialise as we grow out of the ego.

So the Working Committee must be established on a sound basis; and it is an urgent necessity.

Through its members it must be related to the various organic working groups – Development Group, Services, Productive Units, Education and Research...

It must coordinate directly the administration of all assets and resources – Land Service, FAMC, ABC and Finances – and be accountable for all the policies and procedures relating to residence in Auroville.

It must have a substantial nucleus of full-time members and a defined space for secretariat; around that it must have a larger number of members articulating the various areas of activities in Auroville, who have part-time involvement and/or specific tasks.

The full team must meet regularly, perhaps twice a week, with clear, prepared agendas, and a strict discipline in the furtherance of any given task..."

(Unfinished)

- Communication on the Access to the Chamber in Matrimandir:

"Why do we find it indispensable to request residents of Auroville not to bring their guests inside Matrimandir outside of the visiting hours?

First and foremost, it is simply in accordance with the Mother's instructions – "a time in the day or a day in the week for visitors, to show them around, but no mixture..."

There is the sense inwardly that this part of an individual and collective discipline which the future of Auroville and of its Soul demands from each and all.

It is not easy to try and break down this inner sense into "reasons".

But for the sake of mental communication, here are some of the reasons, which are reinforced and confirmed by daily observation:

- 1- There is an ingrained habit and expectation, almost a custom in this culture and environment: besides "rules" there are always other ways around them, such as little favours and privileges accorded to status and social position. For instance when one knows a person within a given organisation, one will try and obtain a favour and this will in turn enhance one's position. We have in Auroville today a multitude of contacts through suppliers, business transactions, technical and scientific exchanges, work relationships, and relatives and friends and personal acquaintances, out of which would "naturally" spawn a

multitude of "favours". There is no end to that trend, and it is bound to eventually corrupt the very approach to Matrimandir.

- 2- There are physical and practical reasons as well, particularly in the present conditions of a working site, with little achieved of the basic infrastructure and reception facilities. Moreover people are seldom prepared for the unique experience of the Inner Chamber, and there is need for a team of volunteers on duty to guide or assist whoever comes in for the first time. This cannot as yet be arranged on a full-time basis.
- 3- People coming to Matrimandir ought to feel, even now with all the work activities in progress, that the access to the Inner Chamber is something truly special, and that certain steps must be taken for one to be given that opportunity. The Mother spoke of a sense of "initiation". Later on, as the Park and Gardens and Petals become materialised, people will be helped and concretely prepared by gradually entering a favourable atmosphere, mood or state.
- 4- Ever since the time the Inner Chamber has been deemed to be sufficiently ready to begin fulfilling its role and to receive individuals for the purpose of concentration, we have felt that we must learn, each and all, to regard its access as the access to the Mother Herself, to Her own living Presence. The Mother has specifically said that everyone would have to obtain permission to enter; it wouldn't be "just like that", and any doubtful case must be referred to Her...

We are not here to discriminate.

But we must act as stewards and in our service we must make sure that a certain quality of approach is respected by all."

- On "Personal Maintenance":

"When in consultation with the then Economy Group we had opted for an increase of the Personal Maintenances in kind rather than in cash and requested the Financial Service to open accounts "in kind" besides the current cash accounts, we were under the impression that this step would go in support of the general effort towards an internal economy that would free itself from the circulation of money.

However, progress is slow and as of today, but for clothes through the newly reformed "Nandini" Service, it remains impossible to receive the materials needed for one's livelihood.

Yet the possibilities are there. And we do feel that what is actually lacking is an effective, well-oriented coordination between the various productive units (including farms) and the services, based on unity of purpose.

The challenge is not merely to support a community of so many individuals: it is to evolve the attitude and the means of an economy based on truth, at the service of the Divine in Matter.

These are big words indeed, and the reality they point at may still be distant from us if one is to judge by our many failings.

But Auroville exists by the very quality and intensity of an aspiration, a striving and perseverance in orientation, thrust and progress.

We have to link.

Services such as "Nandini", "Pour Tous", "Prosperity", "Housing Group", "Development Group", "Economy Group", "Bridging Fund", "Maintenance Fund", Water, Electricity and Telephone Services, etc. must all redefine their present functions and reassess their motivations in the light of a common coordination towards the material expression of Auroville's raison d'être.

We are so wary of centralisation and the misuse of power that we keep breeding more groups and committees, which only aggravate the confusion and waste the energies.

No diffusion can take place without a centre.

This centre we must find, and discipline ourselves around it.

There needs to be a central awareness in the form of a core group of coordination acting as a living channel at the service of Auroville's truth and purpose.

This core group must be presented with a transparent and comprehensive picture of all the resources available as well as of all the needs, and inform the various services accordingly.

This is not going to realise itself, nor anything we truly wish, without dedication and hard work.

It will not do to sit weekly or bi-weekly and talk.

It will not do to open a service three afternoons a week.

It will not do to multiply attempts that merely undermine each other.

If we are loaded today with almost a hundred units and delude ourselves that these complications are the expression of diversity, we have only ourselves to blame, that is, the forces that in us resist the multiple manifestation of Truth's simplicity!"

- Letter to the Financial Service:

"Greetings. This is to request you to release the amounts kept in the individual "in kind" accounts for all those who are listed as Matrimandir Workers, as and when they will ask for it in cash.

We had wished earlier this year to support practical steps towards the shift to an economy more open to the inner dynamics of Auroville.

We had hoped that the various services would be sufficiently motivated to take up the task and begin to create channels for the provision of individual needs "in kind"; that a coordination would be activated between these services and the Financial service so that, even when goods are not produced in Auroville as yet, they could be acquired; that this effort at collective organisation would trigger a development more faithful to Auroville's essential thrust.

However, this progress seems to be hampered in many ways and more time seems to be needed.

Meanwhile the present situation is confusing and causes practical problems for many of the persons concerned.

We would like to collaborate with the different services so as to establish a clearer basis for this practical orientation.

At the service of Truth,
For Matrimandir"

- On volunteer duties at Matrimandir:

“To each of us who chooses to take up a duty at Matrimandir.

It is imperative, if we are to progress towards a more conscious effective implementation of the Mother’s guidelines regarding access to Matrimandir and its Chamber, that we truly regard our respective duties as an actual service and learn to develop the qualities it demands.

We must be at once guardians and servitors.

Not arrogance, but strict vigilance; not passivity, but instant evaluation; not imposition of one’s will, but firm observance of the required discipline: these are some of the abilities we must cultivate.

No matter what improvement we wish to make to the existing organisation, the first condition is our own individual and collective discipline.

It is necessary to repeat:

- 1- Auroville residents are not to bring in visitors outside of the visiting hours; exceptionally one Auroville resident may bring one friend along.
- 2- All guests and non-residents must present their individual White Passes (for concentration) and may only enter at the appointed time (as specified on the Pass).
- 3- Constant awareness must be kept of all movements inside the Chamber, with the readiness to gently intervene whenever necessary.
- 4- The cleanliness of clothes and of hands and feet must be carefully and unobtrusively ascertained for every person about to enter the Chamber, and there must be no hesitation in asking someone to return later if need be.
- 5- Bags cannot be taken in, and cameras are not allowed.
- 6- Auroville residents who happen to be in the Chamber during visiting hours must respect and observe the rules which the visitors are requested to follow.

An integral part of the necessary improvements to be made in the existing organisation is an increased commitment on the part of volunteer Aurovilians.

So far we have only been able to fulfil some of the basic duties; others are kept pending or must be attended by our hired watchmen.”

- 1995 -

Note: Sometimes during the previous year, JYL and I had eventually obtained the permission to build a fairly large house for him, Patricia and Aurevan, in "Sincerity". The construction of this house took me nearly 3 years, mainly due to lack of funds, but also because, working full-time at Matrimandir, I could not hire more than a few workers whom I trusted well enough; Arunasalam did most of the work with a couple of helpers, from the foundations to the last finishing touches, including the plumbing.

Of the year 1995, I have somehow kept almost no traces, but for a couple of texts.

***Commentary on Matrimandir, March 1995:**

(Note: in March of 1995, two French people, Paulette and Philippe, were sent by "Auroville International France" to make a video on Matrimandir; they asked me to speak as a running commentary. The following is the English translation of that commentary.)

"The first thing to be said is that, according to the Mother's instructions, the approach to the Matrimandir is essentially individual and one must make a request. It is not a place one enters automatically just because one wishes to. It is a place one must prepare oneself to enter.

For the first visit there will probably always be an appointed hour in the day, which will serve as an introduction.

But one ought to approach the Matrimandir not only as a privileged point of concentrated spiritual energy, but as an integral experience.

It is not only the Inner Chamber of the Matrimandir that matters: its whole environment matters equally.

An integral experience... that means... it is a whole... an organisation of the truth. It is, it manifests the true consciousness.

So, each person will first make their request.

Then one enters Auroville and comes towards its centre, which is a park.

At the entrance of this Park, one has to show a sort of Pass.

One enters the Park, which is the protection of the Gardens of Matrimandir; thus one is already in an environment of peace, of calm.

Through the Park one reaches the edges of the Gardens.

The Gardens... It is an area that is 10 times the dimensions of the sphere of Matrimandir (360 meters by 290 meters).

One crosses a bridge over a water channel into the Gardens area, which has thus an oval form.

One enters by the longest of the main pathways.

There are 4 main pathways.

One will enter by the one which is West of Matrimandir; that is, one will face the East. It is the longest perspective.

Each of these pathways gives a perspective onto the sphere that emerges from among the 12 Petals.

One enters a field of experience composed of 12 individual Gardens, plus the Garden of Unity which is around the Banyan Tree.

Each of these Gardens – the material realisation of these Gardens must be such that one enters a specific atmosphere, unique: the atmosphere of a state of being.

The Mother has given names to these Gardens, such as Perfection, Power, Life, Light, Youth, Progress, Bliss... and She has insisted that the experience must be so concrete that, as one moves from one Garden to another, one passes from one state of being to another.

That is to say that the presence – from the collaboration between a deliberate arrangement and the energy and consciousness of Nature –, the presence of the flowers, of the plants, must manifest this state.

So, it is a process that is a preparation.

One can follow the path all the way to the Matrimandir, or one can move through the Gardens, stay there awhile...

Then one comes near to the sphere and around the sphere there are the 12 large Petals.

If one continues, the path becomes a ramp descending towards the start of the stairway that reaches up into the sphere.

Half-way down the ramp, one can enter one of the Petals; instead of moving directly to the sphere, one can go left or right into one of the 12 chambers.

Each Petal has its chamber of... one may call it a chamber of meditation.

It is a space that has the shape of an egg lying on its side; and each of these is a coloured light, of a specific colour – according to the colours Sri Aurobindo has given to the twelve Powers of the Mother.

And each of these eggs has a name given by the Mother: it is more like a state of the consciousness, such as Aspiration, Humility, Courage, Perseverance...

According to the necessity at the time, one can remain in one of these spaces, which may help one to get ready. It is like a bath of energy, of a particular energy one may need.

From there one can also descend all the way under the sphere.

There is an open area, with a pond that will receive the ray piercing through the whole sphere from above. There is a promenade around it. One may also remain there.

Insofar as one feels ready to ascend to the Mother's Chamber – which is truly Her Chamber, a space exclusively reserved for Her Force –, insofar as one feels ready to go up, one may choose one of the 4 entrances.

Each entrance is situated in one of the 4 pillars, named after the four Aspects of the Mother: Mahasaraswati to the West, Mahakali to the North, Mahalakshmi to the East and Maheshwari to the South.

One reaches there.

One climbs up to the first level; there, it is planned that one will put on socks.

One can rest a moment there.

This level is rather narrow; there are just benches to sit on, put on the socks, make a pause.

From there one enters a cone that contains a double helicoidal stairway.

This cone is narrow at the bottom and widens at the top and one reaches the second level, which yields the whole amplitude of the sphere.

There is suddenly a widening-up, contained in an orange light.

One bathes in a space that is a space of silence.

From there one will go up a ramp, one of the two spiral ramps that lead either to the eastern or the western door of the Chamber.

One climbs up the ramp and one comes to the marble doors.

Then, one enters the experience that the Mother's Chamber can give.

At the centre of the Mother's Chamber are the 4 upright symbols of Sri Aurobindo that support the crystal globe.

The 4 symbols rest in the middle of the Mother's symbol.

It means that there are the Two, the Presence of the Two in One, the complete incarnation of the Divine."

***Matrimandir – Auroville:**

Note: later that year, on September 21, 1995, I wrote the following text:

"A subjective note.

One keeps floundering into a mass of details, a multi-layered complexity, as one tries to serve in Matter or, simply, as one tries to remain aware of the central reality one's inner experience has, at some points I time, unveiled.

There are moments – those endless moments – when one drowns altogether: overwhelmed by the relentless weight of the contradicting coalition of things, suffocated by the pull and pressure of all the innumerable wants and twists of humanness and of our mentalised and subconscious relationship to physical and material existence, one turns blind and deaf to the inner radiance; one, mutely screaming, lets go and falls.

As a deep-diver, there one discovers the true solidity of the Matrimandir: way down where the mire and the rock should be, there it is, a friend, a Pulse, invincible, an unalterable Fact.

A tenderness where the darkness meant to hold undisputed reign, a potent immobility of concentrated wholeness, without a gap, without a fold, the sheer purity of oneness.

All along the spiritual history of mankind there seems to have always been, attached to the will or the aspiration to reach the Lord, an element of ambition and selfishness.

But the Mother and Sri Aurobindo have done something else entirely.

They have loved the Lord so much that they have known the whole world must be His, Matter must be His field and all experience must at last vindicate His Trust and Thrust into the unknown.

They have opened the gate of illusion and division towards manifest Truth, not away from It.

This Force that now flows into the world needs to annul all our conditionings, all our habits of separatedness, millions of years of habits encrusted and hardened as bent energies.

Together the Two of Them have delved ceaselessly down, held the certitude in Themselves and borne it forth into its sleeping awaiting form until it responded and a continuous flow of consciousness could know the Lord within the very cells of the body.

The Mother then, standing to all appearances alone and exposed at the crest of the fore wave, the Mother who could at last securely manifest the truest will, Herself shows that even that realisation is still a separation.

Matter itself will bear the Supreme.

In the Matrimandir, as in the Mother's hand, one touches the body of the Lord.

Yet it is far from certain that we want to touch It, that we want to be aware of It, that we are willing to undergo the changes this awareness will effectuate.

So, until we are ready and willing, the Matrimandir has its levels of approach, poised in the complete safety of itself: it is always where we seek it, albeit a little higher and deeper, to magnetise our precarious flame.

Here in Auroville we did not come to an ashram to try and discipline our natures on a given path; we came to the most exacting challenge: to make true, in freedom of choice, our aspirations and ideals, with the only sure promise that, insofar as we would remain sincere and willing to progress, the Help would be there.

This was not to be an island; we were not to be spared.

On the contrary, we were to become able to see things as they are, once the trappings and the coverings and the professed intents have, under the merciless Grace at work, ceased to appeal.

To "build" the Matrimandir, we have tried different ways and none brings any satisfaction: each is lacking, each is incomplete, and each is largely dictated or determined, sooner or later, by the predominant ignorance in our condition.

There is no glory in being poor instruments!

No matter how much the fire may be burning in us, we remain powerless before the amount of pressure the general average status of earth-consciousness inescapably applies at every point of the material grid.

The "inner being", the consciousness, can only be an agent of contact.

We learn to offer and to remain oriented so that true use is actually made of all this seeming denial, however well-meaning it may seek to appear.

Beneath the clamour and the disorder is a quietness of purpose.

Even though it is in our nature to betray, what is actually silently incarnating stands through the very mechanism of betrayal, until enough of us will have let those identities be consumed and will have risen as so many unique channels for the Real.

The Matrimandir has come to stay.

In many hearths today a glimpse, a ray of the Presence has collected, created a nexus and a hold.

The Matrimandir stands for That completeness: it will keep reminding us that the work to be done is of necessity integral.

It tells of the perfection, of the entirety of the true aspiration, without which any discovery will cancel itself by its opposite.

It makes use today of all the means available – bound as we are yet, in our understanding of Matter – towards a lasting physical representation of this perfection.

Yet its true shape is minimal and contained and free: when we cease our tinkering, even for a moment, and listen and feel, it simply and directly calls for our care, unconditional.

Human infants are totally, unreservedly, absolutely trusting.

To be aware of that is to know the Lord's Gift of responsibility and evolution.

The Matrimandir is that infant too, even though it is the matrix of limitless experience in conscious becoming.

Trustingly it makes that Gift and thus brings each of us before the choice.

When we enter the haven of the Matrimandir's material structure, its concrete sphere in the likeness of our earth, supported by the four main powers at play in the true ordering of the inner nature; when we ascend within it to its upheld chamber of silence and pass into its whiteness, we are entering a space for which there is no precedent and no equal in the whole of the material universe.

There, are no gods to propitiate, no image to adore, no intermediaries to beseech, no favours to be begged.

There, is an open, direct, uncluttered, safe channel all the way through and through to goodness, divineness, the only reality.

Any gradation in one's experience is only due to one's readiness or development.

One's receptivity is only measured in terms of unity in one's being and nature: for the true consciousness manifests in unity and through unity.

One will not reap the fruits of any exclusive tapasya; one will find no gratifying echo to one's pretences; one will obtain no solution to one's faults.

Rather, like another air, another density, it will permeate any area of our nature which, by the genuineness and honesty of its need, has opened a little the net that enslaves.

It does not seek converts.
No one and nothing can influence it.

God men will often say that to speak of God is an act of vanity.
But this is no patriarch and no tyrant and no jealous master claiming dominion.

This is truly and only oneself, at last, coming.”

Note: During that same year I studied and prepared the designs and drawings for a fairly large building in the shape of the Mother’s symbol, which I planned to house all the many thousands of photographs of the Mother and all of the books and records of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo, as well as of all Their disciples, as a centre of learning and meditation entirely devoted to Them and Their avatar hood. But I couldn’t find an opening in Auroville for it, or else I didn’t have sufficient determination or trust in myself as an instrument.

- 1996 -

Note: In 1996, in the face of mounting opposition to our work at Matrimandir as a team and to an increasing level of controversy regarding such issues as control, decision-making, design and access, we formulated the proposal to open a permanent Forum, the "Matrimandir Forum", where every point and every matter of concern regarding Matrimandir could be discussed openly and every choice of direction could be processed by the community.

Foremost among the issues at the time was that of the "rights of control" over the organisation of the work and the allotment of priorities to be exercised by donors, in particular by Madanlal who had succeeded in legally establishing the entity called "Matrimandir Fund-Raising Committee" and was seeking to dictate the scope and the pace of the work as well as the manner in which it must be executed.

Another prominent issue that divided our team from Roger A's team on site was one of quality and standards; despite high claims to the contrary, the results of their manufacturing coloured glass or subsequently polyester fibre reinforced translucent coloured panels were far short off the mark and involved tremendous waste, for which we, rather than them, would be held responsible.

This collective exercise lasted through 1996-97.

I have kept some of the documents that I had drafted on behalf of our team and which were used as materials for the on-going discussions of the Forum which, after a series of stormy, well-attended "Residents Assemblies", met for many months on a bi-weekly or even weekly basis.

***Proposal for a "Matrimandir Forum", 6-6-1996:**

"What could be a truly collaborative, constructive work that we could do together as an Offering to Her?"

Appreciating and recognising the concern expressed by most of the Community, we would like to propose the following:

Let's create a Matrimandir Forum where the team coordinating the work will present at the beginning of every month:

- a. A Financial Statement.
- b. A Work Report.

- c. Any of the current or major issues that are of vital importance to the Matrimandir.

For example:

- 1- Design – related questions.
- 2- Access to Matrimandir.
- 3- VIP Reception.
- 4- Maintenance of Aurovilians.
- 5- Maintenance of the Structure.
- 6- Fund-raising.
- 7- Information regarding Matrimandir within Auroville and without.
- 8- Gardens.

Needless to say that these topics don't necessarily have to be brought up by the Coordinating Team but can and should be raised by any Aurovilian."

- Amrit, Arjun, Divakar, John, Ramalingam, Walter.

***Working note on the formation of an Auroville Reception/Protocol team, its mandate and method of functioning, October 25, 1996.**

- Perspective.

The absence of such a team on the one hand and the increasing public awareness of the Matrimandir on the other hand, have led to the current situation wherein the majority of Government officials and other VIPs tend to view Auroville as merely the locale of the Matrimandir and to exert various kinds of pressure in order to visit it, while we have generally remained unready and unwilling to respond favourably.

Promotion of the Matrimandir as a tourist site has also intensified, both from tourism industries and Government concerned agencies.

This has caused innumerable misunderstandings and has been a major factor in the negative relationship to Auroville among official circles.

- Proposal.

It is proposed that, with the Working Committee as a base and with the active collaboration of the office of the Secretary to the Auroville Foundation, an Auroville Reception/Protocol team is formed, with the following mandate.

- 1 - To ensure a proper welcome to all visiting officials and VIPs.

A: A permanent Reception room is required at the Visitors Centre, so that all VIPs may be given an introduction to Auroville, its activities, aims and ideals, with the help of the exhibition room, video coverage and a cordial set-up.

B: Depending on the time available to the VIPs and on their areas of interest, a program is established either on the spot or by prior

arrangement, in coordination with the various units and project holders in Auroville.

2 – To help all such visitors to become aware of the scope of the work of Auroville as a living experiment.

3 – To present the role and function of the Matrimandir in the context of Auroville, with adequate emphasis on the Mother's guidelines as to its utilisation and access and the essential quality of silence and concentration attached to it.

The composition of this team is envisaged as follows:

- The Working Committee members act as a core team with the constant participation of a designated person in the Auroville Foundation Secretariat.
- Representatives and contact persons are designated in each work area of Auroville as committed to help receive the visiting VIPs according to their special interests.

In the case of Matrimandir it is understood that:

- 2- Visiting hours must be respected and never compromised.
- 3- Exceptional arrangements are to be implemented in the case of VIPs who require security measures.
- 4- Direct coordination of each visit is to be implemented by contacting any one member of the MMCG (Matrimandir Management and Coordination Group).
- 5- When the VIPs are not able to visit at the appointed time of 4pm to 5pm and in the event that they express a genuine interest in the Matrimandir, they may then be shown the site and, in coordination with at least one member of the MMCG, be introduced to the works in progress.

To ensure the progress of the functioning of this team, it is proposed that the entire team, including its contact persons, meets regularly – once a month initially and, later on, quarterly.

***Working note on design-related issues, November 22, 1996.**

"The MMCG was constituted, end of 1989, by the then Auroville Council, with the mandate to manage and coordinate the completion of the whole of Matrimandir at the earliest, on the basis of the design presented by Roger A.

We have had, individually and as a team, to lay aside our personal opinions and to try and answer the challenge of identifying the practical terms of execution.

Along with the MMCG a Planning Group was also formed which was meant to prepare the ground for the execution of any part of the work and to support it.

To this group Piero had been asked to actively participate, in a spirit of collaboration.

This participation however did not last very long, or confined itself to specific areas such as the Air Conditioning System for the Inner Chamber.

Later on several others joined in and contributed to a number of decisions, the responsibility for which not all are now willing to share.

Essentially what enabled us to continue with the work was the fact that Roger A's design or vision for the whole of Matrimandir did carry a power of realisation and generated the necessary energies.

This however has not been an easy task; the play of forces has been intense and every one of us has gone through the mill.

The lack of real unity in Auroville at large has allowed, through various sets of reactions, for a certain amount of partiality and hastiness to blind the process and resulted in a corresponding amount of waste and imperfection.

When, early this year, we saw that it had become necessary for us to refuse, in spirit and in action, a definite trend which sought to impose its momentum on the destiny of Matrimandir, we found ourselves quite suddenly exposed to an all-round surge of resentment and animosity.

All this together clearly expressed one singular need for review and reassessment and for a shift to a higher, wider and truer degree of awareness and unity for the sake of the Matrimandir's work.

It was then also that, very unpolitically, we realised that the execution of the FRP inner skin was flawed and had become unacceptable (the translucent panels already placed had already begun to fade and warp).

We called for a halt so that new and more extensive studies may be conducted.

We felt that, no matter what the cost, Matrimandir's demand for perfection was a higher priority.

We also took the decision, along with M.B, to interrupt the production and gilding of the discs, so as to give him the time to test and perfect another method of gilding that would ensure durability and easy maintenance.

(Note: the gilding method introduced by the French specialists and recommended by Roger A was proving unstable and far too vulnerable in our climatic and physical conditions: birds scratched it the thin layer of gold every day, hard sandy dust was blown into it and damaged it rapidly and it was also impossible to clean it. Our further research eventually led us to the new technique of melting small glass tiles around gold leaf, assembling these glass and gold tiles onto the discs and gluing them in position.)

There followed the arduous process of questioning as enacted by a series of Residents Assemblies, until we were able to propose the creation of this Forum, which we felt would provide a space for the necessary conscious unity, without which the work of materialising the Matrimandir could not proceed.

We do not perceive this space as a license to question for the mere sake of questioning and settling scores, nor do we wish to be puppets in the hands of energies that seek only to obstruct, delay or destroy.

We perceive it as a grace and a great possibility, with its imperative call for honesty, integrity, humility and readiness to collaborate in the face of a stupendous

challenge: how to live and grow together in the presence of the implosion of consciousness the Matrimandir increasingly manifests.

We do not see that, where design matters are concerned, the vision that has come through Roger A is necessarily to be questioned.

What we see and feel is that the Matrimandir has to be whole and that each of us is requested to make the necessary effort to contribute to this wholeness.

From the Forum the request was issued, by consensus, a few months ago, to also interrupt the work of casting additional platforms on the Level II of the sphere.

This request expressed the sense, widely shared, that there is no need for contrived interior designs – such as these introduced recently by Roger A -, and that the entire inner space of the sphere should keep to its structural simplicity.

This said, however, we find that one must also make the effort of offering precise and concrete proposals in answer to specific questions of details having a bearing on the harmony of the space, such as the attachment of the hand-rails of the inclined spiral ramps.

At present it is our view that exhaustive studies of alternative materials for the inner skin, and possibly for the outer coating of the ferro cement shell, require immediate attention.

And we consider that this constitutes a test for the validity of the Forum in terms of constructive and truly helpful support for the completion of the Matrimandir: it must prove that it is able, by its spirit, to mobilise and motivate enough of us to work together.”

***Working note on access to the Matrimandir, December 9, 1996.**

“- Introduction.

What do we have to guide us towards an organisation the implementation of which will not tend to betray the very truth and purpose of the Matrimandir?

We have a few specific excerpts of conversations recorded by Satprem with the Mother, in Her Agenda, which relate to the Inner Chamber.

We have a small number of messages and statements by the Mother regarding the Matrimandir as a whole.

We have a vast body of written work on the Integral Yoga and the individual and collective Yoga of Transformation and evolution, by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother.

We have a comprehensive array of notes, statements, letters, messages, recorded talks and comments by the Mother on a whole range of questions of practical behaviour in relation to the goals.

What certainties do we derive from the above as regards the Matrimandir, its role, its raison d’être, its function and its action?

- . That the need of the hour puts us past religions and the traditional belief and assumption in a divinity perceives as separate from the manifested world.
- . That it is the manifestation itself which must become consciously the house of the Lord, and that the tension of this work lays within the consciousness of man.
- . That the Divine owns the essential part of man – the psychic being -, which develops from within all experience and is the only safe, incorruptible, infallible and authentic formation of the Divine.
- . That every other part of the human being, born from successive stages of evolution, the physical, the vital, the mental, has its own spiritual truth and that the psychic being is the centre of creation around which these inner parts must unite so as to permeate and transform the outer being.
- . That for this to happen, two things are indispensable: the consent of the ego, and the grace, force and consciousness of the Mother.
- . That only a united being is in a condition to receive and to hold the flow of consciousness that will bring humanity to the next step of evolution upon earth.
- . That the Matrimandir is representing this unification of the being as the core of a new creation upon earth.
- . That the Matrimandir is the Divine's answer to the call of man for concrete guidance towards the necessary change of consciousness.
- . That the Matrimandir is for us "Aurovilians" insofar as, without it, there can be no real Auroville.
- . That the Matrimandir is for the world insofar as Auroville remains meaningful to the world as a place reserved for accelerated evolution, through the conscious commitment of its members.
- . That the Matrimandir is for all individual human beings who, from near and far, realise the imperative need to find their consciousness and open to the change.
- . That the Matrimandir is a material rendering of the Mother's body and presence, dedicated to Her action and under the direct influence of the Supreme.

- Part I.

How do these certainties translate in practical terms of organisation, considering the many factors at play?

Here comes in the quality of interpretation and the responsibility of it. There seem to be three main approaches.

- 1- One tends to be radical and somewhat extreme and will express itself either in:
 - a) very stringent conditions, equivalent to the initiation rites of past traditions, must be laid for every person to approach and enter the Inner Room of the Matrimandir, or:
 - b) the Matrimandir must be open to all, as it is meant for humanity as a whole, and the Mother will organise it directly after Her own fashion.
- 2- The second, which is presently trying to find its balance, rests on a literal faithfulness to a few words of the Mother, recorded in a more general conversation held in January, 1970, with Satprem. (See the attached quotes)
- 3- The third tries to ground itself on a comprehension of the spirit of all of the Mother's available comments on the Matrimandir, and of Her practical wisdom and expansive action of progress and change towards all.

The first one of these approaches, which is more of a tendency or attitude – nonetheless very much active –, meets at once with innumerable problems which it is not equipped to face.

Let us then look at some of the implications and consequences, in short and long terms, of the second and third approaches.

- Part II.

The second approach has been applied since May, 1995, and has since undergone a few modifications and refined itself.

The third approach was actually applied first, gradually and gropingly, from 1992 till April, 1995; it was not well understood, and therefore was not given the necessary practical means to develop.

In the second approach, currently applied, the emphasis is on the quote earlier referred to and, in particular, on the points underlined below:

"... Those who want to see... can be shown around... at a fixed time in the day or a fixed day in the week... but no mixture... the rest of the time for those who are serious..."

The intent here is to discourage the public at large from exerting pressure on the physical organisation by insisting on "its rights" to enter the Inner Chamber.

It assumes that the majority of the people will be content with the satisfaction of a superficial interest or curiosity, and that few will be who will ask for more. Those few can then be directed to have access for an introductory experience of the Inner Room for the purpose of concentration, which is set during the hour following the official visiting hour.

People are thus allowed, with no other restriction than the time limit of one hour (and any obvious misbehaviour), to view the Inner Room from its threshold for a few seconds.

The impression they will retain and communicate thereafter will depend on their further interest in, for instance, asking more questions at another occasion.

Tourism industry and its agencies have no problems in institutionalising tours that include the viewing of the Inner Room of the Matrimandir as one of the worthwhile sights in the area and in the country; they are only limited by the rule of one hour a day, which they cannot, hopefully, question, as it comes directly from the Mother (although She has added "*but, for the internal organisation, we will see later...*").

In the third approach, which was initially applied almost from the time of the completion of the Inner Room, and evolved through the first actual experience of the relationship between the public and the Matrimandir, with little of administrative facilities, rests on the complementarity of the following points, all quotes:

. *"Not everyone will be allowed in... one will not enter just like that..."*

. *"First, one has to ask..."*

. *"A fixed time in the day or a fixed day in the week for the visitors..."*

. *"For silence... silence and concentration. One will not come for regular meditations, or anything like that..."*

. *"The whole area must be silent..."*

. *"To find one's consciousness..."*

- . *"No religion, for heaven's sake..!"*
- . *"Individual concentration..."*
- . *"Research..."*
- . *"The symbol... of future realisations..."*
- . *"In the gardens, one will move from consciousness to consciousness..."*
- . *"To enter the Park of Unity, one will have to get permission..."*
- . *"The symbol of the Universal Mother according to Sri Aurobindo's teachings..."*

A central basis of reference arises from the experience which was given when the Mother was available in Her physical body.

In order to see the Mother one had sometimes to wait for days, even weeks, and the experience of being in Her physical presence was valued as supreme and had maximum impact and lasting effects on one's life and consciousness. (This does not necessarily apply to those who had been accepted by Her as disciples or Ashramites.)

General public access to the Mother was only possible on Darshan days, when large masses of people could gather on the street and the surrounding rooftops to see Her appear and stand at Her balcony for up to 10 minutes.

These were events of Her spreading action which, in the later period, occurred only 4 times a year.

The Mother attached great importance to the building of the Matrimandir and, up to the very last moment of the apparent life of Her body, was asking about its progress.

The Inner Chamber of the Matrimandir is the material abode which She Herself has brought forth from Her consciousness for Her work upon earth, and She has instructed clearly on every one of its details and measurements.

This third approach considers that access to the Matrimandir must be established on a basis that, for the sake of Her action, will correspond to the experience of Her incarnation.

The Inner Chamber must be kept at all times to its privileged atmosphere and purpose of silent concentration.

This is the gift of the Matrimandir to humanity, and the essence of its message, near and far.

The more faithful and transparent we grow to it, the more its action will spread unaltered.

The practical basis of this, the third approach, is then as follows:

- . One enters the Inner Chamber exclusively for the purpose of concentration – *"to learn to concentrate, to find one's consciousness..."*
- . One must ask permission to enter.
- . The request must be made individually. (This is not to say that one is judged worthy of entering according to some esoteric or arbitrary criteria. It is simply that one must express one's genuine interest and motivation, one's valuing of the experience or the event, by preparing for it, by asking for it.)
- . The first visit, or visits, must be made during a set hour of introduction. (This being an unprecedented and unparalleled experience, people must be monitored and guided.)
- . When this experience is conclusive to the individual, it becomes possible to apply for a different hour for the next visits and this can be granted accordingly without

passing any judgement, other than the obvious in case of unbalanced or untoward conduct.

- . Records are kept meticulously of each person's visits, so that the direct relationship with the Matrimandir, once established, is not burdened or affected by duplication of procedures.

- . Later on, the same process is to be applied for access to the Inner Gardens area.

- Part III.

The two approaches share naturally several concerns:

- . There must be no distinction of class / caste / religion / financial power / education: the Matrimandir is for whoever in their heart is attracted to its gift.

- . For all, regardless of their status, the same procedures apply.

- . Ideally, the "Aurovilians" are those who have committed their all to the task of Auroville, and the Matrimandir is naturally the core and soul and generating power of their endeavour: they ought to be able to enter it at any time, according to their need, in a self-disciplined way. This, however, is not yet the reality, and "Aurovilians" are often the cause of confusion and of the misuse of "privileges". (The Mother is also reported to have said to Roger A that not every Aurovillian would be allowed to enter and that doubtful cases should be referred to Her.) Meanwhile, the population of Auroville is increasing, and it will eventually become necessary for every Aurovillian to comply with the need to fix a time in advance.

- . The Matrimandir must be approached within the context of Auroville, and not separately from it. A very considerable effort must be made by Auroville to receive the interested public in a way that will convey the nature and spirit of its work, aims and import. (This applies as well to VIPs, and special arrangements can only be sought when security requirements are attached to their visits.)

- . There must be an increased Aurovillian presence in all the duties relating to the access to the Matrimandir.

- . There must be a proper Reception Pavilion at the entrance to the Gardens, well-equipped, spacious and quiet, with a constant staff and simple monitoring facilities.

- . We, as "Aurovilians", are stewards and not judges. Within basic guidelines and regulations, people must be left to the experience itself and we are not to interfere.

(Later note, on July 10, 2005: The issue of the access to the Matrimandir and to Its Inner Chamber was one closest to my heart. To my understanding, it was crucial to the development of Auroville, and the way we approach it and understand it would determine, or reflect the way we approach and understand the *raison d'être* of Auroville. In 1995, Arjun and some others had forced me to abandon the approach referred to as the third approach, in order to apply the second approach. I had been extremely distressed at the time, and had even wanted to leave Auroville, as I could not reconcile myself to the prospect of seeing multiplying hordes of tourists and visitors flocking to the doors of the Inner Chamber to have one peek at it and leave without any understanding of it. I kept trying to warn everybody of the way it was bound to grow and overwhelm us, in the long run, and of how it would eventually tend to nullify the very meaning and significance of the Matrimandir. But I only met blank walls. Over the years, this system developed on its own lines, involving an increasing number of regulations, while compromising ever more with the pressure from "important people", to the extent that two systems began to operate side by side on a daily basis, one for the general public and one for "special guests". Traffic inside Auroville became something of a disaster, as more and more

tour operators brought their flocks to the "viewing" of the Inner Chamber. To me this was institutionalised violation; but for all these years I remained unable to communicate the value of what it was that I felt so deeply, perhaps precisely because it was so intense in me. And, despite the solidarity we experienced in many a battle in the years that followed 1995, up until we were both "dismissed" by Governmental orders instigated by the then Chairman of the Auroville Foundation, Kireet Joshi, and the "Chief Architect" Roger A over the issue of the Park and Gardens, in October, 2003, Arjun and I never could reconcile our difference over this issue of the access to the Inner Chamber. This working Note, written by me for the Matrimandir Forum in 1996, was just one of my attempts to get the terms of the issue across to everybody interested.)

- Part IV.

Where the two approaches differ, both in terms of the quality of the contact with visitors and in terms of perspective and development:

With the second approach, currently applied, the contact with visitors is not established on the basis of the purpose of the Matrimandir, but on a more superficial one. Thus one is not actively serving this purpose in one's work here: one is merely being instrumental in coping with the growing influx of public interest on outward terms.

This can be rectified to some extent by means of an increased effort of information at the Visitors Centre; but most of energy will perforce go into deflecting the pressure rather than in communicating some of the essence of what Auroville and its Soul, the Matrimandir, have to offer – namely, a profoundly revolutionary change of attitude towards the divine, as towards human existence.

The mere fact that people are given access to the inner space of the Matrimandir out of curiosity alone, or because they have been sold this visit as part of a package by tourism agents, inevitably brings, not only in the general atmosphere but in our own, a lowering and a loss of quality and aspiration on the day-to-day practical level of experience.

Instead of regarding the Matrimandir as an increasingly powerful source of transforming energy, one becomes conditioned to merely cope with its outward impact on the public.

One does not unite with its purpose.

At present the daily inflow of visitors is still manageable. The number of visitors allowed in during the viewing period of one hour can go up to 1000 without too much of a logistical difficulty on the site, although it does create a very complicated and disharmonious situation on the roads of Auroville and at the Visitors Centre.

However, given the facts that, no matter what organisation is selected, the Matrimandir cannot possibly receive all and every one of the mobile adult population of the country, let alone of the world, in a hundred years; and that, nonetheless, the public interest is bound to increase, while the number of residents in Auroville itself is bound to grow; there will come a time when even the casual "viewers" will have to ask permission in advance and a whole administrative apparatus will have to be installed to this end.

Therefore the point of whether 200 or 800 visitors can be allowed during that one hour is basically a moot point.

What is essential is the quality of the approach, as the nature of the experience, which ought not to be compromised, as it has immense consequences.

The third approach was gradually perceived and attempted during the first period, from 1992 to 1995, within a general confusion of conflicting ideas and opinions, notions and claims, with no previous experience or precedent to draw from. Yet the sense of direction was deep and clear, and the results, at the level of experience and contact, were significant.

As regards the involvement of the tourism industry, it had been reduced to one single quota for the Government Tourism Organisation and another quota for the guests of the Ashram.

The next step, which was just beginning to take shape, was to set up a richer, more varied and more effective organisation at the Visitors Centre.

There were problems however: one difficulty was the lack of understanding and support in our midst; another was the lack of proper administrative facilities; and another yet, perhaps the deciding factor in the shift to the second approach, was the virulence and intensity of the complaints and grievances on the part of those persons who considered themselves more important and deserving than the rest.

- Part V. Proposal.

If a new shift would be found acceptable to the third approach, on a new basis and with the support and participation of all concerned, the following steps are proposed:

- . In order to establish practically this new basis, a period of concentrated preparation would definitely be required. This period would allow for a concerted effort at informing the public in advance of the guidelines for all visits to Auroville, in general, and to the Matrimandir, in particular.

This period could be provided simply by using the opportunity that ongoing work at Levels I and II of the structure is giving us and announcing a break of up to 3 months time in all visits to the Inner Chamber.

- . A system of guided visits in the Matrimandir area could be elaborated as both an alternative and a means of preparing the ground for a qualitatively different access in future.

- . During this period one could conduct an intensive search into the modalities of access to the entire area – the Park and Gardens - of the Matrimandir in future, so that the permanent Reception Pavilion, the permanent entry-points to the Inner Gardens, the permanent facilities for all individual visitors, Aurovilians and others, preparing to go in to the Inner Chamber, can be designed and the ground laid for their material realisation.

- . It is not an untenable requirement for us to have the time to concentrate more consciously on the elaboration of an organisation which will have such lasting consequences, without the daily pressure of many hundreds of visitors. We have a chance now, which we may not find again in such an organic and natural way.

. Since the Inner Chamber must continue to be serviced by the AC system at all times (for the wool carpet as well as for the lacquered columns), Aurovilians may not accept easily to be barred from entering, during this period of time; this inevitably will cause resentments and legitimate questioning, all the more as some of the Aurovilians will also want to bring in some of their special guests, and thus create a situation that will be unfair all-round.

It is therefore proposed that all Aurovilians will be requested to comply, and that those among them who feel a great urge to remain in contact with the Inner Chamber will instead be invited to closely participate to its daily upkeep and/or to the elaboration of the new organisation.

. During this same period, the necessary teams should be formed, with firm commitments on every one's part, including a permanent team to monitor and coordinate all the relevant duties.

. This period could be set from January through to April of this coming year.

. During the Auroville's birthday week in February, a daily time could be set aside for either viewing the Inner Chamber, or taking a walk inside it, as we used to arrange on special days such as Darshan days.

. Through this period of three months, with everyone's collaboration, all past experience, with its lessons and pointers, should be carefully assessed and considered, so we may be best equipped to provide an organisation that will be as conscious as possible, in a spirit of caring service.

This is admittedly a lengthy presentation; but, having observed over many months that verbal discussions seldom allow for the attention and concentration required, and on my team's request, I have opted tentatively for this method of communication, hoping that everyone will take the time to read this presentation carefully and reflect upon it, before this topic comes up for debate and direction at the Forum.

Divakar"

- Attached document: various quotes of the Mother on access to the Matrimandir.

. October, 1965, hand-written by the Mother on a report submitted by Roger A:
"The park of Unity must be surrounded by a kind of isolating zone so that it is solitary and quiet. One has access to it only with permission."

. January 3, 1970, voice-recorded in the Agenda by Satprem:
"... And then, people will not come for a 'regular meditation' or anything of that kind (but the inner organisation will be made afterwards); it will be a place for concentration. Not everyone will be allowed to come: there will be a time in the week or a time (hour) in the day (I don't know) when visitors will be allowed to come, but anyway, no mixture. A fixed time or a fixed day to show people around, and the rest of the time only for those who are... serious - serious, sincere -, who really want to learn to concentrate..."

. January 10, 1970, voice-recorded in the Agenda by Satprem:
"... So perhaps we should simply put a great wall all around, and then the Gardens: between the surrounding wall and the building we are going to build now, we could have the Gardens and the Urn. And that wall will have one entrance (one, or several, ordinary doors): people will be able to walk around the Gardens. And then one should fulfil certain conditions to have the right to go down into that

underground passage and come out into the temple... That must be something like an initiation, not 'just like that', no matter how..."

. August, 1972: after having met the Mother, Roger A noted down from memory what She had said (these notes were not checked by Her):

- On the subject of Matrimandir, the quality of silence:

"I would like people to keep silent. It must be written there (in the Matrimandir area) that one keeps silent, in French, English and Tamil. And no music."

- Matrimandir:

"In principle not for visitors; reserved for Aurovilians; but not everyone will be admitted. The first condition for those who want to go there is to ask. Those who have contributed to the construction will be admitted in the first place. If there are doubtful cases, they should be referred to me. All those who have a doubtful presence should not go. If there is the slightest doubt, the case should be presented to me. People must be known for their qualifications."

- Matrimandir door:

"One cannot have it (the building) open. Then voluntary guardians will be needed, day and night. I think it is simplest with doors."

Note: At the end of that year, this letter, written by Satprem to Yolande, was somehow circulated in Auroville:

"Chère Yolande. Je pense souvent à vous, ou votre pensée me vient (je ne sais pas dans quel sens ça fonctionne!) et puis cette année s'achève, pustulante, comme si la terre des hommes était un énorme abcès. Mais symétriquement ou simultanément, je sens, je vois quelque chose qui est de plus en plus... je ne sais quoi dire... extraordinaire, nouveau comme il n'y a rien eu de nouveau depuis... peut-être, notre sortie des eaux. C'est maintenant que je comprends Mère, si terriblement, comme si je ne comprenais rien, ou si peu, autrefois. Le Travail gigantesque, divin, qu'ils ont fait pour que nous puissions, un peu, passer le nez hors de nos eaux fétides. Tout ce que je puis dire, avec une évidence corporelle, c'est que tout va changer, est en train de changer – justement ça éclate pour Ca. Les hommes sont fous, électronisés et 'démoralisés' comme disait Mère, et leur conscience est plus polluée que leurs cités, alors quoi dire là-dedans ? Je travaille avec mon corps, je prie avec mon corps, je fais devenir ce qui semble l'Impossible, ou le prochain Possible – si leurs virus sont contagieux, la Contagion de Mère est encore plus puissante et radicale. C'est un grand Nettoyage pour le Nouveau. Il faut seulement avoir le courage de traverser les dernières convulsions et perversions des vieux Primates. Comment les hommes ne voient-ils pas ?! Est-ce qu'il y a encore des consciences qui voient – ils voient, peut-être le Négatif, mais pas le formidable Positif. Comme j'aimerais le leur dire ! (Comme une démonstration de laboratoire !) Mais je dois me condamner au silence, tristement parce que j'ai une vieille fibre sympathique avec toute cette Misère humaine. Les faits parleront d'eux-mêmes. Qu'est-ce que l'on fourre dans la tête des étudiants qui, comme moi, déambulent sur le Boul'Mich avec une fièvre et tant de questions dans le cœur – je rêvais de partir aussi loin que possible (!) et Mère m'a précipité dans les étoiles nouvelles et des longitudes immenses, c'est fabuleux et c'est vivant – notre humanité présente est fantomatique, mais très vilainement. Alors, que dirais-je à

ces 'étudiants-moi' du Boul'Mich ?? Et pourtant je suis plein, plein à craquer (mais la tête solidement sur mes épaules... fragiles !).

Voilà, je voulais vous dire que l'on marche et je ne sais quel genre d'année je dois souhaiter, mais ça va très vite. Et surtout je voulais vous embrasser très affectueusement, sans oublier nos amis et amies. Satprem »

***Working Note on Security measures at Matrimandir.**

There have been over the recent times an escalation of incidents occurring at and around the Matrimandir.

Whether these were caused by carelessness, negligence and ill-will or, as in the most recent case, a definite and dangerous imbalance in one or two individuals, the necessity we are facing is clear: there must be a better and more conscious organisation.

(Later note: among others there was the case of two young French fellows, one of them suffering a kind of slow crippling disease of the muscles, who had been helping and working at Matrimandir for some time, had got into their heads that, in order to save the world, they must absolutely rectify the terrible mistakes we had made and shift the Urn, from its location at the amphitheatre, to the pond directly below the sphere of the Matrimandir; in planning their move – and almost succeeding – they had somehow complemented their 'understanding' of the situation by attributing to me, as an asura, the responsibility for most of the wrong...!)

These are some of the measures we propose to take, either immediately or in sequence.

1- Regarding the individuals who join voluntarily the work at Matrimandir:

- . We will from now on first ascertain their contribution is welcome and actually useful and that their relationship with Auroville is clear.
- . We will request them to carry with them a recommendation from the Entry Group, if they are guests or newcomers.
- . We will request the Entry Group and any other working group concerned to give us their views directly, whether the individual is a guest, a newcomer or a resident.
- . We will ask any individual whose conduct at Matrimandir proves to be unacceptable to leave their work at once and we will inform the Entry Group and any working group concerned of the same.

2- Regarding the service to the Inner Chamber and the duties related to it:

- . From now on the Inner Chamber will only be open when a minimum of 3 volunteers are on duty: 1 inside the Chamber, 1 at the vestibule and 1 at the Pillar entrance.
- . The Forum is to constitute immediately a core group for access to the Matrimandir, with the following tasks as priorities:
 - a) To formulate simple guidelines for the screening and monitoring of all volunteers for service.
 - b) To determine at which hours the minimum required of 3 volunteers will be available and to inform accordingly.

- c) To appoint a team of 4 people who will monitor and coordinate all duties through the week and act as a reference point.
- d) To study practical proposals for means of identification of all newcomers and residents in Auroville and to present these to the Forum at the earliest.
- e) To study practical proposals for all – guests, newcomers and residents in Auroville – to seek and obtain permission for access to the Inner Chamber every time, and to present these to the Forum at the earliest, as part of a comprehensive introduction to overall policies and practical requirements.

Note: I have not found any other written materials for that year.

- 1997 -

***Update on the completion of the Matrimandir.**

(Note: this document was presented to the Matrimandir Forum sometimes in April of 1997. This is an example of the numerous documents and reports we had to write and present in the years to come, at various fora!)

"It is certainly time that we share with all those who are concerned with the Matrimandir a clear summary of the situation and a sense of direction.

We hope that with the help of this sharing most rumours, if not all, will be dispelled and the atmosphere will be energised again with a call and a welcome for everyone's contribution, for which there is urgent need.

If we have waited so long, it is because we did not want to induce vain expectations which the results of our researches might have later contradicted, in such major areas as the gilding of the discs and the realisation of the translucent inner shell.

Yet it would have helped matters had we communicated and had everyone been aware of the work in progress in all the other areas of the completion of the Matrimandir.

For, as we have seen and experienced again during this year most people, whether in Auroville or elsewhere, tend to focus selectively, or even exclusively on matters which to them are symbolic or representative and to ignore, relegate or neglect all the other parts of the whole.

We on the site cannot do this. Our commitment is to the whole body and expression of the Matrimandir, and thus to a path of realisation which is not linear or exclusive, but integral and comprehensive.

The outward appearance of the sphere of the Matrimandir, its "design", to use the fashionable term, has been since the beginning, and remains a controversial and dramatic issue which distorts the concern of most people, deflects the necessary energies from their course and reduces the terms of the adventure of the Matrimandir to conflicts of opinions, to the detriment of our essential receptivity.

What would the Matrimandir signify without its approach, the structural movements at once embracing and offering its sphere, the rich gardens laying fields of conscious energy around it, the body of water protecting it, the parkland girding it with the earthly strength of its tall trees, the city alive as a wheel of search ever expanding from its hub of permanence and transforming power?

The more we argue and persist in the worded rhetorics of the separate mind with its train of judgements and preferences, the longer we remain lazily the willing arms of plays that rob us of the capacity to serve, the more difficult it will be to turn the tide of ordinariness that seeks to engulf the new birth.

Sri Aurobindo and the Mother have told us all how the sunlit path is possible, its harmonious transition to the next condition, provided we contribute the aspiration and the courage of progress.

The Mother has often referred to Her choice for harmony, a living harmony within the Grace: but this requires of us to let go of our exclusivism and to commit to an evolving integrality.

At the school of the Matrimandir we fail many of our tests.

There is no doubt now that collectively we have failed a few of those tests given by Mahasaraswati, the technician of perfection.

We had to take, early last year, 1996, the rather unpopular decision to halt the production of both the gilded discs and the FRP panels of the inner shell.

There were simply too many problems.

For those who had always disapproved of a design which they felt was too complicated and ostensive, this decision was taken as an admission.

For others who had taken the stand that everything would eventually be solved as we pushed along, the same decision was taken as a betrayal.

Yet to us it was neither.

We just knew that we had to review the technical problems thoroughly, reassess the validity of the technical advice which had been issued and offer it all in a more conscious manner, with more calm and dedication, whatever the consequences.

A time of reflection and search was indispensable, a break from the relentless pressures to achieve.

Now one full year has elapsed and some of the questions have met answers which definitely constitute a progress and a vast improvement.

The method which we have now chosen for the lasting gilding of the discs is tested and proved, with enormous relief. The gold leaf is held between two thin square tiles of pure window glass fused together in a vacuum oven, filed and grooved and affixed mechanically to the surface of the disc, providing a durable shield, easy to maintain and weather-resistant.

As for the inner shell translucent panels help has now come with the method known as fused glass developed by a German artist who has recently visited and has committed to supervise and personally guide the entire work. On 6mm float glass sheets, available in the country, glass nodules of the right colouring are fused in a specially-designed oven to the right degree of translucency; the safety of the finished glass is given by a coat of special varnish over the finely sand-blasted back surface.

Some of the questions however are still unanswered, such as the effective method for the sealing and protection of the grooves between the prefabricated outer shell

ferro cement panels, as well as for the anchoring bolts jutting out from them on which the SS rods supporting the discs are fastened.

As we have vividly realised in this recent period of harsh and intense examination, any material progress in the midst of conflicts and denials is bound to be fragmented and uncertain.

Seeking for a truer base of collaboration beyond all opinions and preferences, we have thus felt it necessary to help create a space where all views, however diverging, could be honestly expressed and listened to, so that we could together open to the right answers for the Matrimandir.

This space has been called the Matrimandir Forum, where all policy issues regarding the Matrimandir are now presented and delved into until a basic consensus is reached.

From this Forum a concentrated exercise has been initiated to define as simply, as objectively and as exactly as possible the practical and technical problems encountered, so as to have at hand a complete document with drawings and photographs, which can be used as a tool for consultancy.

This document is now available, a statement as quiet and transparent as we could make it of the difficulties encountered, and a call for the right help, whatever route it will take to reach us.

We have also commissioned from a Government-sponsored research centre on corrosion in South India a thorough assessment of the condition of the RCC structure of the Matrimandir as well as of the ferro cement panels of its sphere.

All the tests have now been run and records and samples are now being studied in their laboratories. Along with the results, this centre will also list the measures to be taken in future.

All of the above does not mean that we have accomplished nothing on the site in this year' time.

During the financial year 1996/1997, we have been able to proceed with the following works:

- . The cladding of the large Petals on their outer slopes as well as inside their passageways;
- . The structural work of the 12 meditation rooms and their marble cladding;
- . The laying of all the permanent electricity and water-distribution conduits in all the Petals;
- . The marble cladding of the central staircase and of the 4 ribs at Level II;
- . The completion of the prototype of the 4 main automatic sliding entrance doors to the sphere;
- . The completion of the SS frames for all of the 1,200 discs;
- . The completion of the 3 underground water-storage tanks located under one of the small Petals, each with a capacity of 750m³;
- . The detailed finalisation of the cladding and grass patterns of the small Petals;
- . The contouring of the inner Gardens;
- . The completion of the cladding of the amphitheatre, but for the 16 stairways which are presently in progress;
- . The installation of the permanent electrical panels in the command centre which is located in the Eastern underground area of the amphitheatre;

. The procurement of all the red Agra sand-stone slabs for the cladding of the large and small Petals, and of some of the granite slabs and blocks required for the cladding of all the pathways;

. The relocation of the Camp residents, the dismantling of the entire complex and the clearing of a large area now reclaimed for the oval road and water-channel and the part of the outer Gardens where the permanent Reception Pavilion will be built. And in the process of clearing this area we have found revealed, in their full growth, several magnificent trees that were hidden by the high old thatch roofs of the rambling Camp structure: these majesties, now uncluttered and freed, provide already some of the atmosphere one has been dreaming of establishing all around the Matrimandir... To be able one day to move in the cleansing aura of these noble natural beings, sentinels of a most privilege space one will enter by stages, towards the experience of the pure white, calm safety of the Inner Chamber...

And this takes us to the emphasis we wish to lay on the remaining work and the imperative need for everyone's participation, support and collaboration.

For it is not, once again, just a building, however unique and spectacular, nor even a temple, however incomparable and powerful, that one is trying to complete, but the material basis of a new creation, reaching to all and at all levels of existence.

Financially the situation is as follows:

- 1- In order to proceed with all the work, a minimum monthly budget of 15 lakhs will remain necessary for the next 2 or 3 years: this budget covers all the works till completion, including the outer Gardens.
- 2- To complete the outer cover, using the new gilding method for the discs – a work which will take up to 3 years depending on our logistics on the site, an amount of 2 crores will be required.
- 3- To complete the interior of the sphere, including the translucent inner shell, another 30 to 40 lakhs will be required.

If we have been able to maintain the pace of the work throughout the past year, it is entirely due to the special effort many of the contributors have made at the time of the last severe crisis we encountered late 1995, in response to our call.

But now these contributions have dwindled to less than half as the required monthly budget, and we are experiencing another crisis.

Regarding the outer skin and discs, the prospects are brighter, as one of the main donors to the Matrimandir since the beginning has been able to channel already 1.5 crores into a specified account for the purpose. As for the interior of the sphere, we are naturally hesitant and more than a little embarrassed towards the two donors who had funded the manufacture of the FRP panels, even though they have shown much understanding of the reasons for a change of materials. But this change had to be, as the FRP material was found to belie the standards set by the Mother, of "strength, safety, durability and harmonious balance".

Well-wishers who have experience of large construction sites assure us that, particularly in the case of such a complex structure, losses and waste are bound to incur and that, considering the difficulties inherent to the building of the Matrimandir, we have not done too badly.

Yet the embarrassment will not be relieved until our present search for a more perfect solution is vindicated by a superior realisation, visible to all. We are also concerned with finding alternative uses for the finished FRP panels.

Therefore only when we shall be certain of all the parameters of the project of fused glass panels, shall we inform about it and seek the necessary financial support. (Later note: that method of fused glass also proved unreliable, eventually, and had to be abandoned; this was followed by several other attempts, as Roger A adamantly refused to even consider any simplification of his design. As of now, in 2005, a new synthetic textile of a neutral translucent quality is being fitted on rigid frames and the colouring is to be provided by filters placed on the inside of the clear glass portholes.)

To conclude, we now invite unspecified contributions towards sustaining the pace of the work and ensuring the monthly budget, while any additional amounts will be used in priority for the following works:

- . The erection of the permanent Reception-cum-Guard Pavilion at the west, main entrance to the Inner Gardens;
- . The landscaping and infrastructure of the whole of the outer Gardens or Park;
- . The procurement of all the granite slabs and rocks and other stones required for all of the Gardens.

As you see, this summary is also a call for funds, and it is bound to be so, for the realisation of the Matrimandir in its entirety and integrality is also the expression of the conscious conversion and orientation of all the necessary energies, among which the financial power is large and most determining to the establishing of a material base for the transformation of our human nature and condition.

And we here must pray not to be obstacles on the way!"

Note: Auroville has been in brewing turmoil much, if not most of the time; and perhaps this is as it should be: a living laboratory cannot be expected to provide the amenities of a peaceful meditative retreat, and there are necessarily many failures and "mistakes" in any laboratory that seeks a new formula.

And so there have always been in Auroville, besides its own peculiar and particular issues, the issues that confront any contemporary society, although filtered and apprehended in relation to Auroville's professed aims and ideals.

In 1997, it was still possible to debate openly on any of those issues, as the winds and incidental movements of the collective brought them into sharper focus, or specific circumstances lent them more urgency.

The issue of drugs was such an issue.

Some time during that year, I wrote this paper, the draft of which I had kept, undated.

***On drugs.**

"As with most issues that come up in Auroville, so it has been for me with the issue of 'drugs': through some deep, quiet thinking, one refers to a flow of clear

perception – a combination of feeling and sense and vision and need – till one reaches a kind of confirmation of awareness, and leaves it at that. For, what is one to 'do' with it? Write about it in the Auroville News? Go out of one's way to talk about it, and try to convince?

One tends to conclude that surely there must be others who have reached that same understanding – for it must be sufficiently objective if it is sufficiently true! – and that this awareness, circulating, will do its work. And I think to myself then, 'let me not add to the ambient noise!'... And so, I desisted again!

But I do still read the Auroville News, and I do hear this or that comment, fragmented report or rumour. And I am struck by the absence of perspective!

Every issue is a valid issue: it bears a living question and a challenge; it points to an evolutionary necessity.

Yet we generally tend to blur it, to confuse and confound it so thoroughly that it loses almost entirely its power of progress.

This time around, I would like to try and put into words the significance of this particular issue, as I understand it.

There are three related questions here: one, why does one ever turn to alcohol or drugs; second, why here in Auroville; and third, why is it necessary, in the adventure of Auroville, not to remain or become subject to any addiction to drugs.

1- No matter where one lives, or in which circumstances, there are times when one is threatened by an excess of conditioning. There seems to be no living situation anywhere in which, sooner or later, the amount of conditioning does not exceed the capacity one has to extract from the experience of life enough meaning and motivation.

Conditioning actually is most of manifest life. Whether biological, genetic, hereditary, karmic, social, racial, cultural, contextual, or merely circumstantial, conditioning surrounds, fills, animates and supports most of what we are at every moment.

Any spiritual endeavour always stressed the crucial importance of will, personal will, as the one agent that could break through the mass of this multi-headed and multi-limbed beast, at least until some decisive and irreversible merging was accomplished with the higher consciousness.

But even then the danger remained that, since human will is a manifestation of the separate ego, this very separateness would seek to usurp and appropriate the realisation to its own ends.

One way out was, for many and for long, to declare the whole thing as a snare and an illusion, and thereafter to let the disappearance of any sense of existence become the goal.

Now, alcohol and drugs are definitely closer at hand; and they do provide a break, quite immediate and effective, from conditioning.

Alcohol as a means to relieve oneself from the chafing bounds of conditioning, has been honoured by a number of social and cultural traditions, an acknowledged prescription given by the collective ego to its members, insofar as certain limiting rules, timings and manners would be observed.

Some drugs too have been universally prescribed, generally with a view to let or help individuals discover more levels of experience, yet again within certain boundaries, defined by rituals and rhythms.

Nowadays industrialisation, urbanisation, commercialisation, information and consumerism have spread everywhere and more and more individuals have been

uprooted from cultural and social beds only to be plunged in fiercer tides of conditioning.

Humanity is torn and split and pulled apart and forcefully exposed to more than any of its members can actually assimilate.

The mass of subconscious storage of conditioning is burst open to the conflict of vast forces that seek to install themselves.

And drugs have now themselves become, particularly since World War II, a tool of perverse conditioning, destabilising entire societies to bring them more surely under the sway of some of these self-serving forces and interests.

In the process the very usage of drugs has grown into a conditioned response to the sheer weight of the question each and every individual is increasingly faced with.

2- But why is it also happening in Auroville?

I do not presume to explain that: there are too many angles to it.

But a good part of the reason is obvious to me: the very basis of experience, adventure and progress set for Auroville by the Mother, is so high and integral that, as she said, one needs to be a hero to sustain its demands. Not heroism in the sense of a magnified ego, but in the more conscious sense aware of and one with the truth of one's being at every moment and in every circumstance.

Each of us has initially felt that call and our joining Auroville has been our response to it.

But today there seems to be, under the guise of tolerance and wide-mindedness, a comfortable trend of consideration that takes shelter in some quotes of the Mother's, such as 'to be in Auroville, it is enough to have goodwill towards human unity...'

But there is a catch!

There is simply no way, no way at all, to truly serve human unity without actually doing the Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's yoga!

Auroville has been conceived in such a way, and on such a pure and divine foundation, that we are bound to meet all the contradictions at their very roots.

The only means given to us are: the psychic being within oneself, and the Mother's Force above.

And there comes the daily grind, with its hundreds of opportunities for a truer response, a fire, a call and a need to serve, and to gradually change the very fabric of life.

That aspiration and that flame, the presence of that living need in us of the Help from above, is the only security Auroville has; for Auroville is only protected from collapse into ordinariness in proportion to the activity of that flame.

In the absence of it we fall back on the bare facts of a situation which is still unique and challenging – the commingling on a small patch of un-owned land, of a rather variegated sampling of human diversity; but we are also thrown back to the habitual mechanisms of conditioning: a jumble or competing conditionings!

We all wear cumbersome shells, battling within some monstrous assemblage of master-shells, and we are only that when we disconnect ourselves from the sweeping energy of the new birth.

Our many failures to sustain the inner exigency of Auroville are well spread in our days: cynicism and corrosive boredom and callousness.

There is a vacuum of experience: we have only made a virtual jump, we have not actually leapt.

There is no shame in being momentarily arrested in one's progress, in being temporarily defeated by the resistance in one's nature, no shame in taking falls and getting one's nose ground into one's own refusals.

There is no shame for the community of Auroville on any day to crash headlong into unexpected difficulties and opportunities on the way of its honest attempt.

But there is a great wrong, as far as we are concerned, in institutionalising defeat and providing to our own deficiency a social cover and countenance.

It seems to me sometimes that in principle it would be more honest for each of us to leave Auroville awhile, when one is unable to nourish the flame of aspiration.

3- Why is it necessary not to have drugs in Auroville?

There is a key to this question given by the Mother in one of Her conversations: the usage of drugs damages the consciousness.

This may be of little import or value to most people today, for whom the significance of the term 'consciousness' is vague and confused with that of the mental condition. For them perhaps the risk of 'damage to the consciousness' is understood as damage to the mind or to the brain, and thus if one is bent on using drugs, this is just one of the risks, and one has nothing more to loose.

But for us here, consciousness is the reality.

In and through and beyond all experience, in and through and beyond life and death, there is only consciousness: consciousness is the way; consciousness is the means; consciousness is the goal.

Therefore these words of the Mother are no mere warning on grounds of morals or ethics: it is the statement of a fact.

And we very well know, vividly, how we need all the consciousness we can summon in ourselves at every moment and for every choice of our lives in Auroville.

We very well know how inadequate is our mental knowledge or our vital energy in trying to answer in truth the many questions that come our way in the adventure of Auroville.

We know how large, how deep and how urgent the need for the manifestation of the true consciousness is!

Without it, Auroville may yet grow rich and successful for a time, but in our hearts we know the taste of ashes: without it there will be no door opening onto the Real.

And so it is clear that whatever prevents us from becoming receptive to the flow of consciousness must be rejected.

Certain drugs do induce exposure to levels of reality that are usually veiled or unperceived by the ordinary physical consciousness.

But the Mother's Force and action can make us conscious there as well and bridge those gaps directly and safely, without any exterior artificial aid.

And on the actual growth of consciousness will the future depend, not only the future of Auroville, but the future of humanity.

One can individually disregard it and postpone one's own progress: that is one's own affair. But why should one drag Auroville along? One ought to carry one that choice elsewhere, it seems to me!

Auroville is an action, which leaves no one, no agency and no force indifferent; when we fail Auroville individually, we expose Auroville to an invasion of denial.

Children grown in Auroville have experienced the gaps and discrepancies between our posturing of the professed ideals and our actual movements and expressions.

It is not a matter of external results: it is a matter of the spirit in which one acts.

A child, or an uneducated adult here, cannot be cheated by mere posturing: the energy that ought to flow and manifest is not there!

We must not do the cowardly thing.

We must not let the old social tissue of our dark complicity re form itself and obstruct the action of the Grace...."

Note: the Matrimandir Forum continued to exist and to meet regularly throughout that year, 1997. But it was not yielding more unity among us all. The "sides" remained, and were not getting what they wanted out of the exercise. Madanlal and his associates were not getting the control they had aimed at; Piero and his group were not getting revenge or vindication of their stand; Roger A and his entourage were not obtaining a free, unquestioned authority over the Matrimandir; the self-appointed spokesmen for the "community" were not succeeding in reclaiming "their" Matrimandir out of our jurisdiction. What they all shared was a strong drive to see our team disbanded and made irrelevant.

In September of 1997, seeing the signs gathering, our team confirmed its resolve, and I wrote the following draft on its behalf:

***Communication on the position of the Matrimandir Management and Coordination Group.**

"To all.

This is to clarify our position as a team.

Pressures to conform are exerted on us from a number of quarters with contradictory and, at times, diametrically opposed intents.

Our actions, or non-actions, are variously misinterpreted and, as a result, a general sense of frustration prevails.

Perhaps it will help ease the tensions that we state again our stand on the current issues.

1- On the matter of the "design".

Regardless of opinions and preferences, we are determined to follow through the only process which was born out of consensus:

a) To ascertain the technical and practical feasibility of the design which Roger A is proposing for the completed sphere of the Matrimandir, on the basis of the criteria given by the Mother of "safety, solidity, durability and harmonious balance".

b) To execute the work as per these findings at the earliest in synchronicity with the rest of the work (the Petals, the Gardens, etc.)

In order to achieve these two tasks, we welcome and invite all genuine contributions, which include all criticism motivated by the aspiration and will to serve the Matrimandir with the best.

We do not accept questioning for its own sake or for the sake of trying to prove that the proposed design is unacceptable, as this only damages the integrity of the process.

We consider this process as the best offering we can all together make for the Mother to show the way, as She is the only judge.

2- On the Inner Skin.

This is a case of a "good idea" falling short of the Mother's criteria. It is a lesson for us all, and an expression of the need for progress and perfection.

And it is precisely due to the very transparency of our processes that vested interests have been able to capitalise on this "mistake".

Too much trust had been granted to self-declared expertise, and not enough critical assessment.

It is now over, with the minimum loss and waste: not 30 lakhs, as is being complacently advertised, but about 6 lakhs worth of labour and over 400 panels of FRP which have not yet found an alternative use; about 15 lakhs worth of materials, such as wood and metal fittings, are on site, to be used in the construction.

Meanwhile, the research on fused coloured glass is further on its way; samples are being displayed, and production may soon resume.

3- On the Governing Board' arbitrary decision to constitute a sub-committee for the Matrimandir:

We have stated our objections directly to the Chairman, shared them with the Matrimandir Forum and other working groups, and we will maintain our stand.

This is not motivated by a fear in us to be displaced, misplaced or replaced, but by the conviction that the Matrimandir must remain free of all legal claims as a means of eventual external control. Besides, we consider that the Governing Board can very well help and support the Matrimandir without any such means.

4- On the formation of a "client body".

This is to us utter nonsense.

The Mother is the client. She alone knows what She needs for the vehicle of Her action.

We, as Aurovilians and representatives of humanity, are the beneficiaries.

As Aurovilians, we are only more privileged to serve and to grow in a more direct and material contact.

As there are no representatives of the Mother's interests – none of us having reached an unquestionable degree of realisation on the path of Sri Aurobindo's yoga – we can only rely on the process which our existing unity can provide.

When everyone who is truly concerned contributes their best, in whatever capacity, then this process has all the more chances to lead us to more truth and more unity.

5- On the premature convening of a Residents Assembly:

The present situation on site is as follows:

- a) The German Consultant is finalising his report and list of recommendations on the basis of, on the one hand, the document that was prepared with H's help and, on the other hand, his own direct assessment of the condition of the structure and of all the practical problems.
- b) The Institute of Karaikudi has submitted a full technical report on the conditions of both the RCC and the ferro cement parts of the structure and rated them as above satisfactory, and advised on how to protect them in future.

Until the German Consultant's report is shared by all concerned and further testing is conducted with the waterproofing compound (Kemperol) which the Consultant

advises us is the only viable and lasting solution for the sphere, we can only proceed with one the production of the gold and glass tiles.

Financially, the situation is grim.

Even though there are 1.5 crores specified for the Outer Skin and Discs, the cost of the waterproofing of the sphere – which would have to be incurred whatever the design and the materials – will consume 1/3 of that amount.

Further additional expenditures will be incurred if we opt for stainless steel supports for the discs shields and supports.

And thanks to the various antagonistic campaigns, a rather effective blockade has interrupted the flow of funds for the rest of the works, such as the Petals, the infrastructure and the Gardens.

Our stand however remains, that the Matrimandir needs more than just a finished cover for its sphere: it needs a complete environment.

We consider that the call for a Residents Assembly before the research that was initiated through the Matrimandir Forum is finalised, is unjustified and would only invite vain arguments.

We cannot help it if there are people who wish this research to be still-born and the proposed design to be fully rejected.

The debate over the character and expression of the completed sphere of the Matrimandir has gone on for 25 years and has been the occasion of endless rifts and antagonisms between us all, but it has remained sterile and uncreative.

The fact is, to date, that no comprehensive alternative proposal, which could be examined as critically and relentlessly as the current design, has been made.

And to argue that the Matrimandir is too costly and will require too much work in future is rather like saying that the whole idea of Auroville is unsound, its scope too vast and its aims beyond reach, and to recommend a down-grading of the entire adventure to some kind of exotic communal experiment.

The point here being that the more we delay and the more costly it will all become, and not only in terms of finance!

Thank you."

Note: I was always "in love" with the photographs of Her. Every single photograph of Her has always been to me an incomparable treasure. Every one of Her gestures, of Her expressions, is a mine of consciousness, of presence, more eloquent than all the books and treatises.

Over the years I have collected all the different photographs of Her I could find.

To my sense they bear a testimony to the incarnation of Her, to the avatar hood, that has never been possible before and will never happen again in that way.

Every photograph taken of Her ought to be cherished and preserved over and above almost everything else, apart from Her and Sri Aurobindo's words.

In 1969-1970, Tara Jauhar was still in-charge of keeping, classifying and storing all known and available photographs; herself a good photographer, she had had the Mother's permission to click her camera at Her in Her room many times. But they were a number of other photographers who were given a chance at one time or another, and all the photographs taken during the Balcony Darshans by various people were also sometimes made available.

Later on, Tara had to leave the Ashram and move to Delhi to look after the Delhi branch of the Ashram and the School her father had been instructed by the Mother to start there. She took with her the negatives of her own photographs, but had to leave all the others unattended.

Over the years I realised that it was not easy to preserve photographs in our climate. I became concerned about the fate of these many thousands of different photographs of the Mother, many of them never seen by the public, which were supposedly in the care of the Ashram, and learnt that perhaps not everything was done that could be done and should be done.

I had been thinking more and more often of trying to have them all printed in the form of albums, composing a unique, unprecedented testimony to the avatar hood of the Mother and a direct and physical means for Her consciousness to reach for numberless souls and deliver the new birth in them.

In September of that year, 1997, I decided to write to the Trustees of the Ashram, in the care of Manoj, one of the Trustees, a person who had always been to me a beacon of safety and simple, direct affection.

***On the Mother's photographs.**

"September 24, 1997.

Greetings,

Since long I have this dream, and now I must share it with you.

For all these years, this dream being so obvious and simple, I assumed that naturally other people, better placed than me, would not only have it also, but realise it.

It has not happened, and time passes.

Here it is:

To collect, in one beautiful, high quality, very simple book, bare of text, all the photographs of the Mother.

This is the biggest, deepest, richest treasure.

It has never come in the whole of history; it will never come again in this form.

This book would be a complete gift, testimony, and infinite source of realisation.

It could be called simply: "One Incarnation of the Mother".

Dedicated to Her, the Divine Adventuress, Sweet Mother, She who opens the way.

It would be an occasion too for many of us, children of Hers, to combine happily our dedications and our gratitude for Her Love and Action.

With this book, more directly and intimately than with any text, numberless souls will be opened to Her, to the fullness of Her Presence and the concreteness of Her Guidance.

Since it will cover many years, it will convey the sense of Her Consciousness working through life and Matter, beyond any particular image or form.

The book could be presented in several parts or sections, for instance:

- Chronological, till 1962, with only Her;
- In Her room upstairs, from 1962 to 1973; with only Her;
- Chronologically, with people (children, disciples, visitors, etc.);
- Chronologically, all the Balcony Darshans.

I see the lay-out clearly; it has to be beautiful all through.

I have a sense of how to proceed, if you all agree unreservedly.

I am ready to give myself wholly to the task, and am also ready to merely stand by for any service required.

The initial thrust and the basic support are yours to give.

Then, there are those, here and abroad, who are holding photographs and should be invited to participate.

I believe that, once the spirit of the project is alive, there ought to be no problems and everyone concerned can feel good to contribute.

I also believe it could be realised and ready during the 25th year following Her withdrawal, if the work begins now.

To me there is unquestionably a divine purpose in Mother's willingness to let all these photographs be taken, which goes beyond the need of the moment.

I worry very much that I am unable to convey to you how evident I feel this necessity to be. The conscious charge of this book will be so tremendous, it is beyond words.

Please, I have never known how to end a letter, so I end this with a silent prayer.

Divakar"

Note: I had not realised how much influence Pranab was still wielding and how much control he still exerted over the matter of Her photographs. Manoj knew that, of course; he did not want me to get insulted or hurt, and he alone or the trustees together, could not or would not even try to persuade Pranab of the validity of my proposal. Manoj, thus, just tried to let me have a chance at conveying the essence of my "dream" to a man who was then a close associate of Pranab and worked with him on some publications, Kittu Reddy. I met Kittu Reddy in the Ashram. He listened well and seemed to be moved by the possibility. But he could not give me any answer on his own: he had to refer to Pranab. A few days later, Kittu Reddy let

me know that some publication was already underway, that would display a number of photographs of the Mother, not many but interesting and never before published ones, in the line of a booklet that had already been published by the Ashram on Sri Aurobindo; and that it ought to be sufficient. That was it.

I did not feel any inner support in trying to approach Pranab directly; I offered the whole thing up. Somehow, sooner or later, such a work must be and would be done, by someone.

As of today, though, in 2005, it has yet to be done.

Note: At about the same time, that year of 1997, the review "Ahana", dedicated to Sri Aurobindo's work and published in Delhi, decided to bring out an issue on various subjects – ranging from ecology and agriculture to social work - collecting written contributions from Aurovilians; I was asked to write a paper on Sri Aurobindo...!

***On Sri Aurobindo, for the review "Ahana".**

"Particularly now when India's children, at this striking notch in the wheel of time, muster some of the courage required to assess honestly their condition, the condition of their people, their land, and the quality of the service that has been rendered to their Mother, in 50 years of independence from one form of adversity, many are those who are dedicated and competent authorities to represent Sri Aurobindo's message, views and thoughts on a variety of specific issues.

It is surely a good and dutiful contribution that is thus being made.

Yet I find it irksome, and sadly symptomatic that for this the 125th anniversary of Sri Aurobindo's birth, as on any other year, day and moment, one continues to distribute fragments of Sri Aurobindo's presence as if one was begging the world's consumerism to accept a few choice bits of a meals prepared within too dim a temple.

Sri Aurobindo the philosopher, Sri Aurobindo the freedom fighter, Sri Aurobindo the yogi, Sri Aurobindo the poet... would you please be kind enough to be properly awed and dumbstruck by the glimpses we are offering, oh so humbly!

I, like so many others, am no authority, and have no wish to become one in any field; but I have some understanding and some experience of Sri Aurobindo's presence and I can tell with certainty that Sri Aurobindo, if He is all of that and infinitely more, is also none of that, for none of these definitions can ever begin to contain Him.

Which philosopher could ever have written effortlessly, in less than 4 years, "The Synthesis of Yoga", "The Human Cycle", "The Ideal of Human Unity" and "The Life Divine"?

The greatest human poets are celebrated through the centuries for a few verse only, that could channel some of the beauty, the mantric power and the force of

knowledge of which all of the 12,000 verse of Sri Aurobindo's "Savitri" are continually suffused!

The significance of Sri Aurobindo's incarnation is ahead of us all.

He is waiting for us.

He is the builder of the Way.

To approach Him where He stands, to open to Him, one must first have the courage to simply absorb one basic fact:

"Without Him I exist not, without me He is Unmanifest", said the Mother.

From that moment, unprecedented in the whole of the earth's history, on March 29, 1914, when the Mother ascended the stairs towards Him who was standing ready for Her, the Evolution has entered a new phase.

The Two Who are One have incarnated, in Matter, for the Work.

They, who together are the One consciousness that has founded and supported the entire adventure of mankind, have stepped into Matter, have assumed the human condition entirely, and called upon the Supreme to open the passage to the next step of the world's becoming.

No more religions, but the Truth of the Divine integrally manifest.

No more opposites, no more contradictions, but a progress from harmony to greater harmony.

No more separation, but the emergence of a being who, with each one, embraces all truly and unreservedly, for it is one with the Source of all, unalterably.

No more death, but the permeation through and through of all levels of being by the unbroken flow of conscious Existence.

Together They have raised the entirety of the manifestation in one call of utter surrender and brought down the self-revealing Answer that validates the struggle of the ages.

It is no popular magic They have done, and earth today is perhaps more riddled with contradictions and seething with more unbearable pressures than it has ever been since it burst forth from its origins: for the travails are decisive, there will be no other trial, the times have come for the new birth.

But all those who thirst, who are inhabited by a living need, of Sense, of Reality, of Love, are eventually touched by Their presence and Action and become aware of Their guidance, Their enveloping security in the midst of this universal collapse.

Sri Aurobindo and the Mother are not the last known greatest authentic gurus.

They are not this age's Avatars at whose feet we can rest for the next hundred lives.

They are the living Guides to the Future; they are the Ushers of the world that seeks its birth.

Once we choose to walk forward, They are there.

They give us the energy we need, They nurture and sustain the true flame in us and grow it into a being, They remind us at every moment that, no matter how excellent our intentions, how sincere our efforts, nothing will do but an integral progress and change.

They carry to the light of the true Power all our parts, ceaselessly; for, until we offer ourselves integrally to the Change, we are bound to continue creating havoc

and reproducing the very conditions that cause all the pain and all the ugliness of humanity.

They are not here to issue new recipes for relief and escape, or to maintain, under new garbs, the old status quo between Matter and Spirit.

They have come to claim the world for its only true Inhabitant.

They have come now because now the child we have all been carrying through countless lives and experiences is ready to walk the earth, one with the Truth of all, and filled with It.

They have wanted India to be its first earthly base, for India is the one, among all nations of the world, who has never so far been able to forget the Divine, to live without Him.

They have wanted India's children to stand up in the service of the Divine Mother, naked to Her knowledge, true to Her, heralds of the creative power of Truth, without Whom Love can never reign.

They expect those who aspire to hold the charge, to give themselves, beyond concern for their own "spiritual salvation", to the action of change that is reaching everywhere, so that it can do its work with our conscious and willing participation; for humanity is at once a bridge, a concentrate and a representative of all universal possibilities, and the single evolutionary pathway for All.

Total is Their comprehending Love; They will neglect no part, no element, leave no darkness alone and separate.

All this is inevitably another jumble of words, and can justifiably be seen as arrogant pronouncement. The instrument will take the blame.

Sri Aurobindo and the Mother prescribe equality – not impatience.

I only wish to say, since the opportunity is given me to, that the earth is crying, the consciousness trapped in its ignorance is crying – time is passing and the monsters, transitory as they are, of selfish increase, are feeding on their last chance.

Let us not be diplomats wavering between our gratitude to Them and the dictates of the titans that seek to consolidate their last giant hold.

Let us speak Their names wholeheartedly, fearlessly, uncompromisingly, for it is the name of a reconciled world we speak, and of a future of conscious peace.

Sri Aurobindo excused Himself from the public and political stage by stating He was aiming at a far deeper revolution.

Is that revolution to be merely spoken of by scholars and devotees?

Divakar"

Note: In 1997, Selvam had the opportunity to be part of the Entry Group and gain experience from it; the task of that strategic working group is very complex and

demanding and rather unrewarding in terms of satisfaction, as it is beset by the internal contradictions of the community and its conflicting intents.

Selvam would often share with me the questions and problems encountered in his work and would ask me to help bring up the main point in clear formulations. Periodically over the years, various people and groups of people have discussed and thrashed at the vexing matter of admission into Auroville and the conditions for it, in relation to the actual behaviour and standards of those already in.

The following is a paper I had put together for their group to use as a basis for further proposals, on Selvam's request; it is a fairly good example and indicator of the numerous papers and formulations that have been produced and are still, to date, being produced.

***Draft on Admission to Auroville.**

1- Auroville wants to be a self-supporting township.

Auroville seeks to organise itself so that the needs of its residents are provided for without any internal circulation of money.

In order to achieve this aim, it is essential that:

- All those who reside in Auroville actively participate in its life and development.
- Each one contributes to the maximum of one's capacities to the welfare of all, in work, in kind, and financially.
- Industries and productive units contribute their profits to Auroville.

2- Conditions for admission.

- Commitment to the aims and ideals of Auroville as expressed in the "Charter of Auroville", in the document titled "To be a true Aurovilian" and in relevant messages and conversations of the Mother.
- Commitment to the actual realisation of human unity.
- Commitment to respect the laws of the country.

3- The process of admission.

The process of admission is the responsibility of the Entry Group, an organ formed by the Residents Assembly for the purpose.

The admission may only take place at the end of a probation period, which is usually of one year but may extend up to two years or, in the case of individuals who, being of local origins, are subjected to immediate cultural and family pressures, even longer.

- After up to three months of stay in Auroville, one makes the request of being accepted as a "newcomer" for the probation period.
- For acceptance as a "newcomer" one must state clearly one's financial situation and determine, with the Entry Group, one's requirements, abilities and financial contribution to Auroville. Auroville will generally not maintain a "newcomer".
- During the probation period one is expected to identify one's area of work and participation and to make one's assessment as conscious as possible of one's commitment, given the present conditions of life in Auroville.
- One ought to develop sufficient practice of the English language and, optimally, of the Tamil language as well.

- It is advisable to choose, at the earliest, a willing contact person among the residents of Auroville, and a member of the Entry Group may also be assigned to follow one's probation period.
- One is welcome to make directly one's comments, observations and suggestions.

4- Guidelines for residence in Auroville.

These guidelines are born from experience and are implied by the Charter of Auroville.

- In Auroville, everything is collective property and every resident is a steward and a trustee of all material goods and assets.
- No claim of ownership may be made over any asset, whether one is a user or a donor.
- Any financial investment in the creation of any unit, asset or building must be made in coordination with the working groups concerned.
- One is expected to leave behind any religious practice or political activity as one may have had prior to joining Auroville.
- Drugs are not allowed in Auroville, as:
 - a) Their usage is forbidden by the laws of the country;
 - b) They are contrary to the conditions required for the development of the true consciousness which Auroville is here to serve.
- Any dispute or conflict is to be resolved within Auroville, by means of goodwill and fraternity.
- Any liabilities attached to oneself must be made known to the Entry Group (such as legal or family liabilities).

It is understood that these guidelines are evolutive and will become obsolete as the true consciousness will govern more and more of our movements, whether inner or outer.

5- Relationship with the Entry Group during the probation period.

- The Entry Group is there to monitor one's probation period with one's help and the help of the residents one is in contact with.
- "Welcoming programs", seminars, fora and study groups are available means to help one during this period.
- Information on the various existing possibilities for housing, as for work and for participation in creative activities will be communicated.
- If the probation period ends with a negative assessment on the part of the Entry Group as representative of the Residents Assembly, one is asked to leave at once. There has to be a minimum period of two years before one tries again.
- Elderly people must be aware that Auroville is not yet equipped to look after them if they would become physically dependent.

6- Functioning, mandate and membership of the Entry Group.

- To be a member implies that one is entrusted with a responsibility which demands strict discipline in attendance and a strong commitment to work as a team on a consensus basis.
- To be a member, one must have lived for a minimum of five years continuously in Auroville and be firmly dedicated.
- Transparency, fairness, an ability to listen and to communicate, a detachment from personal judgements, are some of the qualities required by the task.

- Membership is for a minimum of one full year.
- The work of the Entry Group requires mobility, so as to assess the physical situations directly; an effective secretariat, to minimise all chances of confusion, delays and misunderstandings; an active coordination with other working groups and with the Residents Assembly.
- The Entry Group is there to serve actively the spirit and truth of the Charter of Auroville. It must enable itself to establish an atmosphere as conscious as possible, so that the process of admission to Auroville is governed increasingly by the true spirit of Auroville, rather than be the realm of human inadequacies. It must never hesitate to point out whatever contradictions may be prevailing at the time in the collective life of Auroville.

Note: The drive to corner and hang our team was relentless, and despite our statements and expressions of a call for genuine collaboration, the planned Residents Assembly loomed closer, which would surely kill the possibility represented by the Matrimandir Forum. I drafted the following statement, as a last attempt to save it. I have not kept the exact date.

***Communication to all from the MMCG.**

"We do not feel that this Assembly is being called on a sound basis, but mainly as a result of a build-up of frustrations and tensions, battling of wills and influences.

Yet, as it is anyway happening, we wish to communicate to each one present the following, attempting to express in a general way our understanding of the situation and our position as a team.

We deeply understand how difficult and challenging a proposition is the Matrimandir; how difficult and challenging a proposition is human unity. And we feel that it is mostly due to the fact that as individuals and as a group we have not attained the commensurate level of consciousness, that we are all repeatedly swept and manipulated by forces which seek to destroy, prevent or at least postpone.

All through these past years, notwithstanding the endorsement by many of the view that we have become a separate body, we feel that we have each of us remained and grown as "Aurovilian" as the next one, and as representative of the community as the next one. With as many shortcomings and as much capacity to serve as the next one.

There is not a single issue being raised at present that we have not debated at length in the context of our duties at Matrimandir.

We seem to have made in the process a lot of "enemies" on all sides, mainly because we have not adhered blindly to the exclusivism of any "side".

We could not do so, being so close to the needs of the Matrimandir and all the aspects of the work to be done.

This perspective we have tried to convey during the many Forum gatherings that have taken place. But we have found that the good possibility of deeper and quieter collaboration the Forum was meant to provide was taken over but this continuing battle over the issue of design.

Now it appears that every side would agree with the others on one point only: to dismiss our team.
And this would be done with no objective reason.

We do not see how such a move could lead the present Auroville community any closer to the progressive human unity it is meant to realise.

We are open to dialogue, to the sharing of concerns for the good of the Matrimandir and at its service.

We are open to participation from all those who find in themselves the urge to contribute, to help strengthen, consolidate and complete.

We need it, and we are very much aware of our personal shortcomings.

But we need it truly, not as another wave that will fall back on itself.

We do not believe in the formation of a "client body", or in any such body, apart from the Matrimandir Forum, which has a real potential to help.

As it was said at least once, the Mother is The client.

For, without Her, the Matrimandir would just be an empty shell, a vain statement on the wayside.

Thank you."

Note: Our dismissal was finally achieved on October, 2003. It was obtained through the political use of legal power – as provided in the loopholes of the "Auroville Foundation Act" - and of democracy – by means of heavily manipulated campaigns and petitions, slander and calumny.

- 1998 -

Note: I think it was in 1998 that one of the issues uppermost in the community's atmosphere was that of the International Zone of Auroville, in which the Mother had planned to have pavilions representing the spirit and soul of each nation of the world. Since 1968, thirty years earlier, many countries had changed their names, and even sometimes their boundaries; large alliances or dominions had ceased, while new groupings had become geopolitical realities. The strong emergence of Europe as a unified power made it inevitable to wonder about the continuing validity of representing, say, the soul of Yugoslavia. Entire cultures were seen as trans-border, migrating phenomena, and the lessons of the past, such as, for instance, had to be assimilated by the people of Germany, brought about new scepticism towards the very notion of a country's soul.

I had felt very much interested in trying to "see" and design, for example, a model for the pavilion of France: it was a large cube, with a solid and very cohesive appearance from the outside; but inside, it was developed in tiers descending onto a central arcaded atrium.

About that time, I think I must have drafted the following paper.

***On France and Nation Souls.**

"While searching for a definition which may be faithful enough to the inner reality, the psychic reality, of a country, of a nation's soul, it may be interesting to have the notation of someone who has left that country a long time ago and yet retains a measure of identification.

Here I offer my notation, as regards France, for whatever it is worth.

In my case, from the moment of leaving France as a country and a home, there has been no sense of need, no nostalgia, and no wish to maintain any ties.

Perhaps, this was due to the inner fact that both the Mother and Sri Aurobindo have together integrated, purified and manifested, from Their unique poise, the very essence of France.

The chivalry and honour, the generosity of heart and the elegance of refinement and the rich and lucid precision of thought and a certain universality of ethics and codes of conduct: They have brought these to living perfection.

There was in me for some years a voluntary movement of distancing myself from a set of negative expressions and stances which were also, and still are, typically French: each nation, as each person, carries its own contradiction.

I was particularly sensitive to a specific mix of vulgarity and exclusivism, the arrogance of a people which thinks itself to be entitled to every earthly domain and

which, priding itself of its clear-mindedness, has no qualms in passing judgements wherever it turns its eye – like a scornful herd trampling entire sanctuaries.

But the soul of a nation is also the soul of its land, the pure reality where merge in oneness the land and its creatures, in unique creativity.

And the land of France is a treasure of diversity concentrated, as if it contained and offered representations of all of the earth's landscapes: from its glorious alps to its dark swamps, its ancient forests and its vast plains of golden crops, its rocky tormented shores and its sandy beaches of infinity, its secret coves and its high cliffs, its fields of poppies and wild briar, its white barren hills of stone, its groves and magic clearings, its proud rivers and sweeping estuaries, its waterfalls and profound caves where aeons live, its sunny pathways and its wild gales blowing, its immense sea tides, its silent hidden valleys, its sparkling glaciers and its sun-stunned immobile creaks.

And the land of France is alive in clear detail through man's industry and love of her, its hedges and channels, its mansards and castles and its wholesomeness of villages, its river boats and high towers, its aspiring cathedrals of carved stone and shimmering rainbow glass and its cloisters of peace and the fog-horn sounding when the ship comes home into the muffled quiet of the bay.

It is only once one has become aware of the Divine – in oneself, in any other person, in any country - that what contradicts its presence becomes painful torment.

In France the presence of the Divine manifests thus:

Spiritually in a high tradition of realisation and occult knowledge which has known itself to be free from religious dogma and limitations, yet one with the source of their emergence, preserving its living wisdom with a veil of esoterism;

Mentally, in a clarity and directness of ideas, a synthesis of boldness and solidity and a stimulating openness to diversity;

vitally, in a great refinement of habits and customs, a code of loyalty, a reverence of the feminine presence and the culture of a beauty at once deep-reaching and detailed;

Physically, in a durable need for harmony and the cultivated response to the challenges of Nature, with a remarkable adaptability and coherence.

The soul of France is very feminine, yet with the strength and courage and determination of purified faith: it is Joan of Arc as well as the Knights of the Round Table, the sacred search for freedom and the live crystal purity of existence founded on the true equality of all souls.

It is the conquest of a fraternity which can only truly manifest at the term of a journey of initiation, through the tests and ordeals life offers.

Out of the common pool of inner resources that have accumulated through the centuries, from the joining of many paths and traditions and the meeting of the biblical tribes with the people of the northern lights, the pulse of the divine presence has developed its singular note: France.

And it has rung far and wide in the hearts and minds, as it came to be known as a shelter and a home to all those who sought the way out of oppression, subjugation, or annihilation..."

(Note: I had left this draft incomplete.)

Note: About that time, the Economy Group had made a general proposal for the alignment of the community to its professed ideals.

As for our collective treatment of most issues I felt that our thinking was far too linear and loaded and heavy and uninteresting. I kept wanting to communicate, but hesitating to do it, and annoyed at my own formulations I usually abandoned my drafts.

The following text has perhaps not been shared, I am not sure now – I cannot recollect exactly whether I have actually shared it with the members of the Economy Group, as it is quite long.

***To the Economy Group, a response to its proposal.**

"- Note of introduction:

The following contribution contains objections to the proposal – which I have tried to substantiate -, and suggestions as to the direction I feel we should go – for which I have tried to give examples.

As you have insisted on written communication, rather than pursuing a direct exchange and sharing of views in a series of sessions devoted to the issue, I have debated, as I am sure others have too, whether to remain silent – as no written statement can be of much help in and by itself -, or to try and put it down as comprehensively as possible.

As you see, I have gone for the second option, which is still, to me in any case, very unsatisfactory.

Let it be proof at least that I take this issue at heart!

1- Objection on principle – process.

It is true that the present organisational arrangement in Auroville, wherein the many working groups, although each of them is abundantly criticised, are more or less left to their own devices, is dangerous, insofar as it is quite possible for any of them, in their respective areas, to ignore, dismiss, underestimate or even collude with active contradictions to the true purposes of Auroville or its essential laws.

Yet this can also be a creative and progressive arrangement, provided that:

- A. Each working group, and each individual in it, has these purposes and laws as a living and constant guide and priority, and never hesitates to give it the necessary emphasis, by growing more and more aware of it as of what contradicts it, with a fighting spirit.

- B. All the working groups are represented and participating in an overall forum of responsibility where all the facets and fields of progress are seen together in a common perspective.

In this sense I was in agreement with the parallel proposal put out recently by your team for an Auroville Representatives Group. Out of this, I felt, one would eventually become able to define the task and methods of work of such a necessary organ as the Working Committee.

Now as regards your first proposal I find that, instead of calling everyone's attention on the contradictions you have directly experienced and see develop in Auroville in the context of your work, instead of naming these contradictions precisely and perhaps even outlining courses of action which could at least neutralise them, instead of fulfilling that duty, you have proceeded on a line of least resistance and elaborated a proposal that merely tries to give a coherent frame to contain these prevailing contradictions.

And you have justified this with the formal acceptance of a very misleading assumption: that Auroville has now reached a stage where its outward development will move faster than the growth of its consciousness.

When this assumption is left unchallenged, the use of logic will be very effective in making it unassailable.

But I feel that this assumption is false, and that it betrays Auroville.

2- Objection on contents.

Your work naturally makes you very aware of those individuals and areas of activity in Auroville most in need of economical health. And no one will doubt that you have persistently endeavoured to improve this situation, within the boundaries allotted to you.

But you ought not to use this real need for pushing your proposal through.

Instead, you ought first to deliver a complete report of your findings, describing as accurately as possible the injustices and the contradictions.

Your knowledge of facts should be shared without bias.

We are not here to succeed in "managing" an international community.

We are here to change, and to become truer.

Experience is to be shared.

Contradictions are to be seen.

Stock is to be repeatedly taken.

3- On Development.

If in visible and measurable terms the growth of the physical Auroville is no longer commensurate with the growth of the collective consciousness that inhabits it, then it means that it has taken off on its own: and that is only possible by a return to the values and compulsions of the ordinary world.

Therefore we are left with a nonsensical choice: either we continue with the pretence of calling it Auroville and we adjust and adapt, inwardly dying; or we go "underground", like stunned fools, seeking initiates and the select few. Either way, the gift of possibility that Auroville is, stands betrayed.

So, we must take stock.

Our law of development is that it must be integral: that its forms must correspond to its consciousness.

This means that any development must either be the expression of a new awareness, of a new comprehension that has emerged, or been gained through actual experience, or be an experiment which is backed by actual commitment and deemed worthwhile.

Yet it would appear that quite a range of other motivations are already determining a number of outward developments in Auroville.

What do we do about it?

How do we resolve our view on the real priorities?

The Ideal has been fragmented.

Perhaps it is because it was not initially secured by an active inner realisation, but was merely apprehended by the outer being and subjected to its exclusivism and limitations.

But this fragmentation should not now become an excuse for not trying any more.

On the contrary, we should see it, as a result and not as a guide, and we should seek to shift the entire process of our choices.

Through the years of Auroville we have progressed and we have learnt lessons and developed a unique experience.

We have also yielded to falsities.

Can we assess the ones and the others?

Physically Auroville is increasingly surrounded by the constant and multitudinous pressure of the very type of development which, as willing servitors, we cannot condone.

We cannot block off the world.

But we can, and we must, affirm our true priorities.

For too long now we have been sending out the wrong messages, thus inviting through weak affinity into Auroville motives and interests which, by their gradual establishment, are bound to alienate us more and more from the very purpose of our coming to Auroville in the first place.

Yet it is our responsibility alone to first develop in ourselves the attitude that will attract the right energies for Auroville, with the right motivations and in the right manner.

This is our dharma.

Any representation of Auroville in the world should be charged with that quality of need and awareness.

4- On Economy.

Economy cannot be reduced to finances.

Economy is a field that embraces all of our attitudes towards matter and towards life' relationships and activities, as towards all the means at our disposal, beginning with thought.

In the ordinary contemporary trends of development emphasis has shifted to consumerism: it is the shifting of value on "to have" rather than on "to be".

Whatever the focus that prevails at any stage of the history of mankind, it selects, within the infinite range of possibilities, the tools and means most pliable to its intent.

When we in Auroville find that we are in a mess of conflicting values, and that all the mind ever does is to supply references and justifications for every single attitude at play; when we are so confused and crippled that we believe no longer in the possibility of a self-evident collectively acceptable direction; should we not try then, rather than be cosmetically clever, to take the time to reflect more deeply on every one of our assumptions and practices?

We do have the time: Auroville is that time!

The world clamours that there is no time, there is never time; and beneath that clamour is the cry that some catastrophe will have to happen!

But the time is wherever there is consciousness.

To want the time to see is to want to be more conscious: it is to want for consciousness to govern.

It is a trick of the mind to convince us that, if we do take the time, life will unravel and go to pieces, unattended.

While, disengaged, consciousness tells us of infinite possibilities, takes us to immediate discoveries, releases the capacity of choice and guides us onto a fresh path to find new means and evolve new tools of manifestation.

Precisely what Auroville is for!

And so there are needs and there are needs, with their respective economies.

There are those needs or cravings that invade and colonise, eat and absorb.

And there are those needs that consciousness alone can fulfil, in its own true time.

What do I, for instance, need?

I need to discern, I need to feel and know that the tree under whose shade I rest is as happy as I am of this sharing, that the soil I tread is a little of my larger body of love, that the centre of my city is a throbbing of Her Presence, in powerful peace and the quiet glory of beauty achieved by the joining of matter, nature and humanity, within an embrace divine; that the eyes my eyes meet are open directly from within; to feel and know that my body is whole and one with my soul and partakes of a true plenitude that grows; that every moment is increasingly meaningful and alive within the One; that the food I still taste is the form of the nurturing of a larger identity; that the violence of nature teaches widening, and the sleep that receives me still is the welcoming embrace of the Guide across an infinity

of worlds and states; I need to feel and know that the stones assembled to shelter me are at peace, in harmony, and the sound of my voice is as pleasant to them as the sight and touch of them is comforting to me; that the colours in the sky that make me silently grateful are thrilled and justified as thus delight is born again and again.

I need to feel and know that when I meet an opacity, an obscurity, here or there, it is a gift of growth, it is a travail with its own pure sense of becoming.

I need to discover the material ways that will foster and celebrate a continuum of consciousness.

What are your needs?

Where do they lead us?

What are the choices they will reveal as we go?

Living trust in the Grace that alone can guide Auroville is of the inner being: the only one who, after all, being immortal, possesses maturity!

5- Practical suggestions.

(Corrigendum: these are bound to be off the mark, since no one can singly identify the practical ways of conscious growth!)

We have made a confusion between maintenance and development.

Seen from another angle, it is the same confusion that has prevailed between a community-type of organisation with its needs of survival and its own agenda of achievements, and a vaster concept of laboratory-city-representation at the service of Truth and of the future of humanity, which is an experiment of universal import and concern.

These two avenues of growth have for years conflicted in all of our attitudes.

In themselves, though, these are not conflicting notions, for the former is part of the latter; it must only find its true place and relation.

In effect, Auroville is indeed meant to be a community of stewards, servitors and willing subjects of an experiment in accelerated change.

With all the responsibilities this entails for everyone present and the essential relatedness it promotes with the whole world.

The effort to support the basic necessities of the people who have chosen to give their lives is a duty with us, and particularly with those of us who have the inclination and the sort of nature to serve in this area.

The effort to develop, to create new forms, to reach towards an integrality and completeness of realisation in life and matter, if it must be consciously monitored and sometimes even initiated by us in Auroville, must necessarily, and meaningfully so, draw the contribution of all those who are motivated to work for Auroville without themselves living there.

It is so that every Aurovilian must first work for the basic priorities of Auroville; and only when those are ensured, may we turn towards an augmentation of Auroville's possibilities.

An example: if the motivations for the creation and running of commercial units were, in terms of Auroville's needs, truly clear, there would be no such dissensions as we are having now.

Together, all the energies creating objects of commercial interest would have as a constant and unquestioned aim to support the material upkeep of Auroville and its permanent residents, while they would, by the quality and integrity of their endeavour, provide a material vibration to the relationship with the world at large.

All Auroville products, channelled through one organ (call it "Aurocreations" or any thing similar), with a strict quality control, would be contributed within one coherent framework which would integrate and make good use of all the creativity available.

This framework would directly benefit and be directly concerned with the provision of harmonious and efficient services to Auroville.

Within the same perspective, each service unit would organically evolve two branches of activity – maintenance and development.

The first would be entirely funded from the earnings of Auroville, while the second would be entirely funded by the contributions channelled towards each further development.

6- On the necessity for active discernment towards all new participations.

The Entry Group has, for several years, in the fulfilment of its duties, called for everyone's attention on the increase of discrepancies and contradictions in our general attitude towards the laws of Auroville and its Charter. So far, in vain.

In the absence of a coherent response they have also, to some extent, yielded to the pull of accommodating whatever is the prevailing situation, and have gone so far as to propose an institutionalisation of the discrepancies! (When they proposed the creation of a whole range of "new" statuses)

The fact is that the contradictions to Auroville, finding room in ourselves first, affect all areas at once, and no single group can respond to them adequately.

The indispensable effort demanded of all of us now is on two fronts simultaneously: to screen our motivations and operate a qualitative shift in our practices and organisation on the basis of renewed commitment to the Charter of Auroville; and to apply much more conscious criteria to the acceptance of new participation to Auroville.

7- On an Auroville organisation collaborating to Change.

I have read with interest the proposal recently contributed by Gilles. It seems to be genuine and disinterested, and worth considering.

However there is, I think, a lesson we have learnt in Auroville; it has to do with karma yoga, in the sense that it is in action and in life that we must develop the qualities of discernment and conscious synthesis.

It is therefore in the field of action that we must become capable of identifying amongst us all those who are most open to intuitive powers in any given situation.

It thus seems to me that Gilles's proposal could be integrated into your second proposal, of a truly representative group: representative of all the angles of experience and perspectives held in Auroville.

For we do not want a parochial representativity; we want a representativity from the point of view of the actual experience of Auroville as it translates in any of the areas of its expression.

In this way we might have the guiding elements of a more collectively conscious search into the future, into the unknown, into the adventure.

8- When basic contradictions have become accepted practices.

The laws of Auroville are very clear; but the way to their effectiveness, in us as well as around us, has to be found step by step.

For ages the world has been plagued by the division between the spiritual life and the physical life, until Sri Aurobindo and the Mother came to incarnate a Divine who claims the whole of the manifest world.

Auroville was created so that collective humanity could begin to learn this truth and experience it.

We are not to allow this old division to be resurrected in another form, between the "ideal" and "the facts of life"!

Our dharma is to serve the laws of Auroville come what may.

Perhaps we do not as yet have the strength to truly offer the contradictions so that they are either changed or dissolved.

But we must not ever condone them.

And for this as for every part of the discovery of Auroville we need one another's complementary effort and flame and perception.

Yet there are too many instances when we seem to attach more value to appearing mature and "realistic" than to nurture the call for a truer and fuller existence.

One instance: the FAMC, which had so far been a rather fluid entity not having yet found its organic identity, yielding to the same normative compulsion, is now proposing (I suppose, as a sort of damage-control measure) to sanction the practice of renting, professing its ability to exert control over all such operations, for the welfare of the community.

But isn't this, in terms of Auroville, a plain imposture?

For whoever in Auroville is able to rent out must also naturally feel proprietorship!

For several years now the practice of selling assets has been quite open and increasingly regarded as "normal".

Yes, normal indeed it is, almost everywhere.

But it is not right, and therefore ought not to be normal, in Auroville.
Not on moral grounds, but simply because it can never be the expression of the spirit of Auroville.

When one has given oneself to Auroville, whatever material one needs no longer or is no longer able to use properly must be automatically released to those who may need it and may use it well.

All one is capable of producing, acquiring, attracting, procuring and creating belongs naturally to Auroville.

To then expect a return of one's investments, on the same level and according to one's limited terms, is definitely not an expression of the spirit of Auroville.

9- We do have real problems.

One of the real evolutionary problems we face in Auroville is that we have not yet realised the level of consciousness required to ascertain without any judgement the true needs of every person.

We are still prone to the confusion between an arbitrary equality and the perception of the infinite diversity of experience within the divinity of all souls.

10- What to do?

The first thing we need, provided we are able to confirm our commitment, is to become capable of identifying with any other person's genuine point of view and conviction.

The only true communication lies therein.

I feel that your second proposal could help towards that realisation; for, the distance between all present in Auroville, this distance in which innumerable misunderstandings are thriving, is basically due to the absence of a conscious recognition and integration of the others' experience in action."

Note: During that year and the year that followed, I was a member of the newly formed "Representatives Group", representing in its forum the experience and perspective of our team and our work at Matrimandir. I felt all along that this was an excellent route if more of us would give it their heart and effort and discipline.

However it was discredited and petered out in the wake of Kireet Joshi's glorious return to Auroville in the guise of the new Chairman of the Auroville Foundation Governing Board.

Note: Early on, C had taken subscriptions in my name to two leading French newspapers, "Le Nouvel Observateur", a weekly, and "Le Monde Diplomatique", a monthly; these are two out of the many French newspapers that, to my knowledge, have so far remained loyal to a certain ethics and orientation, and their regular reading has provided me, and some others here in Auroville, with a fairly accurate and comprehensive sense of the currents, trends and events seen from the French and European point of view. In June of that year, 1998, "Le Monde Diplomatique"

published a questionnaire to its readers. I tried to respond to it in my way, in spite of the high risk to sound merely pretentious or simply too odd and "out of it"! This is the text that I had sent.

***Au Monde Diplomatique, en réponse à votre questionnaire: le 4 Juillet, 1998.**

« Vous voudrez bien lire attentivement ce qui suit, car je ne vois pas comment l'exprimer en trois ou quatre lignes de définition.

Mon impression générale de votre travail est que vous avez à cœur d'être véridiques dans les présentations que vous faites des situations, des tendances, orientations, des jeux de forces et de pouvoirs qui animent et sillonnent la réalité terrestre actuelle, et que vous vous êtes donnés pour but d'alerter l'individu à ce qui menace son intégrité humaine comme à ce qui peut la servir.

Cependant, vous ne semblez pas avoir encore fait le constat de l'évidence la plus significative de notre époque : à savoir que ni le mental – l'intellect, la raison, la connaissance -, ni la vie – l'émotion, le sentiment, l'impulsion, l'instinct – ne sont en mesure de trouver les réponses nécessaires, ni de résoudre les contradictions essentielles qui maintenant déchirent l'humanité.

Seul un pas évolutif de la conscience, un changement qualitatif du regard intérieur, peuvent permettre la découverte du chemin à suivre, à frayer.

La nature humaine est à présent à son point évolutif d'éclosion, selon les lois qui l'ont déterminée : la loi de la séparation, celle du développement de l'ego.

Le regard que l'humanité porte sur elle-même et ses œuvres, à ce seuil évolutif, est nouveau historiquement – elle peut aujourd'hui se percevoir dans son entière multiplicité à la fois -, mais n'a pas changé intérieurement.

Ce n'est que par une conclusion logique de son intelligence que l'humain en vient aujourd'hui à reconnaître la réalité de l'unité.

Mais la capacité de réaliser, et de vivre cette unité, ne lui est pas encore donnée. L'unité ne peut pas se manifester dans l'état encore inchangé de l'homme.

Il faut pour cela d'abord que la conscience dans l'homme se libère de ses instruments et se prépare à recevoir et être organisée par la loi et la force d'un autre état évolutif, qui pousse de tous côtés, de toutes parts, et dans toutes les dimensions.

Il existe deux contrées de la psyché humaine où nous savons parfois, d'un autre savoir, trouver la conscience – libre des limites, déterminismes et déformations de ses instruments évolutifs - : l'une est derrière le cœur, l'autre par-delà la pensée.

A la première nous sommes parfois réunis, à la faveur de certains actes héroïques, ou de simples gestes d'amour et de don, par ce qu'ils suscitent directement en nous : un élan de gratitude, de reconnaissance, un sens de pureté et de gratuité absolue.

A la seconde nous sommes parfois réunis à la faveur de certains mouvements créateurs qui tirent ici une beauté, une ampleur, une harmonie, un sens de l'éternel et de l'absolu.

Il est un autre domaine d'expérience directe de la conscience, qui ne s'ouvre encore qu'à la faveur de circonstances extrêmes ; et ce domaine a son accès dans le corps, une fois que les limites ordinaires de la vie physique sont franchies.

Tels sont les contacts privilégiés que nous avons tous, à des instants de notre vie, avec la conscience.

Certains d'entre nous un peu partout sur la terre ont perçu la nécessité impérieuse de laisser les bases et les références de la formation mentale et vitale, et d'apprendre les premiers rudiments d'une plongée ou d'une émergence dans un autre, nouveau milieu, celui de la conscience et de sa puissance de manifestation directe.

Leurs recherches sont pratiques ; elles reposent exclusivement sur l'expérience.

Ainsi, ce que je souhaiterais voir advenir dans vos colonnes est une ouverture à la recherche de la conscience, une acceptation reconnaissante d'un seuil à franchir au-delà des instruments connus et des dimensions en lesquelles ils opèrent, pour aider à l'émergence et l'expansion d'un nouveau regard et d'une nouvelle présence au monde.

Ne voyez là rien de théorique ni d'abstrait.

Tous ceux qui ont vraiment, honnêtement, courageusement essayé de trouver des réponses concrètes et praticables aux contradictions de l'état humain et aux souffrances qu'elles engendrent, savent qu'il est impossible de les atteindre durablement tels que nous sommes.

Nous devons changer.

A titre d'exemple, je prendrai deux de ces contradictions majeures qui sont la cause d'innombrables, et irrémédiables conflits.

Le racisme, et la quête du pouvoir.

Quiconque a vraiment travaillé en soi-même, étant exposé à une situation extérieure correspondante, sur l'ensemble des mouvements que recouvre le terme « racisme », dans le but d'en venir réellement à bout, sait ceci : qu'il n'existe pas de solution mentale, morale ni pratique à cette contradiction, tant que l'on ne devient pas l'autre, à part entière ; et que cela n'est possible que par la conscience.

Aucun individu, et aucune race, ne sont exempts ni exclus de cette contradiction, car elle est simplement le résultat naturel de notre condition évolutive.

On peut prétendre et s'agiter ; la chose ressurgira à un moment ou un autre, intacte et inchangée, aussi longtemps que l'on n'apprend pas la leçon évolutive.

Quant à la quête du pouvoir : quiconque s'est trouvé, par un effort persistant ou une grâce particulière, dans les circonstances les plus favorables à la liberté de choix, avec le but et l'intention sincère de se défaire de toute ambition et de toute

convoitise pour l'exercice arbitraire du pouvoir, sait ceci : qu'il est impossible de maintenir intégralement à la fois un vrai détachement et une vraie maîtrise de l'exercice du pouvoir, tant que notre nature même n'est pas transformée, c'est-à-dire entièrement et de fond en comble convertie à la réalité souveraine de la conscience.

Pour conclure, je dirai donc ceci : si vous souhaitez vraiment collaborer au changement nécessaire et servir une transformation réelle et durable de l'état du monde, vous vous devez d'ouvrir vos pages et le champ de votre travail aux contributions de tous ceux qui sont maintenant convaincus que le seul chemin vivant est à trouver dans l'aventure de la conscience.

Je n'aurai pas la présomption de vouloir vous indiquer où vous tourner, ni où vous adresser.

Je souhaite seulement vous communiquer la certitude que, du moment où vous le voudrez, les données utiles vous parviendront.

A vous d'exercer le discernement nécessaire pour ne pas verser dans un genre d'excès et de surenchère dont vous êtes sûrement prévenus.

Fraternellement,

Divakar »

Note: In Auroville's entire history so far, one could attribute a kind of "permanent status" to certain issues, as they keep recurring or resurfacing, only more loaded and more complex, as if they had never been addressed.

One of these permanent issues is that of land.

Land had and still has to be purchased from local land-owners, to be placed under Auroville's name – now it is the Auroville Foundation's name.

In effect Auroville becomes the "owner", even though both the Charter of Auroville and the Auroville Foundation Act state that there is no ownership in Auroville and Auroville itself belongs to "humanity as a whole", making of the residents and their organisation the stewards of the land on behalf of humanity rather than their proprietors.

But this distinction between owners and stewards is a very fine line in the minds of most people. For the villagers of the area, who were initially very deeply moved by the Mother's dream and action and responsive to Her and very hopeful and generally trusting, later experience has often been the cause of scepticism, disillusion and sometimes deep hurt and intense resentment.

To date, in 2005, thousands of acres still need to be purchased in order to consolidate the Auroville area.

During the past 10 or 15 years prices have soared and escalated, partly through the exponential development on the adjacent Pondichéry territory, partly through the promoting campaigns of various private developers making use of Auroville's name and fame, and partly through the sometimes bizarre policies applied by the Aurovilians concerned with the purchase of land and the relations with the villagers.

And so far there has not been much clarity of intent on the part of the community of Auroville as regards the joint development of both Auroville and the villages that surround it and share its general area.

Aurovilians have done and continue to do excellent substantial work in the bio-area, particularly in the fields of forestation and water conservation, but also of education, social progress and health care.

But up until now, in 2005, such a simple, basic idea as sharing equally whatever funds are made available to Auroville for development – a principle which would ensure the channelling of many sources of funding as yet untapped and would go a long way in making of Auroville an experiment of actual import and concern to India and to the world -, is still not even considered.

In the year 1998, this “permanent” issue had its time in the collective awareness; I do not recall the exact circumstances or events that triggered the general attention, but I had drafted the following text, along with a proposed plan of action to re-orient the activity and intent of the Land Service.

***Written Request on Land.**

“To all our neighbours, Tamil brothers and sisters who live in the vicinity of Auroville,

From all of us Aurovilians, who have chosen to live in Auroville and for Auroville at the service of the new consciousness that the Mother and Sri Aurobindo have manifested,

Our greetings to all.

We appeal to you and humbly request you to help us make of this area that we all inhabit as fellow human beings an area of consecration to a more harmonious future for the earth.

We appeal to you and humbly request you to join us in a cooperative effort to preserve all the lands in this area from the forces of blind profit and destructive development, and to work with us towards the realisation of a collective harmony, amongst us all, with earth and with nature, so as to offer, all together, an example of hope and unity, of a living future open to continuous progress.

We appeal to you and humbly request you to work with us step by step, with open hearts, at the service of this common goal.”

***Proposal for the structuring and functioning of the Land Service.**

- Structure.

- 1- For all contacts with local authorities, such as surveyors, panchayat, district officers, tax officers, etc.: a minimum of 2 Aurovilians, one of them at least fluent in Tamil.
- 2- For the coordination of land use and stewardship: a minimum of 3 Aurovilians, actively involved, two of them fluent in Tamil.
- 3- For the management of funds: a minimum of 2 Aurovilians.

Therefore, a team of minimum 7 Aurovilians, not including secretarial work.

- Functioning.

The team should meet formally once a week, and maintain contact on a daily basis with the Secretary of the Auroville Foundation.

It should be represented on the Development Group, on the FAMC and on the Representatives Group.

All policies should be clarified, confirmed and agreed upon by consensus.

The team should meet once a month with those who are involved in fund-raising.

A formal report of all on-going transactions must be presented monthly to the FAMC, where priorities must be worked out.

The team must make sure that at least 2 of its members are constantly available at its office to meet with villagers, one of them at least being fluent in Tamil.

The office must have a proper welcoming space to receive these people, and files must be available containing all information regarding each Auroville land. (The Land Service must not exclusively depend either on its computer or on any one person to store all information.)

Part of the job is to oversee the entirety of Auroville lands and to ensure that they are properly looked after, maintained and kept free from any encroachment and misuse.

The Land Service can initiate no legal proceedings without the prior agreement of the FAMC and of the Secretary.

Whenever necessary the Land Service may seek the Secretary's help, or anyone's help in Auroville, for negotiations, and advice in cases of litigations.

Before any new development takes place on Auroville land, the Land Service must be informed and it must make its own assessment and recommendations.

If the Land Service finds the new development objectionable, it must be heard at the FAMC, and an agreement must be reached before the new development takes place. (By "new development" is meant, besides constructions, any new planting, new passageway, sport activity or excavation for the mining of soil, etc)

The Land Service must be given an overall direction, with targets for its work on a long-term basis.

In the case of land owners who wish to transfer or sell their land to Auroville on certain conditions, such as the obtaining of the "Friend of Auroville" status or the right of usage, these conditions must be clearly agreed upon by all parties and be binding.

The Land Service must speak the voice of Auroville, not its own separate voice."

Note: I have kept no other texts or documents from that year of 1998.

But it was in September of that same year, 1998, that I began writing my last book, "Chemins Entiers".

After a long period of silent gestation, deep within me, I now felt impelled to focus in an attentive receptivity and let the words come, a few sentences at a time, day after day.

At tea-time or in the few idle moments my responsibilities on the site of Matrimandir left me, I would sit on a tools chest next to a planning table in the carpentry shed, or make myself a square foot of clear table between the wages and attendance books, amid the clatter and clamour of voices and activity, and let it percolate, or distillate itself into clear drops of meaning and the rhythm and dance of a slow creative rivulet of experience offered; there was nothing to organise, no thinking to do, no plan to follow; there was only that tranquil, but imperative compulsion, like an act of bearing fruit, that joined the deepest and most silent source within to a sort of living and active synthesis of all assimilated experience – not just life-experience, but the experience of consciousness – of the past ten years or so.

It came in French; even though I had not been speaking French for many years, but for the short periods of C's visits, and not reading much French either, but for the Agenda now and then, I did not have to search for words: the right words were picked up on the way down, or rather, on the way out, from the storage area of the physical mind.

I did not have to make any corrections later on, but for a couple of words which I had not gotten right, and a few mix-ups of English and French usage or spelling.

PART SIX

- 1999 -

Note: I think it was at the beginning of 1999, the last year of that millennium, that I wrote this prayer.

***Prayer :**

- 1- Je demande à la Présence
 Au-dedans et au dessus
 D'établir
 La Paix
 Et la Protection.

- 2- Je demande à la Présence
 Au-dedans et au dessus
 De garder
 Ma conscience.

- 3- Dans une confiance tranquille
 Je m'en remets
 A la Présence,
 A Cela qui sait,
 Qui comprend,
 Qui peut,
 Qui aime.

Note: On the 8th of March, 1999, I completed the writing of the book "Chemins Entiers". It ran to nearly 200 tightly type-written pages; its form was a continuous flow of a sort of poetic prose, but it articulated itself into sequences that moved like a river, swelling with tributaries as it runs to the sea.

The manuscript was later sent to 2 or 3 Publishing Houses in France and to friends in Quebec; Robert Laffont, for instance, wrote to me his full appreciation, along with his regrets, saying that he was already taking all the risks he could afford to take by publishing Satprem's books, which hardly sold. All responses had in

common their stated inability to fit this text into any of their categories, while recognising its quality.

Finally, with both C's and F.J's help, and thanks to the openness and boldness of a friend publisher in the South of France, who had already published a few texts of F.J's, my father's, my book was published in early 2001. DEB, the publisher, and me, one day when we sat together in F.J's house in France, found the perfect picture for the cover: a photograph of lava flowing, all deep orange tones of Agni against an intense blue, the exact rendering of what I felt, and still feel is truly happening .

This book was put into some libraries throughout the country; but DEB did not have the means to advertise or promote, nor even to merely inform about it – its spirit and contents – more than a few lines on his web-site.

The competition is such in the publishing and distributing markets nowadays that very few books stay in the same libraries for more than weeks; one year time is the very maximum for the majority of published books.

"Chemins Entiers" during that one year of library life has perhaps sold to 400 copies. I have not got a single response or comment, except from a few very close friends. As for nearly everything that I "do", there is resounding, stunning silence!

India had to go back to war, in 1999, with part of itself, Pakistan, over control of Kashmir. This was the "Kargil" war. It was fought over the most inhospitable terrain. It was short. The deaths of many hundreds of young men and exemplary Army officers, children of Bharat Mata, served at least one purpose: to make it clear that no resolution would ever be reached by either devious treachery or by the threatening of terrible force.

In Auroville, through K.T, a highly respected retired Major General, and his family – my friends – I was privileged to be in close contact with some of the finest emotion and aspiration Mother India inspires and draws in Her children.

In homage and deference to this experience, I tried to write something.

Living on the land of India for many years, I have become aware of the many divergent pulls that tear at Her children. The policies and politics of the country have not so far been worthy of the vastness, profundity and immeasurable richness of Her being.

Sri Aurobindo and the Mother have all along maintained that India must somehow recover the integrality of her physical being before it can truly fulfil its role as the guru of the world; the partition that occurred in the wake of the British Raj's withdrawal, and created Pakistan on the basis of religion alone, is a lie and can never become other than a lie.

India must find the means and ways – whether through the forming of a federation or some other arrangement – to undo this division and resolve it within a greater vision.

I gave this text the title of:

***An offering to Mother India, July 13, 1999, Auroville.**

"Today more than ever India must play its true role, as a mother among the nations, and as a guide in the bosom of our confused and wounded race.

It must play its role for its own sake and for the sake of the entire world; it must become one with Her, the Mother.

It must centre itself around its soul, offer itself to its spirit, and receive from soul and spirit the real strength that is Hers alone.

India today is weak, it is a chaos of contradictions: its very own, and also those it has inherited, imported or yielded to.

Yet India alone can lay the foundation for the coming age.

India is ancient beyond memory.

Yet it is hardly born as a nation.

It holds the supreme keys to the only condition that will redeem humanity and save the earth: the life of spirit in matter.

India has yet to gather its children, and its powers, into Her true puissance of unity.

For how many millennia its people, throughout the width and breadth of its land and the many dimensions of its culture, have freely met the spirit.

And yet what selfishness has ensued, what blindness, what denial of the body of the Lord!

It is time for India to make its true offering, the one every human being needs: the offering of a physical and material home to the divinity.

Let India become Herself, the Mother, and show the way, for each human being to unite with the divinity within, for each human body to serve the divine manifest, for each human action to express the divine's inexhaustible riches.

Let India gather Her land and Her people, teach them the living love of the One and become the haven and the beacon She is meant to be for all nations and all peoples and all beings.

Let each Indian at heart drop the pretence and the falsity and stand by the very breath of the Lord throughout the land of India and become worthy of that blessing.

Today every individual, every grouping, every people, every nation, has but one choice: to work for the true sense of evolution and to serve the advent of a terrestrial life ruled by the spirit and the soul, or to join the forces that resist and deny.

These forces are active everywhere, in every one of us.

This is the battle.

There is no other.

These are the forces that misguide those who deny the beauty of life and the truth of unity and would rather become terrorists than to accept their own evolving humanity.

These are the forces that feed exclusivism and self-serving hatred.

These are the forces that would reduce human beings to mere numbers under the false rule of greedy gods or treacherous ideals or for the sake of a destructive material prosperity that is empty and devoid of spirit.

India has yet to claim its body as a living nation, and show the example of an entire people whose free members choose the law of the spirit and exist by the truth of the soul.

Let India move forward secure in the clarity of its purpose, calling the Mother to unite all its children into Her embrace and lead them by Her Will and Her Grace for all of mankind and the love of one earth.

In gratitude to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother."

Note: The issue of self-governance in Auroville had also, of course, the "permanent" status!

All kinds of combinations and variations on known themes were broadcast every now and then; old and new models were looked at in relation to the Charter of Auroville, and not a few techniques tried in the West and intended to facilitate and promote cooperative awareness in large groupings were somehow finding their way into Auroville.

In 1999, while the Representatives Group, of which I was a member, was still functioning, a few Aurovilians floated the "concept" of a "Town Council", trying to answer the gaping paradoxes of Auroville's organisation, or lack of it.

I wrote the following text, undated (it must have been around the middle of that year):

***About the Town Council idea, to K and the Executive Council.**

"This is just a contribution, not to be circulated, unless it would be found by you as sufficiently representative.

.The need.

1- From the Development Group's perspective:

a) An overview, decision-making body, with recognised authority, to instruct both the Planning and the Development Groups as to the priorities, and to sanction the main lines of specific projects.

- b) Clear and recognised guidelines and policies as working tools for the Development Group, so as to be able to monitor effectively every single physical development.
- c) Clear and recognised guidelines and parameters to define and orient the work of the Planning Group and its relationships with both the Development Group and the Overview Body.
- d) Adequate facilities and financial support for the work of these groups.

2- From the larger perspective:

- a) A "hub": a coordinating body that receives information and impetus from all the "spokes" (working groups and areas of activity), dynamically dedicated and committed to the Charter of Auroville and the directions provided by the Mother, and transmitting back to each and all working groups and areas the necessary inspiration and support and cohesiveness, so that every activity in Auroville is conducted in accordance with its spirit, in a progressive awareness of unity.
- b) An internal reference body able to effectively process all issues that arise in Auroville, holding in trust the ideals and inner laws of Auroville and seeing to it that these are not ever compromised or betrayed through any of our practices, methods, pursuits and policies.
- c) A voice that can speak for Auroville.
- d) A centrally positioned instrument that can stimulate, support, encourage and help formulate the priorities, orientations and choices of the community of Auroville at any time.

.The proposal as coming from the Development Group, Planning Group and Land Usage Group.

1- Basic questions that first need to be answered:

- a) How do the members of these 3 groups see the process for arriving at a common approach of the physical development of Auroville?
- b) What are the parameters that need to be defined and generally acknowledged in order for the Development and Planning Groups to function effectively?
- c) Apart from the need of a clear vision of the external forms, what are the steps to be gone through for a well-shared sense of the priorities to arise?
- d) What degree of control is wanted?
- e) What are the guidelines or measuring tools wanted to assess the limits beyond which a physical development is to be prevented or stopped?

2- On the organic function and identity of this Overview Body.

- a) Provided a degree of consensus would be reached on a comprehensive approach to the physical development of Auroville, those key-people who still hold today conflicting views, ought then to be able to collaborate in their respective capacities to the planning and development of Auroville. Should they, or not, be members of an Overview Body?
- b) Provided a mechanism or process is identified and accepted by which priorities can be defined and confirmed, would there still be need of a permanent Overview Body?

.The proposal from the larger perspective.

An Auroville Council is designated, with the following mandate:

- a) To act as a coordinator among all the working groups and areas of Auroville with the help of the Representatives Group.
- b) To monitor and process all matters and issues of policies, with the help of the Representatives Group.
- c) To liaise with the Government and other authorities via its Working Committee, and to select individuals or teams of individuals to assist them in the various tasks generated by Auroville's relationships, as and when the need arises.
- d) To help formulate the priorities, choices and orientations of Auroville in terms of development – whether physical, environmental, economical, educational or social.
- e) To initiate, facilitate, stimulate, encourage and inspire the contributions of individual Aurovilians or the formation, for short or long terms, of working groups with clear mandates, in order to fulfil any tasks seen as meaningful for Auroville.
- f) To commit to the cohesiveness of the whole community through its own primary commitment to the Charter of Auroville.

It would ensue from the above that, where the work of the Development and Planning Groups is concerned, the Auroville Council would, as and when required, constitute ad-hoc boards of architects, builders, engineers and others to help assess and confirm the priorities for a given period of time, and ascertain that the conclusions reached are generally accepted and endorsed in the community. This specific exercise could actually be conducted right away by the present Executive Council, in collaboration with the Development and Planning Groups; their conclusions could then be processed with the help of the Representatives Group, and possibly a lot would be learnt in the process for future coordination and definition.

To begin with, both the Development and the Planning Groups could prepare a description of:

- Those guidelines and policies which they have found over the years to be sensible and meaningful.
- Those guidelines that need to be reviewed.
- Those guidelines that have been lacking and need to be defined.

.Observation.

The present Executive Council and Working Committee do fulfil some of the functions already.

Until a more comprehensive and cohesive way of functioning and relating is identified, however unsatisfactory the present conditions may be it would be sheer irresponsibility for the existing groups to discontinue or to merge into some new body that would not be more but less comprehensive.

This is the end of the contribution!"

Note: It was always my understanding that the separation and division between the official, legal and formal work of representing Auroville, and the internal, multi-dimensional work of realising a cohesive and diverse unity of purpose and orientation, was extremely detrimental; it was like a snare that kept snapping at us and damaging the very integrity of the experience, and it seemed that whoever got

titled a member of the "Working Committee" was eventually trapped and alienated and that every "Working Committee" ended up functioning "in camera" and deluded into thinking itself more "responsible" than the rest.

I kept saying, whenever I had a chance, that we were responsible for our freedom only: we could conform to the expectations of the world by providing them with our own device for a spokesman and call it "Working Committee" as required, but we did not have to believe in it; in fact we must NOT believe in it, and it must have no existence between us: it must simply disappear and merge back into our own chosen way of functioning internally. It must be our protective shield, our totem and our visiting card, but it must not rule or determine our choices.

But with time, political motivations became more and more active, while a general disaffection led the majority of people in Auroville to desist from any involvement in the search for a collectively chosen organisation.

Note: The "permanent" issue of the Matrimandir's direct environment – basically whether Matrimandir was to be surrounded with the richness and abundance of natural beauty, as the Mother had initially described Her dream of it, a vast area of silent experiencing at the centre of the city, or merely adorned with some minimalist and symbolic array of decorative arrangements as Roger A wanted it, with the inner ring of the city overlooking the direct, almost barren approach to the golden sphere – had been troubling many of us almost since the birth of Auroville.

To some of us it was clear that the Mother had placed apparently divergent views at the service of the Matrimandir precisely because through their respective surrender to Her Action would be revealed their complementary creativity.

To others among us, it was certain that there had to be a hierarchical order and that Roger A had been given final authority by the Mother.

In 1999 this issue escalated.

The appointment of Kireet Joshi as the new Chairman, replacing MS Swaminathan at the helm of Auroville's affairs, brought about the re-appointment of Roger A as a quasi permanent member of the Governing Board and his official anointment as the Chief Architect and the Mother's spokesman, where the Matrimandir was concerned.

Our position and approach as a team had been since the beginning that we would go by what the Mother had expressly communicated.

Insofar as the very controversial design for the golden sphere and its 12 surrounding petals, authored by Roger A, was concerned, we had found that there was a sufficient evidence of the Mother eventually agreeing to it. It was not overwhelming evidence, but there was enough to hold on to and to at least honestly try to realise this concept.

But where the park and gardens were concerned, all the written and recorded statements by the Mother were abundantly clear, as She had talked at great length of these, and Her vision of the central park as a sanctuary with its Pavilion of Truth and Love sheltered within it, was the actual beginning of Auroville.

There was also recorded evidence of the Mother commenting on Roger A as "not listening to Her".

This orientation towards realising this sanctuary of natural beauty at the centre of Her city was not ours alone, far from it. Over the years, many were those who actually worked hard to realise this dream, and the actual physical reality bore witness to their efforts, with its landscaped hills and already mature trees in a large part of the area around the Matrimandir.

Throughout our years as a coordinating team we had endeavoured to direct as much energy as could be spared into the furthering of that realisation; we felt deeply that the very comprehension of the Matrimandir's significance depended on the completeness of its symbol, and that included and fully honoured the presence of Nature's beauty and living harmony.

We knew of course that this approach was not pleasing to Roger A, but he had so far seemed to reconcile himself to it as a dimension that could not be suppressed.

However, in 1999, he was given more political standing and began to seek and gather active supporters who provided him with various plans and proposals with the aim to do away with the park and gardens and return to his original concept of a barren, sculptured setting for the Matrimandir's golden sphere.

One of these proposals, elaborated by H.K, a German engineer who had earlier sojourned in Auroville, claimed to address primarily the issue of water-resources for the future city of Auroville, and to offer the ideal solution for it. It envisaged the creation of a huge lake around the Matrimandir, taking up the entire area of the Park.

This proposal was unfairly and rather deviously entered as part of the Master Plan which was to be passed by the Governing Board at the end of that year, without any consultation in the community. We learnt about the move just a few days before the formal meeting was to take place and we submitted our formal objection, requesting that this feature be excluded from the official document of the Master-Plan. Our objection was heard and an amendment was officially entered to the effect that the main features of the central area of the city of Auroville were still under research.

That year I began earnestly to collect and collate every single available statement by the Mother on the Matrimandir and its environment, indicating for each statement whether it was written, or voice-recorded, or noted from memory and by whom and in which circumstances. This formed a document which was made available in Auroville, for everyone to reflect on the issue and its implications in terms of spirit and orientation.

This was taken by some Aurovilians as a challenge for them to prove the point that in the course of the years – from 1965, when the Mother first described Her dream, to 1973, the Mother had "evolved" and worked through Her chosen instrument, Roger A, and eventually confirmed his concept as final

Thus various "documents" and brochures were subsequently brought out, and endless squabbling ruled the next several years over which "interpretation" was correct.

At the beginning of 1999, in the context of our information and fund-raising effort we had prepared our annual report to the many donors and other well-wishers and potential donors. In this report we meant to consolidate the understanding of the Matrimandir as a complete sanctuary and we had included a separate paper of presentation on the Gardens and Park.

I had drafted it with the contributions and help of the team.

***On the Matrimandir Gardens, January 1999.**

"The completion of the Matrimandir includes and implies, besides the completion of its sphere and of its twelve surrounding Petals clad in red Agra stone, other equally important parts and aspects, which are as necessary to the Matrimandir's function and action, namely its Gardens and the infrastructure of its whole immediate environment.

It is now time to present these aspects and works, as they involve a very considerable amount of labour, creativity, financial input and time, and they are essential to the wholeness of the Matrimandir as a symbol and as a site and source of inspiration for the times to come.

The whole thrust and spirit behind the creation of these Gardens is one of collaboration with Nature and plenitude of experience.

The Mother has shown us how Beauty is the sign and expression of the Divine's Presence in Matter.

She has Herself established such a conscious contact with flowers and plants that She could give to any particular flower its true unique name and significance; She thus confirmed the experience of the ages as, for instance, in the naming of Tulsi, which is always presented as an offering to the Lord, alternately "Devotion" and "New Birth".

The very idea of the Matrimandir actually issued from Her dream of one day creating the most beautiful gardens in the world, as a site for the sanctuary of Love and Truth.

When, at the birth of Auroville, this idea came closer to the field of manifestation, as the centre and living soul of the adventure, and the plans were drawn, She named each of the 12 Inner Gardens according to states of consciousness and explained how they would be living atmospheres actively conveying each of these states; She then added a 13th garden, the garden of Unity, to centre around the Banyan Tree which acts as the geographical centre of the city of Auroville, in which the significance of the other 12 would be represented.

She described the environing park as expressing the central aspiration of Nature towards Light and Fullness of being.

She wanted the presence of water, and a great simplicity; and She insisted on the whole area being silent, truly quiet; She called it "Peace".

Since the beginning of Auroville, much research has been done and a lot of experience has been gained, from land reclamation, reforestation, ecological balance, water conservation, to developing new plants, particularly orchids and hibiscuses, and introducing a large number of non-indigenous species.

Before going into detailed plans, a brief description of the physical conditions prevailing in Auroville may be helpful.

Auroville is situated on a plateau of laterite, about 40 to 60 metres above sea level, starting from the sea shore of the Bay of Bengal and extending inland some 12 kilometres.

The climate is semi-tropical with a short summer monsoon in June and a larger monsoon period starting mid-October to the end of November; mild temperatures hold till February or so, followed by hot dry weather with land winds up to June. August and September usually bring lots of thunderstorms. Cyclones are not infrequent.

There are no rivers in the vicinity; but, to the North, a large semi-natural tank, Kaliveli, is a high point for migratory birds.

The land is not fit for agriculture, except for dry crops such as raggi and varagu (varieties of millet) which the local farmers have long abandoned for such cash crops as cashew-trees and casuarinas.

When Auroville was started, the whole area was entirely barren, thanks to the careless exploitation of timber at the turn of the century, and major erosion, most of the rain-water running through deepening canyons towards the sea.

The water resources are minimal, and the Mother had early on advised to explore the possibility of desalination plants.

We tap mostly from the two higher water-tables, which have been replenished enormously as a result of intensive bunding and erosion control.

However, due to the wild industrial growth in the Pondichéry area on the one hand, and to the policy of Government subsidies for farmers aiming at quick profits on the other hand, the water-tables are rapidly being polluted and alarming degrees of salinity are presently being recorded.

Auroville is naturally, given its Charter, very concerned with drawing the maximum benefits from scientific discoveries towards a more conscious, sustainable, wholesome and harmonious development, not only for its own sake but for the entire region.

Over the 30 years of its existence Auroville has been able to demonstrate the changes that can be wrought by persistent care for the land, with creativity, inventiveness and trust.

We have seen how, after initial struggles and the need for a sometimes grim perseverance on the part of people, Nature eventually responds beyond all expectations.

However there are yet limits to what can be asked of her, and the most crucial challenges that still face Auroville are: energy and water.

In the creation of the Matrimandir Gardens, utmost attention and care must go to the use of both energy and water, with the combined help of practical common sense and sophisticated scientifically monitored equipment and devices.

The Matrimandir being a high focus of expectation, whatever realisation will be achieved in its Gardens will have considerable effects.

It is therefore extremely important that all helps are contributed unstintingly to make this opportunity the means of a realisation that will have lasting validity.

The Inner Gardens are enclosed in an area of oval shape, 360 metres at its longest axis East to West and 290 metres at its shorter axis North to South, which is to be circumscribed by a continuous channel of water dug in a V section of 5 to 6 metres deep and 10 to 12 metres wide, overflowing into several ponds and percolation pits.

We plan to make maximal use of sprinklers monitored by an automated system, combined with a drip-irrigation system for deep-rooting plants and shrubs. We find this solution to be optimal in terms of waste control, provided all its parts are sturdy, easy to maintain and the central monitoring is fairly safe and simple to operate.

Around the oval area of the Inner Gardens, with its encircling water-channel, are the Outer Gardens.

Their outward limit is fixed at a radius of 290 metres from a centre equidistant to the Matrimandir, the Amphitheatre and the Banyan Tree.

These Outer Gardens, or Park, will act as a buffer and a transitional space between the city and the area of silence around the Matrimandir and protect the more elaborate Inner Gardens with a denser belt of high trees.

About a quarter of the area has already been landscaped and planted over the last 20 years, experimenting with hundreds of species.

The intent here is to manifest a representation as wide as possible of the earth's trees, letting them establish their symbiosis by choosing carefully the position of each in relation to the others, according to their typical shapes, natural needs and behaviour, density of foliage, the colour of their blooms, their seasonal rhythms, etc.

An important role will be given to all the varieties of palm trees, along with many different creepers, a large range of which we have already introduced and developed in the Matrimandir Nursery, as well as a large number of acclimated orchids."

...

(Note: this text was followed by a detailed cost and time estimate, running several pages.

We had included a section regarding H.K's proposal of a huge lake as the main feature of a very large-scale project aiming at, basically, turning the higher aquifer below Auroville as Auroville's water-storage. We had not had the time as yet to really examine that proposal for its own merits, but we had serious doubts regarding its soundness, not to mention the impacts such a massive interference would have on the actual physical reality of the underground. And of course we could see how this project would allow Roger A to be rid of the entire Park area and gain unobstructed view of the Matrimandir from the city, while claiming that this would have to be done for the sake of Auroville's very survival, not for the sake of his design!)

Note: Later in the year we had occasions to meet with H.K and discuss his proposal in more detail. The following paper is our assessment of it at the time.

***Regarding H.K's proposal for a water conservation and distribution system for the city of Auroville.**

"This proposal rests on a premise which, in and by itself, is valid and attractive: it is that, given Auroville's geographical situation on the one hand, and the increasing risks of contamination of the deep underground water tables through pollution or saline intrusion on the other hand, the ideal solution for Auroville in future would be to gain control of the higher aquifer which lies directly under its territory and use it as its permanent water storage.

To achieve this aim, the following means and methods are proposed:

- To percolate into the higher aquifer basically all the rain-water, of which the yearly average recorded fall on the Auroville area is more than sufficient to ensure the welfare of a city of 50,000 residents.
- To collect the run-offs into reservoirs strategically placed in natural gullies on the outer edge of Auroville's territory.
- To create a main reservoir, properly sealed, of about 1.5 million cubic metres capacity, the overflow of which will, through a filtering plant, constitute the main feeder to the higher aquifer.
- To connect all the side reservoirs to the main one by means of solar pumps in order to keep the main reservoir filled throughout the year.

The purpose of this proposal is to guarantee a self-generating and self-sustaining, independent and safe water storage for Auroville.

However, on close scrutiny, this proposal turns out to be more of a gamble, with extremely high stakes.

To begin with, much of its validity is based on assumptions, not on knowledge of verified facts. (There has so far been no feasibility study made)

- Assumption No 1: The proposal states that the higher aquifer runs towards the sea on a gentle incline, moving away from Auroville within a period of 1 to 5 years. But this is no way an ascertained fact.

- Assumption No 2: The proposal states that the best strategic location for the main reservoir is at the highest point of the Auroville plateau, that is, at a height of 52 metres above sea-level, near the Matrimandir, exactly at the geographical centre of the Auroville territory – and therefore half-way closer to the seaside -, the rationale here being that the percolation plant will infiltrate the entire underground aquifer, even though this aquifer is supposed to be flowing down towards the sea. The water thus infiltrated would then have to move upstream and inland in order to replenish the aquifer under the western part of Auroville. There has been no study or enquiry as to other and perhaps better suited locations upstream for this main reservoir.

- Assumption No 3: In a worst case situation, the proposal states that the entire amount of water necessary to replenish the higher aquifer for one full year could be

infiltrated during the monsoon season if, for example, the side reservoirs are found insufficient. There is no saying, however, the effects such an unnatural event – an enormous amount of water being directed in one spot of the underground at a time when the entire area is water-logged – would have on the configuration and behaviour of the sub-layers and of the aquifer, as no study has been made.

- Assumption No 4: The proposal assumes that there is going to be no question raised as to the water rights. Yet not all the gullies and canyons run towards the sea: a number of them run inland and have for generations served to fill the village shallow tanks. The proposal nonetheless assumes that Auroville is in a position to catch and collect all the run-offs near the heads of all the gullies that are situated on its territory, thereby depriving the neighbouring villages of an important source of water. The proposal claims the villagers can be made to appreciate that the entire water-table will be replenished for everyone's good, contradicting one of its own assumptions that the aquifer flows seaward and away from them.

There are other assumptions implied, in essential terms as well as in technical terms.

Essentially, for instance, this proposal assumes that there is simply no other way to ensure Auroville's existence: no other option is deemed worthy of study.

Technically, this proposal also assumes that:

- a) All the existing wells that reach deeper than the higher aquifer can and will be sealed.
- b) All the side reservoirs can be built and sealed simultaneously and equipped with appropriate pumping systems connecting them to the main reservoir uphill.
- c) The main reservoir, a ring-shaped lake more than 100 metres wide and 10 metres deep, with an outer circumference of 1,800 metres, can be sealed with pre-moulded plates of clay (to be imported) in one go, and immediately filled up (how?), since the clay plates must be kept wet if they are to remain waterproof.

We are not broaching here the topics of other, social and financial, assumptions.

But we have discussed with the author of the proposal, H.K, the appropriateness of locating this main reservoir all around the Inner Gardens of the Matrimandir and thus preventing the full manifestation of the Park around them and destroying its existing parts.

Our objection in this regard is simply that it does not reflect the Mother's stated and recorded wishes, made most explicit in Her own sketch dated 1965, which shows: a vast area of large trees, as a transition from the city to its centre; a circular lake; an oval area enclosing the Matrimandir and its inner gardens.

The proposal thus ignores and dismisses the fact of all the work done during the last 30 years, which was based on that understanding and vision: a Park or Outer Gardens as an isolating zone, leading to a circular body of water that marks the passage into the inner area of the silent inner gardens around the Matrimandir.

Another area of concern was also discussed with H.K, that of the status and feasibility of desalination plants.

The Mother has spoken, as early as 1965, of this option; She is also recorded as having spoken of a vision She had of such a plant, as a kind of kidney system.

We definitely agree that a most essential task of a sensible planning for the city of Auroville is to identify the future methods of water collection, conservation and consumption. For all of Auroville's successful efforts at regenerating the land and its natural resources through erosion control and forestation will be compromised or negated if more than half of Auroville's territory is paved and built without having first designed and created new methods of harvesting the rain-water and directing its run-off, in a consciously controlled environment.

And in this task, in our opinion, Auroville must be equally concerned with the harmonious future of its neighbours and companions.

H.K, in our conversations, acknowledged that, if worse comes to worse with the growing unpredictability of climate changes, a desalination plant might anyway become necessary, if only to keep the main reservoir filled and functional.

We could only point out to him that if this was indeed the case, there was in fact no need to force such a big water-body on the immediate environment of the Matrimandir; it could then remain proportionate to the other essential features seen and described by the Mother.

In our opinion, the realistic and useful conclusion is as follows:

- 1- No further building of the city of Auroville should be done without having elaborated first a practical and comprehensive system to harvest all the rain-water and direct all the run-offs to catchment areas that will in turn contribute to replenish the higher aquifer for the entire area, inclusive of Auroville's immediate bio-region.
- 2- A number of methods recommended by H.K, either aside from or as part of his main proposal, for water conservation, pollution-free filtering plants and devices, sewage recycling, etc., ought to be integrated as a rule in any further planning.
- 3- A concerted effort ought to be made to assess the feasibility and viability of a desalination plant to be provided for the needs of Auroville and the adjacent villages."

Note: It was becoming increasingly difficult for C to make her yearly journeys to Auroville. Although she continued her work as a psychoanalyst every day – and she had long days -, her health was not as robust, and age began to tell. R too was getting weaker, and in his case it was compounded by idleness, having retired earlier, and a very obsessive nature which led him to exert heavy pulls on C's energies.

I saw that I had to resolve myself to the necessity to relieve C and to myself do the journey.

This would be the first time that I would leave Auroville and India together, after 26 years.

It was not easy for me. As a little help, I decided to try and start writing a journal again. I used French.

***Journal. Déplacements : nullité ou naissance.**

***17-9-1999, Chennai:**

Voici le commencement de notes dont j'ignore presque tout du contenu. Depuis Novembre 1973 je n'avais plus quitté l'Inde, je n'avais plus quitté Auroville. Et Bhaskar vient de me laisser à la porte de l'aéroport, une étreinte si pleine et si brève.

Il a plu sur la route.

Par le physique, un passage dimensionnel, je regarde ; rien dans la tête ; quelque reste d'anxiété, oui...

C'est un processus trop délicat : toute réflexion serait un encombrement.

Une chose m'attire, d'un point de vue énergétique : cette possibilité qui s'offre d'un quotidien « irresponsable », pour quelques semaines, et d'une certaine mesure de disponibilité.

***19-9-1999, Weymouth :**

C'est une sorte d'angoisse, que je n'ai pas éprouvée depuis beaucoup d'années.

Des perceptions d'ordre différent, les unes sur les autres.

Physiquement, c'est difficile.

J'ai froid, et l'impression qu'ici je ne pourrai jamais ne pas avoir froid, et d'être nu, exposé, très vulnérable.

Comme d'être tombé en dehors de toute harmonie.

J'ai envie de crier, ou bien de fondre en larmes, et je me tiens pour ne pas être happé par une sorte de défaite physique.

Pourtant il y a ici ces éléments qui m'avaient parfois manqué : l'océan, le vent, l'air chargé d'embruns, les fougères, la bruyère, la lumière.

Il y a quelque chose dans l'atmosphère collective de l'Angleterre (je ne crois pas que ce sera ainsi en France), quelque chose qui me frappe profondément. Une sorte de tristesse, de peine : tout est propre, tout est organisé selon la pratique d'une éthique exclusive ; une politesse qui s'avance avec persistance jusqu'à une certaine mesure de fraternité, mais s'arrête et se fige ; il y a ce sens d'un respect de chacun envers l'autre, et d'un engagement collectif pour l'honnêteté, et une proportion de confiance. Mais la frontière est juste là.

C'est comme une agglomération de solitudes.

Pas la solitude des uns parmi les autres, mais la solitude due à l'absence.

L'absence du Divin.

Quitter l'Inde - le bruit, les détritrus, la saleté, la confusion, l'insoutenable marée humaine - et déjà, à Colombo, le sens d'une organisation collective qui n'est plus contredite par le nombre : un aéroport propre, une élégance, et une jeune femme qui, vêtue d'un uniforme « service de nettoyage », douce et courageuse, vient gentiment pousser son balai serpillière autour de mon siège, dans la salle de transit, pour effacer la trace des cendres de mon beedie.

L'avion de Colombo à Londres comme une prison où s'inflige la loi de la consommation : cette musique constante, médiocre à hurler, le sourire professionnel des hôtesses.

J'ai pris un siège côté hublot, et une jeune femme cinghalaise, qui vit au Danemark, a été ma compagne de voyage. En silence, comme une tendresse s'est révélée au cours de ces heures d'inconfort partagé.

Puis, voilà. Londres. Dès que le jour s'était levé, j'avais regardé par le hublot : ces étendues de notre Terre les plus belles, au Moyen Orient, et les plateaux et les monts de l'Europe centrale... Puis, le Nord de l'Europe, la Belgique, la Manche, et l'Angleterre : des sociétés mesurées, une affluence organisée, les routes impeccables, les champs et les villes ordonnés, presque pas d'animaux, aucun désordre.

A l'aéroport je suis fouillé et interrogé par une policière aimable et franche.

Puis, un autobus ; c'est comme une autre planète, une autre civilisation ; le prix d'un trajet de 45 minutes, jusqu'à Woking, est l'équivalent d'une semaine de salaire pour un ouvrier au Matrimandir ; le conducteur est poli, l'hôtesse contrôleuse est polie, ils ne sont pas pressés et font le tour des terminaux pour récolter des passagers, ils offrent du café, du thé ; le véhicule est silencieux, la route est lisse, les sièges sont plus confortables que ceux de l'avion.

Puis, deux trains, l'un omnibus, l'autre plus rapide : à chaque petite gare un homme ou une femme en uniforme s'enquiert auprès de chacun, prévenants, avec cette triste fraternité courtoise à la fois choisie, nécessaire et sans joie.

Chaque être est distinct.

Mais tous sont inscrits dans une sorte d'identité commune donnée par la loi du travail et de la consommation ; presque tous portent ces énormes chaussures de sport qui sont à la mode ces dernières années. Beaucoup des plus jeunes écoutent leur « walkman » constamment et en tous lieux ; ceux qui sont établis dans leurs activités d'adultes ont leur téléphone portable, qu'ils utilisent fréquemment.

Je suis assis dans ces compartiments confortables, dans ces petits trains silencieux, et mes yeux brûlent du manque de sommeil, j'ai froid, mes pieds sont douloureux parce que, gonflés par le voyage en avion, ils ne rentrent plus dans ces sandales que j'ai ressorties de l'armoire avant de partir, et je vois ces mouvements normaux et quotidiens de cette société, de la naissance à la mort...

Le train doit s'arrêter quelques minutes sur la voie et l'hôtesse nous explique que ce délai est dû à une réparation locale et nous prie de bien vouloir pardonner ce retard ; un homme d'une quarantaine d'années, un peu sombre, qui lisait le journal, sort alors de son sac un téléphone portable et appelle je ne sais qui pour informer de ce retard de quelques minutes seulement : il ne me semble pas que ce soit là une nécessité de travail, mais plutôt l'expression d'un besoin d'habiter la vie quotidienne d'une importance personnelle, d'une valeur.

Enfin j'arrive à Weymouth, et marche jusqu'au bord de mer, où se trouve l'Office de Tourisme : l'océan est agité, il bruine. Le ciel est sombre, et les rafales de vent font tanguer les marcheurs sur la promenade. Les employés m'apprennent que le bateau ne partira pas à Saint-Malo demain matin (c'était hier) à cause de la tempête.

Alors il me faut trouver une chambre pour deux nuits, et je m'aperçois qu'il me faut changer tout l'argent qui me reste... De Londres à Weymouth j'ai déjà dépensé l'équivalent d'un mois de Maintenance pour un Aurovilien !

Weymouth est un petit port bien bâti, bien entretenu, qui visiblement fait ses affaires du tourisme : chaque maison du front de mer est un hôtel, affichant « comble ».

Finalement je trouve une chambre tout à fait à l'autre bout de la petite ville, dans l'une de ces maisons converties.

C'est une ville harmonieuse, aucun bâtiment n'y est vilain. Briques, ardoises et tuiles.

Toutes les automobiles semblent récentes. Pas de vélos. Un quartier central réservé aux piétons ; des boutiques de luxe.

Et le petit port à l'arrière où s'ancrent les chalutiers des pêcheurs locaux : les marques d'une vie dure, physiquement âpre.

Après plusieurs essais, la propriétaire de l'hôtel parvient à obtenir la connexion téléphonique avec C et R, et je ne suis pas capable de présenter la situation sans causer un peu d'inquiétude, parce que je suis pris par une sorte de crainte ou d'appréhension d'être bloqué dans ce monde étranger sans argent, si la tempête ne se calme pas. Alors nous décidons que, si le voyage en bateau est encore annulé ce lundi matin, il faudra qu'ils achètent de Bretagne un billet d'avion Londres Dinard, et je retournerai à Londres par le train.

Le soir, il pleut si fort que je ne peux pas sortir pour aller manger quelque chose ; la chambre est minuscule, habitée par une télévision, sans chauffage, et il y a une fuite dans le plafond.

C'est une demeure calfeutrée, tapissée de toile fleurie, avec un chauffe-eau que je ne sais pas faire marcher. La propriétaire est installée dans le salon au rez-de-chaussée avec ses deux petits enfants, devant une grande télévision.

Il y a deux portes d'entrée successives avec des verrous de sécurité ; les lumières s'allument quand on presse, en marchant, un système placé sous le tapis.

Il y a une couverture supplémentaire dans la penderie et je me couche avec deux tricotés, mon châte et toute la literie entassée, sans manger.

Ce matin je suis sorti vers 6 h 30 et j'ai marché dans le vent jusqu'à l'embarcadère, pour découvrir que le bateau allait tout de même partir, mais que je n'avais plus le temps de retourner chercher mes affaires...

Mon billet pour demain matin est confirmé.

C'est dimanche et les boutiques sont, pour la plupart, fermées.

Une paire de chaussures dans laquelle je pourrais peut-être loger mes pieds, qui n'ont connu que la liberté depuis 30 ans, coûte au moins 30 ou 40 Livres : un autre mois de Maintenance !

J'ai presque fini mon paquet de beedies, et cherche des cigarettes sans filtre : 2 Livres ! Le prix d'une tasse de café est 1 Livre, un salaire journalier.

Ici on peut trouver du travail à l'heure dans un supermarché ou un centre de « fast food » et toucher de 3 à 4 Livres, assez pour le repas le moins cher, un filet de morue avec des frites.

Le gonflement de mon annulaire droit a empiré avec les changements de pression atmosphérique et parfois j'y perds la sensation, ou bien un simple mouvement déclenche comme une décharge électrique.

J'ai besoin d'une plage de temps libre, pour me concentrer amplement, rassembler les énergies, m'orienter.

J'ai coupé mes cheveux, devant le miroir au-dessus du lavabo.

Cette année qui vient de s'écouler, j'ai lutté contre le cauchemar de cette trahison installée dans le corps, qui cause le vieillissement. Pas seulement cette année :

c'est une lutte qui vit dans ma conscience depuis beaucoup d'années. Mais cette année particulièrement, la lutte s'est située de plus en plus dans la conscience même du corps, concrètement et directement.

Je pourrais dire à la fois, et avec la même intensité : je ne veux pas vivre dans ces conditions, et : je ne veux pas de cette mort.

En venant ici je sentais comme un besoin de donner, de rayonner : qu'il fallait relier tous ces êtres à la réalité de la Présence. Non pas que je « me » sentais en mesure de le faire, ne serait-ce même que dans une proportion infime, mais plutôt que la condition de tous ces êtres évoquait le besoin d'appeler, de mettre en contact.

Puis, une fois que je me suis trouvé physiquement dans cette atmosphère et que je l'ai perçue depuis le même plan, j'ai été plus sensible à un ensemble de faits humains ; ni la pensée ni les mots correspondants ne viennent ; c'est le sentiment que toute intervention, quelle qu'elle soit, et que tout progrès de conscience même, ne peuvent qu'inévitablement produire des ruptures d'équilibre et des souffrances.

Ce matin, de retour à l'hôtel, après m'être coupé les cheveux, je suis descendu dans la salle à manger ; le propriétaire, un homme grand, un peu empâté, d'une trentaine d'années, m'a servi un petit-déjeuner ; c'est lui qui s'occupe de la cuisine, une grande pièce équipée de toutes les machines modernes à l'arrière de la maison. Même courtoisie, même assumption positive de l'honnêteté de tout être humain civilisé.

Si j'avais de meilleures chaussures, j'irais marcher et marcher.

La photo de Sri Aurobindo est sur la table de nuit.

R et C m'ont rappelé ce matin, après avoir appris que le bateau était tout de même parti. Il faut espérer qu'il n'y aura pas d'aggravation de la tempête.

Pourquoi les choses se sont-elles arrangées pour que je sois obligé de rester ici une journée entière et deux nuits ? Pour que je me repose ?

Le fait est que j'observe ce phénomène : c'est que je ne suis encore que partiellement ici, physiquement partiellement : il y a un réalignement qui est en cours, c'est une chose pénible, mais à laquelle je dois être attentif, qui peut être fructueuse.

Je ne me sens pas tout à fait protégé.

Mais il me faut être prêt et disponible pour C. Il y a du travail à faire avec elle, et aussi avec F.J et Ch.J, et peut-être Olivier, plus tard.

Je sens que C s'en veut déjà un peu de m'avoir demandé de venir et qu'elle aussi prend la mesure concrète de la difficulté que cela implique et représente dans mon expérience physique.

Au moins cette crise et cette « maladie » que j'ai traversée il y a maintenant 3 mois (un étrange « accident » énergétique, entre les centres en haut de la tête et en bas de la colonne, qui a résulté rapidement en une infection urinaire sérieuse, et m'a immobilisé quelques semaines), m'ont amené à décider de ne plus permettre à aucune forme de « désespoir » ou de « dépression » de s'emparer de la conscience physique.

Mais je ne peux pas encore surmonter cet intense dégoût que j'éprouve envers ces « lois » qui gouvernent encore nos corps. Comme le sentiment que l'on éprouve devant le fait prouvé, l'évidence de la trahison la plus vile, la plus misérable, commise par un ami.

Le monde humain a l'expérience aujourd'hui d'une menace – la menace de sa destruction, de sa faillite, d'un chaos, et d'une perte irrémédiable de sens ; c'est une menace dans la mesure où l'être physique de chacun est attaché à sa survie dans les termes qui lui sont familiers.

Dans ce monde humain, ici et là, vibre une autre expérience, une prescience de la vie qui attend, de la vie consciente ; mais pour s'y donner il faut une réalisation qui est d'un ordre encore tout à fait exceptionnel.

Un état de préparation, de réceptivité, d'égalité, d'unité DANS LE PHYSIQUE qui ne puisse plus être contredit.

Il faudrait pourtant que cette réalisation même soit assez répandue pour que la transition générale ne soit pas livrée à des forces d'autant plus violentes qu'elles n'auront plus d'autre choix que de tout miser pour continuer d'exister et de régner.

Je peux percevoir, dans ma condition présente, combien je suis loin encore de cette réalisation, qui est pourtant LA nécessité impérative.

Aujourd'hui je suis ici comme un étranger. J'ai froid.

Froid physiquement, froid humainement. Mais au moins je ne devrais pas avoir froid divinement !

Mais je ne suis pas sûr : puis-je appeler, tirer, concentrer ?

Ou faut-il endurer et attendre d'autres ajustements ?

... Le soir : le temps s'éclaircit.

C et R viennent de me rappeler ; les nouvelles météorologiques sont encourageantes, et ils sont tous les deux si anxieux de me voir enfin arriver.

Je suis resté dans la chambre à regarder la télévision ; il va falloir que j'aie manger un peu solidement...

Simplement en regardant les programmes, il y a tout un travail qui se produit ; l'interview d'un ministre du Gouvernement britannique sur les mesures élues pour combattre la pauvreté - cette solitude effrayante qui ne s'apaise que superficiellement par le pouvoir que donne l'argent de se fabriquer une image et une vie ; un film documentaire sur la situation des propriétaires terriens en Argentine ; une série sur l'existence ordinaire de gens ordinaires à East End de Londres, aujourd'hui ; un vieux film américain avec Steve Mac Queen, situé en Chine... Et je constate la densité de mes réponses émotionnelles ; il y a quelque chose là qui se manifeste en soi, qui n'est ni personnel ni impersonnel, et qui est hors de proportions avec ce qu'il me reste de besoins séparés.

***20-9-1999, Weymouth :**

Le ciel est une grande masse grise, lumineuse, et l'océan est étale ; l'air est un pointillé de bruine.

Un moment sur le petit pont aménagé dans un coin de la surface supérieure de ce curieux vaisseau, qui ressemble à un grand hôtel flottant, un cube oblong à plusieurs niveaux – et cette étendue vivante d'océan, le parfum du goémon : alors j'éprouve cette gratitude de recevoir encore cette possibilité, ce contact physique.

Humainement, je me sens comme amputé : ce n'est pas naturel, ce n'est pas normal, que mes autres corps ne soient pas dans ce moment et cet espace, que Bhaskar, Anand, Shiva, Selvam, Ramalingam et d'autres ne soient pas ici même, sur le pont, à respirer et voir à pleines goulées, percevoir, regarder, sourire, découvrir et rire.

Ce bateau, je ne sais pas comment il marche, ni même si c'est un bateau : je crois qu'il glisse. Au niveau de l'eau, il y a toutes les voitures, et au dessus, sur deux étages, il y a tous les gens, des gens partout, et des comptoirs chargés de friandises, et des machines à sous ; tout est propre, c'est comme un grand salon.

Je crois qu'on va passer par les îles de Chausey et Guernesey.

Mon organisme a toutes sortes de réponses, qui demandent une attention tranquille.

Maintenant je comprends mieux la raison ou la nécessité de ce retard, de cette journée comme ajoutée au voyage.

Ce n'est pas facile de retourner physiquement à des atmosphères quittées depuis si longtemps, tant de cycles en arrière, ou en avant...

***21-9-1999, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Attablé sous la lucarne du grand grenier, que C a fait tapisser de laie écrue et de toile orange, et meublé de paille et de bois clair, avec une baie centrale donnant sur un balcon en plein Sud, ouvert au ciel et à l'étendue des champs ; dans un vase tout près de moi, une branche de lys blancs énormes, aux pistils rouille, trois grands ouverts et quatre en boutons ; plus loin, en face du lit recouvert de laine naturelle brune et blanche, une autre grande table basse et un vase de larges roses thé tout épanouies.

Le ciel est couvert, l'air est froid, mordant, embaumé.

Un grand silence partout, dedans et dehors.

Hier, dès l'arrivée, je suis parti en vélo à travers la campagne et, sans reconnaître grand-chose, par un instinct tranquille, je me suis dirigé jusqu'à une petite chapelle qui, je l'ai compris, avait toujours dans mon enfance porté dans son atmosphère quelque chose de Toi ; dominant la pente des champs vers l'entrée immobile de l'océan dans les terres, dans le silence du ciel et des prés, cette contrée où les sons portent loin et l'écho d'une cloche peut dire toute l'attente du marin encore au large, toute la poignance de ces destins qui, de la terre à la mer et de la mer à la terre se frayaient un chemin d'humanité, doux et rude : la tendresse et l'âpreté, le poids des tâches, la force du vent, la chaleur des animaux, les giclées de l'embrun, la cousue des voiles et le crottin des chevaux et la parfum du cidre et de l'eau de vie pour réchauffer les corps transis et faire oublier la peine et le labeur sans fin.

Ce matin, c'est vers ma falaise que je me suis orienté, jusqu'à retrouver son sentier d'odeurs, d'ajoncs et de bruyère, à flanc de rocher, jusqu'à cette anfractuosité à l'abri des grands vents, face au large, où j'ai vécu tant et tant d'heures de cette contemplation qui ne savait pas encore.

C est bien rétablie, en harmonie ; R endure ces phénomènes débilissants de l'âge dans la protection de cette relation privilégiée que lui procure son attachement à elle, au-delà de tout.

Cette douceur qui s'établit toujours lorsque nous sommes trois, ensemble.

Les voisins, Madeleine et Guy, les mêmes, sensibles, le cœur vivant.

Des promenades, en voiture, à pied ; les rivières, les étangs, les bois, les collines, et ces villages tout de pierre brute, balcons fleuris, porches un peu de travers, escaliers semés de fougères et de lavande, abbayes gardées par des chênes, des palmiers, et d'incroyables cyprès – des variétés de conifères dont je n'ai peut-être jamais su les noms -, et des roses, et des aubépines.

Et les mûriers sauvages le long des sentiers, l'air est propre, la terre est propre, et les gens veulent saluer et reconnaître, sans effusion ni recul.

Ce ne sont plus comme dans mon enfance seulement les « gens d'ici » : il y a des maisons et des maisons comme une autre sorte de vie qui s'installe, ni la ville ni la vie rurale ; chacun a sa voiture, son chien, son cheval peut-être, son bateau, sa canne à pêche, sa boîte aux lettres, son téléphone et sa télévision, mais tous les habitats respectent une harmonie, un caractère commun s'y exprime, comme une autre forme de l'entité des lieux.

Chacun gagne sa vie et son droit à la vivre « bien » : un certain confort indépendant, une certaine paix, une certaine mobilité, un certain degré de relation au monde.

Je me donne cette période qui s'ouvre pour vraiment faire des progrès physiques, pour vraiment accrocher et installer une harmonie effective.

***22-9-1999, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

L'air et le vent, et le soleil : c'est ici, étrangement, que le corps aime à s'ouvrir au soleil, à sentir ses rayons comme à les boire ; notre soleil de l'Inde est trop fort, trop dominant ; le soleil d'ici se présente comme un baume.

L'océan est calme.

Je vais et viens en vélo, la falaise, les collines environnantes, les tertres – ce tertre planté d'une croix qui domine la montée de la marée dans les terres, où j'allais souvent, petit.

Ce qui a manqué à toute la chrétienté, c'est le renouveau spirituel : le renouvellement constant, en des formes toujours uniques, vivantes et rayonnantes, de l'expérience spirituelle.

Et ainsi, ce qui a manqué aux êtres, c'est de pouvoir célébrer, approcher, recevoir la présence incarnée dans sa multiplicité d'aspects et de visages.

Mon organisme ne s'est pas encore adapté – ni à la nourriture, ni aux rythmes du jour et de la nuit, ni à l'absence de tâches particulières ; mais il y a une sorte de bonheur physique, de gratitude envers cette abondance de douceurs et de beautés : les mûres dans les haies, les pâquerettes, les senteurs, la richesse de la lumière, la vivacité de l'air, le silence, la propreté.

Parfois la solitude de ces vies humaines, cet attelage à la nécessité de « faire sa vie », pèse comme une masse – quelle est la solution progressive pour l'humanité ?

Tous les trois, puis C et moi, avons longtemps marché sur la grande digue de Paramé, à marée basse, et sommes revenus sous une pluie aussi forte que soudaine.

Saint-Malo encore, à déjeuner.

Les soirées sont longues : il est plus de 20 h et le soleil se couche à peine ; mais le jour se lève tard, c'est encore l'aube à 7 h le matin. Et la lune est sur le côté !

Ce matin, téléphoné à Ch.J, puis à Paul.

***23-9-1999, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Une grande randonnée tous les trois.

Cette contrée est un trésor de beautés et d'atmosphères uniques – de petits ports tout bâtis de granite rose et gris, de grandes grèves où des rivières rejoignent la

marée montante, des bois anciens qui descendent jusqu'au sable de criques abritées, des étendues de landes sauvages, des bouquets de pins rassemblés dans le vent, et la côte de Fréhel, ses falaises comme une symphonie d'espace et de roc et d'ailes et de vent, la bruyère et l'ajonc encore doré, le genêt et la menthe, des sentiers où il faut lutter contre la bourrasque pour ne pas plonger dans un gouffre de roche orangée, les formes magiques que les vagues ont taillées dans les flancs du roc exposé, ici et là un butin de grands galets blancs lissés par tant d'âges, et le bleu et l'émeraude et le violet et le gris, des gris qui chantent l'espace et le vent. Il a plu ; puis le soleil nous a donné un grand arc-en-ciel.

Et partout, depuis mon arrivée, je ressens combien les gens en général, et les organisateurs en particulier, font l'effort de recouvrer un équilibre aimant avec la nature et l'environnement ; partout s'exprime cette volonté de réaliser une relation harmonieuse et respectueuse : les petits panneaux indiquant les sentiers, les fûts pour recueillir les déchets, l'entretien des routes, l'abondance de fleurs, le silence ; il est évident, dans l'atmosphère, que les choses ont d'abord beaucoup empiré vers le chaos et la destruction égoïste, et qu'il y a alors eu une reprise de conscience collective. C'est une chose émouvante.

C et R sont si heureux de m'introduire à tous ces lieux privilégiés qu'ils ont découverts ensemble au cours des années, et de voir et sentir combien je les apprécie.

Je voudrais montrer tout cela – non, pas montrer, mais rendre accessible – à tous les miens : qu'au moins ils puissent, de mon cœur, se trouver ici et avoir l'expérience physique de cette vivante harmonie, de cette beauté vive et paisible.

Comment faire pour que l'Inde se ressaisisse, se défasse de cette hypnose exercée par les démons de la consommation, dont le pouvoir est d'autant plus grand que l'individu est embryonnaire ?

***25-9-1999, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Ce matin longtemps C a commencé de me raconter son expérience de l'opération (elle a subi une intervention chirurgicale importante, pour retirer une tumeur cancéreuse dans le colon) et des jours qui ont suivi ; elle m'attendait pour se sentir en mesure de défricher tout cela, pour y regarder ensemble.

Plus tôt j'ai téléphoné au Matrimandir ; cela fait déjà une semaine que je suis « parti » ; Kamalam m'a répondu (Arjun était sorti vers la structure) et j'ai parlé quelques instants avec Shiva ; ces contacts téléphoniques me nouent.

Une partie de la journée à faire quelques travaux, à encaustiquer la cheminée, nettoyer un peu du jardin et, ce faisant, entrer en relation avec les formations de chacun, les zones – à propos des clôtures et des haies, du rôle du jardinier qui vient deux fois l'an, des voisins, du notaire, du chemin communal.

Cela nous a conduits à parler, à la demande de C, de toutes les dispositions nécessaires à la mort de l'un ou de l'autre. Il y a de l'humour, de la tendresse, une volonté de clarté tranquille et le sens de ce qui est vraiment utile et fructueux pour chacun.

Une autre ballade dans la région. Un long moment au soleil.

Et le soir C et moi sommes allés écouter, dans l'abbaye restaurée d'un adorable petit village juché sur une colline au-dessus de la mer, tout de pierres moussues et de lumière, un récital de guitare celtique : un homme nostalgique souffrant de sa

solitude, un virtuose remarquable, qui a joué non seulement de deux guitares mais de la somptueuse harpe celtique et du tympanon. Une atmosphère doucement chaleureuse.

Et j'éprouve partout cette émotion devant, ou en présence de, la solitude de chacun : cette solitude qui provient de la croyance que seuls les autres peuvent la combler et de la douleur qu'ils ne la combleront pas, alors qu'il suffirait que chacun se tourne un peu, tourne « l'aiguille de la conscience » - la déplace un petit peu -, pour recevoir et s'ouvrir à l'expérience du divin.

L'organisme commence à s'adapter et le corps à jouir de cette légèreté - de l'absence de la pesanteur et de l'accablement causés par la chaleur permanente, de ce poids sur les énergies physiques qui, dans une certaine mesure, les trahit.

Ce matin, six des grands lys blancs sont épanouis dans le vase ; il ne reste qu'un bouton à éclore.

***27-9-1999, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Il bruine ; je viens de terminer une séance d'asanas, devant la porte ouverte du balcon, dans ce grand grenier aménagé qui est bien doux comme un nid.

Aujourd'hui nous avons fait une grande randonnée, au Mont Saint Michel et à la Pointe du Groin - le vent, la marée, les pierres, le parfum des cierges, le silence des cloîtres, l'archange Michel qui vainc le dragon.

Nous sommes bien ensemble, tous les trois, comme toujours.

Je récolte un peu : des cartes, et des galets.

Avec C, ces deux derniers jours, nous sommes allés voir deux films à Dinard, deux études magistrales, remarquables de talent et de transmission ; l'un sur l'amour qui lia Georges Sand et Alfred de Musset, cet amour comme un séisme insoluble, habité d'un besoin d'honnêteté et de complétude ; et l'autre, le dernier de Kubrick avant sa mort toute récente, un portrait lucide et très respectueux de l'enjeu qui se joue dans l'humanité contemporaine des Etats-Unis.

Dans un coffre ici j'ai retrouvé l'ensemble des lettres que m'avait envoyées Nata lorsqu'il était mon intermédiaire auprès de Toi, dans ma période d' « exil ».

J'ai du mal à comprendre, à me souvenir même, de ce qui m'arrivait alors ; ou bien, comme je n'ai pas les copies de mes propres lettres auxquelles Nata répondait, je suis troublé par les contradictions qu'elles semblent refléter.

Dans mes promenades seul, ici, surtout à « ma » falaise, j'ai été rassuré : un alignement se produit, m'est donné, avec la pression de la Grâce.

***29-9-1999, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Une autre randonnée sur les falaises et les grèves de Fréhel ; dans une crique, une double anfractuosité au pied du roc sculpté par la mer, déposée dans le silence des vagues comme par le grand artisan lui-même, une blancheur puissante de pierres polies et arrondie par l'action incessante dans le temps, formes pleines, une fécondation sereine : perlés, rosés, violines, pâles, habités de vert, des sphères et des oblongues et des oeufs de toutes tailles et ensemble ; et, de l'autre côté d'une ligne à peine visible, une frange de rocher ancrée, un autre groupe : à peine équarries, les roches attendent, encore brutes, la persistance toujours renouvelée de l'ouvrier imperturbable.

Ce matin, avec Madeleine, l'entretien de la maison.

Hier, deux appels téléphoniques qui m'indiquent un peu de la teneur des jours à venir : l'un de G.F qui souhaite vraiment qu'on se revoie, et m'a donné son adresse près de Fontainebleau ; et l'autre de Ch.J : Francis doit probablement subir une opération du cœur, le plus vite possible semble-t-il, mais il est catégorique dans sa décision de passer d'abord quelques temps avec moi ; ils ont donc pris rendez-vous à l'hôpital de la Pitié à Paris pour le 2 Novembre et souhaitent que je vienne les rejoindre dès le 7 ou 8 Octobre.

Je ne peux pas définir l'état de suspension dans lequel je me trouve : à la fois comme une extension ou presque une émanation – mais c'est avec le corps -, comme un membre étendu jusqu'à un certain point visé, et solidaire, là, de toutes les parties ; et comme une action de présence, pour C, et pour C et R ensemble. Je m'étais beaucoup demandé, sans y penser, comment je ressentirais l'existence physique de tous ces corps de l'amour qui peuplent ma vie à Auroville, avec la distance matérielle et la submersion dans un contexte, un climat et des circonstances si autres, si différents ; en fait, je ne sais pas encore : c'est comme un choc amorti, un blanc, une sorte d'anesthésie provisoire ; mais, curieusement, c'est Bhaskar qui est le plus aigu, et Selvam le plus dense.

***2-10-1999, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Deux semaines déjà depuis mon départ.

J'ai essayé de téléphoner au Matrimandir ce matin ; j'avais oublié qu'aujourd'hui est la fête de Gandhi ; il n'y avait personne au bureau.

Dans deux jours nous allons à Paris, et j'en éprouve un peu d'appréhension ; puis je descendrai dans le Sud rejoindre Ch.J et F.J.

Les deux derniers jours se sont écoulés en randonnées ; c'est la meilleure saison pour s'ouvrir à toute la beauté d'ici : les grandes marées, le vent, la pluie et le soleil, une constante mouvance de l'air et de la lumière.

Et des heures à travailler dans le jardin, et briquer la maison ; ce lieu est réellement, grâce à la fidélité et l'amour imperturbablement orientés de C, une extension de « Sincérité », et tous les miens s'y trouveraient bien.

Hier, une rencontre avec le notaire : et tout semble se simplifier, et chacun est soulagé.

J'observe silencieusement ce qui se passe en « moi », attentivement. Il faut que tout cela aide le corps à s'aligner sur les forces nécessaires et à s'unifier autour du chemin en avant.

***4-10-1999, Auroville :**

La tempête dans la nuit, et dans ce grand grenier je suis comme dans un nid.

Ce matin, téléphoné au Matrimandir : Siva, Arjun, A, John H, Barbara ; ils m'assurent que tout le monde est bien ; et de l'argent est arrivé pour les Jardins.

Puis, G.M m'a appelé depuis Bangui, en Centre Afrique ; il va essayer de revenir en France avant mon retour en Inde, pour que nous ayons au moins une journée ensemble, après beaucoup d'années.

Demain nous quittons les Prévôts pour Paris ; c'est la plongée dans un monde où je ne serai qu'un visiteur passager.

Hier, un long moment seul avec C ; nous sommes allés nous attabler dans un petit café donnant sur le port de Dinard, pour parler de son expérience de l'opération, de

l'anesthésie, de la convalescence et, à travers cela, du mental physique, de l'unification, du rôle du corps.

***6-10-1999, Paris, Hôtel du Progrès :**

Il y a des arbres devant ma fenêtre, de l'autre côté de la rue Gay-Lussac ; chambre avec balcon, douches et toilettes à l'étage ; le plancher craque et ploie sous le tapis élimé, le chauffage ne marche pas ; le monsieur propriétaire, ou gérant, m'a demandé de payer d'avance, 230 FF la nuit.

C'est après avoir sillonné en vain tout le quartier que j'ai trouvé cette caricature de l'anonymat, tout près de la rue du Val de Grâce où Tu as vécu, au fond de cette cour jardin dont l'espace paraît encore intact.

Mes rêves cette nuit ont été pénibles.

Ici, dans Paris, est peut-être la seconde partie de ce qui m'avait manqué : les êtres, la diversité des êtres, et leur nombre, qui permet les rencontres gratuites, souvent plus humaines, plus profondément et simplement et vraiment humaines que la plupart des rapports qui s'installent dans la vie ; rencontres physiques aussi.

La première partie, je l'ai trouvée au centuple, avec toute l'harmonie souhaitable : la mer, le vent, l'espace, la lumière, les rochers, l'air nourri d'embruns et de goémon, la mer, la mer, et la chaleur ample d'un nid qui ne prend pas mais se donne.

Le voyage en voiture a été très tranquille et simple. Ce n'est qu'en arrivant aux abords de Paris que j'ai ressenti la tension ambiante ; je n'ai reconnu ni les avenues ni les rues ; j'ai reconnu l'appartement de C et R, mais pas personnellement, et il y a encore plus de lumière par les grandes baies de l'atelier, car un immeuble entier a été démoli juste en face et c'est un grand courant de ciel qui domine. Et R, plutôt que d'allumer la télévision comme il le ferait normalement, a joué le disque de la Gîta.

***8-10-1999, Hôtel du Progrès :**

Marcher dans la ville, marcher, des heures et des heures de marche, et les pieds endoloris, et il me faut percer une à une les ampoules qui se forment, ces pieds qui sont un organe de perception pour moi, et que voilà enfermés !

J'absorbe, je reçois, j'éprouve, je vois, et je ne saurais rien dire.

Il y a dans beaucoup de regards un besoin de contact, une tendresse sans illusion : pas dans la surface du regard, qui est prévenue, ou neutre, avertie, ou parfois défensive ou prête à la riposte, mais dans le fond du regard, quelque chose qui survit à tout ce nivellement colossal, à toute cette affluence qui prétend récupérer même la misère.

Je découvre des traits et des lieux comme pour la toute première fois : vraiment je ne les ai jamais vus ; et pourtant je sais historiquement les avoir connus, dans ce corps et dans cette vie ; mais je ne reconnais pas ces lieux qui, historiquement, et même émotionnellement, m'ont été pourtant familiers.

Avec C, un très beau film, comme un appel incantatoire, très sobre : « Rosetta » ; et, avec C et R, de bons moments dans leur appartement ou bien, comme cet après-midi, à se promener ensemble, doucement. C a repris ce matin son travail, et son rythme d'ici.

Mes corps, mes cœurs me manquent ; ce n'est pas normal qu'ils ne soient pas avec moi, ici, ne partagent pas cette expérience.

***9-10-1999, Hôtel du Progrès :**

Téléphoné au Matrimandir ce matin ; Arjun, puis Selvam ; j'apprends que Shiva est malade, bronchite et typhoïde.

Hier a été une journée forte, que je n'ai pas encore bien assimilée ; deux êtres vrais, que je n'avais pas vus depuis plus de trente ans, mais avec qui, chacun très différemment, un contact réel et solide a toujours continué de vivre et de croître : Paul, deux heures à déjeuner, mon adorable Paul, si direct et peu encombré, dont la figure ronde et ridée est devenue presque asiatique à 83 ans d'âge ; et G.F, que son amour et sa lucidité ont gardé en vie, après et malgré tant de dérives, de vadrouilles, de déboires et de douleurs et de voyages et de rencontres. G.F, que j'ai finalement retrouvé dans ce village au large de Montereau, après m'être magistralement perdu entre les banlieues qui n'en finissent plus et les autoroutes dont je ne connais pas les numéros ; G.F qui, étrangement, par cette intuition sûre que donne l'amour qui a survécu au temps et aux épreuves, a su, entre les récits de mille anecdotes de la vie mondaine et politique ici et là, souligner sans errer les termes de ce moment de transition où je me trouve et la nécessité de publier mon livre.

Dans deux jours je descendrai seul dans le Sud retrouver F.J, Ch.J, Olivier, et ne reviendrai probablement que début Novembre à Paris ; j'ai ce besoin de rencontrer de la tendresse physique gratuite, sans inhibition ni interdits, libre de tous ces poids et toutes ces ombres qui pèsent sur la petite société d'Auroville – mais il faut que cela se présente harmonieusement et à son propre rythme.

***11-10-1999, Auroville, Estuaire de la Gironde :**

Ocre, grise et bleue sous un soleil feutré par une onde pommelée de nuées, une vaste étendue d'eau calme.

Le bac où j'ai rangé la voiture s'éloigne de La Blaye, avec son immense citadelle.

Des forêts de part et d'autre de l'estuaire, une île à mi-chemin.

Le repos du soleil. Je n'ai plus froid cet après-midi.

Roulé presque sans arrêt depuis 9 h ce matin ; d'abord je me suis encore perdu dans la banlieue et je n'ai trouvé la bonne sortie que vers 10 h ; de la pluie battante jusqu'à Orléans ; puis, peu à peu, le soleil, les bois ; et, depuis Saintes, les landes, les belles landes qui sentent bon.

Encore peut-être une heure de route pour retrouver Ch.J et F.J, sur le bassin d'Arcachon, tout près de l'océan.

***14-12-1999, Auroville, « Sincérité » :**

Pourquoi ai je renoncé à prendre des notes à mesure que l'expérience se développait ?

Je ne suis pas sûr de bien le comprendre.

Il y avait à la fois un sens de futilité, et le souhait ou le besoin d'être complètement disponible et donnée à l'ensemble de perceptions qui se manifestaient à chaque contact et chaque instant.

J'ai vécu une grâce, j'ai vécu avec la Grâce, et chacun de ceux avec qui je me suis trouvé en relation a éprouvé cette Grâce.

Pour quoi ? Vers quoi ? Je n'en sais rien.

Je me suis trouvé sur l'autre versant d'une situation essentiellement privilégiée, que les données « karmiques » ne suffisent pas à expliquer.

Là, dans l'atmosphère de cette France d'aujourd'hui, j'ai compris et éprouvé concrètement le sens même, et le fait intérieur, d'une expérience qui m'avait semblé jusque là ne pouvoir appartenir qu'à Toi : celle de cette prière, de ce mouvement de conscience que Tu décrivis au début du siècle lorsque, depuis la ville où Tu habitais physiquement, Ton cœur s'élargissait pour accueillir et soulager la multitude des êtres.

Dans son ampleur et sa puissance et sa pureté certes, cette expérience ne peut être que la Tienne. Mais j'ai vécu tangiblement, à mon petit degré et à ma place, identique toutefois dans son essence, ce mouvement de conscience et d'être qui embrasse et connaît et comprend et aime à la fois tous les êtres quels qu'ils soient. Aucun sens de supériorité ne s'y trouve : bien plutôt c'est une vérité qui participe à la fois de la fraternité, la tendresse, la responsabilité, et la divinité de tout. C'est la présence de l'UN – de l'unique Habitant.

Je peux distinguer des périodes à mon séjour, que je tenterai peut-être, maintenant que je suis de retour, de retracer.

Mais il n'y aura probablement pas d'ordre logique à cette distillation ; car l'incident ou l'anecdote n'ont que peu compté en regard des courants de perception et d'émotion qui se sont mobilisés, à des rythmes souvent surprenants.

Et en fait, l'anecdote s'est trouvée constamment sous le contrôle de la Protection, qui a tout orienté selon sa propre volonté positive.

« Je » se composait de deux niveaux ou réalités. L'une, celle de ce qui est effectivement réalisé, unifié, ce qui existe vraiment, et qui s'est révélée dans l'éloignement physique et énergétique du laboratoire d'Auroville ; et l'autre, celle de mon bagage personnel encore relativement complexe et tourmenté, bien que maintenu dans une paix active – ces besoins et ces désirs et ces aspirations clairement distincts, à la fois par leurs origines respectives et leurs activités.

Ce bagage personnel - commençons par le plus lourd et le plus lié (la morale dirait « le plus bas ») : le désir d'une sensualité et d'une sexualité contentes, d'une célébration de tendresse avec les moyens du bord, c'est-à-dire en acceptant, sans en devenir l'objet abruti, l'énergie sexuelle et en y versant un peu de fraternité.

Près de 30 années d'Auroville, d'une sécheresse qui n'est qu'exceptionnellement et partiellement convertie et n'offre dans l'ensemble qu'une résistance masquée à l'avènement d'une liberté où pourrait enfin se goûter le nectar d'une intimité physique consciente émanant de l'unité ; d'une pauvreté d'harmonie, d'une pénurie des sens, accablée par des conditions matérielles plus brutales qu'intenses ; d'une aridité toute pétrie de désapprobation morale et « spirituelle » ; près de 30 années, donc, d'un climat de négation laborieuse et d'inhibition physique et psychologique et d'une sourde et stérile violence sous la chape environnante d'une hypocrisie collective dont le système de valeurs exclut sans recours la nature même qui est mienne depuis ma petite enfance ; près de 30 années, enfin, d'une expérience sociale où les femmes sont soit gouvernées jusque dans leur chair par un modèle culturel tyrannique qui leur interdit toute indépendance et toute recherche de plénitude, soit confrontées à un idéal qui leur apparaît instinctivement si contraire à la joie et l'harmonie qu'elles croient devoir rejeter tout ce qui pourrait être interprété comme une attitude de séduction ; où il est inacceptable, sinon inconcevable, que des hommes puissent se désirer mutuellement et souhaiter vivre

l'amitié avec leur corps et leur sexe ; et où, comble cumulatif et simultané de tous les torts et de tous les signes d'adversité et de danger, le fait même d'être si profondément bisexuel que je le suis représente tous les spectres réunis d'un passé évolutif dont il faut pouvoir prétendre se vouloir « sincèrement » libéré pour entrer dans les grâces d'un nouveau Jéhovah dont le glaive blanchi pourfend impitoyable toute lourdeur grossière et rejette à la fange évolutive tout ce qui n'a pas choisi, le sourire aux lèvres et la main sur le cœur, de rejoindre les rangs glorieux de ceux qui ne veulent plus rien pour eux-mêmes et ne veulent plus ensemble que le Bien ultime d'être tous le Même ; près de 30 années ainsi d'une progression trop souvent stérile parmi des données de laboratoire, des symptômes échantillonnaires, une cohue microcosmique, sinon microscopique, de jugements et de formations au service plus passif que volontaire d'une ombre dernière qui change notre aspiration en ambition et notre besoin de présence en volonté de reproduire et d'imiter ; près de 30 années finalement d'un manque qui ne semblait guère s'approcher d'une conversion effective et d'une création nouvelle, me laissaient là, aux abords d'une société plus multiple et plus anonyme, avec une envie tenace...

L'envie de donner un peu de tendresse à quelqu'un ou quelqu'une qui l'apprécierait sans réserves, pour qui ce serait peut-être un baume, dans cet univers froid et calculateur de consommation et d'échange.

Mais il y avait, sans effort ni contrainte, uni à cette envie, le souhait très simple et très clair de ne causer de peine à personne, de ne générer aucun attachement douloureux, de ne déranger aucune existence, car je ne pouvais être que de passage : je ne voulais rien prendre.

Ainsi je me serais plutôt tourné vers des prostitués, hommes ou femmes dont l'expérience de vie a déjà percé l'illusion sous-jacente à la plupart des relations humaines.

Et des prostituées j'en ai vues ! - mais j'ai été comme empêché, avec fermeté et humour, de trouver les prostitués hommes : des femmes-splendeurs, des femmes somptueuses, des créatures physiques bouleversantes ; des mécaniques de femmes tristes et défaites et usées, aussi ; mais des corps pleins de sève, des trouvailles d'harmonie, des perfections si vulnérables de beauté et de rythme, des élans de femme, des déclarations de femme, des chants de femme, des cris de femme, des offrandes de femme, des forces de femme.

Jusqu'à ce soir vers la fin de mon séjour où, la nuit tombée, j'ai traversé en voiture, seul au volant, le Bois de Boulogne obscur : il faisait à peine 2° au-dessus de 0 et là, au bord d'une allée encore éclairée de lampadaires, se détachant à peine de l'ombre massive de la forêt - croyant à peine ce dont mes yeux pourtant témoignaient, saisi par une sorte de douleur qui prie et admire et vénère et chérit à la fois - j'ai vu s'avancer au-devant des automobiles, péremptoires et fortes, prévenues et courageuses, ouvrant grand leurs manteaux de fourrure, ces prodiges de femme, le sexe nu, la taille à peine enveloppée de transparence, les seins à peine soutenus, les jambes gainées, les yeux figés dans une expression voulue, maintenue : sans frémir dans l'air glacé ces êtres, ces personnes, ces vérités vivantes, dont les corps de femme rassemblaient pour quelques années de fidélité matérielle les supports de tous les fantasmes et de tous les rêves, sculptures de chair prêtes à s'ouvrir pour survivre, selon les codes et règlements du contrat social.

Alors j'ai traversé la ville vers mon logis temporaire et j'étais, seul et inconnu d'elles, comme tout entier un hommage, tout d'affection et de respect, comme un cœur qui voulait les contenir au sein de l'éternité.

Cet acte, le geste de ces femmes, me touchait entièrement ; c'était pour moi, dans ma conscience, aussi vrai, aussi important et aussi nécessaire sinon plus que l'est

peut-être l'affection directe d'une mère Térésa soulageant le corps démuné et pustulant d'un paria mourant à Calcutta.

Il n'y avait pas de différence. Le même réalisme générait le même courage, la même lucidité et la même dignité.

Oui, j'aurais aimé donner à l'une de ces femmes une nuit entière de repos et de tendresse, et déposer là mon offrande : à elle, droite dans l'encoignure d'une porte cochère rue Saint Denis, plus blonde et plus parfaite que ces actrices tant célébrées, parce que plus exactement sûre de ce degré de la perfection dont elle est l'héritière provisoire ; à elle, improbable harmonie de formidable volupté, les traits de la Chine, la stature d'une reine africaine à la bruneur rougeoyante, cet appel sans histoire, cette invite aussi ancienne que la terre...

Je ne l'ai pas fait.

D'abord, je n'avais sûrement pas la somme nécessaire ; puis peut-être que pour le faire, pour décider de le faire et se mobiliser dans l'acte, dans le premier acte déterminant, le premier geste qui enclenche, il faut être resté encore un peu plus égoïste que je ne le suis devenu ; ou bien ce serait peut-être une tromperie plus grande, et une trahison, puisque je ne partage pas en fait ce destin collectif à l'intérieur duquel ces femmes ont dû faire leur choix de vie.

Et l'un de ces soirs où je marchais des heures, c'est au bout de la rue, ayant passé toutes les portes et toutes les allées où résonnaient leurs talons aiguilles et les mares d'ombres où se mêlaient en silence les silhouettes nonchalantes des souteneurs et des veilleurs et celles, hésitantes, fuyantes, intimidées, durcies ou réduites des hommes en quête, que j'ai remis un peu d'argent, là dans les mains d'une clocharde assise, au visage carré par l'alcool et la maladie, épaissie dans ses manteaux mités, qui ne me demandait pourtant qu'une cigarette.

Chaque jour dans la ville je marchais.

Des heures je marchais.

Vite, contre le froid ; plus rythmiquement, dès que j'étais réchauffé ; dans tous les sens, d'un bout à l'autre et d'un quartier à l'autre, d'une atmosphère et d'un milieu à l'autre, comme des états distincts de la multiplicité humaine distancés par autant de frontières subtiles.

Partout, puissamment, la mainmise sur le pouvoir de l'argent, et les déterminismes générés par cette emprise.

Mais là où les foules sont les plus denses et les plus hétéroclites, là où les races sont le plus mêlées et livrées ensemble au quotidien, c'est là que survit le mieux l'humanité vraie, celle qu'aucune force exclusive ne pourra corrompre, celle qu'habite une victoire permanente, la plus simple et la plus endurente des victoires, aussi vieille que le monde et aussi neuve que le bourgeon qui éclot.

Ce qui m'a touché plus que tout, c'est, au fond des regards, derrière toutes les gardes apprises ou acquises, tous les stratagèmes de la débrouille terrestre, ce sourire et cette tendresse qui vibre instantanément, grosse d'un tel savoir qui ne se dit pas, ne se pense pas, ne se regarde pas, qui est.

La seule évidence.

C'est l'oiseau de feu qui invincible toujours renaît.

Cela que rien ne peut défaire et que tout contribue à nourrir, la finalité qui emportera tout, et l'unique issue de l'asphyxie.

C'est là que se grave la vraie histoire ; c'est par là que s'incarne l'évolution.

Celle qui compte ; pas celle de nos instruments qui se perfectionnent d'heure en heure et nous réduisent aux fins d'une insatiable possession ; mais celle d'un être direct et conscient, sans plus ni moins, sans dehors ni dedans, sans moi ni l'autre,

sans bien ni mal, un noyau d'infinie douceur à travers tout, comme le chariot minuscule, inestimé, d'une souveraineté qui se prépare.

Par la part, considérable, qu'a jouée la bisexualité dans ma vie, et depuis le degré d'aliénation dans lequel elle m'a plongé, j'étais anxieux d'être mis en présence de signes tangibles d'une ouverture collective qui n'avait pu manquer de se produire, si je me fiais aux messages véhiculés par la presse et la littérature contemporaines, fruits d'un progrès de la morale et de la tolérance du groupe et d'une acceptation généralisée, en Occident du moins, de l'identité active en chacun du sexe opposé ; je me fiais à une sorte de moyenne de toutes les analyses et de tous les témoignages que j'avais lus au fil des ans : l'évolution des mentalités, le droit à la différence, et toute cette terminologie qui ne pouvait - me semblait-il depuis mon isolement dans une société qui méprise, ignore, rejette ou condamne ces données comme autant de perversions d'un obstacle qu'il faut de toutes manières et en bloc éliminer, la sexualité tout entière sommée de disparaître, par la négation, l'arraché, la déperdition ou l'usure -, qui ne pouvait donc, me semblait-il dans mon propre manque d'une liberté partagée d'expression, que refléter dans ce domaine au moins les avantages d'une société multi raciale et multi culturelle brassée sans alternative et dans toute sa diversité par les forces et les membres d'une entreprise dominée par le matérialisme : une société qui se devait de reconnaître les droits de chacun de ses membres pour mieux les absorber dans son mouvement de conquête et sa poursuite invétérée d'une plénitude instrumentale.

Et j'avais bien sûr, pour substantifier cette croyance et lui donner une réalité émotionnelle, mes propres souvenirs d'une adolescence peu soucieuse de la morale et de rencontres qui m'apparaissaient toujours plus libres et gratuites avec le recul du temps ; la nostalgie et l'espoir se rejoignant avec, pour les porter ensemble, tout le travail d'élagage et de défrichage que j'avais subi.

Bien sûr, je savais aussi que le cataclysme du sida, émotionnel et physique, avait inévitablement produit une quantité d'effets, réactionnaires pour une grande part, que je n'aurais pu, à distance, mesurer.

Ce qui s'est passé en fait, c'est que je me suis trouvé là comme une sorte de martien.

Tous les sentiers étaient minés, chargés d'un historique réducteur que je ne pouvais que deviner, tissés de codes et de modes d'identification vibratoires envers lesquels j'étais perçu, sinon comme suspect, du moins comme étranger.

Ce sont des clans, des ghettos, des codes de conduite ou de comportement, des gestuelles élaborées, des acquis culturels que j'ai trouvés - pas des êtres dont l'identité se serait libérée en avant et harmonieusement, mais les membres d'un groupement de plus.

Oui, dans la foule au hasard des pas et des regards, ou dans les lieux les plus anodins, une densité disponible et offerte, l'immédiateté d'une amitié, à la fois nue et exigeante, une nouvelle sorte d'intégrité qui s'accepte et se construit ; des instants, ici et là, de rencontre qui sourit vraiment et sans réserve, qui se donne dans un silence plein de tous les gestes et de la somme réelle de cela qui pourrait être.

***20-12-1999, Auroville, Matrimandir :**

Avec le passage des jours et des nuits dans la trame renouvelée de ce quotidien absorbant dont ce voyage m'avait extrait, la netteté et la précision de l'expérience s'estompe et son acquis se rassemble et se convertit en une capacité, que

mesurent l'instant et la moindre circonstance, d'être simplement un peu, un tout petit peu plus conscient.

Je serais ainsi tenté de renoncer à formuler d'aucune manière instrumentale ce que j'ai perçu alors et éprouvé ; mais il me semble avoir rencontré objectivement, avoir été mis en présence d'un fait réel, important, dont j'aimerais pouvoir ne serait-ce que très partiellement témoigner.

Les pressions qui jouent sur la Terre sont trop immenses et trop formidables pour une humanité seulement mentalisée.

Cette humanité-là n'est plus viable. Elle est invivable, infernale. Condamnée à l'explosion, au chaos, à la destruction, ou à la possession totalitaire, exclusive et réductrice.

Il vaudrait mieux, si la joie de la création doit subsister, qu'elle soit réabsorbée par le règne animal, dont l'harmonie est plus certaine.

Miser sur l'émergence immédiate d'une humanité spiritualisée semble relever, en regard de l'urgence terrestre, d'une gageure infantile ou du luxe précaire de conversations de salon.

Car, dans l'ensemble, que savons-nous de la vie spirituelle ?

Nous la confondons le plus souvent avec des principes de morale ou d'éthique, ou nous la situons dans l'espace ambigu, indéterminé qui succède à une cessation de la pensée ; ou bien encore nous l'assimilons à quelque pratique thérapeutique exotique ou quelque maniement obscur de phénomènes occultes.

Mais en vérité ne savent quoi que ce soit de la vie spirituelle que ceux qui sont réellement nés à l'esprit, concrètement et irréversiblement ; rares sont-ils, et plus rares encore sont, parmi eux, ceux qui se trouvent associés à une œuvre d'expression qui les démarque visiblement du reste de l'humanité.

C'est autre chose qui commence à être, qui existe déjà.

Autre chose, qu'aucun « mouvement » ne pourra enfermer, qui se déjoue de toutes les appellations, qui ne se plie à aucun éventail de vertus – qu'elles soient chrétiennes, bouddhistes, athéistes ou communistes ou humanitaires ; autre chose, libre de l'autorité de la corruption, du sentiment comme de la loi, des idéaux et des intérêts, des drapeaux et des dogmes.

Autre chose, qui porte sa propre émotion et son propre discernement, son propre regard et sa propre loi de reconnaissance, son propre rythme et sa propre respiration.

Il y a plusieurs millénaires les Rishis des temps Védiques invoquaient déjà, de la flamme de leur prière orientée, cet être profond dont ils définissaient l'existence par trois mots : Satyam, Ritam, Brihàt – le Vrai, le Droit, le Vaste.

Cette conscience, qu'abrite secrètement notre humanité, grandit invisible, imperçue mais invincible, car en elle sont unis notre origine et notre but et le sens même de notre trajectoire.

Quand j'ai quitté l'Inde cette fois-ci et que l'avion survolait et franchissait cette distance géographique qui m'avait si longtemps séparé de l'Europe, je regardais par le hublot ces étendues de la Terre – l'avion se dirigeait dans le même sens que le soleil, un soleil levant qui dura ainsi des milliers de kilomètres depuis les monts ocre et chargés de silence du Moyen Orient à travers ceux du Caucase, roux et bronzes verdés semés de lacs solitaires, jusqu'aux chaînes vigoureuses des Alpes, la Terre était encore couverte de mystère, de ce mystère qui évoque dans le cœur et le corps une vénération.

Puis les versants des montagnes, les vallées, les coteaux des collines et les plaines s'organisaient de plus en plus en une mosaïque de parcelles où aucun espace ne demeurait vierge.

***21-12-1999, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui, après une pluie matinale, il a bruiné pendant des heures, l'une de ces bruines de fin de mousson qui rappellent justement ces climats tempérés de l'Europe – mais l'air est généralement si humide ici, si constamment humide, que le corps a froid alors qu'il fait encore plus de 20° - et le souvenir de ces froids secs des jours d'automne, où les mêmes vêtements pourtant me suffisaient alors qu'il ne faisait que 7 ou 8°, devient comme un songe.

La conséquence la plus remarquable de cette altérité climatique est une considérable différence de préhension de l'énergie physique ; et il me semble que la proportion entre l'eau du corps et l'eau de l'air est très déterminante de la qualité de cette énergie : ici, il faut à tout instant tirer ou pousser pour obtenir un flot à peu près égal de l'énergie physique, et se hisser au-delà d'une tendance à l'inertie, tout en se gardant de toute perte de mesure, de toute amplification et de tout extrême ; alors que dans ces contrées plus clémentes de l'Europe et de l'Occident, l'énergie est immédiate, immédiatement disponible.

Quand l'avion avait commencé sa descente et que les champs, les routes, les rivières, les ponts, les bourgs et les petites villes devenaient plus distincts, le corps sentait déjà que la fraîcheur climatisée de la cabine cessait d'être le contraste habituel – que cette fraîcheur était aussi une préparation au froid.

Alors que se précisaient sur les rubans des routes les véhicules bien propres et que l'agencement des lieux exhalait sa propre logique, c'est un autre froid qui émanait : le froid d'un ordre exclusif, d'un ordre qui anéantit le désordre ou le juggle si bien qu'il s'enfouit, se cache ou se retourne.

La netteté, la propreté et l'ordre.

Et le froid.

Je ne me souviens pas de l'aéroport de Londres ; je m'étais attendu à un nuage de pollution : il n'y en avait pas. Presque pas de bruit non plus : les machines, les transports, les gens, tous les sons étaient feutrés, contenus, ordonnés aussi.

Des matériaux et des espaces harmonieux, d'une luminosité entretenue, étudiée, de confort pour tous : une élégance mesurée.

Au passage des Douanes, une officière m'a demandé d'ouvrir mon sac et mon premier dialogue s'est engagé – courtois, amical et franc, avec un brin d'humour : la décision d'ouvrir mon sac n'était pas due à mon apparence ; il s'agissait d'un exercice surprise comme son équipe avait l'ordre d'en faire de temps à autre à l'arrivée de certains vols, et le mien venait de Colombo (=terrorisme). Questions et réponses changèrent de caractère et une autre sorte d'intérêt ne tarda pas à se manifester à mesure qu'elle s'apercevait de la différence : que je venais d'une tout autre expérience. Un premier échange, sans profondeur particulière, mais simple et droit.

Puis, voilà : j'étais « libre », j'avais « atterri ».

Et depuis cet instant jusqu'à mon retour ici on ne m'a plus une fois posé de questions, plus une fois demandé mes papiers - ni à l'arrivée en France, ni à l'hôtel, ni dans la rue, ni sur les routes.

Et j'étais largué dans le froid.

Comme j'ai eu froid ces premières heures, ces premiers jours ; froid de corps et froid de cœur : la solitude de chacun, cette courtoisie qui rend la vie supportable, qui civilise l'absence.

***22-12-1999, Auroville :**

Comme ces premières images sont frappantes. Des individus, comme exactement dessinés, reliés par une politesse délibérée, serviables, dont la fraternité est précisément mesurée, et si profondément seuls.

Des solitudes reliées par un contrat d'humanité qu'il faut bien rendre au moins tolérable, comme si chacun portait sa niche sur son dos – distincte et poliment démarquée, essentielle dans un monde sans merci.

Et partout, comme en bloc, l'absence : une absence incompréhensible, comme une erreur énorme devenue réalité.

Ces petites gares impeccables, ces rangées de maisonnettes propres, ces autobus luxueux presque silencieux et aux trois quarts vides, la gentillesse exacte comme une monnaie bien comptée des hôtesses et des chauffeurs et des gardiens et des guichetiers, et l'instrumentation de la vie qui, comme en un jeu de miroirs, se répète identique à chaque reflet ajouté, et cet objet qu'on investit maintenant d'une proximité recouverte, le téléphone portable : la bouée de secours dans la marée de l'anonymat dévorant qui dicte à tous et chacun les lois, les règles et les valeurs d'un quotidien rongé par l'absence.

L'absence, comme un couvercle tiré, un ciel trop bas, plombé.

J'étais comme abasourdi, effaré par le pouvoir de l'argent, son absoluté ; parachuté là brutalement, je ne pouvais m'empêcher de comparer ce qu'on appelle délicatement « le coût de la vie », là d'où je venais, comme de l'autre côté de l'air dans ce grand chaos irrésistible et chaud de vie, de mort, de pourriture et de naissance où mes corps triment et sourient et dorment et endurent et débordent et dansent et s'appellent et se trouvent et se trompent et se mêlent et s'abîment et recommencent. J'étais là, pas en très bon état, une sorte d'anomalie déposée sur l'asphalte lissée, comme un faisceau d'aiguilles en quête fragile, paralysée, d'une réponse magnétique quelque part dans ce tissu bien ordonné.

Et d'abord c'est ce qui dépassait des rangs que je remarquais : les voix trop fortes, juste un peu abandonnées, juste un peu récalcitrantes d'adolescents marchant sur la route, leurs gros tennis de règlement scandant le rythme inaudible de leur walkman vissé sous la casquette, ou bien cet idiot paraplégique qu'accompagnait vertueusement un monsieur bien mis le long du quai désert, cet idiot dont les quelques gestes saccadés et la salive dégoulinante semblait dénoncer toute la somme des non-dits, de l'inavoué, de cette entière société en vitrine.

C'est plus tard que j'ai commencé de respirer, comme à une profondeur tue dans les regards, ou un peu en amont du courant qui anime les gestes habituels, comme un besoin... une luminosité potentielle encore neutre, parsemée, imprévisible, étrangère à toutes nos logiques, qui se met, ici et là, à vibrer ; rien de spectaculaire, rien qui s'impose, rien qui veuille, quelque chose d'essentiellement libre, libre de tout caractère comme de toute forme et pourtant purement besoin.

Un besoin qui donne et se donne, qui est don autant qu'il est appel, qui est conscience.

J'ai commencé de le percevoir non seulement dans les yeux et les gestes, mais dans la vie même...

***24-12-1999, Auroville :**

Je suis repris par les vagues de confusion et de contradiction qui ne cessent de se mouvoir ici... et ce retour sur soi de l'ego qui altère les réponses et les réduit à des « réactions »... Avec une touche de romantisme et un brin d'idéalisme on parvient encore habituellement à couvrir la crudité de ce retour égoïste – nous serions les victimes héroïques d'un étouffement par le vieux monde... !

... Cet ego... est tel à ces pieuvres qui secrètent une encre obscurcissant tout le milieu environnant dès l'approche d'une présence...

Le fait demeure pourtant que la transition est une expérience pénible, et que cela ne peut être autrement ; c'est plus qu'une mue, et plus complexe et plus inconnu qu'une métamorphose, car toute métamorphose est guidée, orientée et déterminée par un modèle déjà inscrit.

Dans cette transition nous n'avons pas de modèle : les modèles, si tant est que la biologie continue d'opérer selon les mêmes grands principes, n'émergeront que beaucoup plus tard, car ils ne peuvent être issus qu'au travers des premières réalisations accomplies.

Nous n'avons pour nous guider qu'un sens embryonnaire, qui devient conscient goutte à goutte, un sens qui n'a pas de nom et n'appartient ni à la vie, ni à la pensée, ni au corps, et cependant s'y exprime, un sens par lequel nous savons que nous sommes au bout du fonctionnement mental et au bout de la viabilité de l'ego, et même de la fiabilité de nos instincts de créature.

***28-12-1999, Auroville :**

Je me sens comme suspendu par un fil, direct mais bien ténu, de confiance et de prière et de réponse, dans un milieu informe où domine le sens de l'inutilité ; mes efforts pour retracer ce séjour, cette « parenthèse », sont ainsi frappés de vanité...

Pourtant s'exerce de plus en plus cette question : comment soulever, embrasser tous les êtres dans le progrès de conscience nécessaire ?

Une destruction au moins partielle sera-t-elle indispensable ? Qu'en sera-t-il de ces millions, de ces milliards qui s'accrochent à la vie physique parce qu'ils ne sont conscients d'aucune autre réalité d'existence ?

La substance est une : comment quiconque, si évolué soit-il, pourrait ignorer ne serait-ce qu'un moment le désarroi, la souffrance ou le besoin brut de tant et tant de corps et de formes individuels ?

N'en resterait-il qu'un, comment pourrait-on l'abstraire ?

Comment trouver et canaliser cet Acte vraiment suprême qui puisse porter dans toute la substance assez d'harmonie et de sens pour que chaque être puisse en éprouver le soutien et l'énergie bienfaisante ?

Tant qu'un seul être crie encore de la solitude et de l'absence, c'est soi-même qui ne s'est pas encore réalisé !

Tant qu'un seul être éprouve le viol d'une souffrance incomprise, c'est soi-même qui demeure obstrué, empêché de s'ouvrir à l'avenir, dans la paix solide et unifiée qui seule peut l'accueillir.

Il semble que nous soyons prisonniers d'un cercle vicieux : le temps matériel nous est compté, car la Terre ne peut plus longtemps supporter les ravages de notre ignorance égoïste, dont la multiplication s'accélère ; ceux qui sont, centralement et jusque dans le corps, les plus conscients du besoin comme de la force et la vérité d'un Etat autre et d'une manifestation nouvelle, sont aussi automatiquement les plus conscients de l'unité de la substance ; ils ne peuvent faire la pas décisif, et franchir physiquement le seuil évolutif sans le soutien d'une résonance suffisante dans la substance humaine générale à cet instant ; or, pour que cette résonance se

produise, il faut qu'un certain soulèvement de l'humanité dans son ensemble se soit déjà effectué ; pourtant il ne semble pas que ce soulèvement collectif puisse s'accomplir bientôt sans que la Force consciente du prochain Etat n'intervienne librement dans le jeu des forces connues ; mais cette Force, comment pourrait-Elle entrer dans notre conscience collective, comment le voile qui nous en sépare peut-il être déchiré pour tous sans que, par le pas décisif de quelques-uns, soit ouverte la brèche évolutive ? Tel semble être le tour du cercle !

Ou bien la seule solution se trouve-t-elle dans un certain nombre critique d'individualités qui, simultanément, parviennent à ce point de rupture et de franchissement à la fois, comme la culmination d'un certain nombre de cris incarnés en un certain nombre de points à la fois, pour que se verse d'un coup, d'en-dehors du temps dans le temps de tous les corps à la fois le grand flot cohérent qui sera la base consciente de la marche à venir ?

Que par l'acte, conjugué sans le chercher, d'un certain nombre simultanément d'appels et d'abandons entiers, sans plus aucunes réserves ni craintes, sans plus aucuns calculs, la réponse puisse envahir tout le champ de l'humanité ?

Y éveiller dans tous les corps une perception nouvelle, dont l'objet serait aussi concret que l'air, aussi fondamental que la vie cellulaire, aussi évident que le sens même d'exister ?

Une perception qui permettrait à chaque être de trouver le geste à faire, la pensée à accueillir, l'émotion à célébrer, qui nourrirait d'un sens nouveau et plein l'opération de chaque instant de la vie, de chaque pulsion de matière ?

C'est comme un reflet ou un balbutiement de cela que j'ai perçu au cours de ces semaines passées dans le large des foules et l'étendue multiple des villes et l'atmosphère même de tout un pays, et il y avait à cette présence, à laquelle aucune source ne pouvait être attribuée, comme des caractéristiques constantes.

Un peu comme, à la rencontre d'un peuple ou d'une race, se dégagent des traits qui ensemble composent son unicité.

Et le plus évident de ces traits se résumait pour moi dans le mot « gentillesse ». Mais une gentillesse positive comme une énergie, un regard permanent et plein, lucide, libre de toute illusion comme de tout calcul, affranchie de toute sentimentalité mais d'autant plus profonde et sûre, discernante comme un œil voyant que rien ne peut tromper mais au-delà de tout jugement, à la fois impersonnelle et directement intime, proche sans errer.

Infiniment prudente aussi, c'est-à-dire que l'on ne peut ni capturer, ni récupérer, ni utiliser.

Procédant en même temps d'une acceptation totale de notre condition et d'un refus total, sans aucun appel ni compromis possibles, de tout ce qui voudrait la prolonger ou en justifier la persistance pour des fins intéressées.

Il s'y trouvait de l'humour aussi.

Comme la légèreté d'un sourire qui est revenu de toutes les négations, les plus brutales soient-elles, de tous les abîmes, les plus définitifs aient-ils semblé à l'expérience, de toutes les trahisons et, oui, de toutes les morts.

Il m'a paru aussi que cette présence, cette manifestation ne pouvait affleurer, se révéler et se produire qu'à la faveur d'un certain brassage et d'un certain ferment – justement, une sorte de soulèvement collectif suffisamment intégral ou incluant suffisamment de données et d'éléments terrestres.

Et alors il y avait là comme une ironie car, de tous les pays de la Terre, la France n'est certainement pas le plus spirituellement éveillé ; et pourtant ce n'est pas dans

l'Inde où la dimension spirituelle est la plus tangible que s'embrase cette sève silencieuse comme une poignante aurore. C'est en France !

Peut-être dans d'autres espaces de l'Europe, je n'en sais rien ; peut-être aux Etats-Unis, je ne puis le dire. Mais il y a en France un concours de facteurs déterminants qui rend son terrain propice, une association que l'on pourrait croire circonstancielle au sens historique ou sociologique, mais qui, je crois, est aussi l'expression d'un destin et d'un rôle particulier dans l'évolution.

Et d'abord le phénomène d'un désarroi de plus en plus pressant parce que de plus en plus partagé, répandu, immédiat : c'est la faillite des institutions mentales et des principes d'action érigés en morale universelle, en face de la marée de ces contradictions humaines qu'ils ne peuvent ni contrôler, ni endiguer, ni même apaiser. Encore moins résoudre.

C'est le sentiment croissant, de plus en plus évident, qu'aucun système ne pourra créer pour nous les conditions du bonheur ; ni ici ni ailleurs.

C'est la mise en présence les unes des autres, dans un même contexte de débrouille relativement contenue ou surveillée, de beaucoup de races, de cultures et de fréquences mentales et émotionnelles ; et de beaucoup d'histoires, de réservoirs d'expérience collective.

Et c'est l'omniprésence, dans le plus anodin comme dans le plus sophistiqué des détails, d'une influence froidement délibérée dont l'intention est d' enrôler les individus comme les masses au service d'une uniformité de conduite et de réponse.

C'est l'emprise de plus en plus perfectionnée du pouvoir de l'argent, de l' « avoir ».

***29-12-1999, Auroville :**

La lumière est cette somptueuse clarté de notre hiver : l'air est doux, le ciel est lavé par les pluies récentes, le soleil rayonne obliquement, sans violence, et chaque couleur est sertie exactement dans l'espace d'une paisible luminescence.

Et en France ce sont des tempêtes d'une brutalité formidable : des dizaines de milliers d'arbres ont été abattus près de Paris et à Versailles ; un vaisseau pétrolier s'est naufragé dans l'Atlantique il y a plusieurs jours et des tonnes et des tonnes d'huile noire et visqueuse affluent sans cesse vers les rochers de la côte bretonne, asphyxiant les poissons et collant au plumage des mouettes et des cormorans ; des milliers de volontaires sont sur les grèves et les plages et les rocs pour nettoyer à mesure que chaque vague dépose un peu plus de cette glu noire et puante, et il fait froid et les pêcheurs sont désespérés. Et le capitaine du navire brisé est un Indien d'Ajmer ! Il est en liberté surveillée ; il naviguait au compte d'une multinationale basée en France.

C'est curieux : tous les jours sauf un, je crois, que j'ai passés dans Paris en marches et vadrouilles, j'ai eu la grâce de la lumière la plus belle, la plus limpide dont on puisse rêver ; c'est précisément ainsi qu'il faut rencontrer cette ville et sa magie, dans l'air sec et mordant de l'automne, quand les ors et les rouges des arbres se mettent à danser contre le vert bronze des conifères et que se dégagent un peu déjà, vers une nudité qui appellera bientôt le manteau blanc de la neige, les membres bruns et noirs de leurs branches.

Et le spectacle qui m'avait de suite ému, déjà à Weymouth sur le rivage anglais de la Manche, mais de plus en plus à chaque promenade et à chaque déplacement, comme la surprise reconnaissante pour un baume actif auquel on avait cru devoir renoncer, fut celui de tous ces signes concrets d'un effort, d'une volonté réfléchie, engagée, concertée, ordonnée de rétablir une relation harmonieuse avec

l'environnement : ces mille détails ordinaires qui sont à nouveau dédiés, les petites marques blanches sur les sentiers de randonnée, les pousses de bruyère avec tant de soin protégées, ces rond points composés, entretenus, chacun une offrande, un chant de fleurs et de pierres et de plantes, l'attention à la propreté, les ramassages des feuilles, les rondins encastrés dans la falaise pour y définir une volée de marches tapissées de mousse entre les mûriers et les ajoncs en cascade, les poubelles municipales déposées chacune à sa place, le nettoyage quotidien des rues, des routes et des plages, le souci général d'éviter le bruit, le désordre et la négligence – comme si toute une société, presque une civilisation entière, s'était soudain récemment ressaisie au bord d'un gouffre, réveillée juste avant qu'un piège obscur se referme, et s'était tacitement mise à l'œuvre d'une réparation persévérante et tranquille, plus humble de l'épreuve.

Et j'ai rencontré cette expression dans les villes autant que dans les hameaux et les campagnes et les landes et les bois – côtoyant pourtant tous les symptômes de la victoire de l'adversaire, du voleur de sens, ce rapace insatiable, le monstre que nous avons épousé : ces vaches aux pis démesurément gonflées, aux oreilles affublées de cartes plastiques orange, ces champs et ces champs sans fin soumis à la monoculture, la multiplication quotidienne de ces maisons secondaires préfabriquées envahissant les campagnes, inscrivant partout l'absurdité d'un mode de vie où les solitudes s'additionnent indéfiniment, chacun de plus en plus aliéné de toute possibilité de rencontre, lié par nécessité à sa voiture, son jardin, sa télévision, son ordinateur, sa tondeuse, sa carte bancaire et sa cotisation à la caisse de retraite et sa concession au cimetière et ses médicaments et sa portion de vice acceptable.

Alors, ici, dans l'Inde, que se passe-t-il ?

Ici où chaque instant semble générer plus d'immondices, de crasse et de déchets ?

***30-12-1999, Auroville :**

Il faut que bientôt – peut-être ici dans ce journal – je m'adresse, dans la présence, sans artifice ni embellissement, ni prétention, mais non plus sans dégoût ni désapprobation, à la question de la sexualité.

J'ai ramené de France un ouvrage intelligent, attentif, rigoureux, respectueux, humain au sens intègre et généreux du terme, écrit par Edmund White, sur Jean Genet.

Jean Genet qui a joué un rôle si puissant dans ma petite enfance, dont j'ai pu retracer l'empreinte ici même, des années après qu'il soit mort, vieillard usé dans une chambre d'hôtel.

Son rôle, involontaire, auprès de moi enfant fut-il une malédiction, ou simplement l'instrument d'une reconstitution dans cette vie des éléments d'un problème qu'il m'échoit de porter en avant jusqu'à sa véritable résolution, sa révélation consciente ?

Mais les deux, malédiction et instrumentation, ne sont pas incompatibles dans la perspective du travail à faire : l'obstacle à vaincre, la transformation à accomplir, oui, mais plus encore et surtout et finalement, le dénouement – dé nouer, libérer, délivrer dans le vrai, le Réel, dans le souffle de ce qui est vraiment, et Tout Réconciliant.

Jean Genet, je ne l'ai revu qu'une fois je crois, par hasard, dans un ascenseur de l'hôtel Lutétia, alors qu'adolescent j'y venais rencontrer clandestinement F.J, mon père, qui était encore recherché par le Gouvernement.

Mais les images de sa présence – ces quelques secondes dans l'ascenseur quand j'avais peut-être 12 ou 13 ans, et ces heures et ces plages d'atmosphère, ces

modulations de l'énergie, cette sorte d'exigence qui émanait de lui, lorsqu'il venait dans le petit appartement où nous habitions rue Henri Monnier, une rue qui monte en pente raide jusqu'à Pigalle, et que je n'avais alors que 4 ou 5 ans, sont toujours restées avec moi ; tout comme j'ai gardé à travers toutes les déambulations de cette vie le grand livre de dessins de Steinberg que j'adorais regarder, livre qu'il m'avait soigneusement dédicacé avec toute sa tendresse.

Et ce n'est que maintenant, lisant l'étude d'Edmund White, que j'apprends que vers la fin de sa vie il est passé dans l'Inde, et qu'il en a été profondément touché : que, simplement, il a su y reconnaître la dimension spirituelle, qu'il en a été conscient.

Je suis reconnaissant de cela, pour lui, et en soi. Je n'aurais pu l'espérer.

Mais c'était évidemment indispensable qu'il y puise à son tour, dans le corps, car sans cela il n'aurait eu pour comprendre sa vie et son parcours que le regard, combien insuffisant, de tous ceux qu'il avait côtoyés.

De sa présence, ce n'était pas une charge sexuelle qui émanait vers moi, ni même une charge émotionnelle ; c'étaient plutôt comme des fondements, ceux de toute une position relationnelle.

Alors qu'à la même époque et dans le même appartement, c'était d'un autre ami – ami de F.J et de C mais aussi mon ami, si petit je fusse, car il y avait toujours le sens d'une unité que nous formions lorsque nous étions ensemble, et l'appartement était si petit aussi, tout s'y déroulait en ma présence et l'incluant -, un Algérien, Salah, c'était de lui que je recevais, me tournant vers lui et lui m'accueillant, seul avec moi, la charge sexuelle et émotionnelle, le goût sensuel et l'expérience animée, sinon animale. Sans drame, tout simplement, sans même le sens d'un conflit moral, des gestes d'une intimité qui pour moi reste toujours associée et liée à l'amitié : il s'asseyait tranquillement sur une chaise et me laissait m'approcher debout devant lui, entre ses jambes, et ouvrir sa braguette et le regarder là, cette richesse soyeuse et vivante, pleine de force secrète ; peut-être je le touchais, mais ce n'était pas un acte sexuel au sens où cela ne l'excitait pas ; il ne faisait pas abus de mon innocence ou de ma curiosité pour son propre plaisir, c'était plus doux, plus profond et plus déterminant.

Ce qui liait C et F.J, mes deux parents, à leurs amis algériens, que ce fut en Algérie même ou en France, était justement et simplement cela : l'amitié ; et la richesse de l'émotion, cette sorte de complétude qu'ils avaient chacun et ensemble éprouvées lors de leurs séjours en Algérie – une rencontre d'où s'était progressivement tissée une solidarité librement choisie. L'engagement pour la cause de l'Indépendance Algérienne ne fut, je crois, qu'une conséquence naturelle et une expression de cette complétude première.

C était très belle, d'une beauté centrée, comme la densité de la mer, qui ne s'exhibait pas et n'avait nul besoin de se proclamer : une féminité qui s'accomplissait sans réserves ni excès.

Et Salah, comme nos autres amis algériens, l'admirait et la célébrait, avec la même discrétion, la même sensualité contenue, et le respect de l'amitié : s'ils lui offraient des fleurs, un présent, ce n'était pas par devers F.J, mais en hommage transparent. Il y avait dans notre atmosphère, par tous ces liens divers et fluides, dans les 6 premières années de ma vie quand nous habitions à Pigalle, la présence tangible d'une sensualité qui était à la fois intelligente, considérée et tranquille comme l'est un milieu dans lequel chacun se meut.

Plus tard, C et moi, son père et ma fidèle compagne bretonne, qui m'était entièrement dévouée depuis ma première année où elle s'était attachée à nous,

habitâmes pendant plus de 4 ans dans un pavillon délabré, situé dans un parc à demi abandonné à l'orée du bois de Clamart. Ce pavillon et quelques autres pavillons voisins abritaient plusieurs familles pauvres.

Notre richesse était celle de nos amis, des liens que C et F.J avaient formés parmi les intellectuels, les artistes, les engagés ; F.J était devenu l'absent renommé, le combattant clandestin, le chef de réseau, l'intellectuel d'action.

Mes amis les plus proches, dont l'existence avait un sens affectif privé et intime, étaient deux. Elle, c'était Laurence, dont le père était Indochinois à la beauté austère, et la mère Belge, je crois, une rousse flamboyante ; Laurence avait les traits asiatiques et la chevelure d'ébène de son père, tandis que sa sœur ressemblait à sa mère. Lui, c'était Jean-Guy, dont l'un des parents était Arabe – je ne me souviens plus duquel car, pour quelque raison, je n'allais que rarement chez eux.

Ils étaient tous deux plus âgés que moi ; ainsi ils n'étaient pas mes compagnons d'école. A l'école je ne rencontrais rien qu'une routine apparemment inévitable, à l'exception d'une maîtresse que j'adorais comme on adore une déesse – les effluves du drame de sa vie comme d'un mythe, sa silhouette ceinte d'un manteau de léopard s'avancant vers l'automobile où l'attendait un homme, son automobile et son homme et son mystère.

Ils étaient mes compagnons de vie : des heures libres, des bois, des cabanes et des escapades et des déguisements, des émotions soudain débusquées.

Dans la frange encore multidimensionnelle du monde adulte, ils étaient près de moi un peu plus définis que je ne l'étais encore. Les jeux d'enfant ne m'attiraient pas.

Les adultes, les amis de C et F.J, les femmes du réseau plus ou moins toutes éprises de lui, trouvaient en moi une écoute inattendue et me traitaient avec une sorte de déférence affectueuse mais intimidée qui leur permettait, quand le besoin s'en faisait sentir, de me faire aussi leurs confidences.

J'aimais les voitures, j'aimais conduire, et je n'avais pas 10 ans que C me laissait déjà m'installer au volant de sa vieille 2 CV Citroën et la déplacer dans les allées du parc.

Des jeux de poupées que jouaient les filles, je retenais l'attrait du déguisement et m'identifiais facilement à ce mouvement d'émulation féminine où l'on se revêt des attraits que l'on ne mérite pas encore ; je faisais là l'apprentissage de ma propre féminité, et pourtant la relation intérieure entre Laurence et moi était d'un autre ordre : elle aurait pu devenir ma compagne, et l'aurait sûrement souhaité, si les circonstances l'avaient favorisé. Elle était seulement, dans ces moments de frénésie ramassée, inarticulée, qu prélude à l'éveil d'une sexualité individuelle, une complice avec sa sœur d'un émoi partagé, incertain, à peine déterminé.

Jean-Guy recevait de moi les premières expressions retenues d'une émotion qui ne me quittera plus, quelles que soient ses formes et ses incidences successives : l'émotion envers sa beauté, sa vulnérabilité fière et masculine, le sens d'un corps tout entier, dans sa solitude, animé, parcouru, nourri d'une sexualité latente qui est elle-même émotion, une émotion incarnée, devenue physique, matérielle, devenue visage et nom et caractère uniques, le détail bouleversant d'un geste, d'un seul geste, le pli d'un vêtement sur le corps, la courbe tendre du cou, le bord d'une lèvre, une présence comme une onde faite forme précise, condensée.

Laurence était l'énigme tranquille, aux étendues recélées, le noir éclatant de sa chevelure sur la pâleur cendrée de son visage comme une immensité en un point, le regard plus secret qui coulait de ses yeux d'amandes ; alors que sa sœur était

son ombre, son contraire, une excitation pénible, le ferment de la fille qui provoque et trahit.

***31-12-1999, Auroville :**

Le dernier jour de l'année et, selon les opinions, le dernier jour du siècle, du millénaire, et d'une ère dominée par la chrétienté.

Nous préparons les lieux pour le grand feu de l'aube.

Les journaux rivalisent de rétrospectives et d'historiques signifiants. Ni à l'Est, ni à l'Ouest ne mentionnent-ils Sri Aurobindo, et c'est probablement juste : puisque nos sommets de conscience collective ne sont encore que moraux, c'est-à-dire inévitablement et irrémédiablement fragmentés, minés du dedans, impuissants et cosmétiques, si le nom de Sri Aurobindo y était brandi, il faudrait presque s'en inquiéter !

C'est la justice naturelle de l'évolution dans la pensée et le mental qui Le préserve invisible de tout amalgame et de tout absurde nivellement.

Car Sri Aurobindo ne peut fournir ni drapeaux ni caution spirituelle au perfectionnement d'une humanité qui ne s'est pas encore trouvée – qui commence à peine, en fait, à chercher sa vivante divinité.

Pourtant, combien l'Inde souffre de L'ignorer, dans quelle imbécillité corrompue s'est elle plongée de ne L'avoir encore reconnu, de Lui avoir préféré Gandhi, de Lui préférer ses gnomes d'aujourd'hui sur le modèle d'Advani.

C'est bien sûr avec ambivalence que je poursuis cet exercice de formulation ; il y a tant de tâches qui demandent service et attention, tâches autrement plus « importantes » selon un certain code de valeurs, que mes réminiscences et considérations personnelles à propos de la sexualité.

Au tribunal des hommes, inscrit et logé d'office dans chaque cerveau, les rôles sont pour toujours distribués et toutes les voix sont entendues et enregistrées. Malheur à celui qui les croirait toutes également, car elles s'annulent mutuellement, et ne reste que le néant.

La seule voix qui sauve n'est pas une voix que l'on peut entendre, à laquelle on peut obéir : c'est celle qu'il faut devenir.

Tout comme on ne peut guère honnêtement entreprendre de ranger le monde sans avoir d'abord rangé sa propre chambre, on ne peut guère tenter de s'offrir comme canal ou instrument sans s'être d'abord assuré de la nature des hôtes que l'on héberge.

C'est justement contre cela que Sri Aurobindo, dans les termes les plus catégoriques, mettait en garde ses premiers disciples – particulièrement durant la période la plus cruciale de Son travail, dans les années 30 et 40, quand la Conscience Force descendait jusque dans les soubassements du vital et jusqu'au subconscient, vers le physique : l'obstruction était alors déchaînée et c'était une guerre occulte déclarée, qui se manifesterait physiquement par la guerre de 40-45, entre la possibilité d'une évolution accélérée qui servirait la vérité de la Terre et des hommes, et celle d'un contrôle totalitaire de l'humanité entière par le modèle exclusif d'un surhomme sans amour.

Car ce sont justement ces hôtes que l'on héberge qui peuvent détourner la Force à leurs propres fins sublimées, retardant ainsi indéfiniment le progrès nécessaire.

Ces hôtes sont des pouvoirs et des agents de possession.

Quelque chose s'est effectivement produit dans l'histoire de la terre : un accident, une intervention, une chute, une invasion – selon les traditions, le fait est représenté sous des formes diverses ; une influence est entrée dans le champ de l'expérience, à la faveur d'une faute, d'une « erreur » quelconque.

Une autre perspective du même évènement nous montre un combat entre des dieux formidables, les uns voulant demeurer fidèles à leur origine suprême et les autres voulant profiter de la liberté donnée pour affirmer leur indépendance et déterminer séparément leurs propres créations.

Quoiqu'il en fut, avec cette influence est entrée la corruption : l'attachement, la possession, la division, la souffrance, l'assujettissement et la haine.

- 2000 -

***2-1-2000, Auroville :**

Voilà ; l'an 2000 est arrivé !

Je n'en pense rien. Et ce que j'en éprouve : une sorte de tristesse endolorie – nous sommes si loin du compte !

Combien encore de souffrance et de désordre à générer, à endurer, nettoyer, absorber, transformer ? Il a a-t-il une issue prochaine pour la conscience incarnée ?

C hier a téléphoné ; elle m'a raconté les millions d'arbres abattus, les maisons détruites, la violence déchaînée de la nature, ces vents terrifiants qui parcourent le pays et l'Europe, qui vont et reviennent ; plus de la moitié du Bois de Boulogne à Paris est aplatie : une plaine saccagée là où j'ai vu ces scènes qui m'ont bouleversé, deux soirs avant de revenir ici...

Je médite – ce n'est possible ainsi que lorsque la Grâce me dépose sous la cascade – sur Auroville, sur Matrimandir, et sur ce qui devient de plus en plus inacceptable et tend à impliquer des compromis trop graves.

Et je poursuis aussi ma méditation sur la sexualité dans ma nature. C'est une méditation plus émotionnelle ; il me semble que la perception de la conscience doit s'incarner autant dans le milieu de l'émotion que dans celui de la pensée et la réflexion.

Et cette double méditation se situe dans la même nécessité, celle de se rassembler et s'unifier, de changer et de marcher.

La société, la culture – les forces qui les parcourent et les animent -, nous lient et nous épinglent à un temps d'expérience linéaire qui appartient à la mort, qui recrée constamment l'inévitabilité de la mort.

C'est une oppression, une suffocation qui devient insupportable ; comme si tout – le monde, les êtres, les circonstances, les événements et les mouvements de chacun – coulait dans un même unique sens, avec toute la force cumulative d'un contrat auquel presque rien de soi n'échappe : un sens faux, une trahison et un piège, une arnaque. Et comme si l'on voulait crier, malgré toute cette conviction générale, « arrêtez ! ce n'est pas là que le Vie coule, ce n'est pas par là que nous voulons aller, arrêtez, regardez, respirez, c'est Là, c'est Là qu'il faut se tourner, Là dans ce geste même qu'il faut creuser, qu'il faut retrouver le Lit même de Ce Qui Est... »

Mais on est lourd encore, on est soi-même une masse qui résiste et obstrue, tant qu'on est encore soi-même le refuge et la perpétuation de contradictions et de vouloirs séparés et d'adhésions aux mirages de la division, quels qu'ils soient.

***3-1-2000, Auroville :**

On a tous besoin du support énergétique d'une activité qui ait un sens, si limité soit-il, à laquelle on puisse se donner.

Même le yogi dans sa caverne doit adopter et établir une discipline, doit organiser sa relation au temps, à la durée, et découvrir les rythmes qui vont scander son progrès, son action et sa méditation.

Et plus nous nous engageons dans le corps vers la matière, vers la vie même de la matière, plus nous devenons conscients, ou nous unissons à la conscience de cet éternel enfant, et plus proche se révélera le rythme nécessaire des pulsions, ou pulsations essentielles et permanentes de la création.

Ce support énergétique dont nous ne pouvons encore nous passer est nécessité par la séparation.

Tant que nous évoluons dans et par la séparation, nous ne pouvons percevoir du réel que des échos et des reflets ; nous devons nous orienter dans une pénombre, une demi obscurité semée d'abîmes, sujette à des ténèbres incomprises, un milieu dont les frontières indistinctes semblent parfois plongées dans l'inertie.

Nous devons sans cesse, quotidiennement et sans relâche, nous définir contre le chaos, le désordre insensé, la confusion qui menace de nous défaire et nous absorber.

Quand après combien de périples et quelque somme imprescriptible d'expérience nous commençons d'apprendre à nous centrer et nous reposer, par un mouvement de foi ou de confiance qui peut se dispenser de la raison et de ses calculs, et que nous nous laissons porter et habiter par un sens qui émane du dedans de soi, nous acquérons proportionnellement une marge de choix envers l'activité qui sera la nôtre.

Nous lui conférons alors l'ampleur, la profondeur et la portée de ce que nous sommes, et serions en toutes circonstances.

Mais tant que nous ne sommes pas intégralement unifiés, que toutes nos parts, tous nos aspects et tous nos mouvements ne sont pas consciemment centrés, l'activité disciplinée demeure en grande partie à la fois le terrain et la condition de notre croissance.

Il est impossible de s'en remettre à la pratique d'une spontanéité inspirée à tout instant, aussi longtemps que l'unification n'est pas entièrement accomplie.

Cette impossibilité s'applique également à l'individu et à la collectivité : une anarchie féconde d'harmonie ne sera possible dans le monde physique que lorsque chacun des membres de la collectivité sera sûrement et irréversiblement établi dans la conscience et la vie de l'Unité.

Seulement voilà : plus s'accroît la marge de choix et plus grandit la question de la responsabilité.

La liberté n'est pas un confort.

Si la libération est synonyme de délivrance, de soulagement et de joie, ce n'est pourtant qu'un évènement.

La liberté, elle, est un feu.

Un feu impitoyable qui élargit et creuse et brûle sans répit tout ce qui en soi et par soi se refuse, se recroqueville au bord de la naissance, redoute de perdre son acquis séparé, craint le nouveau et tremble devant l'inconnu.

Un feu qui nous met en face de nos prétentions et de nos professions, qui nous défie sans égards de nous mesurer à l'idéal, qui nous projette dans la complexité du monde et nous fait réaliser encore et encore la vanité de nos opinions et de

notre exclusivisme, l'étroitesse de nos principes et l'effrayante et bouleversante insuffisance de nos compréhensions.

Alors nous avons encore cette issue, cet absurde choix est encore possible : se refermer et tracer un cercle autour de notre moisson, en faire le capital de ce qui nous reste à vivre pour cette fois et l'exploiter à l'aune de notre discernement relatif.

Mais la question – accepter la question et la vivre, l'endurer à chaque instant, en chaque circonstance, par chaque énergie émise ou reçue, laisser sa constante déflagration se produire sans la fuir ni s'en abriter dans une attitude ou une autre, la conviction d'un rôle ou d'un autre, l'excuse d'une limitation ou d'une autre, ou le refuge d'une croyance, d'un parti, d'une entreprise, ou encore la négation arbitraire de tout sens et de tout cheminement : comme c'est rude, et comme c'est impérieux !

Tout le temps elle pousse et elle flambe !

A quoi participe-t-on, à quoi se prête-t-on ?

Est-ce à la perpétuation de la même illusion et du même règne de la mort et de l'inacceptable ?

Ou est-ce à la dé couverte, au déblaiement, à l'émergence de l'incarnation ?

Au service de quoi est-on mobilisé effectivement ?

Car s'il nous est impossible de nous abstenir de l'activité – le fait même d'être manifeste implique une activité permanente -, plus on avance et plus s'ouvre le regard de la conscience, et plus il devient impératif de saisir ou d'être saisi par l'unité, dans l'activité même, et de la servir, de s'y donner.

Plus il devient important et essentiel que toute expérience active soit une expérience d'union au Réel, quelles que soient ses conséquences : comme si, de plus en plus, c'était tout simplement la seule véritable sécurité.

Comme si, concrètement et immédiatement, toutes les secondes et tous les gestes qui ne sont pas saisis d'union sont volés, utilisés et récupérés par cette même rapacité qui continue de tout engouffrer et de tout réduire et de tout reproduire, jamais rassasiée, à perpétuité.

On peut quelques temps peut-être se contenter et se bercer de souhaits et d'intentions, d'aspirations élevées et de la nourriture de l'idéal ; mais l'évolution ne se soucie pas plus de nos idéaux que de nos trahisons : c'est une autre substance qu'elle exige, et distille en nous à travers toutes nos souffrances, nos faillites, nos débâcles et nos retours.

Comment reconnaître un acte juste ?

Ce ne peut être par les résultats perceptibles, puisque d'une part aucun effet ne résulte d'un seul acte mais d'un ensemble de facteurs, et que d'autre part notre perception même des résultats ne peut être que partielle, sinon conditionnée.

Est-ce dans l'atmosphère qu'il génère, le souffle qu'il porte, la qualité qu'il rend présente ?

Depuis que je suis rentré, je suis à la recherche de la direction dans l'activité.

Il y a ce livre que je souhaiterais savoir accepté et reçu, quelque part, par quelques-uns, comme l'enclenchement d'un mode de fonctionnement et de circulation ; et il y a la continuation du travail de Matrimandir, dans une orientation

que je ressens de plus en plus comme une tromperie, une récupération, un détournement.

Et, comme un troisième pôle, ce sentiment qui ne me quitte pas, me tire en arrière ou m'empêche de franchir un seuil décisif, le sentiment de quelque chose d'inaccompli, humainement, d'une harmonie qui doit être atteinte pour être offerte et dépassée, et qui est lié à cette bisexualité : le besoin lancinant de lui trouver son équilibre, comme s'il fallait que cela se réalise dans le monde, une possibilité qui doit trouver sa vraie place évolutive.

Et ces trois pôles d'attention se profilent parmi toutes les figures de la question sur une même muraille qu'il faut démolir, dé réaliser, traverser : la Vie ici, ou la mort toujours.

La décrépitude, le réalisme de la défaite inéluctable, ou la naissance d'un chemin matériel un et fondé... ?

***4-1-2000, Auroville :**

Communication téléphonique : une dévastation formidable dans le Sud Ouest de la France, des vents de près de 200 Km/heure pendant deux jours et deux nuits, des forêts entières abattues, les pylônes renversés, les maisons détruites ; et la marée noire qui s'étend tout le long de la côte Atlantique : un coup massif à toute l'économie du pays.

... Je ne crois pas que Tu souhaites favoriser la contradiction ou la légitimer pour cet effet de suffocation qui peut susciter un ressort secret, plus radical.

Il me semble plutôt comprendre que la sincérité que Tu demandes ne légitime ni la souffrance ni l'obstacle mais se rassemble comme une lumière d'offrande active pour que tout en nous veuille le changement et y adhère en toute confiance, avec la certitude que l'avenir, et la condition qui nous y attend, est un état de plénitude ; que la vérité est plénitude.

C'est vraiment la déformation, le mensonge de la séparation et de l'égo qui nous a convaincus, dans son avidité à nous retenir sous son règne, que le changement soi-disant spirituel serait nécessairement une privation, un appauvrissement, un héroïque déchirement, l'ascétisme de victimes immolées, une diminution, une sublimation et un renoncement ; c'est ce mensonge qui fait de l'humilité véritable un abaissement et une violence, et de la fidélité une corruption de soi.

C'est peut-être ainsi que je n'ai jamais pu croire aux vertus de l'arrachement ; à moins que cet arrachement se présente à la conscience individuelle comme une grâce, comme le dernier simple geste nécessaire à l'issue de tout un travail honnêtement accompli, comme on arrache enfin, avec juste ce courage-là et cette compréhension-là, une chose qui n'est déjà plus soi, qui déjà n'appartient plus à l'état réalisé de la conscience.

Mais la croyance qu'il faille se faire violence parce que c'est ainsi que l'on est supposé faire des progrès « spirituels » m'a toujours paru suspecte.

... Il ne s'est pas agi pour moi de confondre l'amour ou de chercher à tirer de l'amour une représentation humaine ; je sais depuis longtemps, et de plus en plus, ce qu'est l'amour vrai, et ce qui dans notre nature nous rend incapables, constitutionnellement, de l'incarner durablement.

Mais je crois beaucoup à l'amplitude, à la profondeur et au secret pouvoir de l'amitié ; et de la tendresse – libre, disponible, tranquille et puissante.

Les années qui ont juste précédé l'adolescence ont été comme une danse, une rencontre qui ne cherche pas à prendre, qui se dirige sans calcul vers sa propre douceur d'expérience, quand le corps lui-même est à sa propre recherche et trouve, sans se l'être représenté, l'autre corps qui répond, le partage d'un tâtonnement d'où jaillissent inattendues des flambées d'émotion – quelque chose de délicieux et d'exquis qui ouvre un sens dans le fait même d'être dans des corps distincts, indépendants.

C'est un peu après mes dix ans, je crois, que C, revenant seule en voiture d'un passage clandestin de frontière, a dérapé sur la route verglacée : fractures du crâne et de la colonne vertébrale.

Il lui fallut des mois d'endurance pour se rétablir, et notre vie a changé.

Nous sommes retournés dans la ville, près de Montparnasse et du Jardin du Luxembourg ; nous sommes entrés dans une histoire différente.

C'est avec R, qu'elle avait rencontré quelques temps auparavant, que nous nous sommes installés, et le père de C et Marie, dans un mode plus bourgeois.

Et je fus inscrit au Lycée Montaigne.

C'est durant ces trois années, de la onzième à la quatorzième, que je dus me fourbir quelques armes.

C'est là que j'ai d'abord rencontré Stéphane.

Du point de vue interne, de la perception interne, ce sens de bien ou de mal être, je n'ai aimé ni l'enfance ni l'adolescence : c'était comme un étranglement presque permanent ; je ressentais les mouvements d'énergie comme stridents ou grossiers, ingrats et pénibles, comme une perpétuité de fausses notes, une sorte de brutalisation et de dénaturation générale, ambiante.

Les jeux, les plaisanteries, les complicités, les codes relationnels étaient une corvée, une imposition corruptrice ; je me sentais corrompu, je me sentais me corrompre.

Ainsi j'étais peut-être fier et distant.

Mais presque tout s'est au fur et à mesure effacé.

Je sais pourtant encore que c'est avec une sorte de désespoir que je me mis, avec tout le feu qui brûlait, à la recherche d'une perfection « personnelle » - de la forme, et de l'expression. Les transformations ou mutations successives de l'enfance et de l'adolescence étaient source de tourment ; il y avait ce sens d'être lié à des mues qui ne correspondaient à rien de profond et s'imposaient par une force que je luttais pour contrôler ou corriger, une force qui obligeait le corps à se trahir.

Stéphane, c'était un corps ami, une tendresse familière et sans clivage, qui ne se regardait pas et ne s'épargnait pas, et ne cherchait pas à se créer une identité calquée sur des modèles imbéciles ; c'était une substance semblable et différente à la fois, dans laquelle on se retrouvait et s'oubliait, se donnait et se perdait. Nos corps ensemble s'animait de tendresse, la lutte caressante et dansante de l'amitié ; l'énergie sexuelle ne les parcourait pas encore, n'y creusait pas encore ses sillons : nous restions indemnes.

Les prémisses de l'adolescence sont comme les signaux de départ d'une compétition absurde, douloureuse et minée vers l'acquisition d'une identité émotionnelle, sexuelle et physique. Pour la plupart, les jeux sont truqués, les dés sont chargés : les données physiques héritées sont trop dominantes, trop inflexiblement déterminantes ; la pesanteur de la forme produite est telle qu'il ne reste plus qu'à s'en accommoder.

Mais il y a ceux dont les corps sont encore munis d'une certaine plasticité ; à des degrés variables un espace ambivalent, encore indéterminé demeure, où l'être interne peut encore imprimer des accents, des harmonies, peut encore s'aménager une certaine flexibilité d'expression.

Le regard des autres – ce ramasse tout d'une culture, d'un âge ou d'un milieu social – est un souverain jaloux et colérique : c'est ce Jéhovah courroucé, tout pénétré de lui-même ; qui crée l'homme à sa ressemblance. Dans cette jungle, il faut survivre. Le choix de pouvoir continuer de choisir a un prix, qu'il faut payer de suite, et continuer de payer !

Il y a ce moment terrible de l'adolescence où les amis – ceux dont le corps et les yeux étaient un prolongement de tendresse, une extension diffuse d'un espace à chérir – sont happée par le retentissement d'un glas tout proche ; leur réalité émotionnelle est comme déchirée par le milieu : il leur faut choisir leur identité, et se ranger du côté des lois de la vie ; il leur faut « s'assumer ».

C'est le moment où l'énergie sexuelle commence à se manifester.

Il faut être à la hauteur ; il faut être capable de jouer le rôle attendu, d'entrer en contrat avec le monde adulte et de s'y faire sa niche – autant que possible en y apportant un peu de panache, en y flambant sa propre empreinte originale...

La séparation s'accomplit.

Avec une douleur émotionnelle qui parfois ne guérira pas.

L'ami rejette l'ami, car l'ami devient le témoin compromettant, le rappel de cette part de soi que l'on enterre, enferme ou vend. Il faut lui préférer le complice, le compère, le camarade d'une entreprise et d'un abordage nécessaires.

Plus tard, beaucoup plus tard, les hommes qui n'ont pu oublier ni éteindre la flamme si intime de l'amitié lui rendront, avec mille précautions, par les mille rites complexes d'un déplacement tacite de la gravité émotionnelle, une place dans leur vie d'homme : une place royale, mais prisonnière.

C'est-à-dire qu'elle n'aura droit qu'à une expression exclusive et restreinte, commandée par des principes inflexibles dont l'objet sera de donner le change et de préserver le statu quo. Et justement dans la mesure où ils refuseront à l'amitié retrouvée le corps même de son émotion, ils seront parfois amenés, à son service, aux actes les plus extrêmes ; car, plutôt que de lui rendre vie, ils l'auront érigée en valeur et en mythe.

L'ironie de ce processus est que les femmes (les membres de « l'autre camp ») ne s'y trompent pas ! Et comment pourraient-elles s'y tromper, elles qui savent tant le manque terrible de la tendresse dans le monde.

Cela les fait sourire – l'esbroufe, la poudre aux yeux du monde -, elles qui savent tant le pouvoir d'une seule caresse vraiment ressentie, vraiment donnée.

Combien une seule vraie caresse dissoudrait de nos drames absurdemment meurtriers, dégonflerait les pulsions monstrueuses et sordides d'une civilisation qui marche à l'envers et se développe dans le mauvais sens.

***5-1-2000, Auroville :**

Vers le milieu de cette période au lycée Montaigne j'ai aussi rencontré Nicole, qui fut ma première compagne « officielle ». Elle était comme l'incarnation d'un charme unique, sans effort ni recherche : sa démarche, ses choix vestimentaires, sa longue chevelure acajou retenue sur l'oreille, sa peau un peu bistrée, les grands cernes sombres qui soulignaient ses yeux noisette, sa manière de fumer les cigarettes brunes qu'elle gardait toujours dans son sac en bandoulière – elle n'était explicable

par rien autour d'elle, ni ses parents, ni son milieu, et pourtant ne se posait pour rien d'autre qu'elle-même, ne se préoccupait d'aucun modèle mais ne prétendait rien non plus. Un peu plus âgée que moi, à 15 ans elle aimait le vin rouge ; et deviendra plus tard alcoolique.

Lorsqu'elle eut ses premières règles, il nous sembla à tous les deux, dans le désarroi de la culbute vers les formes fixées, attribuées et adultes, qu'était venu le signe de notre conversion : il fallait donc nous dépuceler l'un l'autre !

Mais c'était un défi de principe. Nous n'éprouvions pas en fait le besoin correspondant : l'harmonie que nous partagions était en fait suffisante.

Ce fut un fiasco ; qui, pourtant, ne l'empêcha pas de s'attacher de plus en plus à ma vie.

Ce fut ainsi par mon ami Guillaume que son dépucelage à elle se produisit, alors que nous étions tous ensemble dans les montagnes. Guillaume était celui dont l'aura me retenait le plus prisonnier ; il incarnait justement ce moment douloureux de choix ; il se tenait juste là sur cette crête, il allait passer du côté des hommes, il ne pouvait y résister, il ne voulait y résister ; l'ambition du mâle singulier s'était trop forte éveillée en lui, malgré toute l'intensité de ce qui coulait encore entre nous – une intensité dont il ne trouvait plus la place vivable. Pour moi alors, la pâleur vulnérable et sensuelle de son cou, de sa gorge un peu découverte à l'échancrure de sa chemise, l'effort encore innocent qu'exprimait son visage tendu, que tentait de masquer ses yeux pers, effort de se montrer averti parmi les hommes, suscitaient une émotion si douloureuse.

***6-1-2000, Auroville :**

Mon propre dépucelage conventionnel s'est produit sans éclats ni romance, un jour de vacances, avec l'une de ces jeunes filles dont la féminité est comme une pesanteur sans définition, une passivité neutralement accueillante.

J'avais 14 ans. C'était la dernière année de ma carrière scolaire – je venais d'entrer en « seconde » au Lycée Henri IV, juste derrière la Panthéon.

Cette année-là vit mon dernier effort pour adhérer à l'itinéraire officiel de la vie.

De là j'ai plongé dans les remous d'un autre parcours, qui ne se révélait que d'instant en instant et de jour en jour, et se traçait au travers d'un nombre croissant de rencontres.

Ceux que j'ai alors commencé de côtoyer étaient tous plus âgés.

Je suis entré dans cet enfer relationnel avec mon propre feu qui poussait du dedans, pour en délivrer les leçons, les messages et les indications d'un sens, d'un but, d'une destination, d'un accomplissement ou d'une aventure que j'aurais été bien en peine de me formuler.

Chaque être, chaque relation était un monde en soi, et un nœud qui se formait, dont il fallait trouver la note délivreuse.

Neuf années se sont alors écoulées, neuf années d'une tension si intense que je ne pouvais l'endurer justement que d'instant en instant. La courbe de ces 9 années est assez claire : 4 années pour que mes antennes intérieures et (il me semble que le mot est correct) supra physiques s'éveillent et s'activent ; 2 années pour me diriger physiquement et centralement vers la Réponse ; et 3 années encore pour parvenir à offrir toute cette improbable somme.

Avec la perspective du temps et de l'expérience, les 4 premières années ont une qualité de gratuité et d'honnêteté qui restent pour moi une référence ; il y avait là à la fois une nudité, une disponibilité, une exactitude, une humanité enfin, qui même

aujourd'hui me semblent supérieures à toutes les prétentions et les contraintes éthico spirituelles que j'ai rencontrées par la suite, dans les autres, dans la vie et en moi-même – ces contorsions auxquelles nous livre le désir ou l'ambition d'être reconnu, accepté, apprécié.

Les 2 années suivantes ont été une alliance étroite et de plus en plus intime de désespoir et de feu solaire : la révolte insupportable côtoyant l'évidence croissante d'un sens, d'une tâche, et d'un ordre supérieurs. Une flamme tantôt dévastatrice, tantôt rayonnante : comme les deux serpents enlacés la spirale des attachements sans issue et celle qui fait fondre et qui aime – qui est chemin et l'énergie qui nous y porte.

Et ainsi les 3 dernières années de cette première épopée personnelle ont été consumées par la nécessité d'éclaircir les attachements formés, à leurs racines, et les dettes karmiques contractées, et à incarner le choix qui s'était fait en moi, aux abords de mes vingt ans, dans la Présence de Mère.

***7-1-2000, Auroville :**

J'attends de savoir, comme par la poussée qui fait se gonfler la mer et monter la vague, à quoi je vais pouvoir maintenant me donner.

C'est curieux : on sait que tout est énergie, selon différents modes et différentes fréquences ; pourtant dans la pratique une distinction s'opère entre la multiplicité des énergies et la coulée de la Force consciente, sa pression et son arrimage. Car c'est la Force consciente qui seule peut organiser ces énergies dans leur complémentarité progressive pour chaque individualité et à chaque étape du travail.

Il me semble que nos aspirations durables, ces chambres secrètes de clarté dedans que l'on habite et arpente avec une intensité toujours plus grande, plus précise et plus consciente, ne sont pas forcément ce que la Force consciente élit pour base de son action évolutionnaire.

Je crois observer que ce que la Force consciente saisit de nous-même, ce sur quoi elle fonde ses opérations, est plutôt de la nature d'un « Oui » qui, à un moment donné, a jailli : un « Oui » qui s'offre, sûr et pur, simple et entier.

Et autour de ce « Oui » sont toutes les données du travail, en flux constant : les aspirations et les résistances, les ouvertures et les contradictions, les potentiels et les aveuglements.

Ce « Oui » transcende tout le reste : par ce « Oui » une appartenance s'établit qui n'est plus jamais remise en question.

Les modalités font partie du labeur : il n'y a pas de garantie temporelle à la bonne poursuite du chemin qui s'est engagé ; mais qu'il se soit engagé et qu'il doive se poursuivre et nécessairement s'accomplir, est un fait irréversible.

Il y a un état d'aspiration qui, bien qu'individuel, peut cependant en chacun embrasser une infinité de domaines. Il me semble maintenant que cet état d'aspiration est effectivement un attribut de la conscience véritable lorsqu'elle se tourne vers le monde.

C'est réellement un feu. Un feu que l'on éprouve comme un besoin autant que comme une irrigation, une nourriture donnée, manifestée du dedans. C'est la musique essentielle de soi et la clé centralement formée, plus ou moins universelle, d'une création qui ne cesse pas de naître.

Il faut du temps pour commencer de comprendre un peu clairement sa propre musique, et s'ouvrir à sa clé évolutive. Il faut bien, par exemple, ne plus être soumis à l'égo, le sien propre comme celui des autres ou d'une collectivité quelconque – que le pouvoir de l'égo soit dissous et remplacé par une perception libre, directe et équilibrée es conditions qui prévalent à tout moment...

***9-1-2000, Auroville :**

Ma musique intérieure, celle qui me porte, me pousse et m'appelle, me nourrit et m'aimante, a sa fonction dans la vivante symphonie du monde, une fonction spécifique et néanmoins complexe, qui m'est enseignée constamment, de l'intérieur et par le haut et dans la fibre même de l'expérience : c'est mon métier intérieur que j'apprends ainsi, avec plus ou moins de bonne grâce ; et ce métier-là, on ne peut pas l'apprendre en une seule vie !

Une fois que l'on en prend conscience, et depuis cet instant de fusion et de reconnaissance, on ne peut plus que rire de la notion même d'une seule vie humaine et de la mort comme un anéantissement : cette croyance que la mort est une disparition effective de soi est une notion absurde et comique à la fois ; car c'est un non-sens, un impossible plus absolu encore que de stipuler l'arrêt de tout mouvement dans l'univers.

La mort agit, oui ; mais elle ne continue d'agir et son phénomène ne continue de se reproduire que par une nécessité évolutive. C'est une disparition, oui, une résorption et une dispersion des matériaux d'une manifestation relative dans la mesure où la conscience ne les a pas encore directement unifiés : non de la conscience elle-même ; non de soi !

Ma musique, ma fonction est celle d'un soleil ; pas au sens d'une masse spectaculaire de lumière ou d'une souveraineté exclusive ; mais au sens d'une capacité à changer l'obscurité en lumière : à donner le jour.

C'est un fonctionnement à la fois universel, essentiel et solitaire, comme un travail d'alchimie, qui demande une sorte d'ouverture intérieure complète et un ancrage indéfectible, et de l'endurance.

Il y a là un aspect de neutralité ; pas comme une polarité neutralisée, mais plutôt comme une position générique qui contient la polarité et la transforme.

Et c'est par cet aspect que la bisexualité est signifiante.

Toutes mes expériences et toutes mes relations, psychologiques et physiques mais aussi intérieures, indépendamment du corps et des circonstances, tout comme toutes ces relations que j'ai pu observer directement, m'ont convaincu de ceci : notre approche de la sexualité est imbécile, et la cause d'une quantité formidable de drames, de malentendus et de souffrances dont nous pourrions très bien nous passer, la cause en fait d'une très grande part de la misère humaine – morale, psychologique et physique. Et que cette imbécillité est induite et préservée par un jeu de forces qui constamment se nourrissent des énergies ainsi dévoyées.

Cet état de choses remonte très loin dans le temps historique, et s'est si tenacement inscrit dans la condition humaine que la seule issue à tout effort de progrès spirituel a jusqu'à présent paru être le rejet radical et en bloc de toute la sexualité et de tous les mouvements humains qui pourraient s'y associer.

Bien sûr la sexualité, en ce qu'elle sert les desseins d'une technique privilégiée par la nature pour assurer la perpétuation de l'espèce, deviendra très probablement obsolète pour l'espèce nouvelle à venir dont les fonctionnements physiques et matériels seront directement conscients ; et ainsi l'on pourrait vouloir s'en libérer

tout à fait dès maintenant, pour se concentrer exclusivement dans la nécessité évolutive d'accueillir un état plus vrai : la sexualité tombe de l'être ; elle n'y a plus prise ; elle n'y opère plus.

Mais il me semble improbable que l'espèce nouvelle puisse s'incarner dans le milieu créé par cette misère humaine terrestre dévastatrice sans que s'effectue d'abord une sorte de revirement ou de rétablissement collectif ou qu'au moins s'amorce dans la conscience et l'expérience humaine le commencement d'une pratique plus aimable, mieux équilibrée, plus « fraternelle » de la sexualité.

***10-1-2000, Auroville :**

La relation de l'homme et de la femme, ou du masculin et du féminin, a sa résonance éternelle. Dans son équilibre, elle est victorieusement créatrice ; elle est la garantie de l'intégrité évolutive.

De cet équilibre la nature a emprunté pour ses propres fins instrumentales les rôles énergétiques qu'elle a fixés dans nos corps.

Ces rôles sont partiels, des extraits d'une réalité infiniment plus vaste, des fragments d'un tout qui ne peut être reconstitué là.

Dans notre expérience de créatures physiques nous sommes biologiquement liés au passage et à l'action d'un feu spécifique : à son passage et pour son passage, nos corps sont momentanément altérés.

L'expérience physique que nous avons lors de ce passage est la seule expérience physique qui nous soit donnée de l'action d'une force supra physique ou subtile – sinon celle de la mort. Il y a rencontre et union, pour un instant, avec une force agissante qui transcende notre réalité corporelle et mobilise tous nos sens.

L'impact émotionnel de cette fusion est sans égal.

C'est un instant d'abandon concret où l'individualité physique et émotionnelle s'en remet entièrement à une force dont elle ignore et le fonctionnement et la source.

Cette fulgurance à laquelle nous nous livrons nous appelons orgasme ou jouissance ; et parce que nous nous y livrons si intimement et que cet abandon se produit en présence de l'autre, nous voudrions bien que cette possession temporaire soit légitimée dans une dimension plus centrale et plus durable de notre humanité, qu'elle s'associe et s'allie à l'expression d'une délivrance plus constante et déterminante de notre solitude, qu'elle implique un accomplissement émotionnel : nous voudrions bien qu'elle signifie l'amour – le passage fécond, hors de notre isolement, à un partage effectif de l'expérience du monde.

Sur la base instrumentale invariable des lois de la nature chaque civilisation et chaque culture ont élaboré, selon leur perception ou interprétation du sens de l'existence terrestre, des principes de conduite qui tentent d'intégrer pour une cohérence collective les réalités physique, physiologique et biologique des cycles successifs dans toute vie humaine.

La civilisation de l'Inde, qui perçoit pour objectif réel de l'expérience humaine la découverte et la réalisation de la dimension spirituelle et de l'immanente divinité, s'est édifiée sur des principes d'une sagesse qui demeure encore incomparable – le désastre que nous ne pouvons que constater aujourd'hui n'est dû en grande partie qu'à la corruption de ces principes.

On peut tenter d'énoncer ainsi ces principes :

- L'aptitude de l'être humain à aimer lui vient de son origine spirituelle, afin qu'il puisse retourner graduellement au divin et le réaliser.

- L'idéal d'une société humaine épanouie est de pourvoir à chacun de ses membres les directions d'un service désintéressé et la possibilité ultime de sa libération et de sa réalisation spirituelles.

- L'équilibre de cette société humaine demande à ce que chacun remplisse au mieux les devoirs qui incombent à sa nature selon les phases successives de son existence humaine.

De ces principes ont découlé les règles de vie, l'arrangement des « castes » et la distinction des époques de la vie et de leurs tâches respectives.

Les parents et les éducateurs doivent veiller à ce que l'enfant soit préparé à assumer les tâches qui correspondent à sa nature donnée dans l'équilibre durable de la société, en lui inculquant la connaissance nécessaire et le sens du devoir qui constituera sa loi de conduite, son dharma, tout au long de sa vie jusqu'à ce que, s'étant déchargé de ses responsabilités, l'adulte ayant rempli son contrat avec le monde soit libre de se consacrer à la recherche et la découverte de son destin spirituel.

C'est aux parents qu'incombe la tâche de désigner au jeune adulte la compagne ou le compagnon de sa vie et de lui transmettre les directives nécessaires à l'accomplissement d'une harmonie juste et féconde.

Ainsi les choix de l'individu ne peuvent se former qu'en fonction de son dharma, qu'il a reçu en même temps que les circonstances de sa naissance et la manifestation des traits fondamentaux de sa propre nature.

L'homme et la femme sont personnellement mis en présence l'un de l'autre pour la vie, et leurs capacités d'affection, de solidarité, de service, de courage, d'intégrité, doivent se développer sur cette base, qui ne peut être remise en question ; seule la mort les séparera.

Cependant au cours des temps ces principes ont été peu à peu corrompus, minés du dedans comme du dehors, et n'en restent extérieurement que des ombres calculatrices.

Deux acquis toutefois demeurent.

Le premier est ce sens même du dharma, qui est supérieur au devoir chrétien : supérieur parce que d'une part à la fois son origine, sa raison d'être et son but sont spirituellement fondés et respectent l'infinie variété et diversité des destinées spirituelles, et que d'autre part il embrasse et inclut le tissu entier des relations humaines, reconnaissant leur interdépendance et la nécessité fructueuse de leur cohésion sans pour autant leur permettre de dominer le cheminement de l'âme individuelle, le droit inné de l'âme à se trouver, uniquement et absolument.

Le deuxième de ces acquis s'incarne dans la femme : une universalité puissante, un regard millénaire dont le silence fondé est le miroir d'une grande connaissance et s'approche de la force créatrice.

Il faut encore que l'un et l'autre s'animent dans le présent de la Terre et s'y épandent, au service d'une évolution plus consciente pour toute l'humanité.

Tel est le rôle véritable que l'Inde doit jouer, qu'elle est encore retenue de jouer ; entravée par sa propre dégénérescence et ses propres contradictions, abaissée et rendue vulnérable au regard et à l'opinion que portent sur elle des éthiques, des morales et des projets bien moindres que les siens mais apparemment victorieux, elle est embourbée dans les conséquences d'un métissage qui l'a saisie et violée dans sa faiblesse essentielle.

Et cette faiblesse est celle-ci : c'est d'avoir cessé de chercher la perfection du monde et de la vie au profit d'une perfection morale et spirituelle, c'est d'avoir sacrifié le corps du Divin à l'autel d'un égoïsme spirituel.

Et la force de l'Occident est celle-ci : c'est de n'avoir jamais cessé de vouloir la perfection du monde physique, et de continuer à vouloir arracher à la matière son secret de plénitude.

Nous sommes à ce moment de bascule où doivent s'intégrer ensemble et la solidité vaste et puissante de ce réservoir d'expérience spirituelle et la pratique vivante d'une volonté de progrès dans l'absoluité de la matière, dans une révélation concrète qui toutes deux les contient.

Alors, où se situe la question de la sexualité ?

La sexualité nous encombre, nous parasite et nous réduit, telle que nous continuons de la mal vivre.

Notre mal pratique nous conduit à constamment nous trahir les uns les autres, à nous malmenier et nous ignorer et nous prostituer les uns les autres ; infirme en chacun de nous le respect de la personne et de son intégrité et nous condamne à des relations piégées qui portent les germes de leur propre défaite.

Nous devons recouvrer le respect de chaque autre, ce recueillement devant le mystère créateur de chacun.

Que l'homme et la femme n'abordent l'acte sexuel que dans un don mutuel et commun, librement choisi et consenti, transparent de tout calcul ; qu'ils soient chacun nu et conscient devant l'importance de cet acte et sa dimension de responsabilité sacrée ; libre et net de toute accumulation de désir, de tout bagage de manque et de besoin refoulés ; que cesse enfin ce crime et cette violence de tirer dans le monde ceux qui ne l'ont pas librement voulu, ceux que l'on n'est pas prêt à bien accueillir.

Que cesse cette transmission aveugle perpétuelle de tares et de souffrances ; que cesse cette effrayante, formidable irresponsabilité.

Et que cesse l'emprise déformante et corruptrice de la désapprobation du plaisir.

Que les garçons et les hommes, que les filles et les femmes, assument ensemble aussi la diversité de leurs réponses émotionnelles et la richesse potentielle de leur identité sexuelle dans l'amitié, la tendresse et la solidarité ; qu'ils se donnent les uns les autres du plaisir, sans honte ni culpabilité ; qu'ils explorent ensemble la réalité du plaisir.

Ainsi seulement le monstre qui nous dévore reprendra sa taille et ses proportions et nous serons en mesure de découvrir notre complétude, d'éclairer notre subconscience et d'appréhender enfin, vivants et corporels, le sens et la portée de notre parcours évolutif.

Tels que nous sommes encore, la majeure partie de notre vie physique est effectivement corrompue par cette possession sexuelle ; notre appréciation de nous-même est déterminée par notre capacité de séduire ; nous sommes indignes, des caricatures extériorisées de soi, jusqu'à la vieillesse et la mort.

Notre existence individuelle est affligée d'une suite de tromperies et de compromis, et nos révoltes mêmes sont des violences, des manques à l'harmonie que nous devrions plutôt contribuer au monde.

***16-1-2000, Auroville :**

Relisant ces dernières pages, je ressens comme un malaise, dont le censeur interne est prompt à me fournir l'explication : « As-tu perdu la tête ? Comment peux-tu te

concentrer ainsi sur cela même qui doit disparaître, trahir ton engagement, légitimer ton insincérité ? Crois-tu donc connaître mieux qu'Eux la voie du changement ? »

Je me suis toujours défié des vertueuses désapprobations...

Ce malaise, je ne le ressentais pas lorsque j'écrivais ces lignes, lorsque mon besoin était qu'elles soient les plus exactes possible ; je ressentais au contraire le soutien tranquille et bienveillant de la conscience, comme les mains fermes de la mère qui soutient son petit dans ses premiers pas incertains vers la cohérence du mouvement maîtrisé.

Mais je dois aussi m'interroger sur ce qui pourrait constituer de ma part un aveuglement persistant : ne serais-je pas en train de prêcher une fausse ouverture, qui n'aurait pour conséquence effective qu'un nouveau déferlement de possession et de débauche ?

Car enfin n'ont-ils pas expliqué, avec une indiscutable autorité, que la seule, l'unique manière de parvenir à la manifestation physique de l'amour véritable, de la joie certaine, de la tendresse divine, était de se libérer intégralement de toute sexualité ?

Ne suis-je pas en train de mêler à une perspective consciente ma propre douleur et mon propre manque d'héroïsme ?

Car, cela est certain, il nous faut sortir vivants de la sexualité, comme il nous faut sortir vivants de la mort.

L'une et l'autre, la mort et la sexualité, sont les tenants d'une étape évolutive, qui n'est pas celle de la plénitude, mais celle de la lutte pour l'individualisation de formes.

La plénitude ne deviendra possible dans le monde manifesté que lorsque la mort et la sexualité auront cessé d'être nécessaires à notre développement ; lorsque devenues inutiles et absurdes elles tomberont de nous, se déferont et seront désamorçées de nos organismes et nos corps.

Alors évidemment, puisque tout progrès commence par soi-même, ce qui est de première importance et précède tout autre considération, c'est de retirer en soi-même obstinément, avec persistance et persévérance, tout assentiment à la sexualité comme à la mort.

Et ce que je continue de faire, c'est de moduler mon assentiment selon des rythmes et des mélodies qui me semblent seulement plus plaisants, ou moins douloureux ! Et de justifier ma propre incapacité à m'engager et à choisir par un état de choses collectif !

***17-1-2000, Auroville :**

Mais je récidive !

C'est le mental qui, jusqu'à présent, joue le rôle d'un guide sélectif dans la construction de nos personnalités.

C'est mentalement que nous évaluons notre propre cohérence individuelle, que nous nous efforçons d'en combler les lacunes, de remédier tant bien que mal à nos défauts de nature, et de nous conformer autant que possible à une image que l'autre puisse accepter et apprécier.

Mais nous nous rendons tous compte que les bénéfices optimaux de cet exercice ne nous permettent que de donner le change assez longtemps pour pouvoir éventuellement, à l'abri de formes et d'habitudes plus ou moins stabilisées, retourner à l'exploration de nous-même.

Car les opérations du mental sont linéaires. Le mental est incapable de saisir le tout à la fois.

Notre multiple réalité est pour lui infiniment contradictoire.

Mon observation est que, dans leur grande majorité, les relations de couple homme femme, sont en fait des esbroufes et des supercheries ; au mieux, ce sont des compromis supérieurement motivés.

Et ma conviction est que, tant que chacun ne se sera pas trouvé et n'aura pas unifié sa propre multi dimensionnalité, seul avec les autres et seul avec le monde, nous ne pourrons découvrir le sens vraiment créateur de cette rencontre et de ce couple.

Devant le couple tel qu'il est pratiqué dans l'immense majorité des cas de nos jours, je me sens iconoclaste.

Ce que je vois ne m'inspire aucun respect.

Ce que je vois, c'est une démission de chacun, c'est une prétention : c'est de la fausse monnaie.

C'est de l'utilisation mutuelle, c'est la légitimation mutuelle d'une compromission, c'est l'adhésion complice au partage arbitraire et mensonger du monde et de la réalité.

Dans les cas les plus exceptionnels, chacun devient pour l'autre un dépositaire et une garantie. Dans les cas ordinaires, l'équilibre qui règne est celui de la terreur – qu'elle soit sourde et polie ou bruyamment dramatique, ce sont bien les pratiques de la terreur qui ont cours : le chantage, la coercition, la revendication, l'intimidation, la vengeance...

Ce qu'on appelle l'évolution des mœurs dans les sociétés occidentales est en fait, il me semble, la réflexion d'un profond besoin de distance, ou de distanciation. C'est la nécessité évolutive de l'individualité humaine qui est en jeu.

L'on est prompt de nos jours à dénoncer l'oppression que la femme a subie millénairement dans la plupart des sociétés humaines. C'est un fait historique, physique et psychologique. Mais l'énergie est égale et ne connaît pas de barrières. Ainsi ce n'est pas que l'énergie de la femme a été diminuée ; c'est seulement qu'elle a dû se distribuer autrement.

Dans la division sexuelle du monde, c'est la femme historiquement qui a été l'opprimée ; la part frontale organisationnelle des sociétés a été exercée par l'homme.

Mais chaque être vivant dispose pourtant de la même « quantité » d'énergie : c'est donc subtilement que l'énergie de la femme s'est déployée.

A partir de la définition physiologique des fonctions sexuelles s'est peu à peu instauré un partage énergétique selon lequel furent octroyés à l'identité masculine la force physique et la clarté de la volonté mentale, et à l'identité féminine la puissance et la continuité de la vie.

Les ressources de la femme se sont ainsi développées plus intensément dans le vital matériel, et l'identité féminine s'est plus particulièrement et spécifiquement alliée à la force de vie.

La donneuse de vie, celle qui transmet les lois de la vie et les préserve, vie où peuvent s'établir les racines, vie qui coule, qui inonde, qui emplit, vie qui s'attache et croît et perdure, vie qui contient, soutient et porte, vie qui irrigue et nourrit, vie qui suscite.

Et ce partage énergétique est aussi une guerre, la lutte constante pour le pouvoir d'orienter la destinée.

Il me semble clair qu'on ne sortira jamais de cette ronde tant que l'on reportera en avant la référence au modèle mythique d'une femme et d'un homme accomplis et respectivement parfaits, si spirituellement émancipés soient-ils.

Et que la tâche qui incombe à chacun de nous est de s'unir à la personne humaine, de réaliser son harmonie et de laisser à son avenir le soin de révéler la nature profonde, plus éternelle et plus souveraine, de l'union.

Et que nous servirons mieux l'émergence physique d'un état plus conscient en acceptant d'abord de reconnaître la multiplicité de chaque être et en apprenant à l'unifier autour du centre individuel conscient qui est libre de l'une comme de l'autre identité.

***18-1-1999, Auroville :**

Je suis un adorateur de ces femmes qui ont su maîtriser leur atmosphère, y harmoniser leurs attributs et leurs « atouts » spécifiques en une représentation exigeante qui mobilise et canalise tout leur être et ses mouvantes nuances, représentation qui acquiert un caractère universel. On ne peut plus fixer ces femmes à aucun rôle.

Il faut les accepter dans leur flux et leurs rythmes et les chérir, les servir, leur donner ce qu'elles demandent, les deviner si on en est capable, et toujours les solliciter dans leur plus grande profondeur et leur tribut le plus essentiel.

Si l'on se contente de vouloir les consumer ou prendre d'elles et les posséder, elles ne peuvent le supporter longtemps et doivent s'échapper, dans la contradiction tragique, ou tenter de renverser les rôles en devenant prédatrices, prisonnières alors d'une solitude effrayante.

Mais si l'on souhaite les accompagner et cultiver attentivement leur richesse dimensionnelle, alors elles peuvent vraiment devenir les chenaux et les emblèmes et les forces de la grande source féminine.

Ces femmes ne sont pas nécessairement, selon nos canons d'appréciation formelle, les plus belles ; ce sont celles qui ont identifié en elles-mêmes le don ou la capacité de composer puissamment avec leurs propres données, leurs propres mouvements et leur propre substance, avec la volonté d'y incarner un peu de cette grâce et cette perfection qui soutiennent le monde ; elles sont leurs propres créatrices.

D'être célébrées fait partie de leur destinée et de leur responsabilité.

Les femmes que j'ai connues intimement n'ont pas été d'une grande beauté ; elles ont été, chacune, profondément singulières ; de chacune émanait un charme unique, presque exclusif. Chacune était presque, finalement, le monde.

Aujourd'hui, après beaucoup d'années, j'ai reçu le premier message de ma fille : à l'approche de ses dix-huit ans, et de ce degré d'indépendance, elle me fait savoir qu'elle voudra me rencontrer, et demande une photographie de moi.

Ainsi devrai-je être perçu comme « père » ? Par un être dont mes derniers souvenirs sont ceux d'une infante, d'un amour qui s'ouvrait enfin pour moi sur la Terre, d'une fonte qui pourrait tout centrer de la vie, et qui me fut retirée ; retirée par une sorte de haine ou de défiance coalisée, puisque je n'étais pas en mesure de me plier aux gestes internes d'un rôle et d'une appartenance, puisque je ne pouvais adhérer au drapeau qu'on me tendait, et puisque je n'avais pour sa mère que de

l'amitié. Et à cause, enfin, de cette bisexualité que je ne pouvais ni ne voulais embrigader, de cet équivoque que je ne pouvais ni ne voulais tenter de trancher.

***19-1-2000, Auroville :**

Depuis que je suis rentré mon corps demande beaucoup de sommeil, plus encore qu'avant. Cette sorte de confort énergétique, d'aise et d'immédiateté de l'énergie physique, que j'avais retrouvée avec étonnement durant ce séjour en France, cela s'est dissipé, comme neutralisé, ou alourdi, englué.

Hier soir deux Auroviliens se sont fait vicieusement attaquer à coups de tessons de bouteille dans un bar de Sadarapet par des jeunes du village d'Edayachavadi, qui ont pris la fuite dès que Rama s'est ressaisi et a empoigné une barre de fer pour leur rendre comptant ; trop tard : Mani est sous oxygène et transfusion, le ventre ouvert, et Ponnu a douze points de suture à la jambe.

La violence : la violence physique est au bout de la chaîne, là où le corps est exposé ; le corps, la matière naturalisée, celle d'une fleur, d'une pierre cristalline, celle d'un enfant... L'innocence devient dans notre monde une vulnérabilité.

La violence ne peut se manifester physiquement que lorsque toutes les autres protections ont déjà été trahies et abîmées.

Nous croyons que ces protections sont morales : peut-être, si l'on entend par là le sens incarné de la valeur de toute vie et le respect de toute intégrité. Mais la déperdition de ce respect, la dévalorisation du manifeste, ne sont pas causées par une violence précise : il y a des violences plus sourdes, plus diffuses, plus générales, qui précèdent loin en amont toute violence spécifique et caractérisée.

Tout est solidaire : l'égoïsme et l'ombre, comme le besoin de vérité et d'harmonie.

Et la substance est d'elle-même solidaire en tout, quels que soient nos principes, nos jugements, nos soifs et nos intentions.

Le pillage d'un côté, la démographie de l'autre, sont les deux faces viles et grotesques de l'hydre menaçante qui engendre à chaque seconde plus de désarroi, plus de détresse et plus de désordre.

La question de la violence ne relève plus seulement de la justice sociale.

Alors que j'écrivais cette dernière ligne, un bruit soudain de bâtons frappés durement contre le sol, une frénésie : l'un de nos gars poursuit une petite iguane, essayant de l'assommer : je dois le rappeler à l'ordre d'urgence, et l'iguane s'échappe.

J'ai « dû intervenir »... ce qui nous motive à intervenir est rarement pur. L'instinct, l'indignation, le sens, oui, de la justice ? Quand est-on conscient et de l'acte, de l'origine de l'acte et de ses effets ou conséquences ?

Kr est venu me rejoindre, sur le plus haut gradin de cette grande aire orangée de l'Unité ; le soleil couchant s'épand comme une onde chaleureuse et, devant nous dans la pâleur bleutée du ciel apaisé la lune déjà levée, aux trois quarts pleine, son orbe d'or clair suspendue juste à la droite et un peu au-dessus de la sphère de Matrimandir : native et insolite à la fois, notre sphère d'un monde à devenir, en haut de laquelle flambe déjà la première couvée de disques dorés.

Kr, tout de douceur, son rire simple, à la fois ouvert et contenu, sa tendresse patiente quand il pose sa tête sur mon épaule...

Combien de nos actes, extérieurs ou subtils, sont réellement exempts, dépourvus de violence ?

Nos violences mutuelles sont le plus souvent polies et domestiquées, rôdées comme un jeu d'escrime ou enrobée du poids convenable des sentiments.

L'Inde qui a institué, en un dépérissement millénaire, la violence des castes, a prétendu ce siècle dernier prêcher au monde, par l'exemple d'un seul homme plus chrétien que les évêques de Rome, l'idéal pratique de la non-violence, et l'a exploité jusqu'à trahir dans son corps même la force et la vision de son âme résurgente. L'Inde a laissé ses masses dériver dans l'inertie et la pauvreté de sens et de vie, la pourriture de la pensée.

Comment mesure-t-on l'ampleur de la violence morale ?

Comment calcule-t-on la dévastation produite par un jeûne public, par une immolation, par la volonté délibérée de s'étendre sur les rails au nom d'une cause proclamée ?

Doit-on confondre violence et force d'âme ? Mais la violence n'est-elle pas toujours et en tous les cas force déviée et pervertie ?

De quelles plaies et de quelles blessures doit-on faire le compte au tribunal de toutes les violences infligées ?

***21-1-2000, Auroville :**

Cette situation ne répond plus aux normes, qui m'est assignée comme une semelle de plomb ; j'y suis ramené, tenu et maintenu, usé, érodé, nettoyé – comment le savoir ? Il y a encore du désespoir et de la révolte ; les pulsions suicidaires affleurent encore, comme ces courants bizarres, ces courants fous qui soudain surgissent de nulle part dans le fond des mers.

Il y a tout, en fait : la gratitude et la certitude et la confiance, le sens puissant du choix central et la réceptivité, et aussi la densité de l'impossibilité, de la question, du tourment et de l'impuissance face à l'obscur perpétuation de la laideur, la misère et la mort.

Il y a la rébellion même contre l'idéal, tel qu'il devient dans notre conscience humaine ; la rage de vivre et de démolir toutes les identités creuses ; le sens de la vanité de tout effort, et de l'abîme absurde entre cette construction collective dans laquelle nous survivons sans joie et la manifestation d'une harmonie vivante où tout vibrerait, où il n'y aurait plus d'inertie ni d'oubli. Et cette affliction de culpabilité devant le monde, d'être si privilégié et pourtant de servir si mal et si peu.

On ne peut pas servir l'humanité : la notion même de service de l'humanité est fallacieuse, car l'humanité n'est encore que l'habitation de maîtres rivaux ou ennemis, un établissement qui a l'égo pour tenancier.

On peut éprouver le besoin de servir le vrai dans l'humanité, de s'unir à cette perception d'une humanité intérieure qui tâtonne et s'efforce sans cesse de s'accomplir ; mais comment le servir bien, ce vrai, tant qu'on ne l'a pas trouvé déjà en soi-même avec cette certitude de contact qui seule permet de ne plus être trompé, égaré, influencé, détourné ?

Il faut bien alors nommer le divin !

Puisque c'est de Cela et de Cela seul qu'il s'agit, originellement, relativement, et ultimement !

Mais comment se débarrasser une fois pour toutes de cette formation si terriblement réductrice d'un dieu séparé du monde – qui n'est que notre propre ego séparé, projeté et sublimé par l'absence ?

Comment communiquer simplement, sans peurs ni prétentions, dans nos vies et nos actes et nos sensations mêmes le sens ou la conscience du miracle permanent ?

Comment partager simplement l'expérience toujours plus évidente que nous sommes le Divin, qu'il n'y a que le Divin – et que notre condition est seulement primitive, embryonnaire, fragmentée ?

C'est Cela qui S'est projeté : de Soi-Même le Divin S'est exposé, S'est manifesté – est devenu tout, tout ce qui est et tous les possibles, la vie, l'esprit, la matière, l'oisillon ; le sein d'une femme, la buée sur la vitre, la douleur dans ton cœur, et toutes ces galaxies. C'est l'évènement, le seul évènement qui se poursuit.

Et alors, cette déflagration, c'est comme un accident, une vaste unique commotion : il faut se retrouver. On est tout éberlué, on est tout ce qu'on voit, sent, touche, devine, éprouve, on est tout ce capharnaüm impossible de réalités séparées, de complexités et d'harmonies incompréhensibles, de chaos ordonnés ; on est répandu, éparpillé, divisé et multiplié, rivé, écrasé, astreint, délivré... On cherche à se souvenir, on lutte pour se réveiller, on est emporté encore, on se heurte et se cogne et, parfois, une seconde, on fond...

Mais il ne s'agit que de Cela ; c'est Cela qui Se réalise : c'est Soi, c'est le Divin qui naît, qui devient.

Alors, c'est le Divin que l'on peut apprendre à servir dans l'humanité.

***22-1-2000, Auroville :**

Il y a tant et tant d'êtres démunis, qui souffrent et chaque jour de la vie doivent s'accrocher, lutter, mendier pour subsister et maintenir leurs dépendants.

Où agir, comment aider ?

C'est dans les pays dits « riches », et dans la plupart des grandes villes du monde, que l'on rencontre une souffrance du bout d'un chemin, d'une impasse brutale, et radicale : là où ont miroité le matérialisme, l'industrialisation, le capitalisme, la démocratie, là où fut érigée comme but de l'existence la poursuite d'un bonheur extérieur... Et beaucoup de cette souffrance est éprouvé dans et par le regard de l'autre – le regard du nanti sur le démuné -, l'absence soudaine, la fermeture...

Car la chute est une dénonciation ! Plus elle est visible et plus elle remet tout en question !

***24-1-2000, Auroville :**

Depuis près de 30 ans je suis attaché à l'exécution d'un projet qui est probablement, objectivement, le plus beau du monde contemporain ; et ceci dans un contexte encore unique, dont la fondation est une aspiration libre au plus haut, au plus vrai, au plus conscient, dans la vie même et tous ses mouvements.

C'est un privilège si formidable que la pensée, qui ne peut que mesurer et comparer, se sent écrasée : on se précipite dans le détail, comme l'autruche fourre sa tête dans le sable.

Le plus beau du monde...

J'ai vu en France plusieurs grands projets qui m'ont touché : quand la grandeur et l'envergure de la vision, alliées à la maîtrise des techniques, aboutit à un vertigineux déséquilibre, ce besoin de rétablir une dimension humaine, une modulation de l'espace où le corps humain puisse recouvrer son rythme et sa relation vivante à l'infini.

Mais aucun de ces projets, ni aucun de ceux de par le monde dont j'ai vu les photographies ou lu les descriptions, n'émane d'une vision centrale qui percevrait la place et la fonction justes de chaque élément et de chaque relation. Ils naissent tous d'une idée, d'un fragment de compréhension, d'une nécessité particulière magnifiée, d'une volonté ou d'une association de volontés limitées.

Ici le noyau de l'entreprise est un avec la simplicité essentielle, revisitée par une expérience profondément nouvelle, qui fonde, anime et habite tous les grands symboles et tous les rythmes premiers ; cette simplicité créative qui est identique au cœur de l'expérience spirituelle, comme au cœur organique de la vie, comme au centre atomique de toute expansion matérielle.

Et c'est seulement dans la sécurité de cette essentielle simplicité qu'une richesse, une complexité, une prospérité de formes et d'attributs peut se créer, s'épandre et augmenter : une création vraiment génératrice, dont le souffle ne peut être récupéré ni usurpé...

Pourtant, si beau, si vaste et si profond soit le symbole autour duquel nous nous réunissons, si éternelle et puissante soit la référence donnée à nos progrès et nos actes, notre bagage est encore si obscur que notre service et notre aspiration en demeurent les otages et continuent de s'y engluer.

Comme nous tordons, durcissons, divisons, comme nous argumentons, découpons, réduisons, comme nous nivelons, pillons, trompons, méprisons, oublions, marchandons, et d'autant plus douloureusement que nous sommes plus près de la beauté et du souffle qui cherchent à se manifester !

Comme cette beauté même nous plonge à la racine même de toutes les résistances et de tous les vols : car notre ego, tout bon instrument qu'il fut, est le grand voleur, le malin pilleur qui n'aurait de cesse qu'il ait tout reconquis à son image, tout violé et détourné pour se grossir !

Et ces années de privilège sont aussi celles d'une complexification à la limite du supportable, où se résume toute la difficulté évolutive : et ici aussi l'on arrive au bout du monde, au bout de l'ego !

Face à la seule question brûlante, d'une évidence presque à hurler ; il n'y a plus rien qui ne soit la question : comment passer ?

Physiquement ?

Ici ?

« Il faut être toujours plus grand que l'expérience »...

Là se trouve la sécurité : de ne pas devenir fou, idiot ou débile, de ne pas céder à l'impulsion d'une destruction facile, de se centrer dans le grand silence qui regarde, la grande liberté qui aime, et le rire de Cela.

***25-1-2000, Auroville :**

Qu'est-ce donc, vraiment, qu'un « pays sous-développé », ou, selon cet euphémisme poli, un « pays en voie de développement » ?

Avec un peu d'honnêteté et d'objectivité historique, il faut bien admettre qu'il s'agit de pays et de peuples dont le développement naturel, c'est-à-dire le développement issu de leur culture propre et de son évolution interne, a été enrayé, entravé ou colonisé, dominé, désorienté et persuadé ou forcé par des moules de pensée et des systèmes de valeurs et de motivations qui leur étaient étrangers.

C'est ainsi que tous nos jugements et toutes nos évaluations sont faussés et viciés.

Et il me semble que notre seul espoir terrestre collectif se situe désormais quelque part au-delà d'une première et générale bâtarde.

Et qu'il est vain, comme une bataille perdue d'avance, de soutenir l'effort, qu'une complicité hypocrite rend à la mode, de retrouver chacun ses racines culturelles « authentiques » et de recouvrer chacun son identité historique : il est désormais trop tard pour cela.

Il vaudrait beaucoup mieux pour la Terre entière que l'on s'efforce de répondre à cette violence devenue banale et ordinaire qui s'inscrit dans tant de nos gestes : ce geste de jeter les ordures ménagères dans la rue, ou les restes polluants d'une entreprise industrielle dans la rivière, ou ce geste de battre l'enfant, ou de rejeter dans l'océan des milliers de poissons morts, ou celui de clouer un panneau de propagande dans le tronc vivant d'un arbre.

Et que l'on s'efforce de répondre aussi à cette violence plus subtile et plus délibérée encore, plus froidement intéressée, qui se répand comme un tissage ou une grille de plus dans un nombre croissant de situations et de circonstances : les pratiques publicitaires.

Cette Terre d'aujourd'hui a besoin d'hommes et de femmes désintéressés qui se mettent au service d'une éthique nouvelle, une éthique commune à l'humanité entière, en la percevant déjà, puis en la définissant simplement et en la vivant, la répandant, avec les moyens du bord.

Dans les villages ici les animaux domestiques sont le plus souvent négligés, sinon maltraités ; quant aux chats et aux chiens, ils prolifèrent sans aucun soin et se débrouillent comme ils peuvent dans le sillage des humains, sont battus et se battent entre eux – et les cas de rage augmentent à nouveau.

Ce matin nous avons trouvé dans un terrier creusé par leur mère non loin des travaux d'excavation huit chiots à peine nés, leurs yeux encore clos.

Avant que s'ouvrent les yeux les chiots, et les petits en général, sont encore seulement à mi-chemin du passage dans la définition physique du monde matériel ; le seul changement important qui soit intervenu dans leur expérience sensorielle, est une première découverte diffuse de l'espace et, dans cet espace, l'acte de téter : leur organisme a juste commencé de fonctionner de manière autonome, mais ils reconstituent l'atmosphère connue en demeurant serrés les uns contre les autres ou se rassemblant dans la chaleur ambiante du corps de la mère pendant la tétée. Ils pourraient encore retourner dans la poche amniotique et s'y réadapter.

Ainsi est-il encore possible de les noyer sans violence.

Quand on les plonge doucement dans l'eau, ils retrouvent la respiration fœtale et, sans se débattre, continuent longtemps de se mouvoir ; ce matin, Somu et moi avons compté plus d'une demi heure avant qu'ils ne s'immobilisent tout à fait, dans le grand étang ensoleillé d'Irumbai.

Il n'est pas facile d'être certain que tel acte soit légitime ; par associations ou glissements, et une sorte de contiguïté, on pourrait justifier d'autres actes autrement motivés : l'existence physique pose cette sorte de questions presque à chaque instant...

Quelles sont les alternatives à ce « meurtre », dans la situation locale présente ?

Ne pas intervenir revient à accepter passivement le danger croissant de contamination de la rage, comme l'augmentation exponentielle des chiens errants et mal nourris, transmetteurs de germes, maraudeurs et rendus parfois agressifs par les mauvais traitements qu'ils reçoivent.

Inoculer chacun des huit chiots ainsi que la mère, puis stériliser la mère, puis s'assurer que chacun d'eux trouve un foyer relativement stable, est simplement impraticable dans le milieu économique et social environnant...

Nous aurions pu aussi tenter ce matin, par quelque ruse, d'attirer la mère chienne jusque dans la camionnette avec ses petits et de les emmener dans une forêt où elle pourrait chasser pour les nourrir et les élever jusqu'à ce qu'ils puissent à leur tour subsister et survivre ; mais de telles forêts n'existent presque plus dans la région.

J'étais prêt pourtant, ce matin, à tenter la chance ; je m'étais approché du terrier avec un plat de nourriture pour attirer la mère chienne jusqu'à la camionnette ; les huit petits étaient blottis contre elle, juste après la tétée ; mais elle n'a pas bougé ; elle m'a seulement regardé : nous nous sommes longtemps regardé ; c'était tout à fait tranquille ; il n'était pas question de lui mentir : soit elle venait et ce serait dur pour elle de subsister ; soit je prenais les petits pour les renvoyer « de l'autre côté ». Il n'y avait aucune peur dans ce regard.

Je ne sais pas s'il s'agit seulement là de confiance, au sens où nous l'entendons dans les relations humaines. Je crois que c'est plus que cela, et que c'est d'une qualité dont nous ne sommes pas capables, mais dont nous devrions pourtant être dignes.

Elle n'est pas venue. J'ai commencé d'ouvrir les bords de la tanière, tout doucement pour ne pas les ensevelir ; elle s'est de suite dégagée de ses petits, s'est ébrouée, et s'en est allée loin de nous ; même quand j'ai eu déposé les petits dans un sac ouvert à l'arrière de la camionnette, avec le même plat de nourriture à côté d'eux, elle n'a pas voulu venir.

Maintenant, elle cherche ses petits ; les cherche-t-elle vraiment, ou est-ce seulement le besoin physiologique qui la pousse à les chercher quand même, parce que son corps produit encore le lait qui leur est destiné ?

Si je la regarde maintenant, elle ne m'en veut pas.

Si je me sentais coupable, si mon acte avait une ombre, alors dans cette ombre serait-il possible de contempler la possibilité d'actes similaires, ou analogues, mais à une autre échelle... Pourrais-je faire ce même choix, dans des circonstances extrêmes, pour des petits d'homme ? Des enfants, des nourrissons ? Serais-je capable de noyer des bébés qui viennent de naître ?

Selon quelle éthique doit-on s'orienter ?

Une première éthique, « traditionnelle », est le commandement presque universel : « Tu ne tueras pas ».

La deuxième éthique, que l'on est obligé de nommer « personnelle », plonge dans le verbe « aimer », dans l'apprentissage de la loi de l'amour...

***26-1-2000, Auroville :**

Dans l'Inde traditionnelle le commandement de ne pas tuer s'applique non seulement à son prochain mais à toute créature ; il est même enjoint aux adhérents de certaines lignées morales et religieuses, telle celle du Jâinisme, d'être scrupuleux au point d'épargner la vie, autant que faire se peut, aux plus petits des insectes.

C'est pourtant dans l'Inde aussi que certaines orthodoxies astreignent, encore de nos jours, la veuve à se jeter dans la bûche crématoire de son époux décédé.

Et c'est dans l'Inde qu'encore, rituellement si possible, l'on pratique le meurtre des infantes (les nourrissons de sexe féminin), pratique due à l'esclavage économique à la coutume de la dot, coutume dont l'Inde n'a pas encore la vigueur de se défaire.

Dans les villages de notre région immédiate ne résident plus que les membres des castes les plus inférieures et ceux qui sont « hors castes », dans des colonies adjacentes.

Aucun parmi eux ne serait en mesure de décider de noyer les petits d'une seule de ces milliers de chiennes errantes qui reçoivent plus de cailloux que de nourriture – par crainte de la colère des dieux, ou de la vengeance des esprits, ou d'un retour de mauvaise fortune...

Quant aux animaux domestiques dont ils dépendent pour leur subsistance, tels les vaches à lait, les bœufs de faix ou de labour, les chèvres, les cochons, les volailles, ils ne reçoivent d'eux que les égards dus à leur rendement ; les bœufs en particulier sont fréquemment maltraités jusqu'à l'épuisement et il est bien rare qu'ils reçoivent le moindre signe d'affection, même si leur possession confère pourtant un statut social et leur disparition soudaine est économiquement désastreuse.

Il en va de même dans la famille même : l'homme considère de son droit de frapper sa femme lorsqu'elle ne remplit pas ses devoirs comme il l'entend.

Il me semble que le temps n'est plus aux études sociologiques : les plus démunis sont les plus nombreux.

Il s'agit d'une érosion collective : l'érosion du respect du manifesté.

Du respect des formes et des corps, du respect de la matière, du respect de l'autre.

Et cette érosion opère par le bas, par la masse de notre humanité, mais elle opère aussi par le haut, précisément à travers les éléments que nous estimons les plus développés : les politiciens, les technocrates, les propagandistes et exploitants de la science, les financiers.

Que ce soit par le bas ou par le haut, les formes que prend la vie reçoivent de moins en moins d'amour et sont de moins en moins respectées : utilisées, marchandées, exploitées, altérées, forcées, usées, consommées, galvaudées, souillées, partout, par tous, de toutes les manières connues et de nouvelles manières aussi, oui – mais aimées ?

L'on peut bien parler du malaise existentiel !

Nous sommes tous solidaires dans le mépris obscur et la déchéance !

***28-1-2000, Auroville :**

Kusum est tombée il y a deux jours ; elle a encore mal.

***31-1-2000, Auroville :**

... Ce n'est pas que je perde le contact intérieur, mais plutôt que je ne trouve plus dans quel mouvement, dans quelle discipline, dans quel engagement le servir.

Cela fait comme un trou de tristesse ; presque le sentiment d'une incompatibilité qui grandit.

Il me semble aussi être absorbé dans un passage, une sorte de révolution : pas exactement un retournement, mais un mouvement circulaire ou sphérique très profond, plus profond que les sentiments ou les perceptions qui peuvent être formulées ; cela brasse du temps, le sens même du temps ; cela touche à l'expérience du temps dans le corps même ; il y a là comme une nécessité de se détacher, de se défaire de l'emprise du temps linéaire ; comme si, sans cela, on ne pourra jamais rien « faire » de bon, tout sera inévitablement et perpétuellement récupéré, réduit et dissous.

Comme si tout au fond, là, profondément obstrué ou empêché, ou difficile d'accès, mais souverainement là, en attente, absolu, se tenait le vrai présent.

Et que d'y parvenir, de s'y rendre, était la seule chose nécessaire, ou la première chose nécessaire, la condition pour que s'ouvre enfin un autre possible.

Et je me trouve dans ce passage, comme coincé juste là dans l'entrée d'un tunnel, d'un goulet, retenu par une quantité de « choses » : mes désirs, mon sens du devoir, de la solidarité, de la responsabilité, mon besoin de créer, ou même d'offrir ; même mon aspiration, ou mon engagement d'harmonie et d'ordre ; même mon sens d'appartenir à une aventure collective ; tout cela me retient comme un bagage, ou un encombrement, une pesanteur ajoutée.

D'un côté, tout ici me semble petit, étriqué, rigide, artificiel.

Et pour rejoindre l'autre côté où tout est un, une seule cohésion infinie toujours consciente d'elle-même, je suis trop fragmenté, trop dissipé ou morcelé pour passer.

Je viens de terminer la lecture du livre de Lise Thouin (la nouvelle compagne de Daniel Meurois) ; c'est passionnant, avec beaucoup d'honnêteté, d'ampleur et de don ; il y a eu dans ce livre un ou deux moments qui m'ont ému aux larmes, tout comme j'ai été ému à plusieurs reprises, intensément, étonnamment, pendant mon séjour en France, à des instants de films ou d'un livre d'Izzo.

Cette émotion est d'une telle force qu'on ne peut plus la nommer ; c'est porté par une vague qui traverse les vies, qui transcende justement ce temps linéaire.

Ce que ces instants ont en commun, c'est qu'ils canalisent ou laissent affleurer à peu près intacte l'expérience d'une perfection de don, d'une synchronie de reconnaissance, d'une gratuité d'aimer – car la perfection n'est pas un fait immobile : c'est un maximum d'intégrité dans l'instant même, un maximum qui ne compte plus, ne calcule plus, ne veut plus rien, mais se donne et, se donnant, voit juste et agit juste. Et souvent ces instants là se manifestent circulairement ; c'est-à-dire qu'il y a un, ou deux êtres, et il y a aussi un nombre, une foule, un écho immédiat, une substance en résonance où la même vague est perçue simultanément ; comme si l'on retrouvait là, alors, l'acte d'amour essentiel de la multiplicité.

Et pourtant, ce livre est encore presque une surface, ou un abord : une silhouette entrevue à travers un milieu qui demeure exclusif et séparé.

Toute ma vie j'ai été « bon public » : du moment où j'accroche, je me laisse coloniser, impressionner.

J'ai longtemps cru que c'était un travers qu'il faudrait corriger, que cela ne pouvait que me rendre influençable, une proie de tous les envahissements incapable de s'orienter, incapable même de fidélité. Puis j'ai appris à me fier à un autre centre de perception et j'ai découvert que je comprenais mieux et plus profondément les êtres et les choses en me laissant envahir et en les devenant ; et que ce phénomène, si je le laissais se produire sans chercher à le contrôler, était momentané, c'est-à-dire qu'il avait à chaque fois sa propre durée. Et que si je me gardais d'intervenir et ne me hâtais pas de recouvrer mon propre discernement actif, et demeurais tranquillement disponible en laissant le mouvement s'accomplir, se clore et se retirer, alors se formait très simplement une évaluation plus compréhensive, sans effort, attentive, où les choses sont situées à leur place relative dans le mouvement général.

***1-2-2000, Auroville :**

On oublie toujours que les seuls progrès qui comptent, qui contribuent vraiment à l'évolution, sont d'abord et avant tout des progrès de conscience : on devient plus conscient – et conscient de plus ! Et naturellement il faut assimiler ce plus et s'y donner, car ce plus nous change dans notre être même : la conscience EST !

Nous avons beaucoup d'instruments, de plus en plus d'instruments ; ce que nous n'avons pas, ce qui fait de nous, malgré toute notre panoplie, des handicapés et des infirmes, c'est que nous n'avons pas développé la capacité consciente d'utiliser ces outils et ces instruments.

Et il faut s'entendre : « capacité consciente » ne signifie pas « délibérée » !

« Délibérée » implique une volonté séparée qui est déterminée à influencer, et cette volonté peut être issue du plus sombre égoïsme !

Alors que « capacité consciente » signifie l'aptitude à s'unir à la vision, l'amplitude, la sûreté de la perception, de l'unité de la conscience.

Aujourd'hui nous avons à notre disposition une pléthore de machines et nos outils, se perfectionnant, en inventent d'autres ; et pourtant combien parmi nous savent vraiment penser ?

Combien parmi nous ont, par exemple, effectivement exploré et maîtrisé la faculté mentale de l'intuition, au-dessus de la logique et de la raison ?

Ou encore, combien parmi nous sont-ils en mesure de manier les vibrations vitales de telle manière, par exemple, à établir ou rétablir l'harmonie ?

Quand je me suis retrouvé largué dans les rues de Paris ou Bordeaux, je me suis donc trouvé à nouveau au sein de ce qu'il est convenu de nommer une société affluente ; on ne peut guère concevoir un contraste plus saisissant, de la rue d'un village de l'Inde à une rue de Paris. Mais finalement, les différences ne sont pas là vraiment.

Prenons l'éducation : il est certain que le nombre de ceux qui ont la possibilité de recevoir une nourriture éducative élaborée est proportionnellement plus grand en Occident que dans l'Inde.

Pourtant si l'on attend de l'éducation qu'elle prépare l'individu à l'expérience du monde et l'équipe pour sa participation à venir, la comparaison est moins concluante.

Il me semble plutôt que le désarroi est assez bien réparti !

Et que l'éducation moderne telle qu'elle est encore généralement conçue ne prépare guère plus l'individu à embrasser le monde et s'y donner en avant et consciemment que la perpétuation rigide de traditions sclérosées sous la menace d'un modèle d'abondance occidentale.

Et, finalement, dans une situation extrême, entre le jeune universitaire diplômé d'une faculté française, et le jeune apprenti, cinquième enfant d'une famille de huit au père alcoolique, à la mère épuisée, qui n'a que deux chemises de rechange et un coin de terre battue pour dormir, qui saura le mieux s'adapter et générer en avant les qualités et capacités de cœur et d'instinct ?

Kireetbhai a si généreusement parlé des fondements d'une éducation plus profondément vraie et utile à la Terre.

Je regarde toutes ces grandes questions, et je mesure la diversité de toutes ces occasions manquées, auxquelles je continue de manquer chaque jour, de pratiquer la culture d'une richesse de vie véritable, de développer ces facultés et ces capacités qui combleraient le déséquilibre du monde ; je regarde et j'éprouve, et voilà : comme une grande épée plantée dans le milieu de tout, une terrible

vibration du manque et du dérisoire, le sens insupportable d'une déviation, d'une déformation, d'une absurdité logée dans la vie même : le phénomène de la mort !

Que la mort soit pour tous le seul fait invariable de l'expérience humaine ; que la mort ait usurpé ce rôle de l'absolu !

Que la mort soit la conclusion identique pour tous, quels que soient les parcours, les accomplissements, les développements, ou les défaites et les parjures !

Que la mort soit l'inévitable point final de toute aventure, déjà inscrit dans le premier instant !

La spiritualité a semblé nous enseigner une distance et un détachement de notre état matériel au profit d'une identification intérieure à une dimension de soi qui demeurerait égale indépendamment du corps, qui nous libèrerait en même temps de l'illusion de nos vœux de créatures séparées, nous permettant ainsi de traiter avec le monde, pour le reste du temps de nos corps, avec une bienveillance éclairée et une prière pour la libération de tous.

Ainsi la spiritualité a-t-elle, en principe et dans son ensemble, accepté la mort – accepté le fait de la mort, et de la limitation de la manifestation, et l'a presque légitimé.

Ceux qui ne pouvaient renoncer à la quête du principe de l'immortalité ont été ressentis par l'élite spirituelle comme des ambitieux assoiffés d'illusion.

Pourtant, qu'il ait été étouffé ou détourné, mythifié ou méprisé, le débat originel se poursuit avec une acuité plus grande d'avoir été ignoré.

Mais que comprenons-nous par « immortalité » ?

Souhaitons-nous seulement déjouer les lois de la nature physique et prolonger indéfiniment le temps de notre jouissance égoïste et perpétuer indéfiniment notre propre réalisation séparée ?

***2-2-2000, Auroville :**

Il y a encore un tel abîme entre la vie de la matière et ce que nous éprouvons comme notre vie. Nous mesurons cet abîme, cette distance, par nos microscopes, nos accélérateurs atomiques, nos fusées, nos éprouvettes, nos théories ; nous jalonnons cette distance de nos repères, nous l'affublons de nos lois, nous la fixons. Il arrive heureusement que ces lois volent en éclats, car nos logiques ont des failles et ne peuvent rendre compte de tous les comportements de la matière observée ; plus nous l'observons, en fait, et tentons de pénétrer son mystère, et plus elle se dérobe et nous force à l'implosion de notre pensée.

Il y a ceux parmi nous qui portent cette foi entièrement déraisonnable : que quelque part dans l'être, physiquement, consciemment, se cache encore et nous attend le secret d'un état Un.

Un état qui est à la fois matériel, pure matière, et spirituel, pure divinité.

On serait tenté de dire qu'il se cache dans nos corps ; mais ce n'est pas qu'il faille le traquer dans la géographie interne de nos organes ou de nos veines, ni même que sa clé soit inscrite dans tel assemblage de neurones ou qu'on puisse jamais le déchiffrer dans la composition symétrique d'une cellule.

Il y a seulement, ou presque, la certitude que c'est là, qu'il est là, ce secret.

Et qu'il nous faut seulement développer comme une antenne chercheuse, un nouveau sens qui nous oriente vers ce centre vibrant qui attend, une antenne toute nourrie de notre besoin clair, de vérité, d'unité, de plénitude, et d'une Présence que plus rien ne puisse contredire, pas même la mort.

Mais pour développer cette antenne au sein silencieux de l'expérience de chaque instant, un énorme déblayage est nécessaire.

Il nous faut « renoncer » à beaucoup de nos acquis de créatures sociales et civilisées, à beaucoup de nos habitudes et de ce que nous appelons avec indulgence nos instincts.

On est mis très vite en présence d'une condition assez rude ; c'est peut-être la porte étroite ou terrifiante des légendes, c'est la mort de l'image de soi, c'est la destruction de l'identité, c'est la mort de l'ego et de sa relation intime à la mort, c'est le « mourir à la mort ».

Car pour parvenir à ce point d'épreuve il faut déjà s'être donné à une intensité de flamme silencieuse, et à une fréquence d'appel telle que l'on peut déjà s'offrir sans réserves à une éternité de transformation !

Parce que, voilà : la seule réponse à la mort, la seule alternative à la dissolution et l'inévitabilité de la désagrégation, est une éternité, une continuité de transformation, un continuum de devenir : le continuum intégral du devenir.

Mais aucune individualité, si vaste et grande soit-elle, n'a la capacité, le pouvoir et la vision de cette éternité de changement !

C'est là, c'est alors, que la vérité des choses éclate comme un rire !

La boucle est bouclée, et toutes les philosophies se mordent la queue !

C'est si simple, et si évident !

L'éternité n'est possible qu'à cet être qui peut s'unir entièrement, absolument, intégralement à la conscience, sans plus vouloir aucunement demeurer séparé !

Car c'est la volonté même de préserver et perpétuer une identité séparée, quelle qu'elle soit, qui provoque et produit une césure, qui inscrit la séparation dans la résonance matérielle ; le temps même est divisé et distribué, et devient le lieu de la représentation symbolique de l'expérience : la conception, la naissance, la croissance, la maturité, le déclin et la dissolution – de l'universel à l'universel en passant par la forme, où momentanément se rejoignent le plus subtil et le plus matériel...

C'est là que se pose la question du temps du yoga.

Nous sommes dans l'évolution, nous en faisons partie ; la Terre est un lieu d'évolution.

Nous pouvons, au terme de quelque discipline, nous réfugier sur les hauts plateaux d'une réalisation statique, typale, parfaite là où elle nous a hissés, mais partielle.

Nous avons aussi le « droit » de prendre des vacances : nous avons le choix dans l'éventail des plans et des réalités, dont la subtilité croît ou décroît selon notre point de vue ou notre perspective. Nous pouvons nous procurer les moyens d'accéder à des niveaux d'expérience remarquables...

Mais l'incontournable, l' inexplicable fait demeure : c'est sur la Terre et dans le corps que se fraye le chemin central, nulle part ailleurs !

***4-2-2000, Auroville :**

Ainsi se pose la question du yoga.

Peut-être l'évolution a-t-elle, tout comme soi-même ou comme la cellule, des niveaux, des degrés et des dimensions.

Collectivement nous ne l'avons longtemps saisie que dans sa réalité naturelle : l'irrésistible et infaillible force de la Nature, dont le milieu spatio-temporel nous porte, nous situe et nous englobe ; notre expérience est pétrie et conditionnée par son omniprésence ; et lorsque nous sommes parvenus à une relative maîtrise de ses immenses ressources, quand nous l'avons ici et là partiellement harnachée à notre entreprise civilisatrice, nous la retrouvons plus insaisissable et mystérieuse encore par-delà les miroirs et les signes codés des mécanismes subtils qui semblent constituer la base première de la vie matérielle ; pareille au mirage d'une ultime conquête elle nous tente et nous invite et entraîne notre volonté insatiable de contrôle jusque dans les atomes et les gènes.

***6-2-2000, Auroville :**

Dans le règne de la Nature, tout comme les plantes et les minéraux, les animaux sont libres de ce fardeau que nous sommes seuls, semble-t-il, à porter : le sens du temps.

Les animaux et la plupart des végétaux naissent, croissent et se développent, se maintiennent dans la maturité d'une pleine vigueur et, passée une certaine apogée d'expression, diminuent, dépérissent et se décomposent.

Les minéraux, à moins d'une intervention mécanique extérieure, semblent participer d'une continuité de rythme évolutif d'où la mort est exclue

Les plantes sont soumises à une courbe inéluctable : venues de l'invisible elles retournent à l'invisible ; et les animaux ont l'expérience de la mort, car ce n'est plus seulement que la sève graduellement se tarit, se fige et s'absente : c'est leur corps individuel qui, d'un instant à l'autre, est atteint de mort.

Il est pourtant clair que ni les végétaux ni les animaux ne sont affectés par le sens du passage du temps comme nous le sommes ; et c'est l'activation de la pensée et de la capacité de se représenter les choses et de les anticiper, les comparer et les évaluer, qui est responsable dans notre expérience de la dramatisation de la mort.

Il semble ainsi que plus la créature est complexe et plus elle acquiert le sens de son individualité et de son unicité, et plus poignante est la mort.

Nous existons dans le croisement de deux feux.

L'observation instrumentale commune d'une réalité objective relativement stable dont la constance équivaut pour nous à une éternité, nous maintient au niveau des espèces, pour lesquelles le temps et la mort ne sont que des incidences rythmiques. Tandis que l'expérience psychologique subjective de notre vie et de celle d'autrui nous expose à l'acuité de questions insolubles et nous précipite à des frontières dimensionnelles où le temps et l'espace, la matière, la conscience et la mort parfois se contredisent, parfois se confondent.

***8-2-2000, Auroville :**

Nous sommes autant de discordances.

L'animal à chaque instant de sa vie est un alignement parfait ; son rythme est un, sans disparité ni brisure ; l'animal n'est pas tourmenté par le passage du temps ; il n'anticipe pas séparément la venue de la mort : son instinct est la garantie de son intégrité d'expérience.

***9-2-2000, Auroville :**

Il est bien plus facile d'être fidèle quand on est de passage !

Dés que l'on s'implique et se situe dans un contexte particulier, quel que soit le discernement dont nous soyons capable et qu'on le veuille ou non, on entre dans un jeu de réponses, de réactions et d'échos qui se saisissent de notre image, s'adressent à notre personnalité frontale et la ciblent.

Et c'est précisément là que l'on sait combien l'on a besoin de temps, d'un temps donné et sûr, d'un temps sans mort, pour accomplir des progrès véritables, des progrès qui s'incarnent dans la substance et la matière, des progrès qui deviennent de réels acquis sur le chemin de la manifestation consciente.

L'on comprend profondément que la première réalisation nécessaire, à la fois objectivement et subjectivement, pour que s'opère dans l'humanité sur la Terre le passage à un autre Etat, est la conquête d'une durée indéfinie pour la vie du corps : de la possibilité de maintenir l'agrégat individuel en travail aussi longtemps que cela est centralement perçu comme bon et utile.

C'est le principe d'une victoire sur l'arbitraire de la mort.

***13-2-2000, Auroville :**

Krishna a quitté son corps – ou son corps l'a quitté ?

D'après Agnès et Gopal, cela s'est passé il y a trois jours, le 10 au soir, à 23 h.

Selon eux, Krishna avait demandé à ce que personne ne soit informé avant cinq jours, et il avait choisi l'endroit du jardin où son corps devrait être enterré.

Et ainsi, je ne l'ai pas revu.

Il a souffert. Je sais très peu, extérieurement, de sa lutte ; j'ai cru comprendre que cela avait commencé il y a deux ans, avec un cancer du pancréas.

Une semaine avant son départ, il s'était déplacé jusque chez Ganga, pour lui demander de l'eau dynamisée ; il n'avait plus que la peau sur les os, et des prothèses à la place de plusieurs organes, me dit-on ; mais, comme le dit Ar., il aura jusqu'au dernier moment voulu garder le contrôle sur ses proches – sur les deux êtres qu'il n'avait pas encore rejetés.

Mais la « mort » de Krishna est une impossibilité : c'est absurde et imbécile !

Le pire qui pouvait nous arriver à tous les deux est arrivé effectivement, il y a déjà combien d'années, quand cette mégalomanie en lui, associée à une forme de terrorisme, qui l'a peu à peu écarté de lui-même, et en moi une dureté, une sorte de petitesse ou de peur égoïste, ont fermé pour notre amour ensemble la possibilité de se manifester en avant.

Pourtant je sais bien qu'à travers tout son choix de demeurer ici, tout près, le plus près possible, juste au-delà d'un jet de pierre, est un avec cet amour – cet amour qu'il nous faudra redécouvrir et retrouver autrement ; et que les autres, peut-être tous les autres, n'y comprennent presque rien.

Tu m'as nommé. Tu l'as nommé.

Il faut marcher. Il faut que quelque chose vraiment s'établisse.

Tout cela est inacceptable.

Comment incarner cet équilibre inconnu, cette force d'équilibre consciente, cette lucidité puissante dans la matière ?

Il faut le faire ; il faut le faire !

***14-2-2000, Auroville :**

Quand on s'installe et fait sa demeure principale dans le mental – comme ces savants qui jusque dans le métro poursuivent l'écheveau subtil de leurs équations ou partent à la trace de nouvelles hypothèses en regardant la goutte perler sur la vitre ou l'improbable symétrie de l'eau soulevée par la poussée du chaland dans la

rivière -, l'on tend à relativiser la primauté de la condition physique et matérielle, et l'on peut être amené à confondre les frontières et attribuer une valeur de concret à des expériences qui se situent pourtant dans un plan subtil.

Il est par exemple de plus en plus fréquent que l'on se trouve disposé à accepter l'éventualité d'autres modes de développement physique dans l'univers, d'êtres plus conscients que nous le sommes sur la Terre.

Peut-être est-ce pour nous sauver de cette sorte de confusion qu'on se cogne à l'armoire ou rate la marche en sortant vider la poubelle, qu'on a un furoncle ou une rage de dents et tout va de travers...

***15-2-2000, Auroville :**

On tourne autour de la Question, on la regarde d'un angle puis d'un autre, on la contemple ; elle se nourrit de notre tremblement de créature comme de notre besoin.

La Question est au milieu.

C'est un Feu.

C'est une transcendance là, au centre de l'espace et du temps, vivante, vibrante, flamboyante, crépitante – ou silencieuse comme l'apparence d'un vide, d'un grand trou au cœur de tout.

Une flamme que l'on dirait parfois noire, que l'on devine à peine et qui pourtant dévaste toutes nos certitudes.

Ce n'est pas un contraire : c'est au-delà des contraires.

C'est ce qui existe entre l'origine et ce que nous sommes, et ce qui attend entre ce que nous sommes et le but, la vraie naissance.

Quand on prendra corps dans la vraie matière, celle qui ne trompe plus, ne se retire plus, ne trahit plus, ne se défait plus, n'inflige plus ni masques ni lourdeurs, celle qui tient la charge, qui croît, une densité de lumière sans contradiction.

C'est là que nous allons.

C'est là qu'il est bon et juste d'aller !

Le Vaste, l'Exact et le Vrai !

Nous sommes encore des singes ; et, à peine, des pointillés. Dans cet esclavage linéaire nous n'existons que çà et là, presque accidentellement ; jamais entièrement, jamais pleinement, jamais uniment. Et c'est ce temps-là, ce faux temps, qui use.

G.F m'écrit que mon manuscrit a encore été refusé deux fois.

Et, comme irrésistiblement, je me trouve en train d'écrire à nouveau, inutilement ; c'était inutile, c'est inutile, ce sera inutile : une conjugaison qui annule...

***16-2-2000, Auroville :**

Je lis dans le journal la revue de deux ouvrages scientifiques récents qui suggèrent que la mort, contrairement à ce qui est dit jusqu'à présent, n'est ni un phénomène inéluctable, ni le processus le plus logique, se référant aussi bien à certains végétaux comme l'if et le séquoia, qu'à certains poissons et mollusques ; et qu'il nous faut avant tout travailler à défaire l'inscription erronée des justifications et légitimations de la mort que la religion, la morale, la philosophie et la science ont fournies à l'humanité afin qu'elle accepte l'inévitable.

Si l'on tente d'observer le phénomène de la mort en tant que fonction naturelle – l'abdication par l'organisme de sa volonté à demeurer et persévérer en tant

qu'agrégat ou communauté -, c'est au terme d'une dégénérescence ou d'une atteinte trop considérable à l'intégrité du corps qu'il nous faut le faire, là où cela semble être la conclusion et le choix les plus sages.

Mais il semble maintenant, d'après les nouvelles découvertes, que la dégénérescence – le vieillissement, par exemple - ne soit en fait produite que par une action positive soutenue, qui elle ne relève pas d'une fatalité biologique ou génétique, mais d'une intervention qui pourrait en principe être combattue ou même évitée.

Dans les tropiques on est plus qu'ailleurs confrontés à l'ambivalence de l'eau : l'eau vie, oui, mais aussi, presque simultanément et dans une profusion de métamorphoses, l'eau pourrissante, l'eau putride, l'eau effervescente, l'eau génératrice de monstres parasites, l'eau qui alourdit et vulnérabilise, l'eau qui mine, envahit et accable.

Les légendes d'un paradis terrestre se réfèrent souvent à des lieux d'altitude, plus hauts que les nuages, qui contiennent enchâssée par leurs cimes comme une concentration privilégiée de formes de vie, une opulence contrôlée, une abondance maîtrisée, tel un puits de miel préservé et goûté avec infiniment de soin et de conscience.

Et c'est bien ainsi que le corps voudrait exister, c'est bien à ces rythmes qu'il voudrait s'allier, comme un souvenir de temps si reculés où la Terre s'ouvrait et s'offrait en une communication multiples vibrante : un air sec et limpide pour base, des forées ponctuelles aux berceaux de la vie, des missions contemplatives aux rives océanes ; le sens d'une frugalité vigoureuse, nourrie d'air, de lumière et d'espace, une union sensible et révérente du petit corps au grand corps et à l'univers.

***17-2-2000, Auroville :**

Il y a comme un vide qui s'est formé : je ne sais pas où servir...

Je voudrais que le Seigneur me dise : « Fais ça ! »

Mais Il ne dit rien.

Alors, partir marcher ?

La tentation du sannyasin ?

Et puis la solitude du corps est une chose difficile. Partager l'univers dans une caresse, sans le drame ni les rôles ni l'histoire ni le poids de soi et de l'autre : c'est ainsi que je sens plus d'affinité pour ceux que l'on taxe de promiscuité que pour ceux qui prétendent à la « pureté » ! Je ne comprends toujours pas, en fait, pourquoi la sexualité devrait s'excuser, se justifier, s'enrégimenter, se neutraliser, être contrôlée !

***18-2-2000, Auroville :**

Ce qui m'empêche d'accepter avec confiance cette apparence de « rien » dans laquelle je me trouve à présent, est une accumulation non éclaircie d'une vague culpabilité ; une culpabilité indirecte, comme celle de ces condamnés innocents mais présumés coupables qui doivent endosser de force, par le regard des autres, une seconde identité, et qui, même longtemps après que leur innocence ait été prouvée, du fait même qu'ils aient pu être soupçonnés, restent à jamais suspects – c'est la loi du dicton « il n'y a pas de fumée sans feu » !

Mais chacun de nous est impliqué dans cette édification collective hystérique de fausses identités ; c'est le masque obligatoire qu'il nous faut revêtir et faire revêtir

à l'autre dans l'arène commune et, dans notre compréhension superficielle, mécaniste et linéaire de la causalité, nous l'associons au bagage individuel de chacun.

Dans ces termes, j'ai eu droit au traitement de luxe : dans la parlance culturelle, j'ai ainsi été « asura » plus souvent, il me semble, qu'à mon tour, même si j'ai aussi, parfois, été « déva ». C'eût été simplement drôle si certains ne s'étaient appuyés sur leur interprétation de Tes actes à mon égard pour confirmer leur jugement.

C'est comme une brûlure à blanc : on n'en sort pas indemne !

Il faut en renaître.

La plupart du temps je l'ai vécu comme une grâce ; cela m'a protégé aussi de beaucoup de liens ou de relations encombrants ou inutiles, filtrant de rares qualités d'amitié et de libre loyauté. Et cela m'a protégé aussi de toute ambition en moi-même.

Mais toutes ces considérations et ces formations collent : il y a encore du nettoyage à faire !

***20-2-2000, Auroville :**

Les routes d'Auroville sont jonchées de détritiques, emballages déchirés, tasses en plastique : les dévots et les touristes ont défilé, autobus chargés à bloc, taxis et rickshaws soulevant la poussière rouge ; la ville de Pondichéry fait des affaires, mais pas nous ! A nous de balayer, de nettoyer, d'effacer autant que possible !

Faut-il parler de Vous ? Sri Aurobindo, Mère, Vous qui ni des gourous ni des emblèmes ni des dieux vivants ni de grands maîtres au panthéon de la spiritualité, Vous qui êtes trop vrais pour ces dénominations et ces rôles...

Vous êtes plus que l'idéal, plus que la perfection : Vous êtes Cela, en sécurité absolue, au-delà de toute possibilité de limitation ou de déformation ou de séparation. Vous êtes Cela, Vous êtes Soi, indéfectiblement. Souverainement.

Vous êtes plus que la somme de tous nos amours et nos élans, Vous êtes le corps de notre besoin immémorial, Vous êtes le Sens et la Direction, Vous êtes le Chemin, Vous êtes la venue du Divin.

Vous êtes l'amour du Suprême.

Pourquoi parler de Vous ?

Il vaut mieux, je crois, devenir une offrande vivante à Votre pression.

Vers Vous ne viennent pas ceux qui ne cherchent encore que leur propre salut, leur propre résolution.

Vers Vous se tournent ceux qui sont simplement amoureux d'un Divin incarné qui est soi-même, nous-mêmes enfin libérés, enfin animés, enfin entiers.

***21-2-2000, Auroville :**

Alors c'est Ta Fête !

Et la clôture d'un millénaire de travail !

Et au pied de cette sphère symbolique le politicien que nous continuons de nourrir continue de pêcher à la ligne : les hameçons décorés de Ton symbole et trempés dans le souvenir de Toi ne sont-ils pas plus délectables ?

Devrais-je mieux m'en aller ? Est-il acceptable de n'être qu'une présence ?

La « position » que j'occupe a un nom courant de nos jours ; elle est prisée comme une sinécure : c'est le métier de « superviseur » !
 Beaucoup de cette vie humaine est une grande blague ! Mais qui cela fait-il rire autant, et si longtemps ?

***22-2-2000, Auroville :**

Ce matin, finalement, Eleanore est partie.

Elle refusait de se nourrir ; elle n'avait plus le goût de lutter, cette femme qui s'est tenue droite, fière, libre et exigeante de sa propre bonne volonté ; indépendante pour tous ses choix de vie, qui l'ont amenée ici âgée de 80 ans, loin de ses habitudes et ses comforts, pour une nouvelle aventure.

Le 1^{er} Janvier à l'aurore, je l'ai vue tomber ; le mouvement de son corps en arrière a attiré mon attention, puis ce que ce mouvement exprima : passée le stade où quelque sursaut de volonté aurait pu enrayer la chute, elle s'est laissée aller, elle s'est livrée ; elle a basculé dans la chute même et s'est retrouvée étendue sur le sol de l'amphithéâtre au milieu de tous, dans la lumière limpide du jour naissant, ce premier jour d'un autre millénaire, ses yeux droits dans le ciel encore rosé, tout près du Feu, tout près des fleurs ; et pour elle c'était une simple perfection.

C'était un « oui » de tout l'être : quel autre moment serait-il aussi beau, aussi juste pour prendre congé ?

Quand les gens se sont approchés pour l'aider et les membres de son groupe se sont rassemblés près d'elle, elle ne voulait pas l'effort de se redresser. Elle voulait peut-être simplement un chant, un poème ? Du repos ? Du temps dégagé pour ce moment précieux ?

Je crois qu'elle aurait seulement souhaité qu'on la ramène doucement dans sa communauté, pour de là s'en aller, en harmonie.

Cela, c'est ce que j'ai vu et perçu sur le champ, sans mots, en la regardant, pendant ces quelques instants.

Je ne me suis pas déplacé : je ne la connaissais pas personnellement et elle était entourée de ses amis, dont deux sont docteurs, et tout se passait donc aussi bien que possible ; et je pressentais aussi que ses partenaires de recherche – un genre de dilettantisme gratifiant versé dans les techniques de méditation et de guérison – n'auraient pas la même compréhension de ce qui venait de se passer.

Ce groupe décida alors de la transporter jusqu'à un hôpital de Pondichéry, où il fut établi qu'elle avait une fracture de la jambe et qu'il fallait opérer le jour même ; elle a dû rester là des jours et des nuits d'inconfort extrême, loin de toute atmosphère souhaitable ; puis ils l'ont ramenée dans notre dispensaire où, depuis plusieurs semaines, les uns et les autres se relayaient à son chevet, essayant de la persuader de se rétablir, de se nourrir ; et ainsi elle a dû endurer ces humiliations et cette débâcle physique...

Mais de quel droit puis-je parler ou même penser ainsi ? Moi qui n'ai connu Eleanore ni dans le travail ni dans sa vie personnelle ?

Mais n'est-ce pas pour apprendre à percevoir et se percevoir les uns les autres que nous sommes réunis ici ?

***24-2-2000, Auroville :**

C'est cela aussi qui est nouveau dans le monde : c'est qu'une aide agissante, impersonnelle, partout présente, est disponible à chacun de ceux qui ont l'aspiration et le besoin de développer la vraie conscience.

Mais pour identifier cette action, il faut avoir cessé d'adhérer à la division entre l'esprit et la matière, soi et l'autre, ici et au-delà, l'humanité et le monde, dieu et les hommes : il faut avoir trouvé son âme.

***27-2-2000, Auroville :**

Nous avons depuis deux jours comme une petite mousson hors saison ; ça verse, ça cascade, ça trombe ! Il paraît que de mémoire d'homme il n'a jamais plu autant au mois de Février ; en quelques heures la nuit dernière, tous les réservoirs collectifs des villages voisins ont été remplis ; les nappes d'eau couleur de rouille, virevoltantes et tournoyantes, sont partout ; l'excavation que nous venions de terminer, entre le par cet les Jardins de Matrimandir, est pleine : plus de 10,000 mètres cube prêts à déborder...

Nous devons assembler les bûches pour le Feu de l'aube de demain, jour de la fête d'Auroville... Le Feu ou l'Eau ?

Hier soir C m'a lu au téléphone la belle lettre de Laffont, en réponse à sa lecture de mon manuscrit : il est à la retraite et ne peut imposer sa volonté sur le comité d'édition, qui redoute que mon texte soit d'une lecture trop ardue ; mais ce qu'il en dit lui-même, et qu'il se sente de la même famille spirituelle, me touche. Je lui écris maintenant pour lui demander d'essayer tout de même d'aider ce texte à voir le jour.

C se bat bien, et s'applique magnifiquement à ne pas se laisser entraîner, absorber et dominer par cette force centrifuge que R émane constamment vers elle dans sa souffrance égocentrique et obsessionnelle ; elle a 87 ans maintenant, mais elle a d'abord l'âge imprescriptible de son âme et la compréhension d'une conscience qui progresse et qui aime l'équilibre et l'harmonie, qui aime la vie.

***28-2-2000, Auroville :**

La pluie s'est arrêtée dans la nuit, et le Feu a pris et flambé.

Un silence trop bref, incertain, comme bordé, cerné par une grande confusion.

Nous sommes comme un îlot qui s'effrite, dont les berges se jonchent peu à peu de dépôts, ces choses et ces formations de la marée humaine qui s'avance aveuglément sont autant de détritiques polluants qui obscurcissent et compromettent notre travail.

C'est l'un des effets de la gangrène de nos instruments de perception que nous oublions si aisément cette simple évidence : la pollution extérieure ne peut se produire que par une pollution intérieure ; ou plutôt, la pollution extérieure est une manifestation de la pollution interne et, une fois le cycle enclenché, l'externalité phénoménale élargit la brèche et nous entraîne dans sa gravitation.

Laideur, veulerie, égoïsme éhonté et mépris de la vie, pillage grossier de la matière, bêtise, voilà ce que nous manifestons tous aujourd'hui.

Il faut aujourd'hui être un héros, un yogi, et un amoureux passionné du corps du Divin pour ne se prêter aucunement à cette corruption.

Mais même si nous ne pouvons être ces héros et ces yogis, nous pouvons au moins aimer le Divin, Le chercher, L'appeler et Le sentir dans le monde : L'aimer, L'attendre et Le trouver dans les yeux que nos yeux rencontrent, dans les mains, les corps et les matériaux et ce que nous appelons les « choses », avoir besoin de Lui sans réserve ni prétention, partout et en tout et tout le temps, que ce soit dans le verre que l'on tient, la nourriture que l'on ingère, le tissu que l'on porte, ou l'asphalte sous nos pieds, le néon qui dévore les façades et le ciel du soir tout bruni

de fumées toxiques, Le chercher vivant, là, Le chercher présent dans tous les moments ordinaires.

Jusqu'à ce que nous devenions capables de le trouver même dans la haine et la souffrance et la purulence et la cruauté la plus sordide ou l'ambition la plus froide, parce qu'Il nous aura fait toucher le levier au-dedans de nous-même et nous aura appris à changer.

Il y a des sortes de souffrance qu'il faudrait pouvoir annuler pour les autres, pour tous les autres, à tout jamais.

On peut concevoir une harmonie si vaste, complexe et complète qu'une certaine qualité de souffrance y trouve sa juste place, cette souffrance qui brûle et aide à grandir, qui consume les scories, arrache la petite formation dissimulée et nous délivre d'un égoïsme bien déguisé, qui nous révèle notre petitesse et par laquelle une grâce nous tire en avant.

Mais c'est avant tout d'une puissante harmonie dont nous avons besoin.

Notre capacité mentale la plus accomplie peut nous aider à manifester une harmonie ordonnée, une clarté sereine et une égalité inspirée ; notre capacité vitale la plus accomplie peut nous aider à réaliser une intense harmonie, un déploiement raffiné, une richesse ardente. Mais l'égo en nous prévient leur alliance.

Seule la conscience, qui est unité, peut assigner à chacune sa place juste et complémentaire et sa dynamique féconde.

***1-3-2000, Auroville :**

Hier, journée du 29 Février – année bissextile, et jour anniversaire de la descente de la Force et de la Lumière Supramentales dans l'atmosphère physique de la Terre, le 29 Février 1956 – a été pour moi, dans mon corps, une journée heureuse : il y avait l'équilibre juste et la complémentarité harmonieuse d'un service physique actif orienté, d'un service émotionnel créatif appelant la beauté et d'un service intérieur vers une atmosphère consciente et réunie ; il y avait une certaine perfection dans le détail, comme dans le rythme et la concordance ; il y avait Ta musique, pour tous, et une douceur de réalisation collective.

J'ai passé presque tout le jour en plein soleil sur les dalles de pierre orangée de l'amphithéâtre : Shiva, Charudatta et quelques autres m'ont aidé à modeler une grande forme de sable, puis à la couvrir et l'emplir de fleurs, des milliers de fleurs, orange dorées et orange claires et blanches, les blanches tubéreuses de la nouvelle création et les boutons de jasmin de la pureté ; puis, quand le soleil est descendu derrière la cime des grands arbres de Service et que tous étaient assis sur les gradins, nous avons allumé la lampe, sa flamme dansant dans le vent du soir juste au pied de l'Urne, sur son lit de fleurs, et diffusé jusqu'aux couleurs du crépuscule Ta musique d'orgue.

Le soir, notre troupe de théâtre a joué une pièce originale représentant un moment crucial dans la vie de Nishtha (Margaret Woodrow Wilson) lorsqu'elle choisit, malgré les formidables pressions qui s'exerçaient sur elle, de demeurer près de Vous pour se donner à Votre travail ; et ce fut une très bonne performance, intelligente et sobre et drôle et ouverte et tendre et bien centrée.

Alors ? De telles journées devraient être fréquentes, au lieu de demeurer exceptionnelles ; ce sont des journées qui rechargent et ressourcent, nécessaires et bonnes, c'est le sens de la Fête, qui devrait recouvrer sa proximité et générer le sens d'un présent progressif...

Mais qu'est-ce que le progrès ?

Il est entendu qu'il est souhaitable de répondre aux circonstances et aux chocs de la vie avec l'attitude de vouloir devenir une meilleure personne ; et il y a des êtres pour qui c'est une offense faite à la nature que de ne pas exprimer la générosité, la bonté, la justice, la charité : souvent ce sont des femmes, dont les tâches quotidiennes sont physiques et nécessaires.

On peut cependant progresser de mille manières et, au rythme de ces progrès innombrables, contribuer à l'évolution de la condition humaine.

Mais ce changement qui est aujourd'hui voulu et appelé est d'un autre ordre : c'est un changement de conscience, qui se manifeste par un changement de nature, qui permette à son tour un accroissement et une densification de la conscience dans les formes, qui presse à son tour sur les opérations de la nature afin qu'elles se modifient, s'adaptent et se transmutent pour le passage et le flot continu de la conscience.

Il faudrait tant que cette pression de la Conscience – qui n'est pas une pression morale mais la pression d'un Etat supérieur pour se manifester – nous saisisse avec de plus en plus de fréquence, que son incidence se multiplie et se répande et franchisse vite les seuils de notre réceptivité ; il faudrait que l'atmosphère de toute l'humanité en soit si chargée, comme d'un or fluide, et que plus aucun de nos mouvements n'en reste indemne ou étranger à son toucher – ce toucher qui est comme le regard intime et puissant d'une vérité qui comprend.

Mais il nous faut être bien libérés de nos attachements ; il nous faut ne plus légitimer les motivations et les raisons de l'égo en nous-même, pour ne pas ressentir cette pression de la Conscience comme inhumaine et impitoyable et sa sagesse comme froide, sévère et lointaine.

Dés qu'un peu de notre nature consent à s'unir à notre âme et que nous nous ouvrons à la coulée de cette Force consciente, c'est une sécurité immédiate et entière que nous éprouvons, une chaleur si pleine de vie et de paix et de création, si certainement inexhaustible, que le corps lui-même ose prier et connaît le bonheur.

***3-3-2000, Auroville :**

Toujours le même problème : qui compte les jours, si ce n'est la mort en nous, tapie dans le soubassement de l'instant – le seule certitude future qui impose sa mesure.

Cette ombre, cette inversion, ce dévoiement de présence, qui évalue l'énergie de chacun de nos jours ; « nos jours sont comptés » : plus qu'un dicton, c'est la loi obscure qui dicte toutes nos valeurs de vie ; nous payons notre droit même à vivre, à survivre ; nous sommes jaugés à l'aune de la rentabilité ; nous sommes tous des endettés.

Et sur ce parcours sans surprise majeure, veille sur nous la chape d'un poids implacable, qui a deux visages : le labeur et l'ennui ! Il nous faut agrémenter le labeur et distraire l'ennui : emplir ce vide et cette insupportable corvée, tenter de croire à quelque chose et déjouer le sens tout tracé, ruser avec les propriétaires, s'inventer des itinéraires...

***5-3-2000, Auroville :**

Le changement et la transformation nécessaires apparaissent si formidables.

Il me semble que le premier seuil radical doit être celui où l'existence individuelle est entièrement prise en charge par Cela, par la Conscience Force ; où le tissu même des instants est enfin habité, insufflé, animé par Cela seulement et totalement et continûment.

Jusqu'à ce seuil, il faut l'effort personnel ; la discipline ; la sadhana. L'offrande persistante et honnête, de plus en plus constante et éveillée, de tout, tous les mouvements, toutes les émotions, toutes les sensations, et toute la trame minuscule du quotidien.

Parfois, on ne sait pas comment, on se « branche » et le courant passe ; on ne sait pas pourquoi non plus ; et alors, tout a une autre importance : ce qui compte alors, c'est que rien ne vienne contredire l'unité ou l'altérer ; comme dans une rivière fraîche et vivante et limpide et bonne, qu'aucune concrétion opaque n'obstrue, n'alourdisse.

Mais on retombe dans la séparation ; on s'isole à nouveau, on est de nouveau « moi », seul à pousser son rocher !

Qu'est-ce qu'une sadhana utile ?

Je crois que c'est essentiellement un effort soutenu, que nourrit le besoin central, de flamber « vers » : de rejoindre, de tendre à la Présence, avec les énergies de chaque moment.

Et il me semble que les deux choses à rejeter activement sont la dépression, d'une part, et toute obsession du mental physique, d'autre part ; car ces deux choses ont pour effet commun de nous aliéner de la conscience du présent, multipliant ainsi le pouvoir de la séparation.

L'aspiration à devenir un feu ardent, un feu paisible et confiant et constant qui plus jamais ne s'étouffe dans ses cendres, un feu plein d'énergie tranquille, consciente ; cette flamme n'est pas comme la flamme orange et jaune et rouge et bleutée de nos brasiers matériels, et pourtant elle est perceptible : c'est un feu pâle, ni blanc ni exactement transparent, mais un peu comme une onde de chaleur qui deviendrait positive, presque liquide : et cela ne monte pas dans l'air, cela n'écarte pas l'air, ne se sépare pas de l'air, mais s'élève aussi comme une onde qui ouvre les dimensions, ou leur est intérieure ; et cette onde est comme un champ plus ou moins intense, plus ou moins vaste et plus ou moins universel, plus ou moins ancien et nouveau à la fois. Et cette onde est telle à une présence contagieuse, qui fait du bien et se communique par le dedans, qui fait vibrer le cœur et venir l'âme en avant, qui apaise le corps et le fait prier de joie.

Nos organismes physiques, qui ont été adaptés par les forces naturelles de l'évolution pour permettre l'expérience matérielle de la séparation et, à travers elle, de l'individualisation progressive, nous gardent dans la dépendance d'un apport de matière « extérieure ».

Pour la conscience, il s'agit là d'un artifice ; mais c'est un artifice dont nous ne pouvons encore nous dispenser.

De nos jours nous ne pouvons plus vivre de la chasse ou la cueillette ! Nous sommes liés à un système ou un autre d'échange, et l'accès à cet appoint de nourriture extérieure, d'énergie matérialisée indispensable à nos corps, dépend d'un certain nombre d'intermédiaires. Nous sommes redevables ; et il est tacitement entendu que chacun de nous doit en quelque sorte justifier son existence et son droit à consommer par une contribution énergétique appréciable à l'ensemble.

Il y a des gens qui prétendent avoir appris à se nourrir directement de l'énergie universelle, par un certain alignement volontaire et avec l'aide de guides subtils, et

qu'ils n'ont désormais plus besoin que d'un apport tout à fait minimal et ponctuel et espacé dans le temps pour seulement garder un équilibre relationnel avec la société environnante. J'ai lu il y a quelques temps le témoignage d'une Australienne, je crois, qui prétend être l'une des pionnières de cette technique d'alignement, « preuves à l'appui ».

Cela m'avait donné, fugitivement, l'envie d'essayer ! Mais je m'étais vite rendu compte qu'il n'y avait en moi aucune adhésion intérieure ; ce n'était même pas que je doutais de la véracité de ses propos : simplement ce n'était pas, ou pas encore, sur le chemin. Il manquait, dans la vibration ou l'atmosphère de ces récits et comptes rendus, quelque chose d'essentiel.

Mais quel soulagement, quelle libération ce serait pourtant ! Etre physiquement délivré de ce parasitage ; pouvoir librement – sans plus rien « devoir » à personne – et rythmiquement faire l'apprentissage de sa propre contribution véritable au monde...

***6-3-2000, Auroville :**

Ici je vis dans la beauté, une beauté toute pétrie de grâce, une harmonie de beauté : les arbres que nous avons plantés, les murs que nous avons levés, les pierres et les roches placées, les objets honorés, les volumes et les lignes, et la réponse merveilleuse de la Nature, le jeu de la lumière et les oiseaux partout, la douceur vibrante de la Matière, comme cette beauté offerte et bienfaisante m'aide et m'a tant de fois aidé à ne pas basculer, comme sa musique et son sourire et sa richesse tranquille me retiennent et m'ont tant de fois retenu...

L'attrait du suicide est encore puissant : c'est le sens aigu, intenable, d'être dans un cul de sac, une impasse. Ce n'est pas que je veuille le suicide : ce que je veux, c'est progresser et Te servir.

Je ne veux déranger personne, occuper la place de personne, ne rien empêcher qui soit bon ou nécessaire à d'autres : je ne veux d'autre rôle que le mien, quel qu'il soit, dans Ton travail.

Et je ne sais pas m'y rendre ; je ne sais pas lire les indications : je ne comprends pas les messages de la vie !

Il y a des choses qui peuvent encore s'exprimer dans le monde : cette sauvagerie, cette volonté de faire souffrir la matière et les corps ; ces forces qui possèdent les hommes ne sont ni humaines, ni animales, ni « naturelles » !

Je lis encore d'autres récits de rescapés Tchétchènes : ces choses se passent ici et maintenant, dans ce monde matériel !

Certains de ces survivants ont remarqué que leurs bourreaux étaient drogués, qu'ils avaient été délibérément mis dans un état second, induit pour qu'ils acceptent de se livrer à ces influences et aux actes qu'elles leur dictent.

Combien de travail en nous-même, dans la substance, faut-il faire pour que ces choses ne puissent plus nulle part se produire ? Pour que l'incarnation soit si dense et si cohérente et si rayonnante que le monde physique et matériel soit enfin protégé, aimé et célébré, pour que la vérité puisse enfin s'y trouver, y habiter, y grandir et y jouer ?

***7-3-2000, Auroville :**

Quand j'ai commencé ce journal, il y a maintenant 6 mois, le jour de mon départ pour l'Europe, ce n'était pas pour moi seulement ; ce n'était pas exclusivement

pour Toi non plus ; et ce n'était pas seulement pour d'autres ; c'était pour cette communication qui participe des trois à la fois.

Je me demande en fait si toute expression n'est pas ainsi, en tous les cas, circulaire ; s'il ne s'agit pas toujours de ce Terme indéfinissable qui tient à égales mesures de soi-même, d'autrui et de Cela (n'importe comment on L'appelle – le monde, le principe, la présence, la sagesse, l'esprit, dieu, l'énergie primordiale, l'absolu, l'infini, la vérité, l'essence, l'harmonie universelle...)

Je reçois aujourd'hui la lettre de Laffont, où il écrit entre autres qu'i se sent « spirituellement proche » de moi, et qu'il a chaleureusement recommandé mon texte à ses successeurs... Je souhaite que ce texte fasse son chemin ; je crois à son contenu, car j'ai confiance en la Coulée qui m'a permis de l'écrire et en la qualité de l'atmosphère qui était là alors que je l'écrivais.

Cela me donne l'impression curieuse de pousser, pousser vers une naissance : que ce texte vienne au jour, vienne au monde et trouve son destin ; tant qu'il ne franchit pas ce seuil, c'est comme s'il demeurerait par force dans un état de gestation qui ne doit pas se prolonger...

J'attends quelque chose ; je ne sais pas ce que j'attends...

***8-3-2000, Auroville :**

Ce matin Deepti et son équipe de « Last School » nous ont amené leur classe : c'est cette génération qui émerge de l'adolescence et, ici comme en Europe, c'est une génération insolite ; on aurait presque le sentiment d'une génération perdue, sacrifiée au creux de la vague ; il faut être très attentif pour commencer de percevoir ce qu'elle porte, et quel est son rôle dans la transition vers l'avenir de l'humanité. Un rôle ingrat, au premier abord et selon les vieux critères.

Ce ne sont ni des révoltés ni des révolutionnaires ; il semblerait au contraire que leur seul but soit d'obtenir un confort de consommateur branché, une sorte de nouvelle version de la bourgeoisie, qui fournirait un minimum d'effort et prendrait le moins de responsabilité possible. Il y a en eux une réticence marquée à entrer vraiment dans le corps, comme s'ils voulaient maintenir à distance la pesanteur des rôles sexuels ; leurs choix vestimentaires sont à cet égard très expressifs, à la fois d'un rejet des harmonies consacrées et d'une volonté de s'abriter de toute définition et de toute suggestion ; ils choisissent spécifiquement des alliances criardes et discordantes, et des formes trop grandes, qui deviennent informes : une sorte de dévalorisation volontaire, ou de neutralisation délibérée de toute valorisation conventionnelle.

Pourtant la plupart d'entre eux aimeraient, et souvent le souhaitent activement, devenir parents le plus tôt possible, comme pour raccourcir la distance ou combler l'abîme entre l'état d'enfance et celui de l'adulte ; ils sont à la recherche d'un milieu continu de tendresse ; ils n'apprécient pas le drame, et ne sont guère réceptifs aux grands idéaux.

Ils sont très vulnérables, et menacés immédiatement : par la drogue surtout, et par le cynisme de la débrouille et, au bout de la chaîne rapace, par la violence.

Ils prennent grand soin de ne pas s'engager dans quelque entreprise que ce soit qui nécessiterait un effort physique soutenu, mais ils sont prêts à s'immerger des journées entières dans les opérations d'un ordinateur.

Néanmoins ce sont des proies faciles et très impressionnables pour les stratagèmes les plus grossiers et les plus réactionnaires d'un enrôlement disciplinaire dans un contexte exclusif.

On pourrait croire qu'il leur manque un ressort, que toute initiative leur est impossible, qu'ils sont incapables de former en eux-mêmes le moindre projet.

Pourtant leur sensibilité est comme nue.

Et ils savent directement ce qu'est la sincérité.

Interrogés, ils tendent à se replier sur des positions identitaires faciles ; mais c'est un fait qu'ils ne veulent pas entrer dans le piège, et ne veulent pas endosser le manteau de la responsabilité.

Comme à côté de tous les discours et toutes les professions et toutes les intelligences, ils voient le monde tel qu'il est, et leur conclusion est lucide.

Mais toute connaissance qui a pour effet ou application de pouvoir manier plus librement la matière les attire ; ils comprennent vite la portée des inventions les plus sophistiquées ; ce sont des candidats naturels pour toute technologie qui promet une indépendance matérielle, de mouvement, d'action et d'effectuation.

***9-3-2000, Auroville :**

J'ai l'impression d'être réduit, réduit à un filet de conscience si ténu, à peine inutilisable, dans une masse de bourbe lourde, sombre et sans joie. Il n'y a plus de capacités : seulement des reflets de possibilités qui s'effacent. Il n'y a plus d'inspiration, plus d'élan, plus d'identification : il n'y a qu'une sorte de lutte sur place pour durer, comme lorsqu'on a trop longtemps nagé, que la distance jusqu'au rivage ne semble pas diminuer, que l'on s'est vidé déjà de l'énergie requise, que le ciel se couvre et la nuit tombe et on sait seulement une chose, qu'il faut rester bien tranquille, essayer encore et encore d'éclaircir sa conscience, et durer...

On ne se déprime pas, on fait bonne figure, on ne se confie à personne – non par fierté, mais par compréhension et fidélité : on ne se plaint pas.

C'est curieux, c'est comme si l'être - l'être humain, pour résumer les choses – n'était pas encore debout !

Le sens véritable de la croix est glorieux, en ce qu'il signifie une plénitude et une circulation consciente, effective : la transcendance, l'universalité, l'immanence.

Nous ne sommes pas alignés ; nous ne sommes pas libres.

Nous sommes voûtés, tordus, incomplets, infirmes.

Lorsque je me suis trouvé en France – en Europe, en Occident -, c'est, dans l'atmosphère même, l'absence poignante de l'Esprit : quel nom donner ? Quel mot employer pour désigner la conscience, la présence, au-delà et par-delà les instruments connus ?

Ici, c'est dans l'air même, un fait plus certain que la matière même !

Mais peut-être parce que c'est une évidence, qui pourtant ne nous a pas vraiment changés, n'a pas pris pleine possession du monde et de la vie, c'est comme le soleil ou l'espace sidéral : on s'endort dessous !

Notre réponse est morale ; notre maximum commun est éthique et moral : une glue, une sécrétion opaque et lourde et inhibitrice, lente, si lente à se mouvoir, une épaisseur qui fige et force et nivelle.

Par exemple, dans la simplicité de la conscience, chaque être doit livrer son propre combat pour la vraie liberté, la liberté de n'appartenir qu'au vrai et de n'être possédé, dominé ou même influencé par aucun moindre maître ou monarque. Mais ce combat nécessaire, par le caractère de notre réponse collective, est dénaturé et rendu méconnaissable : il devient un combat moral !

***17-3-2000, Auroville :**

Tant que nous ne sommes pas alignés, établis et fondés dans la conscience dite supérieure – la conscience au-delà du mental et par-delà les émotions -, aucun changement réel ne peut s'effectuer, et nous devons marcher au rythme de la nature.

Mais si nous voulons participer, collaborer, appartenir à la conscience et son action, alors il nous faut veiller à ce que la source de tous nos mouvements – physiques, énergétiques, émotionnels, intellectuels – soit une, et une seulement.

Il y a une comparaison qui me vient, qui est mieux descriptive : la lumière de la conscience véritable est la lumière blanche ; mais ce n'est pas un blanc opaque, un blanc plat, un blanc de surface ; cette blancheur-là est un milieu, comme un lait de diamant.

Cette lumière blanche est toute-puissante, c'est-à-dire qu'elle peut dissoudre ; si elle ne le fait pas, c'est par compassion.

Elle peut être infusée d'or, d'un or rosé, ou orangé.

C'est la lumière fondamentale.

***19-3-2000, Auroville :**

Je vois les corps qui s'abîment au lieu de progresser, et c'est insupportable.

C'est un tel mensonge, un mensonge si énorme, si flagrant, si foncièrement vil : je ne comprends pas comment on peut le tolérer ou, pire encore, s'y adapter, l'accepter, « faire avec » !

La seule vérité vivable est que nos corps doivent matériellement apprendre à mieux manifester, à se raffiner, à devenir plus plastiques et plus réceptifs, plus aptes à exprimer la conscience et l'infinité de ses états ; que nos corps doivent s'unir de plus en plus à la beauté véritable, à la richesse émotionnelle de l'univers ; que nos corps doivent progresser sans cesse, s'ouvrir de plus en plus à l'intégralité de la vie consciente, devenir les réceptacles de plus en plus fidèles de la présence, et être, de plus en plus, matériellement, Cela.

Mais je ne parviens pas encore à percevoir où s'arrime l'hypnose qui envoûte nos corps, les conditionne, les corrompt et les avilit.

Mon corps a souvent des difficultés, depuis longtemps – de ces difficultés qui, si elles étaient soumises au regard examinateur de la science médicale, seraient définies comme « troubles graves » ou « maladies » : les unes après les autres, parfois en groupes ou en associations, il y en a des familières, il y en a qui ne reviennent pas, il y en a qui sont nouvelles... C'est acceptable, cela entre dans le travail et dans le champ du progrès ; cela reste relativement fluide, cela évolue ; les effets peuvent être intégrés, assimilés, et peuvent enseigner.

Mais le vieillissement, la diminution, la trahison, la disharmonie qui s'installe et prend le pouvoir, non ! Ce n'est pas acceptable !

Comment peut-on jamais l'accepter ?

20-3-2000, Auroville :

J'ai acheté un nouveau cahier pour ce journal.

Mais faut-il continuer ? Je ne sais pas.

Il y a des jours où les choses s'arrangent pour me solliciter, et il y a d'autres jours où il n'y a rien, une absence de terrain.

Mais dans un mode comme dans l'autre, il y a comme une attente, l'attente d'une prise, d'une densification du chemin, quel qu'il soit...

***March 2000, Note:**

I had been collecting and compiling for some time all known and recorded words of the Mother on the Matrimandir and its Gardens, into a document titled 'The Mother's Shrine – L'Oratoire de la Mère'.

Based on this compilation, I prepared, during that month of March, 2000, a comprehensive presentation which could be made available to every one concerned or interested, whether "old-timer" or "newcomer" to Auroville and its issues. Each one in our team checked and double-checked and corrected and added and fine tuned: we felt such documents were becoming increasingly important as the debate over the Matrimandir's environment proceeded up the political ladder, and that utmost care must be given to their exactness and objectivity.

***"The Main Features of the Peace Area, and their Relationships, as Described by the Mother." – March, 2000 -**

(The Mother's words are all in italics.)

".Introduction.

The need for this document has arisen from the present controversy as regards the project of a very large lake occupying the area so far dedicated to the Outer Gardens of Matrimandir, this project being endorsed by Roger A.

Historically, the Mother's descriptions of the park and gardens at the centre of which She wanted the Matrimandir to be built – earlier named "The Pavilion of Love", "The Sanctuary of Truth" -, are extensively documented.

The existence of a lake was definitely part of Her vision, as recorded in Her conversations with Satprem and with Huta as early as 1965.

However, the graphic description of the lake in relation to the Matrimandir itself and to the park, in the form of a sketch drawn by Her while explaining Her vision to Huta on June 25, 1965, has only resurfaced from Roger A's archives in 1999.

The sketch was drawn at a time when Auroville was still meant to be built near the Lake Estate.

Yet it represents with amazing accuracy the actual proportions of the Oval and the actual relationships between the sphere, the banyan tree and the amphitheatre.

If one looks at this sketch in relation to the now existing physical site, it shows clearly a lake around the Oval, of about 50 metres width, and a vast park area marked by several large circles around this lake to indicate the large trees.

It also shows the position of a "mountain" built with the soil excavated from the lake.

There are however two differences: the first one is that the planned oval channel – the continuous water body which was planned directly around the Oval – has been planned as only 7 to 8 metres wide.

Another, perhaps lesser difference, is that some soil has indeed been collected to form a higher hill, but it is located within the Park area, North East of Matrimandir, instead of being located outside or, or at the edge of the Park, North West of Matrimandir.

The understanding that has generally been shared amongst all those who worked at Matrimandir since the beginning has been that, since there was not sufficient water to fill a larger lake throughout the year, the solution of a narrower channel was elected as a compromise.

Reading carefully all the various recorded conversations and statements of the Mother between 1965 and 1973, and trying to picture for each description a visual representation, there is definitely a change occurring in the later years. We will follow chronologically this development.

.Part I – Her Dream, “by the lake”.

Her first recorded description was made to Satprem on 23-6-1965.

The plan is at that time to build the Mother’s Pavilion near an existing lake (Lake Estate). Huta would have her own guardian house next to the Mother’s by the lake.

“... This central point is a park which I saw when I was very young... perhaps the most beautiful thing in the world from the point of view of physical, material Nature...”

Let us remember that the location of this Pavilion, at the centre of the Park, is “by the lake”.

Mother continues: *“... A park with water and trees, like all parks, and flowers, but not many, flowers in the form of creepers, palms and ferns, all varieties of palms, water, if possible running water, and possibly a small cascade...”*

The following part of the sentence is interesting as it gives a definite clue to the Mother’s practical sense:

“... From the practical point of view, it would be very good: at the far end, outside the park, we could build reservoirs that would be used to supply water to the residents...”

So, even though at that time it was planned to build the Mother’s Pavilion by an existing lake, She did not see the lake itself as being a reservoir for the residents’ water consumption.

She stated clearly that “reservoirs could be built”.

Later on, in the same recorded conversation, the Mother continues:

“That is the centre. All around, there is a circular road, which separates the park from the rest of the town. There would probably be a gateway – in fact there must be one – in the park. A gateway with the guardian of the gate.”

So here it is unmistakably clear that what separates the park from the rest of the town is a circular road.

And in fact, until a few years ago, there was the clear understanding in Auroville that the Outer Gardens of Matrimandir would be surrounded, encircled by a road, the radius of which had been formally fixed at 300 metres.

The Mother goes on to describe the “four big sections, like four big petals” of the city itself.

Again, a little later in the talk, the Mother observes that:

“Huta wants to be quiet, silent, aloof, and that is quite possible in her park, surrounded by a road, with someone to stop people from entering, one can stay very quiet – but if I am there, that is the end of it!”

Let us remember again that, at the beginning of this conversation, Mother spoke of the Pavilion as being built “by the lake”.

So the configuration we may draw from this talk is a park, surrounded by a circular road, with a gateway: at the centre of this park, the lake; by the lake, solitary, the Mother's Pavilion, flanked by Huta's house - the guardian house.

Later on in the same conversation, the Mother mentions the problem of water scarcity, perhaps in terms of being able to keep the lake filled throughout the year, and refers to the Americans' research work:

"Experiments on a large scale to transform sea-water and make it utilisable - obviously, that would be the solution to the problem..."

.Part II - The setting for the Mother's Pavilion.

Next, we move to Her recorded conversation with Huta, which took place only two days later on 25-6-1965:

"Ah! Now, the Mother's Pavilion - it will be surrounded by a lake, tall trees, various kinds of flowers..."

Here it would seem that in the intervening two days the Mother has seen the Pavilion on a built island, rather than merely "by the lake".

"I especially want the creepers of hibiscus - Java - red flowers - Power upon the outer dome of the Mother's Pavilion. There will be rockeries, in Japanese style, with varieties of cactus, small waterfalls, small pools with lilies, marble statues, marble fountains and pavements decorated with precious stones..."

Later, She says:

"This Shrine must have a vast area, not like this (Mother took her handkerchief in Her palm and closed Her hand), so small. Also there must be a silent zone. No vehicles should move in this area, there should be no noise of any kind."

Here we remain with basically the same configuration as two days earlier, although now the Mother's Pavilion is on an island in the lake. The lake is surrounded by the park, the park is surrounded by a road - it is itself a silent zone.

Now the Mother goes on to describe more precisely the Park itself, which She names the Park of Unity:

"The Park of Unity will be divided into twelve gardens, which will represent the twelve attributes of the Supreme Mother; in these gardens I would like to have various kinds of flowers - especially the different types of Hibiscus - the Divine Consciousness."

So now we have a more detailed and organised picture of the inner part of the Park, directly around the lake: it is composed of twelve gardens.

Then, the Mother says:

"On the other side, towards the boundary of the gardens, I wish to have huge trees like palms, varieties of ferns, neem, Indian cork trees, eucalyptus and many other beautiful big trees - they all represent unity and aspiration."

So the picture becomes more alive and complete: towards the lake and facing the Pavilion, twelve gardens; towards the boundary, that is on the outer rim of the Park, tall trees.

Thus the environment is created for the Mother's Pavilion.

The following sentence, if taken alone out of context, would be confusing - we do not know in fact whether, as Satprem did for all of the Mother's talks with him,

Huta was taping the Mother's talks and transcribing them from the tape, or from her own notes.

The Mother says:

"The whole area will be surrounded by a lake so that the Mother's Shrine may be on an island."

If the sentence is quoted out of context, it in effects contradicts all Her earlier statements.

The Mother goes on to add:

"When the lake will be dug, all the soil will be collected on one side in order to make it look like a mountain where there will be fir trees. You see, in the future there will be snow..."

With this new precision, it now seems that either the existing lake is insufficiently deep, or else the Mother has decided indeed, within the last two days, to shift the location of this centre where there is no lake as yet.

She adds to Huta:

"And you will be the guardian of the Mother's Shrine. Your tiny house in the shape of a lotus bud will be on the island very close to my house..."

Fortunately, while uttering these descriptive words, the Mother was actually drawing. And the sketch She drew is the one which we have mentioned at the onset of our exploration, showing: the Pavilion and the guardian house on an island surrounded by a circular lake, which is in turn surrounded by a large area of tall trees, with the mountain indicated on the North West.

On 1-9-1965, That is, a little over two months later, the Mother shows to Huta a picture of the Golden Temple in Kyoto, saying:

"This is exactly what we shall have except for the shape pf the roof – it must be a terrace and a dome -, but the surroundings will be the same – lake, flowers, trees, rockeries, small waterfalls and so on..."

This is a very helpful reference, as there is no mistake possible here, in the sense of misinterpretation. Pictures of the Golden Temple area show the Temple near the lake, and itself as well as the lake surrounded by a dense park, a park which gives both the lake and its pavilion their natural setting.

We must remember here that the Mother had Herself visited the Golden Temple in Kyoto when She lived in Japan during the First World War.

Less than a week later, on 7-9-1965, the Mother writes to Huta:

"The central park will be the park of Unity containing the Pavilion and its annex as formerly decided."

On that very day, the Mother also wrote, on a report submitted by Roger A, to whom She had described Her vision in the morning, the following statement:

"The park of Unity must be surrounded by a kind of isolating zone so that it is solitary and silent. One has access to it only with permission."

This statement is significant in its context. The Mother is not saying that the park is to be surrounded by a lake! She has described clearly the lake a number of times, and She now refers to the absolute need for the whole central area to be kept sheltered from noise of any kind.

.Part III – Auroville shifts to its permanent site – Design and Architecture.

On 24-12-1965, that is three and a half months later, the Mother mentions to Huta: *"The place for the Mother's Shrine is chosen. It is really a very nice place."*

Two months later, on 20-2-1966, the Mother draws a sketch of the entrance of the Matrimandir: this sketch depicts a small bridge, a box-room to keep the cleaning equipment, and a fountain at which people would wash their feet.

This is implying that the water is very close to the Shrine, and yet that the width of water to be crossed by a bridge cannot be very large; the bridge is shown as a small one.

So we remain with the same configuration: the Shrine itself, with its guardian house, situated on a small island.

Three weeks later, on 10-3-1966, The Mother wrote to Huta that, as a result of Roger A's work, plans and models of the town were ready and about to be exhibited, and She writes:

"I am sure you will be happy as the Truth Pavilion is on a kind of island in the centre of an artificial round lake and looks like an immense lotus opening towards heaven..."

No mention is made here of the gardens, or of the Park.

These do not clearly appear either on those first plans and maps, which were not yet of the galaxy but followed the pattern of the Mother's symbol.

Yet, in 1966, a first brochure was prepared and issued by the SAS on the project of Auroville.

This brochure was read and approved by the Mother, and She Herself wrote its introduction.

In this brochure, the description of the central area of Auroville is the following:

"The axes of penetration towards the centre create a convergence, a densification of buildings, increasing to a point where they suddenly open out upon the gardens of Unity.

In the centre of these gardens, surrounded by a lake will be situated "the Sanctuary of Truth" and the Matrimandir...

The "Sanctuary of Truth", by its form and position, will be the heart of the town, the dominating point of Auroville opening to the light."

The photograph of a model that is shown in this brochure represents the island as a raised volume, rather like a small hill.

According to this formal description, the configuration before our eyes resembles closely to the earlier ones: on a small island is "the Sanctuary of Truth" which houses within itself the "Shrine of the Mother"; there is lake around this island, and this lake is surrounded by a crown of gardens which together form the Park of Unity.

It is only more than a year later, on 11-9-1967, that the Mother mentions this configuration to Huta again, while explaining to her about the foundation ceremony for Auroville.

At this point in time, the geographical centre for Auroville has shifted completely east of the main Madras road, and has now been fixed by the Mother where a single banyan tree stands, alone on a barren eroded plateau.

She says:

"The Truth Pavilion and your tiny house will be very close to each other; your house will stand between the banyan tree and the Truth Pavilion. All these will be on an island – surrounded by water, trees and the Garden of Unity."

So now we have, even though the planned location of Auroville has changed, basically the same configuration as before, except that the island houses not only the Pavilion and its guardian house but also the banyan tree.

Around the lake are still the gardens and the trees, the park of Unity.

Again almost one full year later, on 28-6-1968, the Mother, after a meditation with Huta, mentions the banyan tree:

"Do you know the banyan tree at the centre of the Mother's Shrine...?" and goes on to describe a vision She had just had of Huta seated under the tree, at peace.

This small sentence refers to the Mother's Shrine as being itself the island, with the banyan tree at its centre.

Therefore we see once more that this central island has now grown to include the large banyan tree at its centre.

.Part IV – A step closer to the birth of the Matrimandir.

In 1969 – when exactly is not documented – the Mother spoke to Narad, to whom She had given the specific charge of beginning the gardens of Matrimandir. She spoke to him in the presence of Huta, who reported part of this conversation as recorded by her:

"It must be a thing of great beauty – of such a beauty that when men enter the gardens, they will say 'Ah! This is it!', and experience physically, concretely, the significance of each garden. In the garden of Youth, they will know youth; in the garden of Felicity, they will know felicity; in the garden of Perfection, they will know perfection, and so on. One must know how to move from consciousness to consciousness..."

It is significant that the Mother thus described emphatically the 12 gardens – the names here quoted refer to the 12 names given by Her at an earlier date (the date itself is not on record), months before the actual shape of the Matrimandir was formally and finally determined.

Therefore at the time none of the studies that contributed to the elaboration of the model later presented by Roger A featuring the golden sphere, the 12 petals around it, and the 12 contours serving as bases for the 12 gardens, was made.

The Mother had thus separately instructed Narad to begin work for those gardens while She had entrusted Roger A with the task of finding the most suited architecture for the Shrine itself, or rather, for the Pavilion.

At the end of 1969, people in Auroville and in the Ashram started focussing more and more on the need to have the Matrimandir built as a priority.

On 31-12-1969, the Mother had a long conversation with Satprem, who conveys to Her the feelings expressed by Paolo.

In the course of this conversation, in which mention is several times made of the difficulty to communicate with Roger A, the Mother explains:

"Roger's idea is to have an island in the centre surrounded by water, running water, which will be used for the city's whole water supply, and when it has gone through the city, it will be routed to a mill and will be used to irrigate all the envioning agriculture.

So this centre is like an islet, and in this centre there is what we had called the Matrimandir..."

The Mother simply states Roger A's idea. She does not qualify it. She goes on to describe what She Herself SEES as the inside of this Mandir.

Then She continues:

"And to look after this islet, it was understood that there would be a small house for Huta, who would like to be there simply as the guardian... So Roger had arranged a whole system of bridges to link it to the other bank. And the other bank would be composed entirely of gardens all around..."

So here again we still have the same configuration: the Mandir, the guardian house, and the banyan tree, are either one single islet, or three linked islets, in the middle of the lake, on the shore of which, all around, are situated the 12 gardens.

The Mother continues:

"These gardens... we had thought of 12 gardens, of dividing the distance by 12, of making 12 gardens, each concentrated on one thing, a particular state of consciousness and the flowers that represent it.

And then the 12th garden would be in the water, around – not around but besides – the Mandir, and with the banyan tree that is there. That is what is at the centre of the city. And there, there would be a repetition of the 12 gardens that surround it with the flowers similarly arranged..."

This description is intricate and may lend itself to at least two different representations:

- One would be of actually a 13th garden which would be situated near the banyan tree and adjacent to the Shrine as well, in which a repetition of the 12 gardens would be expressed through its flowers.
- The other representation would show the 12th garden itself extending into the water to reach and enclose the banyan tree, linked by bridges to the Shrine and to the guardian house. And in this extension would be the repetition, with flowers, of the 12 gardens situated on the other bank.

The first interpretation seems to have been generally elected, as it was understood, at the site, that this 13th garden would be called the garden of Unity and ought to be the first to be built.

However, an alternate adaptation of it could also be that the "inner garden", as the Mother called it since 1972, which is now situated on the Oval area itself, surrounded by a water-way, could be a repetition, through flowers, of the "outer gardens" on the other bank of the water-way, which should then also number 12.

The Mother goes on to say:

"There are two Americans here now, a husband and wife, and the man has studied over there in America, for more than a year, I think, to learn how to make gardens and he has come with this knowledge. And I told him to begin right away to make the plans for the inner garden; they are working on it."

A little later in the conversation, the Mother refers a second time – the first time was in 1965 – to desalination plants:

"There are material difficulties: for the islet, water is needed – naturally, otherwise it's not an islet! As far as water goes, it will have to be transformed. There isn't enough underground water... There is water, but just enough for one or two houses; in short there isn't enough water to create a permanent stream. They would have to convert sea-water. In Israel, they have found a way to do it economically – we even have brochures about it – but, you understand, 'economical' for a city, not for an individual! And so we have to get water in order to make this islet, that is the difficulty."

However, the Mother is open to the option of beginning the construction now:

"... To begin building even before there is an islet..."

Perhaps this is the beginning of the compromise which was later adopted: instead of a lake, to have only a narrow continuous channel all around the Oval area of the inner gardens.

At the very end of that conversation, the Mother repeats:

"Yes, I understand, the thing is to build the centre, even if we can't make an islet."

.Part V – The birth of the Matrimandir.

On 3-1-1970, the Mother has a long conversation with Satprem, where She describes at length and in detail Her experience of the Inner Chamber of the Matrimandir, which She had in the night of the New Year.

She mentions that perhaps, for now, one could build a sort of small version of this place She has seen, as an experiment, and later the real one could be built around it or over it. In this connection, She says:

"It is like the gardens: all the gardens which are being made are for now, but in twenty years, all that will have to be on another scale; then it will have to be something really... really beautiful..."

This statement shows again how much importance the Mother attaches to these gardens; and it evokes the possibility of starting with smaller gardens, as for example with the "inner garden", and ending with larger gardens – outer gardens – on another scale; this may account for the Mother's acceptance of smaller gardens constituting the "inner gardens" on the Oval island.

One week later, on 10-1-1970, the Mother has another long conversation with Satprem about Matrimandir. Satprem conveys to Her Paolo's impressions, feelings and suggestions about the building.

The question arises of its outer shape and of its access. At this point the Mother brings in quite a new perspective, integrating for the first time the presence of the Urn, which had been erected for the inauguration ceremony of Auroville, on 28-2-1968.

She explains:

"The underground entrance... One will enter a dozen or so metres from the wall, at the foot of the Urn. The Urn itself will mark where the descent begins. I must choose from which side exactly. And thus it is possible that, later on, the Urn, instead of being outside, will be inside the enclosure.

So perhaps we could simply put a great wall all around, and then the gardens.

Between the surrounding wall and the building we are going to build now, we could have the gardens and the Urn. And the wall will have one entrance – one, or several, ordinary doors; people will be able to walk around the garden. And then one should fulfil certain conditions to have the right to go down into the underground passage and come out into the temple..."

Here we have an extremely significant instance of the Mother choosing to adapt Her vision to the prevailing conditions. There is no more lake and therefore no more island. Instead, to ensure the isolation and the silence of a sanctuary, She now describes a continuous wall that encloses both the entire garden area and the Shrine itself. Access into the garden area is through one or several doors into that boundary wall, while access to the Shrine itself is a sort of initiation, via an underground passage starting very near the Urn, the Urn having now a critical role.

Yet, She goes on to say:

"I said to Roger, we will see in twenty years! So that calmed him down. But the original idea was to surround it with water, to make an island so that one would have to cross the water to be able to reach the temple. It is quite possible to make an island..."

With this last sentence, the Mother makes it clear that She still much prefers to have the Shrine on an islet, and the gardens around the lake, as initially envisaged.

What is common to both options is the need for the Shrine, for the Mandir, to have its own privileged access, marking a real passage.

After one week, on 17-1-1970, another long conversation takes place between the Mother and Satprem, when Satprem conveys more ideas and suggestions from Paolo, concerning both the inside and the outside of the Mandir. The Mother disapproves of many of those ideas, as being too mental, too complicated and impractical.

However, when Satprem suggests to Her... "or perhaps we could make some kind of a moat with water all around, clear water which would show the lower curve of the shell, for example," the Mother answers:

"Yes, this might be good."

This shows once more Her wish for having the Mandir itself surrounded with water.

On 28-3-1970, the Mother dictated the following letter for Huta:

"It has been decided and will remain decided that the Matrimandir will be surrounded with water. However, water is not available just now and will be available only later, so it is decided to build the Matrimandir now and surround it with water only later, perhaps in a few years time. As regards the Matrimandir itself I have selected our plan, which agrees with the vision I had of the inside and have myself approved. Therefore there is no need to worry. The Matrimandir will be built now and water brought around it later."

Between March and August of 1970, the Mother received groups of Aurovilians.

In one of these talks, the Mother explained the idea of building the Matrimandir as the centre of Auroville, saying there will be work for everyone.

"There will be gardens. There will be everything, all the possibilities: engineers, architects, all kinds of manual work..."

On 21-2-1971, in answer to Aurovilians working at the Matrimandir Nursery who offered to stop their work there in order to join the excavation work, the Mother stated:

"No. The gardens are as important as the Matrimandir itself."

On 19-1-1972, in a conversation with Satprem, the Mother lists the 12 attributes of the Divine Mother, along with their corresponding colours:

"They are going to build 12 rooms around the Matrimandir, at ground level, and Roger wanted each room to have a name: one of the attributes of the Divine Mother and the corresponding colour."

This new element – the 12 Petals and their meditation rooms – takes up additional physical space.

Along with the Urn and its newly-designed amphitheatre being very close to the Matrimandir, it is now hardly possible, physically, to situate the lake immediately around the Matrimandir, as had earlier been planned.

Some time either in 1970-71, or in 1972, when the Mother names the gardens, She not only named the 12 gardens, and the 13th, the garden of Unity, but also a garden directly around the Mandir, the garden of Love.

.Part VI – The Construction has begun.

From about mid-1972 onwards, by all accounts, the Mother became more and more silent and indrawn.

Several of Her messages and formal statements during that period had to do with the necessity not to lie.

On 17-8-1972, Shyamsunder read out to the Mother a letter from Narad when he complained of the small size of the gardens; to this the Mother replied orally, as reported by Shyamsunder in his notes:

"I have never told Narad that it should be very big... Roger is the best judge."

On 4-11-1972, the Mother tells Shyamsunder, as reported in his notes, that Huta is to be the guardian of the Matrimandir and that her house must be built in one of the 12 gardens, and the money for it has already been given.

These last two statements seem to indicate that, with the several changes of design and the additions of new elements made by Roger A, the Mother has accepted that the size of the gardens may have to be reduced, and that they too should be part of the island; nonetheless She still insists that the guardian house must be very close to the Mandir, even though it may mean that it can only be built in one of the 12 gardens.

On 22-12-1972, responding to a query from Mary Helen conveyed to Her by Shyamsunder, referring to the style or spirit in which the gardens must be created, the Mother confirms, as reported by Shyamsunder in his notes:

"Of course, it must be in the Japanese way..."

On 12-2-1973, after Shyamsunder had read out to Her a letter from Narad seeking guidance for the planting of trees and the execution of the gardens, the Mother comments that it has already been told in detail to Roger A.

On 15-3-1973, Roger A himself notes that the Mother has reiterated, concerning Huta's guardian house:

"The important thing is to plan a room for her in the gardens..."

This statement is a few days formulated by Roger A in a formal note of information to all:

"The Mother has confirmed that the sole important thing is the lodging foreseen for the guardian within the framework of the gardens around Matrimandir."

Beyond the date of 10-5-1973, there are no records regarding the Matrimandir.

.Concluding Notes.

From all the documents available regarding the period from 1970 to 1973, it is strikingly apparent that the clash and rivalry of individual egos was at a peak. It is also evident that the Mother freely and simply stated Her wishes only when there was a receptivity without preferences, as was the case with Satprem.

We have now a better and more precise sense of the evolution of the plan for the manifestation of this dream of Hers.

There are no records available, apart from a few scattered notes taken from memory by Roger A himself, of the many talks the Mother must undoubtedly have had with him.

From subsequent events and information passed orally between people, it was generally understood that Narad had sufficient guidance to help him in his work of executing both the inner and outer gardens.

Actual work on the outer gardens began in 1973, with the marking out of the circular boundary road wherever it was possible – where the land had already been acquired – and the first planting of trees.

In 1974, the Oval area was marked out, almost entirely – there too, one piece of land was yet to be acquired.

Throughout the 1970s, planting of trees for the South to North West part of the Outer Gardens, along with contouring of the same, was an ongoing work.

The understanding generally shared since 1973, an understanding which was confirmed and further defined under Roger A's direction in 1987-88, was that the Oval area – ten times the section of the sphere – was to enclose besides the Mandir the banyan tree, the Urn and the Amphitheatre and the Inner Gardens.

This Oval area was to be marked by a continuous pathway alongside a continuous water channel, with either one single bridge at the West, or a bridge at every cardinal point.

The Oval area was then to be surrounded by a Park, or Outer Gardens area, the outer perimeter of which was formally fixed, in the 1990s, at a radius of 300 metres.

The entire area, the "Peace Area", would be encircled by the first Ring Road, which would follow its outer circumference.

Through the years several experiments have been conducted to test various methods of lining and sealing water bodies, and two sections of the Oval Channel were excavated in the early 1990s.

It is only in 1998, with the contribution of Harald Kraft's proposal for solving the future water needs of the city, that Roger A explicitly returned to what can be called his own early vision of the centre, as indicated in some of the early galaxy plans, of a large lake surrounding the central Shrine and immediately bordered by the high density buildings of the city.

.Summary.

Both the foundation and the purpose of our work in overseeing and coordinating the completion of the Matrimandir and its entire environment, are one: to be as faithful as possible to what She has seen and wished.

In view of the present proposal to create an enormous lake as the only transition between the city proper and the Inner Gardens of the Matrimandir, we can but state that it does not conform to the Mother's stated wishes.

The above review of Her recorded words regarding the Matrimandir site makes it unquestionably clear that:

- 1- The Matrimandir itself must be on an island, together with the banyan tree and an inner garden.
- 2- This island must be surrounded by a moderately-sized body of water.
- 3- This water body must be surrounded by a full garden/park.
- 4- This park as a whole must be either encircled by a road, with gateways, or by an isolating zone.

The only major difference between the Mother's early descriptions and Her latest ones is that the central island has gradually grown in size so as to house more and more elements – the banyan tree, the Urn and its amphitheatre, the 12 Petals around the sphere and finally the 12 Inner gardens, leaving on the other bank of the water body the Outer Gardens where are the tall trees.

We may thus suggest that the general lay-out which has been the operative reference accepted by Roger A, Piero and Narad and all those who worked at Matrimandir since the early 1970s (the present MMCG came into existence only in 1988) is to be once more confirmed, with perhaps one significant improvement: the water-way could be deepened and widened here and there so as to provide the sense of a substantial expanse of water around the Oval island.

Note: Our comments and analysis of the project proposal of a large lake for the needs of Auroville's water supply are articulated in another document".

Note: We were later on to prepare more such documents, accompanied by clear, graphic illustrations; it took the form of a large sized brochure, which we printed ourselves for distribution to all the members of the Governing Board and other eminent guests who were invited as consultants.

***22-3-2000, Auroville :**

C a téléphoné hier soir. Malgré la recommandation de Laffont, les Editions Lattès ont refusé mon texte, conseillant de rechercher une Maison d'Édition ayant au moins une collection spécialisée dans le domaine « spirituel » ! C'est toujours la même vieille histoire, comme une créature préhistorique qui aurait survécu aux éons, de la division entre ce qui est « spirituel » et ce qui ne l'est pas – tout le reste !

... Le fût du puits de la communauté s'est effondré.

Pendant plusieurs jours l'équipe appelée par le Service a essayé de le dégager ; mais le métal du fût est trop corrodé et a dû s'affaisser sous la pression des eaux qui se sont infiltrées après les dernières pluies torrentielles. Ils ont dû renoncer.

Mais je souhaite continuer de puiser au même point ; alors nous allons tenter de re-forer le puits, juste à côté, et d'y insérer un nouveau fût de plastique épais (j'étais en fait presque certain d'avoir déjà pris cette mesure il y a quelques années, et Maurice partage le même souvenir ; c'est donc un peu mystérieux !).

Dans le contexte de la controverse autour du projet gigantesque de créer un grand lac réservoir autour de Matrimandir – projet auquel nous nous opposons afin de préserver l'environnement que Tu as souhaité -, cet incident est troublant.

Ce puits est excellent ; je l'ai toujours senti comme un cadeau de la Grâce. Mais je vois bien que l'accident est interprété ici et là comme un signe que cette communauté (« Sincérité ») doit disparaître, presque comme une punition.

Il y a là comme une symétrie : ces formations sous-jacentes qui circulent entre nous tous, et ces événements souterrains, physiques, qui échappent à notre contrôle de surface et à notre ingéniosité technique.

***26-3-2000, Auroville :**

Téléphone de C : Paul est parti hier après-midi.

Le matin il avait téléphoné à C et R : il était en colère et désespéré de se trouver de plus en plus souvent dans une condition où il ne se souvenait plus des choses les plus simples et ne pouvait plus vivre sans aide immédiate ; durant les derniers jours il avait appelé chacun de ses enfants, sans rien avoir à leur dire, simplement pour le contact. Wanda, sa compagne, n'osait plus le laisser seul ; mais hier, elle était elle-même clouée au lit par une sciatique, et Paul était sorti seul ; en rentrant, alors qu'il était dans l'ascenseur, il a quitté son corps – ce même ascenseur que nous avons pris ensemble il y a 4 mois quand il m'emmenait déjeuner dans son restaurant favori, une sorte de petit bistrot auvergnat, une pièce bondée, à deux niveaux, et il lui fallait plusieurs minutes pour grimper le minuscule escalier branlant menant à la loggia où nous nous sentions plus à l'aise : dans le brouhaha des conversations animées, les allées et venues périlleuses des serveurs, partageant notre bouteille de blanc fruité, sa surdité légendaire disparaissait et ses grands yeux ronds dans sa figure ronde de vieux Chinois, si pleine de vraie générosité, à la fois enfantine et lucide, ses yeux attentifs, directs et discrets à la fois, transparents, ses grands yeux étaient les portes ouvertes de son cœur et il écoutait et entendait chacun de mes mots comme s'il les buvait, et ses réponses étaient l'expression de cette synthèse vibrante dont seules les âmes vivantes sont capables.

La qualité de notre lien était faite de cette confiance inconditionnelle, que rien d'extérieur ne peut expliquer ; et de le revoir avant qu'il ne s'en aille, de le revoir au moins une fois après près de trente ans pendant lesquels il ne fut même pas nécessaire de s'écrire, était l'une des raisons claires de ce voyage en France –

quand il avait su que je venais, il savait aussi que le temps de quitter le corps approchait.

Chaque départ individuel est unique, déclenche ses propres rythmes, déploie ses propres ressources et s'oriente selon les données qui sont propres à chaque être ; il n'y a aucune comparaison à faire ; aucune formation n'est acceptable, et le seul souhait que l'on puisse composer et entretenir est que la personne réunisse le plus harmonieusement possible et dans les meilleures conditions possibles ce qu'il lui est bon et nécessaire de préserver dans le silence conscient de la paix et du repos qui l'attendent.

Paul avait la perception d'un progrès, d'une évolution psychique dans l'humanité, et je sais qu'il était ainsi branché, au-delà de l'âge de son corps et du passage imminent, au cheminement d'une réalisation nouvelle dans l'homme et en avant.

Pour C, il y a autour d'elle un accroissement des signes d'une fin corporelle : R est mal en point, et bien enclin à se tourner négativement dans la déchéance ; G, leur amie de longtemps, vient d'être emmenée en maison de soins avec une leucémie des gens âgés ; leur ami D est pris par l'angoisse... Heureusement elle a son travail quotidien, et son chemin à elle qui grandit de tout, mais je sens bien qu'il me faut aussi être prêt à retourner près d'elle.

... Bhaskar m'a annoncé il y a quelques jours son intention d'essayer d'aller vivre seul à « Vérité » ; il a reçu hier l'accord des gens de cette communauté, mais le mouvement même de quitter physiquement la maison est émotionnellement chargé, et il attend maintenant de trouver ses gestes.

Pour moi, cela veut dire que je vais retrouver un peu de « privé »...

***27-3-2000, Auroville :**

Peut-être sommes-nous ici un peu les sacrifiés.

Ce n'est pas une notion reconfortante, ou consolante ; mais cela peut aider à former la distance d'une certaine sobriété.

Ce que l'on peut contribuer au chemin de tous et à la vraie destinée de la Terre, c'est la manifestation si partielle soit-elle de nouvelles attitudes, de nouvelles compréhensions et de nouvelles possibilités relationnelles, de nouvelles pratiques qui soient délivrées de la division et de l'asservissement au pouvoir et portent dans le monde un peu de ce regard et de cette présence dont l'humanité demeure si tragiquement séparée.

Lorsqu'il se disait dans les premières années que notre travail était celui d'un laboratoire, il me semblait que c'était une manière bien commode de justifier la perpétuation de toutes sortes de mouvements – et de la lâcheté, la veulerie, la médiocrité.

Mais avec le temps et l'expérience, ce procédé d'effort collectif, dans la liberté de choix et sans guide apparent, s'avère effectivement relever d'une expérimentation constante.

Quand bien même on se rassemble individuellement dans une offrande ou un service soutenus, une action orientée, et tente d'y dédier le meilleur et le plus clair et le plus sûr de ce que l'on a assimilé, quelque intervention immanquablement survient, s'interpose, dérange et désordonne et remet tout en question. Et ce phénomène n'est pas dû à la mauvaise volonté de quiconque : cela semble plutôt être dû à l'action de cette Vision qui préside à toute l'expérience et travaille à notre ouverture et notre changement...

***29-3-2000, Auroville :**

Dans la mesure où l'on ne peut pas encore renoncer à établir individuellement une harmonie ou une eurythmie quotidienne, ce processus auquel nous sommes soumis peut bien être décourageant.

Mais c'est qu'il nous faut, à chacun et ensemble, trouver le secret d'un équilibre direct, dans l'instant de la conscience, qui génère sa propre harmonie, sans calculs ni prévisions, sans anticiper ni investir le moment à venir...

Du point de vue de l'énergie, ce peut être passionnant ; mais un autre problème se pose, profondément pratique. Nous abordons là la vraie pratique, le chemin tout à fait concret : car pour pouvoir soutenir à chaque instant de chaque heure de chaque jour et chaque nuit le flot ininterrompu de cette manifestation, il faut être absolument et irréversiblement et intégralement uni à la Conscience Force.

Il faut que plus rien en nous, plus aucune part de notre être, plus aucun mouvement, plus aucune opération de la vie en nous et dans nos corps, n'éprouve le besoin d'un repos ou d'un répit séparé – d'un repos d'oubli et d'inconscience, d'une disparition momentanée dans un néant automatique, d'une immersion passive dans un milieu obscur, la détente de l'une de ces multiples pénombres où l'on participe aux soubassements semi conscients des mondes et des événements sans avoir à les offrir, sans avoir à progresser, où l'on redevient élémental ou bien absorbé par quelque état plus informe, où l'on se laisse dériver dans des respirations obscurément impersonnelles, des pulsions plus vastes dont nous ignorons les termes où l'on flotte, abrité par la protection du corps, au gré des courants d'une vie subliminale, le lit fluide et omniscient de la Nature...

... Bhaskar ne semble pas réellement disposé à quitter la maison, à se retirer de cette vie auprès de moi ; il attendait finalement que je lui en donne l'ordre ! Mais je ne puis que souligner pour lui les termes de ses choix, en l'assurant de mon soutien dans un cas comme dans l'autre.

... Ce n'est qu'en me trouvant transporté dans un contexte humain ordinaire – ordinaire par rapport à celui, justement, de ce laboratoire – qu'il m'a été donné de pouvoir vérifier l'application de ce que j'ai appris ici, sans pouvoir jusque là le mesurer ni même m'en rendre bien compte, tant ce qui prédomine dans notre expérience de chaque moment et chaque situation est le sens de notre faillibilité, inaptitude, grossièreté, opacité.

Et j'ai constaté que ce que j'ai appris au cours de ces années ne constitue ni un savoir ni la maîtrise d'une technique de vie, ni même une réalisation quelconque, mais quelque chose d'à la fois plus diffus et plus dense, plus universel et précis, plus actif et silencieux, quelque chose qui s'apparente à plus de présence au monde, à plus d'évidence, à un secret d'incarnation.

***1-4-2000, Auroville :**

Un vent froid s'est levé de la baie du Bengale, après plusieurs heures de pluie.

La plupart de nos travaux sont arrêtés pour la journée.

Ici, c'est un repos et une douceur de pouvoir parfois contempler les cimes des arbres dans le ciel gris – et comme le vert est riche de nuances !

Sûrement il faut pouvoir accepter, paisiblement accepter, d'être zéro – neutre : inactif... Que la conscience ne dévoile en soi aucun dessein, n'y manifeste aucune volonté, n'y induise aucune orientation : comme une barque immobile dans le silence. Tout autour, les autres barques se meuvent au loin, leurs trajectoires définies ; mais là, c'est un îlot de gel, comme si on existait juste en deçà du plan commun – on existe en fait beaucoup plus dans la perception des autres...

***9-4-2000, Auroville :**

Il y a aujourd'hui trente ans que Tu m'as donné mon nom, et la confirmation de ma naissance en Toi, pour Ton travail ; trente ans que Tu m'as dit que Tu voulais de moi pour la transformation.

Aujourd'hui, j'ai cinquante ans.

Voilà : c'est mon « âge ».

Quoi d'autre ?

C'est dimanche ; je viens de finir de nettoyer et ranger la maison ; j'ai allumé l'encens dans chaque pièce, j'écoute la musique de Sunil, le jardin est paisible, les oiseaux et les fleurs y sont libres, et les abeilles et les mangoustes et les serpents, chaque organisme y a son rythme parmi les autres – nous sommes les seuls dont le rythme est une question, un effort pénible et discordant, dont la loi d'être est en travail.

Je n'ai plus le cœur à écrire.

La conscience ne bouge pas.

Des bouffées seulement viennent, parfois : comme à propos de Ganesh, et la possibilité d'un canal créatif, ou pour les terres, les terres du Seigneur...

Entre les bouffées, rien : la pénurie, la trime, le ressassement des manques, comme de parts incomplètes...

Ce qui s'enroule dans le corps est révoltant, un scandale et une imposture.

Quelle est la valeur réelle d'une expérience ? L'expérience, par exemple, que Ganesh est mon ami, et qu'avec lui du travail peut être fait – compagnons d'une action au service du Suprême ? Tout cela reste comme parallèle, ou tangent : une progression subtile qui ne se développe pas. Comme beaucoup d'autres expériences.

Ce qui se développe est une sorte de compromis résiduel, sans grâce ni puissance de réalisation.

***10-4-2000, Auroville :**

Hier W, m'apportant des fruits du verger de M, m'a décrit le rêve qu'il avait fait la veille : il s'était trouvé dans une communauté, un peu comme un petit village, dont il avait aimé l'atmosphère ; dans cette communauté j'avais avec chacun une relation très proche, directe et intime – avec chacun également ; ce n'était pas que je « présidais » à la vie de cette communauté, mais plutôt que se situait en moi son ferment ou son lien ; et W, dont la nature personnelle ne le porte pas à rechercher la compagnie des autres, avait été touché par cette possibilité, et cela lui a semblé correspondre à quelque chose qui se passe effectivement, bien que dans d'autres termes...

Pour moi, cela correspond à une réalité, mais une réalité qui était plus vivante dans le passé, bien qu'elle fut le plus souvent entravée, abîmée, dépravée ou avortée par nos vœux et nos attachements qui refusent de s'offrir, nos révoltes et nos jalousies qui rejettent à chaque fois la possibilité du changement...

***16-5-2000, Auroville :**

C'est la nullité : la nécessité d'endurer, endurer, dans un état de non-progrès, de non-sens...

Pratiquement, je n'ai pas assez de travail.

Pourquoi ?

En principe, ce doit être dû à un manque de sincérité.

Mais je sais bien comment, devant la volonté ou la soif de contrôle de certains de mes collègues, compagnons et frères, je me suis retiré, laissant la place convoitée, parce que l'alternative de lutter pour m'affirmer ne me plaisait guère.

Mais voilà : en chemin, j'ai perdu l'intérêt, ou la confiance, cette confiance en partie ignorante qui permet d'agir parmi les autres et d'intervenir dans les circonstances.

Et rien encore n'est venu la remplacer.

C'est l'été ; 43° à l'ombre et presque toute l'énergie disponible est employée à supporter physiquement cette masse suffocante.

... Je vois la peau du corps qui se flétrit, comme une fleur dont la vitalité se retire : quel est ce monstre logé dans le corps qui dévore son innocence, corrompt son amour de la beauté, le convainc de son impuissance et l'oblige à désirer mourir ?

Quel est ce pouvoir vicieux qui agit à la dérobee ?

Où cette force de défaite est-elle logée ?

Qu'est-ce qui dans notre conscience la nourrit ?

... Arjun est parti à Chennai pour consulter d'urgence un spécialiste renommé : ses deux yeux sont affectés, et il doit subir une intervention pour drainer ses sinus.

A travers cette expérience physique et cette épreuve qui le mobilise entièrement, un changement s'opère qui est en relation avec cette énergie compulsive et presque maniaque qu'il déploie et manifeste depuis des années dans notre travail commun, par laquelle il doit absolument être au centre et allouer à chacun le rôle qu'il lui prescrit, et imposer son sens de la marche à suivre et des priorités ; énergie mêlée à celles d'une grande générosité et d'un engagement profond, d'un sens aigu de l'intégrité, et d'un humour dévastateur...

... C téléphone assez souvent – par besoin : elle est seule à lutter auprès de R qui engage toutes ses contradictions vers la mort et souhaite l'y entraîner ; elle parvient pourtant à continuer de travailler quotidiennement, à préserver son indépendance et ses choix d'harmonie, de marche et de progrès...

J'ai su récemment, su à nouveau, avec une clarté nouvelle, plus tangible et plus précise, ce que je veux vraiment réaliser.

C'est venu à partir d'une contemplation, en quelque sorte négative, de ce fait de l'abandon du corps à la « mort » - de cette séparation matérielle : on se retire, ou l'on est expulsé de la matière, et on y laisse un déchet, un corps qui se décompose, une masse de cellules qui doivent se désagréger, pourrir ou sécher, un embarras pour les autres, une laideur et un fardeau, un emblème de la défaite, une preuve de plus de la division de la conscience.

Et c'est un fait qu'il m'est de plus en plus difficile d'accepter.

Alors est venue la vérité positive : il faut physiquement unir le corps et l'être psychique (ce que nous appelons ici l'être psychique : l'individualité divine, plus ou moins développée en chacun, que l'on porte en soi et qui est le centre véritable de soi-même).

Il faut que les deux s'épousent mutuellement, tout à fait concrètement : qu'il n'y ait plus la possibilité de la séparation.

Et qu'ainsi, lorsque l'être psychique choisit de se retirer, qu'il soit capable de dissoudre ou d'absorber en la transmutant la substance même du corps : que toutes les cellules du corps soient si conscientes et si établies en l'être psychique que plus rien ne puisse les dissocier de leur appartenance.

C'est difficile à décrire, ou expliquer.

Mais cela m'a donné mon angle pour aborder le travail, avec ma propre aspiration.

Seulement, comment s'y prendre, et par où commencer ?

Et le temps du travail est-il donné ? Ce temps que je gaspille dans l'inertie, ou la persistance de mes désirs et mes manques...

***17-5-2000, Auroville :**

Comment exprimer correctement, avec des mots surtout, cette perception, cette saisie de compréhension ?

Il y a beaucoup de choses que l'on sait inacceptables : il est entendu qu'on le sait ; cela est considéré comme une évidence.

Pourtant, à l'examen attentif, on s'aperçoit vite que ce savoir est, sinon superficiel, du moins incertain ; comme s'il était mal fondé, ou fondé sur un terrain instable et mouvant.

Par exemple, il est universellement entendu que l'on considère la torture comme inacceptable, et que l'on peut, sans ciller, professer de la condamner.

Pourtant, n'y a-t-il pas des circonstances particulières qui, exceptionnellement, peuvent justifier la pratique et l'usage de la torture, la légitimant pour la sauvegarde d'un ensemble collectif, d'une société, voire d'une civilisation ?

Et puis, n'y a-t-il pas des formes pernicieuses de torture mentale et psychologique infligées plus ouvertement dans nos sociétés ? Qui peut juger parmi ces formes de torture laquelle est la plus nocive et la plus condamnable ?

Et l'on est bientôt confronté à tout le réseau complexe des responsabilités, des rôles et des fonctions et des limitations individuelles – où est la faute, où est, qui est, l'auteur de la faute ? Celui qui, au risque de sa vie, doit obéir aux ordres donnés et obtenir à tout prix l'information demandée ? Celui qui, choisi pour sa vulnérabilité spécifique à cette forme de perversité, doit exécuter ? Celui qui, dans l'ombre du dédale administratif, doit caractériser la stratégie suggérée ? Celui qui, protégé par la position qu'il occupe dans la hiérarchie, peut prétendre ignorer les implications des directives qu'il transmet ?

Peut-on encore déclarer avec la pureté convaincue de l'innocence que toute forme de torture est inacceptable ?

Ce savoir dont nous nous réclamions était constitué autant par la convention que par l'instinct, par le contrat intellectuel autant que par le sens de la décence, par la morale autant que par la peur. Ce savoir n'était pas le fruit d'une expérience directe : c'était, comme la plupart de nos savoirs, la fixation confortable d'un assemblage composite de notions non vérifiées, de préjugés transmis et d'une vague éthique liée à notre identité collective.

Un savoir n'est solide et son évidence n'est vivante que s'il a été pleinement rencontré, mesuré, réalisé par la conscience.

Alors ce savoir est-il un avec la flamme qui rayonne au fond de nous ; plus rien ne peut le compromettre ni le remettre en question : il ne peut que grandir et devenir plus conscient, et acquérir une force de vérité plus effective.

C'est une saisie de cet ordre qui m'est venue, devant ce fait de la séparation, de la dissociation – de cette consécration perpétuellement reproduite de l'abîme entre nos âmes et nos corps, entre le souffle et la forme, la conscience et sa manifestation.

Il faudrait, pour décrire cet inacceptable, y venir de plusieurs perspectives à la fois. Ce n'est pas la mort en soi, c'est-à-dire le retrait, ou la disparition, qui est inacceptable : il y aura probablement toujours d'excellentes « raisons » de se retirer, de se refondre, de se rassembler dans le silence de l'immuable et absolu, de replonger par-delà toute forme.

Ce qui est inacceptable, c'est cette profonde injustice, l'emprise de cet ancien arbitraire, qui nous oblige à la loi d'une formidable perversion : celle de la réification de la matière.

La matière nous accueille, se modèle à notre spécificité, nous abrite, nous nourrit et nous protège, et nous l'utilisons, la revendiquons, la consommons, lui imposons

notre volonté et notre vision, la violons, la compromettons, la pillons, pour la rejeter et l'abandonner – sans jamais rien lui avoir donné de durable...
 Nous n'y laissons surtout qu'un souvenir pénible, une empreinte sans grâce, une blessure.

Peut-être notre compréhension individuelle du corps, notre relation à sa propre réalité, dépend-elle du degré auquel notre être intérieur a participé à sa formation ; et peut-être ce degré de participation dépend-il à son tour du développement de l'âme individuelle et du type d'expérience et de progrès qu'elle recherche cette fois-ci.

Quoiqu'il en soit, c'est dans la grande majorité des cas aux parents que revient le privilège, la tâche et la joie de chérir, de célébrer et d'assister l'élaboration harmonieuse de l'intime association entre la présence intérieure d'un être unique entre tous et la formation d'un agrégat cellulaire.

***19-5-2000, Auroville :**

Tes mises en gardes contre le suicide sont si vigoureuses, limpides et radicales, que cela continue d'agir en moi comme la plus efficace des protections ; il arrive souvent encore que cela seul subsiste, comme l'ultime contrainte, qui se traduit aussi comme un égard profond, et une sorte de responsabilité, envers C.

... J, de l'Ashram, qui est en contact électronique avec Daniel Meurois-Givaudan, a finalement reçu de lui sa réponse, attendue depuis l'été dernier – il semble que nos lettres se soient perdues, des deux côtés – et me l'a faite parvenir. Il écrit, à propos de mon texte, dont je lui avais envoyé la première copie : « ... Je n'ai pas encore réussi à faire aboutir le projet et je doute maintenant d'y arriver dans le contexte actuel. Il s'agit d'un travail de très belle qualité, comme je le lui disais (il s'adresse à J en parlant de moi) dans une précédente lettre, mais qui, dans sa forme et son expression, est à contre-courant de ce que notre société occidentale 'consomme' en ce moment... » Etc. Plus haut dans la lettre, regrettant de n'avoir pu venir en Inde cet hiver, il écrit : « Ce n'est bien sûr que partie remise car l'Inde est pour moi une vieille complice dont je ne suis pas prêt de me passer... ! »

Alors, en lisant cette lettre, j'ai reçu deux chocs, d'ordre différent : le premier avec ces termes « l'Inde est pour moi une vieille complice » ; tout à coup, instantanément, j'ai perdu toute la confiance et le respect candide que j'avais pour cet être ! Seul un ignorant peut s'exprimer ainsi – ignorant au sens spirituel du mot. Chez un homme ordinaire, même un intellectuel, cela pourrait s'attribuer à une sorte de pédantisme arrogant et facile et faire partie d'un personnage ; mais chez quelqu'un qui prétend à la vérité du cœur et qui s'est emparé de très belles idées, de très beaux principes et de très belles émotions dans une prolifération d'ouvrages qui forment maintenant comme le corps d'une mission, c'est une petite phrase impardonnable et péniblement révélatrice, une petite phrase qui annule des milliers d'autres.

C'est à pleurer.

Puis est venu le second choc : « ... à contre-courant... ».

Oui, à contre-courant : de plus en plus et de manière de plus en plus terrible, insupportable, impitoyable, à devenir fou !

Car c'est exactement l'expérience que j'ai eue hier encore, dans la grande réunion générale, où je n'ai pu dire un mot ; une quasi unanimité pour plonger dans une autre de ces vagues collectives émotionnelles, avec tous les relents souhaitables d'unité, de cœur, d'ouverture à l'avenir, qui cependant ne mènent jamais qu'à des sables mouvants et ne résolvent jamais rien, et qui sont profondément

irresponsables, dans le sens que seuls des individualités directement conscientes, centrées directement, chacune établie dans la conscience véritable, peuvent constituer une communauté gnostique. C'est un contresens que de s'attendre à ce que, magiquement, le mélange semi obscur d'énergies animées par un besoin plus ou moins profond, ou superficiel, de partage et d'unité, puisse effectuer le changement nécessaire et apporter la clarté requise pour une action collective qui serve vraiment la vérité de demain ; c'est une impossibilité pratique !

Tout cela se traduisait en moi par un malaise pénible et, justement, le sentiment ou même la sensation d'être comme maudit, de ne pouvoir appartenir nulle part ; d'être « à contre-courant » !

Je ne peux pas continuer ainsi ; il faut que quelque chose s'ouvre quelque part...

Ou qu'au moins Tu me donnes une tâche absorbante, quelle qu'elle soit, où me concentrer et m'annuler : en finir ainsi, si je ne peux pas en finir autrement !

***2-6-2000, Auroville :**

Aucune tâche absorbante ne m'a été donnée !

... Il y a eu le passage de Pnina : une Pnina qui a trouvé sa dimension spirituelle et une force tangible de progrès dans sa vie et son itinéraire individuel ; elle a développé sa capacité de chant ; elle a publié un livre et en écrit un autre ; elle va et vient entre Varanasi et Jérusalem. Notre relation date d'une vingtaine d'années maintenant et, par certains aspects, pourrait offrir une solution de vie ; elle et Bhaskar se sont bien entendus et appréciés l'un l'autre, et ils ont joué ensemble.

Il y a eu aussi l'expérience d'Arjun : plusieurs interventions chirurgicales, et la solidarité dans l'épreuve, avec lui comme avec Deepti.

Et il y a eu les difficultés physiques de Kusum.

Le temps passe et je suis dans le vide ; je ne sens pas le chemin. Rien ne s'articule, rien ne s'organise, que ce soit dans le corps ou la vie, rien ne s'anime en chemin ; le courant n'opère pas.

Je viens de recevoir et de lire le livre d'entretiens que F.J et Ch.J ont publié au début de l'année, entretiens qui couvrent toute la période de mon « absence » : c'est un bel ouvrage et j'aime son message, tel qu'il est et là où il est, en cet être plein de grâce qui est aussi mon père biologique.

Et je suis fier de l'évidence et de la fidélité de l'engagement de F.J, dont la nature s'est approfondie avec les années, devenue plus consciente et plus sûre de ce qu'est la véritable responsabilité de chacun parmi les hommes, de ce qu'est la liberté véritable et l'exigence véritable ; cette évidence transparaît dans ces pages comme une flamme qui s'affermir et s'enrichit.

Et je vois avec toujours plus de reconnaissance ce choix silencieux, d'une autre dimension, qui m'a permis de « tomber » là, par ces deux êtres, C et F.J, et de me lier à chacun d'eux par le sang et la vie, pour le chemin conscient.

***5-6-2000, Auroville :**

Intellectuellement je ne puis m'expliquer cette impasse, cette stérilité, cette nullité, que par mon insincérité.

Et l'insincérité est bien là, je ne Te la dissimule pas : c'est un sujet tout ouvert !

Mais le malaise que je ressens est aussi, je crois, dû à une sorte de disparité – je ne suis pas « en phase » avec l'environnement social, relationnel, expérientiel. Mais je ne suis conscient d'aucun autre environnement qui serait préférable à celui-ci ; j'accepte la question de ne plus être à Auroville, mais je ne sens aucun signe, aucune indication, aucun appel, aucun goût même...

... Plus ça va, plus je ressens combien notre temps biologique est faussé, comme s'il était une parodie d'un autre temps biologique beaucoup plus sensé qui a dû, tout mon instinct me le dit, se manifester déjà sur la Terre (quand, approximativement, la mesure biologique d'un de nos jours correspondait en fait à celle d'un de nos mois). Je ne sais comment décrire ce terrible inconfort, cette sensation d'être floué, par rapport à une sorte de mémoire vécue d'un état physique infiniment plus praticable ; et plus je me sens physiquement précipité comme vers le rétrécissement d'un goulot d'expulsion, de dissolution et de mort, et plus mon corps veut dormir, comme pour échapper à cette contrainte arbitraire, à cette imposition invalidante.

... Je réfléchis à la potentialité créative de l'imagination ; c'est en relation avec Ton indication du pouvoir effectif de l'imagination, si elle est saisie comme une discipline formative pour assister le progrès du yoga – tel un émissaire que l'on envoie en avant pour dynamiser les possibles dont on a besoin pour les progrès à faire dans la substance, ici même ; et je me demande dans quelle mesure cette discipline peut être utilement pratiquée pour ce travail dans le corps, ne serait ce que pour contrecarrer les effets dévastateurs de cet arbitraire presque absolu qui intervient dans le fonctionnement des cellules et leurs relations.

***7-6-2000, Auroville :**

C a téléphoné encore, pour se soulager de l'épreuve en « dents de scie » à laquelle R la soumet constamment : R, dont le seul ouvrage publié avait pour sujet la médecine psychosomatique, un concept encore nouveau à l'époque où il l'écrivit, et qui se trouve maintenant précipité dans une alternance assez infernale d'états physiologiques auxquels il s'identifie, avec, envers C, cette ambivalence active de vouloir la tirer avec lui dans ce vortex sous le prétexte plus ou moins présentable qu'ainsi seulement il trouvera la paix – s'ils s'en vont ensemble !

C m'a aussi suggéré que j'écrive au directeur du « Département Spiritualités » des Editions Albin Michel, qu'A a rencontré et trouvé « très ouvert »...

... Ce matin j'ai accompagné Kusum à l'Ashram pour qu'on lui fasse une radiographie des intestins afin de juger de la condition de cette tumeur ; l'attendant, je contemplais l'étendue de l'Océan Indien, et j'essayais de me représenter ce que pourrait être une sadhana solitaire, en France, peut-être dans la maison de Bretagne, ou ailleurs ?

Car il y a ce dégoût croissant que j'éprouve envers l'obligation, l'imposition, la violation méchante et destructrice de l'action intracellulaire que l'on appelle « vieillissement ».

Et il y a cette distance croissante que je ressens envers les conduites, les démarches et les pratiques qui ont cours à Auroville.

Et il y a enfin l'impasse dans le travail extérieur, à cause de la personnalité d'Arjun qui a le besoin absolu d'avoir le contrôle – et j'ai depuis longtemps déjà choisi de lui donner de l'amitié et de la place ; et en conséquence je me suis retiré de plus en plus, et j'ai perdu l'enthousiasme et le contact avec l'énergie de l'action, et il s'est produit comme une sorte d'atrophie des capacités de manifestation dont je disposais.

Alors tout cela ensemble établit une sorte de propension vers un retrait ou un éloignement ou un déplacement... Je ne sais pas...

***8-6-2000, Auroville :**

Ce sont d'étranges symétries : depuis quelques jours, à la demande de Vishvanath de l'Ashram, j'ai placé l'équipe d'Anand sur le toit des chambres de Sri Aurobindo, tout autour de Ta chambre, pour le réimpermeabiliser ; et voilà que je dois arpenter et parcourir, en examinant les moindres détails, cet espace plus sacré qu'aucun autre ; voilà que sur ce même Balcon où Tu es apparue tant de fois mon équipe plie et range ses affaires ; et voilà que je dois porter l'attention sur la séparation de tous ces matériaux hétéroclites qui composent ce milieu plus que tout autre béni... Et je retrouve là encore une fois cette position ou cette fonction qui correspond en partie, qui résonne en partie, comme depuis l'éternité, la fonction de l'intendant, à la fois impersonnelle et intime avec l'acte qui s'effectue et la force qui s'incarne.

Et malgré tout ce qui s'est passé, malgré toutes les lâchetés et les petitesesses, j'aime toujours l'atmosphère de l'Ashram, et ces gens sont toujours ma famille ! Quoique l'on puisse dire de l'Ashram, ce que Tu as réalisé en certains de ces êtres est sans précédent et sans comparaison – ce Vishvanath, par exemple, qui, à 95 ans, travaille comme il a travaillé toute sa vie pour Toi, arrive à son bureau à 8 h chaque matin, visite les chantiers, monte et descend les échelles, s'intéresse à tous les détails avec cette fraîcheur et cette calme souplesse qui ne se compromet jamais, car elle est toujours fondée...

***9-6-2000, Auroville :**

On peut se demander : qu'apprenons-nous ici, en Auroville ? Que devenons-nous capables de percevoir et de manifester dont la valeur soit proportionnelle au privilège de liberté et de sécurité qui nous y est donné ?

... La nouvelle équipe de forage vient d'atteindre ici la profondeur de 145 pieds : une eau pure dans un beau milieu de graviers ; nous avons comblé l'ancien puits d'argile noire, juste à un mètre du nouveau ; il faut maintenant insérer et descendre le nouveau tuyau de plastique.

... La chaleur est venteuse et agitée, les arbres sont secoués de rafales poussiéreuses ; il faut boire des litres d'eau pour rester composé !

***11-6-2000, Auroville :**

Hier matin, quelques moments de bonheur !

Praful et Vishvanath m'ont amené dans la salle de bains de Sri Aurobindo, où il fallait retirer quelques carreaux qui avaient craqué et s'était en partie détachés d'un mur – des carreaux qui avaient été posés en 1936 !

Anand et moi avons fait le travail, dans ce silence chargé de conscience et d'aise, et c'était comme si je respirais enfin de l'air vrai, après des âges d'un état indéfini et sans joie !

Et dans la pièce adjacente, j'ai trouvé Minnie, et cela aussi m'a fait du bien !

***12-6-2000, Auroville :**

Réponse de Robert Laffont, qui a mal compris ma dernière lettre (lettre qui a mis 2 mois à lui parvenir !) ; il me suggère encore une autre Maison d'Édition, dont je n'ai jamais entendu parler, les Editions Bussière ; je ne comprends pas tout ça : Laffont avait nommé sa propre collection « Aider la Vie », et jugé que mon texte ne lui conviendrait pas, ne s'y vendrait pas... N'y a-t-il donc rien dans mon texte qui

puisse aider la vie ? Alors ce texte est un gaspillage et une coque vide et je fais erreur sur toute la ligne et mes perceptions sont mensongères...

***15-6-2000, Auroville :**

Il est vrai que la satisfaction d'un désir est suivie d'une sorte de tristesse. Alors que le mouvement soutenu de surmonter un désir et de s'en libérer ouvre à une qualité de joie qui est comme un air pur, un calme qui nettoie et vivifie en même temps. Mais, dissipant la tristesse, il y a un apaisement et une tranquille gratitude, qui s'accompagne d'une prière pour l'autre ; plus profondément que la satisfaction du désir, c'est l'évènement de la réponse à un besoin : on veut remercier.

***19-6-2000, Auroville :**

Il fait aussi chaud que devant un brasier, tandis que le ciel au Nord se charge lentement de fris et de nacre. Je ressens comme un lent écroulement, comme d'avoir échoué sur une île aride – une espèce de terrain vague et sans ressources, ni sens, ni avenir... Je ne trouve pas ma place, cette place exacte, quelle qu'elle soit, où la Force sera présente, où de nouveau la rivière de la Force sera tangible, son flot, son corps et sa sécurité, où l'on n'est plus seul comme une ombre projetée, où l'on n'est plus séparé.

***20-6-2000, Auroville :**

Mon Dieu, c'est effrayant ! Mon Dieu, c'est effrayant ! Mon Dieu, c'est effrayant ! L'imbécillité, l'absurdité, la veulerie... S'être laissé emmurer... dans l'épaisseur d'une feuille de papier, la malédiction du petit, minusculement petit ego qui s'apitoie sur soi-même... emmuré : séparé de l'existence, du progrès, du courant, de l'infini, de l'éternel, du devenir – du créé se créant, du conscient se découvrant...

***21-6-2000, Auroville :**

Le solstice de l'été, et le jour le plus long de l'année ! Mais pour nous ici, non loin de l'Equateur, ce n'est qu'une petite rallonge d'une heure ! Ici, nous nous efforçons, nous tendons vers l'émergence d'une société qui sera libérée de l'affliction des classes et des castes, où la valeur de l'individu sera fondée sur ses propres capacités uniques et mesurée par les responsabilités que ces capacités lui permettront de remplir ; où la possibilité de l'arbitraire sera neutralisée par la pratique progressive en chacun d'une perception directe et spirituelle, c'est-à-dire libre des jugements et des préférences de l'ego... Cet état collectif, vers lequel nous tentons de graduellement nous orienter, auquel nous nous efforçons de devenir réceptifs, à mesure qu'il se réalisera, devra nécessairement se répandre dans la conscience terrestre ; et il se répandra depuis des réalisations multiples, car la tentative d'Auroville, si singulière soit-elle encore, n'est pas exclusive, et en d'autres contextes cette même poussée se manifeste simultanément – jusqu'à acquérir le rôle et le pouvoir d'une référence vivante, d'un modèle réel pour l'humanité entière.

***27-6-2000, Auroville :**

La question qui se profilait, comme une interrogation encore diffuse, est en relation avec les choix de l'âme ; il me semble que, désormais, les termes de ce choix basculent vers un autre domaine ; car les situations terrestres ne sont plus si définies, et les déterminismes gouvernant les conséquences probables d'un choix de situation ou d'environnement n'opèrent déjà plus de la même manière : la pesanteur d'une situation donnée, et le lit de circonstances qu'elle tendait à former, sont moindres.

Tout comme les distinctions de caste, de classe, de culture ou d'appartenance ont tendance à s'atténuer, les possibilités de développement de l'expérience à partir de quelque situation particulière tendent à échapper aux caractéristiques qu'il était jusqu'à présent possible de prévoir ou d'anticiper.

... Aujourd'hui, c'est la fête de « ma fille » : Ajneyam Auragni, née à Sincérité, Auroville, Inde, le 27 Juin 1982 ; dix-huit ans. Et peut-être la décision mûrit-elle en elle de venir ici et d'y vivre sa propre expérience indépendante... Les forces qui nous ont séparés se sont-elles assagies ? A en juger par l'animosité persistante d'un Jean P, je doute qu'Auragni puisse trouver tout de suite une voie facile, si elle n'a pas déjà acquis une liberté intérieure considérable.

Il est inutile de spéculer !

Et j'ai à présent une si piètre opinion de mon existence et du sens qu'il pourrait y avoir à me rencontrer, que je suis en fait tout à fait capable de faire mieux qu'eux le travail de mes « ennemis » et autres détracteurs attirés !

... Du point de vue du cœur, l'impasse se résume brièvement : je ne suis pas encore parvenu, tout simplement, quoiqu'il arrive et quel que soit le jeu des forces internes ou externes, à me concentrer avec assez de constance dans l'état central.

***29-6-2000, Auroville :**

L'ocre rouge de la terre retournée, la marée verte des cimes et feuillages, cavalcade immobile sous le ciel plombé, la pierre orange et rose montant vers l'or de la sphère... puis, là, tout près, l'ordre sans grâce de nos méthodes : de la matière interrompue, déflorée, où une force séparée est intervenue avec son intention persistante et ses modèles d'une organisation présumée supérieure : comme un corps exposé, démantelé, et accablé par l'inertie que génère le contrat social.

Sans grâce, oui ; un ordre qui est véritablement un désordre ; une création que l'on ne peut qu'avec trop de peine entretenir et que l'on ne peut longtemps maintenir, car cette maintenance implique la préservation d'une identité fixe ; alors que la matière toute entière est en perpétuelle transformation, qu'elle soit cyclique ou évolutive, nous insistons, avec notre instrument tronqué de vision et de volonté, à mesurer notre grandeur par la persistance inchangée d'une identité et notre connaissance par la durée des monuments et des œuvres que nous lui avons consacrés.

Oui, ce que je crois et ressens de plus en plus, c'est que les choix de l'âme dans le monde terrestre d'aujourd'hui et surtout de demain seront de plus en plus en relation avec le corps, avec l'évolution du corps et dans le corps.

***6-7-2000, Auroville :**

Il y a un jeune gars ici, qui a grandi dans une communauté d'accueil depuis l'âge de 9 ans, et a traversé l'adolescence sans référence solide ; il y a quelques mois, grâce à une confusion administrative due à l'inexpérience d'un nouveau travailleur à

l'ordinateur des comptes du Fonds Central, il fut découvert soudainement que ce garçon était juste sur le point de réussir une petite escroquerie assez astucieuse et de se faire verser le montant de chèques importants ; après bien des délibérations, une équipe s'est formée pour tenter de l'encadrer pendant un an ou deux, en mettant en place un programme d'activité quotidienne aussi équilibré que possible, espérant qu'ainsi il pourra se ressaisir et mieux s'orienter – 4 heures de travail physique le matin dans une ferme, 2 heures d'études, 1 heure de service, 2 heures de sport et le soir 1 ou 2 heures d'études comme il l'entend.

Pour cette heure de service, ce garçon, A, avait souhaité participer à la réception des visiteurs au Matrimandir. Mais il nous a semblé que ce contexte particulier ne nous permettrait pas de traiter avec lui de manière assez responsable. Je devais donc le rencontrer pour lui expliquer notre décision, mais je souhaitais lui proposer une écoute et un partage, et peut-être un travail de compréhension pour qu'il acquiert la capacité de surmonter sa difficulté. C'est un gosse intéressant ; il a maintenant 21 ans, et il a dû commencer à voler dans l'enfance, et donc, en même temps, à pratiquer l'art de la dissimulation.

Une de ses réflexions, dans notre conversation, a trait à ce sens qui l'opprime d'une sorte de malédiction qui ne le quittera plus : que toujours, quoi qu'il fasse et où qu'il se trouve ici, quelqu'un ne manquera pas de rappeler au présent le poids de cette erreur passée, et que jamais il n'en sera libre, que ce ne sera jamais nettoyé... Et effectivement, dans cette atmosphère souvent paroissiale, la mesquinerie, la facilité et la paresse rendent souvent les uns ou les autres destructeurs de tout renouvellement et de toute évolution. Je ne peux guère le nier, ni même souhaiter escamoter la question ; je n'ai pu qu'essayer de lui faire sentir que, malgré la petitesse de notre nature humaine, sa situation particulière, dans la mesure où il continuera de marcher, de grandir, de comprendre et d'évoluer, lui ouvrira une qualité de relation et d'amitié qui sera nécessairement plus précieuse et plus valable. Et là, j'ai parlé en « connaissance de cause » !

Ironiquement, Selvam me raconte aujourd'hui que, dans un groupe de travail il a été question une fois de plus de l'interdiction que Tu es supposée avoir éditée en ce qui me concerne : Hervé aurait affirmé que c'était écrit de Ta main, il y a 30 ans, « Divakar ne doit pas être à Auroville ! »... Trente ans !

***7-7-2000, Auroville :**

Trente ns d'une vie humaine adulte, c'est tout de même considérable : si les choses ne se sont pas éclaircies, si un début de réalisation et d'équilibre dans l'avance ne s'est pas manifesté vers l'âge de 50 ans, cela ne présage rien de très lumineux pour la suite ; si de telles formations ont su persister si longtemps, à travers tant d'expériences et dans un contexte exceptionnel où se produisent tant de brassages et de soulèvements, on ne voit guère pourquoi les mêmes mécanismes ne continueraient pas d'opérer indéfiniment...

Alors cela en soi procure un argument de poids en faveur de ce procédé, qui fait figure de loi absolue, de la mort du corps, de l'éparpillement des énergies, de la perte de la mémoire consciente, et de la période de temps physique qui peut s'écouler entre deux vies, et de la rupture de tous les processus linéaires d'identité...

En ce qui me concerne, j'ai peut-être poussé trop loin cette exigence de n'entrer en relation durable qu'avec ceux qui étaient capables d'une ouverture inconditionnelle, et d'une confiance et d'une amitié libres des influences.

Ainsi, ne me montrant nullement sociable, je n'ai pas permis qu'une compréhension plus réelle se répande de ce qui s'est vraiment passé, de ce que Tu m'as vraiment dit, écrit ou montré, et des forces qui ont joué.

Il est aussi vrai pourtant que, jusqu'à ce jour, je n'ai pas entièrement compris de quoi il s'est agi, de quoi il s'agit peut-être encore ; même si, jugé, défendu, condamné, honni, banni ou embrassé et protégé, j'ai eu bien des occasions uniques d'accéder à une compréhension des êtres qui n'est sûrement pas à la portée de tous.

De quoi s'agissait-il ? De quoi s'agit-il ?

Car il ne s'est jamais agi d'un acte que j'aurais commis, ni même d'une position que j'aurais prise à un moment ou un autre ; il ne pouvait s'agir que d'un jeu de forces directement lié à mon existence. Mais même cette hypothèse, largement générique, me semble encore fumeuse, approximative, et finalement peu utile...

Peu de gens se soucient d'être les maîtres de leur demeure, ni même d'être clairement conscients de ce qu'ils y hébergent ; peu de gens prennent la peine d'examiner le contenu et l'origine de leurs opinions, leurs jugements, leurs préjugés, leurs sentiments mêmes.

Et c'est précisément cette inertie, cette sorte de veulerie si répandue et si « normale », cette adhésion égoïste et aveugle, qui est l'un des plus grands obstacles à une évolution positivement harmonieuse et créatrice de constants renouvellements.

Dans cette dimension du problème, nous sommes tous à la fois victimes et responsables, car qui d'entre nous a l'exigence et la décence de vérifier la validité ou la nature de chaque pensée, de chaque sentiment, de chaque principe d'action ou habitude d'agir, de chaque préférence ou chaque affinité qui nous occupent, et constituent l'apparente richesse de notre bagage ?

Dans le cas de figure qui est le mien, une autre dimension, redoutable, s'ajoute en surplus à la déformation ordinaire et semble la légitimer et la nourrir en profondeur : c'est la dimension soi-disant spirituelle. Car, ici, la condamnation, ou la définition négative, serait issue de la plus indiscutable des autorités spirituelles !

Qu'importe que Tu m'aies accueilli, appelé, nommé et accepté pour Ton travail, du moment que Tu es censée m'avoir renvoyé ou écarté de Ta base d'opérations ou Ton terrain privilégié d'expérience ; il ne peut y avoir que deux conclusions pratiques à mon égard : ou bien, tôt sur le chemin ; je T'ai trahie et me suis ouvert consciemment à l'adversité, prenant son parti contre Ton œuvre ; ou bien Tu as vu en moi, dans ma nature ou dans la part qui m'échoit, une configuration qui ne pourrait qu'être néfaste à la tentative collective d'Auroville.

Dans un cas comme dans l'autre, ce deviendrait ainsi le devoir de tout membre sincère de cette communauté d'aspirants de persister fidèlement dans le rejet de ma présence et de ma participation...

C'est donc sous cette sorte de malédiction plus ou moins subtile que j'ai vécu ces trente années...

Une malédiction si effective que le meilleur de moi-même en est autant l'agent que tous ces autres chercheurs plus ou moins clairement intentionnés se doivent de l'être ou le sont malgré eux.

En effet, combien de fois ne me suis-je pas retiré, soit d'une proximité humaine, soit d'un champ de travail, pour que cette personne-là ou ce travail-là ne soient pas affectés, compromis ou exposés à la mauvaise volonté par le simple fait de leur association avec moi ?

Et combien de fois, réciproquement, le souci de ne pas m'exposer aux attaques n'a-t-il pas justifié, en ceux qui ont su être mes amis, un mouvement à peine déguisé

de mise à l'écart préventive, ou l'érection d'une barrière ou d'une limitation à l'exercice de mes capacités ?

Il y a eu ainsi, même positivement, une sorte de double processus d'évitement. Et, écrivant maintenant ce mot, « évitement », je suis frappé d'une sorte de consternation, car cela évoque la fuite ! Et pourtant je suis certain, du point de vue psychologique personnel, que rien de ce qui m'est arrivé n'est dû, de ma part, à une attitude de fuite ; au contraire, ma tendance psychologique a plutôt été, tout au long de ce chemin, de faire imprudemment face, de me jeter dans la gueule du loup et d'ignorer activement tout ce qui pourrait s'apparenter à une forme de calcul visant à la préservation.

Il y a la Vérité intraduisible, éternelle, omniprésente, libre absolument et nouvelle à chaque instant.

Cela, aucun instrument ne peut prétendre connaître ; de Cela, aucune conscience individualisée ne peut se réclamer.

Cela pourtant peut nous guider, du plus grand ensemble au détail le plus infime, dans la mesure de notre ouverture directe et de la transparence réalisée en notre être.

Et il y a les vérités. D'innombrables vérités, comme les notes innombrables d'une musique infinie, dont certaines sont majeures, dans le sens où elles permettent à d'autres de trouver leur juste place et leur unique fonction.

L'une de ces vérités majeures est que nous sommes le Suprême essentiellement, et qu'ainsi « ma » lutte et « mes » tâtonnements sont les Siens, et que cet ensemble de données que je représente uniquement est le Sien, inconditionnellement le Sien.

Ce soir, G et moi avons rendez-vous sur le champ de cajous, et j'ai longtemps marché, poussant mon vélo, le long des canyons, sous le ciel chargé, alourdi de masses grises, méditant - l'une de ces méditations actives qu'on laisse la conscience organiser - sur l'état des choses, sur le mystère du chemin...

D'année en année les sentiers et les ravines traversant les palmeraies sont plus jonchées de détritiques, de plastique, de déchets séparés, durs, étrangers - comme toute la région, comme tout le pays : un dépotoir.

Nous sommes dans un pays « en voie de développement » ! La question lancinante qui se pose : quelle est cette obscurité à l'œuvre sur cette Terre, qui oriente le processus multiforme d'une civilisation entière de telle manière qu'elle se sépare de plus en plus de son environnement et l'abîme et le trahit. Où opère-t-elle ? Où est sa tanière ?

Car ce n'est qu'en saisissant pratiquement un processus qu'on peut le changer, ou au moins tenter d'y remédier...

***10-7-2000, Auroville :**

Il faut de l'égo pour éprouver l'humiliation.

Mais il y a une dignité intérieure qui est libre de l'égo et peut cependant éprouver une sorte de sentiment de recul, mêlé de quelque chose comme de la peine, envers l'avalissement ou l'abjection.

Et il y a un troisième état, qui permet de traverser : c'est un état d'immobilité, qui est comme une pureté active - un très léger retrait, ou rétablissement, dans une immobilité vivante et consciente, qui nettoie. Instantanément.

Cela peut même annuler une douleur tout à fait physique, comme lorsqu'on se heurte violemment ou se blesse, et je crois que, dans une certaine mesure, cela peut aussi annuler les effets physiologiques.

***12-7-2000, Auroville :**

Jérôme d'Astier m'a envoyé deux petits livres qu'il vient de publier l'un après l'autre ; le plus récent de l'indignité spécifique au milieu de la prostitution masculine, et de l'horreur des sévices qui y sont infligés à ces gosses qui se laissent prendre dans l'engrenage. C'est un ouvrage que je trouve remarquable, et justement d'une grande dignité. Il s'agit d'un adolescent, de ce type physique aux cheveux très roux et bouclés et à la peau très blanche, dont la sexualité semble se défier des caractéristiques corporelles trop définies, et dont la vie émotionnelle a secrètement dominé l'évolution de la personnalité ; enfant adopté, il s'éprend à l'école de son professeur, lequel ne peut, de par sa propre nature, répondre à cette passion. C'est alors qu'il s'exile et plonge dans la fange de la ville, cherchant à y perdre tout respect de lui-même ; il demeure pourtant, à travers toute l'ignominie, comme protégé intérieurement par la force et la constance mêmes de cet amour impossible, tel un espoir irrépressible. Et, depuis cet enfer, comme une offrande de vérité, il écrit à cet homme, ce professeur inatteignable, lui disant tout – tout ce qu'il éprouve, mais aussi tout ce qu'il vit. Le professeur est lui-même engagé dans un mouvement de transition inconnu, ayant décidé enfin de se retirer du système éducationnel prévalent, le jugeant contraire aux nécessités d'un développement véritable de l'individualité ; de plus, sa compagne de plusieurs années attend un enfant, qu'ils ont tous deux désiré. Elle l'encourage à répondre à cet adolescent meurtri, l'invitant à séjourner auprès d'eux. C'est ainsi que cette première densité de souffrance et de manque affectif est comme inexorablement menée vers un degré plus tragique de l'impasse car, alors même qu'une partie de son impossible rêve se réalise et qu'il lui est donné de pouvoir exprimer son amour par un dévouement entier de tout son être, lui est aussi démontrée la supériorité de la femme qui seule détient le pouvoir et les attributs nécessaires pour recevoir et nourrir cet amour qui le hante. Au bout du chemin, fuyant dans la nuit vers sa propre destruction, c'est au moment même où l'homme, enfin touché, est prêt à se rendre et à s'unir à lui dans une tendresse qui enfin l'accepte, que la foudre le frappe, juste là, à portée de bras, et qu'il s'écroule inconscient contre la poitrine adorée.

Et donc c'est encore une fois la négation de la réponse.

Mais quand nous savons qu'il n'existe rien autre que le Suprême, que la seule réalité est le Suprême, et que nous sommes chacun le Suprême à la recherche et la découverte de Sa propre plénitude manifeste, alors devient-il impératif de trouver la réponse vivante à l'obstacle, l'impasse ou la contradiction, à la mort ; et la réponse ne se trouvera pas dans plus de morale, ni dans de la morale perfectionnée : la réponse ne se trouvera que dans plus de conscience, plus de présence, plus de courage et plus de vérité.

***17-7-2000, Auroville :**

Tant que nous demeurons ancrés au linéaire, comment pouvons-nous devenir conscients d'une solution durable ?

Le linéaire, c'est la mécanique de l'usure, le spectre de l'ennui, l'inévitabilité de la mort.

Ce n'est qu'en s'élevant assez haut, en plongeant assez profondément, et en s'unissant à cette conscience si essentielle qu'elle peut tout englober, ce qui est manifeste comme ce qui est non manifesté, et en la tournant vers le monde, que peut s'établir une pression s'exerçant sur tous les points à la fois...

***19-7-2000, Auroville :**

Peut-être à cause des formations qui continuent de peser sur moi, je suis constamment à la merci d'un doute très corrosif : non ce doute de la Présence et du Réel – ça, c'est impossible – mais le doute que je puisse jamais Le servir, Te servir ; que je puisse jamais devenir un instrument fidèle, un corps ou un membre ou un rayon de Cela...

... Il y a le souvenir brûlant comme un trou de flamme au centre de la vie même, ce souvenir physique, entier, plein de Ta Présence corporelle et de la Pression qui était partout dans l'air même, dans nos corps et dans chaque instant, cette Pression qui plongeait comme un glaive de diamant et ouvrait l'univers à une éternité consciente et une infinité du Possible et une tendresse sans limites : la fin de tous les murs.

Et, depuis, le retrait de cette Pression a causé, par sa puissante absence, comme le sens d'un mime pitoyable, d'une représentation creuse, inapte à progresser.

... Je voudrais tant rendre le don qui m'a été fait, tout au long de cette vie, le rendre au monde, à Cela, comme à ceux qui m'ont aimé : je voudrais tant pouvoir donner, transmettre, canaliser quelque chose qui vaille la peine...

Et maintenant que même l'œuvre de Matrimandir me semble comme adultérée – comme si ce n'était plus le lieu d'un avènement auquel on puisse adhérer sans réserves -, il faut, il faut trouver la clé d'une circulation de la conscience. Il me semble que si je ne la trouve pas, si je n'en suis pas digne ou capable, alors cette vie cesse d'avoir un sens et il vaudrait mieux la résumer, la rassembler autour de l'expérience de Ta Présence, et l'emporter : nettoyer les traces, réunir l'essentiel, et conclure.

Et pourtant, je me sens aussi, plus même qu'il y a trente ans, prêt à commencer, prêt à aborder un chemin qui s'annonce, prêt avec mon corps – même si la trahison de l'âge intervient ici et là.

Soaz, en visite avec Samuel, me parle de la situation physique dans la région de la France où elle habite et travaille comme institutrice ; elle m'a expliqué comment elle doit désormais veiller à soigneusement filtrer l'eau qu'ils boivent car, dans cette partie de la Bretagne, l'eau puisée n'est plus potable : la nappe phréatique est empoisonnée par un excès de nitrates infiltrés par les pluies saisonnières, à cause des pratiques sauvages d'un nombre croissant d'éleveurs et de fermiers ; en particulier les éleveurs de porcs, qui enfreignent la loi en élevant plus de porcs qu'ils n'ont de terres pour y étendre le lisier ; c'est-à-dire que, pour un gain monétaire immédiat, beaucoup de fermiers bretons choisissent sciemment et délibérément de poursuivre des pratiques dont les effets sont destructeurs à plusieurs niveaux de vie : ils élèvent des animaux dans des conditions d'indignité évidente, pour la seule valeur commerciale de leur corps tués ; puis, plutôt que d'utiliser le lisier pour le bien de la terre, ils l'épandent en si fortes concentrations que le sol et les eaux souterraines s'empoisonnent et empoisonnent à leur tour combien d'espèces vivantes.... C'est le portrait de cette barbarie moderne qui prend et prend et prend encore et ne donne rien, et s'étouffe lentement de ne rien donner, et se déshumanise sans se dépasser.

Et ici dans l'Inde, nous avons les villageois subventionnés par le gouvernement qui inondent leurs champs de casuarinas, de cajous ou de canne à sucre, en y versant

les pesticides les plus violents, officiellement bannis du marché par les nations « développées », ruinant le sol et décimant sa faune et sa flore, empoisonnant la nappe souterraine, tout cela pour augmenter le « niveau de vie » sans trop d'efforts et acquérir aveuglément les biens et les équipements qui les dévoreront à leur tout...

On est pris d'un vertige effroyable !

Quelle démarche peut-on élire qui ne soit pas vouée à l'échec, si, justement, ne s'exerce pas une Pression de la Conscience vraie sur tous les points à la fois ?

***22-7-2000, Auroville :**

J'ai reçu de F.J une note synthèse de plusieurs pages résumant ses commentaires et questions après trois lectures de mon texte – lectures espacées puisque, depuis plus de six mois, sa détermination à me livrer ses réponses ou interrogations a été successivement entravée par les puissantes tempêtes de l'hiver et les dégâts matériels qu'elles ont causés, par une longue et pénible bronchite, par les tensions dues à ces retards pour la réalisation de ses engagements variés et, probablement et plus prosaïquement, par son appréhension à se prononcer d'une manière quelconque et à risquer ainsi de compromettre et la qualité et l'avenir de notre dialogue.

Il me faudra relire dans le détail cette longue note, mais déjà m'apparaît clairement la question majeure : c'est celle d'un arbitraire qui nous déposséderait de l'authenticité, et de l'intégralité de notre état.

Je crois qu'en fait il ne sait pas bien identifier, et donc exprimer, cette question fondamentale qui prend en lui presque le caractère d'une hantise et qui, en beaucoup d'êtres qui tiennent à « jouer le jeu honnêtement », légitime les soupçons ou les réserves qu'ils éprouvent envers toute promotion d'une sorte d'interventionnisme spirituel, qu'il s'agisse d'un jugement dernier, d'un retour de messie, d'une descente d'énergie, ou d'une action concertée depuis d'autres mondes ou planètes, et de manière générale de tout programme « supérieur » qui serait déjà inscrit dans l'ordre des choses.

Cette question est importante parce que, d'une part, elle est sincère, elle est engagée, et d'autre part, elle est représentative d'une assez vaste partie de l'humanité pour laquelle il manque un pont, un accès ou une reconnaissance et une communication vers la conscience et son action.

Je ne sais pas si la possibilité de dialogue qui nous est donnée, et notre effort d'une vraie communication, pourront contribuer à une ouverture, à une mise en présence et une réceptivité ; mais je le crois...

***24-7-2000, Auroville :**

Par scrupule et pour bien m'assurer de ne pas commettre à mon tour d'injustice, ou de me laisser aveugler par quelque trace d'orgueil, ou d'ignorer le bon sens de ses critiques, j'ai encore relu, lentement et attentivement, la note de F.J. Mais cela me casse la tête : c'est comme une volée de bois mort... Alors je crois que ma réponse, qui s'adressait à la question qui le tourmente et ne s'embarrassait d'aucune velléité de réfuter ses critiques, était bien inspirée. Reste à voir comment il la recevra et ce qu'il en fera...

Et alors il y a cette reconnaissance et cette gratitude envers Vous : combien, dans Votre atmosphère et Votre rayonnement, la compréhension s'élargit et s'approfondit et se centre et s'anime de présence, et combien le mental même

s'apaise et s'assouplit à mesure qu'il s'oriente vers la lumière intérieure et s'offre à un mode de perception plus direct et plus vrai.

Avec cette note de F.J, je suis encore une fois devant le fait d'une limitation constitutionnelle ; cela arrive souvent que je me trouve en présence, par exemple, de deux personnes qui argumentent et ne s'entendent pas, ne se saisissent pas – je parle ici de gens honnêtes, de gens convaincus, qui se donnent à ce qu'ils pensent et font un effort de dialogue et d'ouverture -, et qui peuvent poursuivre une discussion sans issue jusqu'à l'épuisement, au découragement, ou même à la rupture ; alors qu'il est relativement aisé, dans un mouvement de concentration paisible et d'identification silencieuse, de percevoir la vérité respective de chacune des positions qui semblent ne pouvoir que s'affronter ; et, souvent, de saisir ainsi leur complémentarité, et la puissance de progrès contenue dans leur rencontre.

Ce qui est terrible en Occident, et surtout dans les milieux intellectuel ou artistique, c'est que chacun se sent tenu et obligé de mettre au point et de parfaire sa propre démarche originale et singulière, et de prouver qu'elle peut s'appliquer à tous les sujets et dans tous les domaines, comme la griffe d'un couturier...

***26-7-2000, Auroville :**

C a téléphoné hier soir de Bretagne ; à grand peine elle et Odile sont parvenues à y conduire R, et C se sentait déjà un peu soulagée par les effets que le changement de cadre et d'atmosphère avait déjà sur la condition de R... Il est certain que chacun, chaque corps, doit trouver sa propre manière juste d'approcher cette « fin » - d'aborder cette perte radicale et ce total inconnu...

Quoique l'on dise et quelle que soit la réalisation individuelle, la connaissance acquise, la force de caractère, ou l'état de paix, de détachement ou d'expansion et d'universalisation déjà obtenu, dans la mesure où on ne se raconte pas d'histoires, où l'on reste lucide et assez humble et... pondéré, le fait est, le fait demeure, que cette fin, que l'instant même de cette irréversible césure, que cet acte de disparition final, que cette mort, cette cessation, est un mystère entier.

Et l'on ne voit guère comment, de quelle droit ou par quelle autorité, l'on pourrait jamais prêcher une « bonne » manière d'approcher la mort – la fin de la vie !

Il paraît évidemment souhaitable que les derniers instants de la vie corporelle soient vécus dans un état rassemblé, lucide et tranquille, réuni peut-être autour de l'émotion la plus belle, la plus profonde et la plus vraie que l'on ait jamais éprouvée.

Mais comment « vivre bien » cette relation temporelle à l'approche graduelle et inexorable de la fin quand l'organisme et ses capacités d'endurance sont si atteints qu'il est désormais impossible qu'un rétablissement conséquent se produise ? Que peut-on conseiller ou même souhaiter à celui ou celle qui se trouve là ? Dans quel sens peut-on le mieux, par identification, y servir ?

Je grossis et caricature la question parce que, dans le cas de R, je dois me mettre « à la place » de quelqu'un qui ne reconnaît ni la foi ni la Grâce, et qui a fondé son intégrité et son honnêteté personnelles sur l'agnosticisme, de quelqu'un qui est pourtant assez conscient, dont l'intelligence est aigüe et capable d'intuition, et dont la gamme émotionnelle et pulsionnelle est complexe ; et c'est aussi l'histoire d'un couple, avec quarante années de vie commune, et de la fin de cette histoire à deux, et des possibles permutations de cette fin selon que l'un ou l'autre s'en va le premier...

***27-7-2000, Auroville :**

Peut-être y a-t-il un nombre critique d'occasions où l'on se trouve si détestable, si insuffisant et si inadéquat, où l'on se fait à soi-même l'effet d'une telle imposture, que l'on comprend alors le mobile de cette force instinctive de la nature qui replonge les éléments de ses créations dans son vaste chaudron, toujours à la recherche de cette combinaison magique qui tiendra enfin la route et permettra un progrès continu – que l'on comprend l'utilité de la mort...

On voudrait se secouer brutalement, ou être immergé dans cette eau légendaire qui dissout les scories, les habitudes et les plis, tout le rebut et le déchet et la subconscience du souvenir et l'accumulation négative de tous ces milliers de petits mouvements d'ego enregistrés, logés et incrustés comme une suie qui encombre et obstrue...

***1-8-2000, Auroville :**

Depuis quelques mois, parallèlement à cette sorte de détresse ou de révolte que suscitent les mécanismes de l'âge, je suis aux prises avec une déperdition de l'énergie physique, qui se traduit concrètement par un besoin accentué de sommeil et un ralentissement de certaines fonctions, telle celle de la digestion. Et c'est comme une bataille qui serait vaine, mais dans la pénombre ou le chaos de laquelle il y aurait pourtant, si improbable cela soit, le sens mystérieusement tangible d'un chemin qui se fraye...

Ce sens est en affinité avec une sensation que j'avais souvent lorsque j'étais enfant, comme d'un corps dans le corps, ou d'une ressource corporelle secrète, voilée, mais certaine ; la sensation d'une vérité physique, qui était à la fois presque une douleur cellulaire – une intensité inhabituelle et difficile à supporter – et le bien-être de la présence interne, cellulaire, d'une grâce.

Mais l'expérience de la vie est destructrice, et s'attaque particulièrement à ce qui est le plus cher, le plus précieux et le plus pur : un jour ou l'autre, dans le marasme de cette universelle confusion, on ouvre les mains et on plonge entier, sans plus rien préserver, avec cette seule foi que la conscience saura toujours, ultimement, triompher.

Mais comment accepter la corruption de cet aveugle absolu qui gouverne encore le destin organique du corps ?

Parfois, la nuit, c'est une répulsion qui m'éveille : il n'y a rien de noble dans le vieillissement ; c'est un avilissement et un viol, c'est une monstrueuse violence.

Comment peut-on l'accepter ?

Parce qu'il n'y a pas le choix ?

Mais est-ce vrai qu'il n'y a pas le choix ?

Comment cela peut-il être vrai ?

Il s'agirait alors d'un monde essentiellement taré ?

Mais quand on sait que le Suprême est au centre, à l'origine et au but du monde et de tous les mondes, comment peut-on accepter de se prêter à cette violence ?

***2-8-2000, Auroville :**

Il me semble que le rôle de la science médicale, et les fondements mêmes de toute approche thérapeutique, se trouvent dans une position de plus en plus ambiguë.

En deçà de cette vague d'enthousiasme qui se réclame à la fois d'une compréhension holistique inclusive de l'environnement et des rythmes subtils qui scandent la vie de la nature physique, et du pouvoir formateur du mental sur la condition du corps, et s'alimente, un peu superstitieusement, aux postulats

novateurs de la physique, un autre évènement semble se produire ; cet évènement est double, ou à deux versants : d'une part, l'incertitude constitutionnelle de l'instrument mental, intellectuel et de sa logique rationnelle s'accompagne d'une crainte profonde devant le fait de la diversité absolue comme de l'unicité absolue de chaque phénomène, et de chaque désordre et apparente disharmonie ; et d'autre part, le pressentiment ou la préhension d'une conscience directe, une et omniprésente s'accompagne d'une sorte d'angoisse devant la révolution si formidable de nos habitudes d'être et de comprendre qui semble être requise pour que nous devenions capables de nous unir à cette conscience, de vivre et de voir et de connaître par elle.

Comme si nous nous tenions à la frontière d'un milieu physique où le sens même de notre existence nous mène à passer, mais nous sommes démunis : nous n'avons pas les organes correspondants, et nous allons suffoquer ; c'est presque pire que la mort physique, puisque c'est la vie, là, et la vraie vie enfin, mais nous ne sommes pas équipés pour y exister : c'est une intolérance presque terrifiante.

Et la première évidence de notre misère et notre indigence est celle-ci : nous sommes insuffisamment habités, il n'y a pas en nous assez de Présence ; ce qui nous habite, ce sont des échos, des images, des fragments, ou ce sont des saccades d'une intensité trop exclusive ou trop partielle, ou ce sont des circulations routinières et des associations sans vigueur, ou des courants d'activité trop lents et trop linéaires, une marche hésitante qui tente constamment, et vainement, de réconcilier les trois termes du temps.

***10-9-2000, Auroville :**

C m'a téléphoné : les Editions Albin Michel ont refusé mon texte, qui ne cadre pas dans la spécificité de leur collection « Spiritualités » ; R est mieux, grâce à des médicaments anti-dépresseurs ; et elle pense maintenant venir ici cet hiver, et me demande de la raccompagner en France et de passer quelques temps avec eux.

Je n'ai plus écrit dans ce cahier depuis des semaines...

Je crois que j'essayais d'oublier ce texte qui ne trouve pas sa place, et la peine que j'en éprouve... comme si cela portait l'ombre d'un Refus supérieur, et la condamnation de toute capacité en moi à servir les mouvements ou l'action de la conscience...

C'est probablement enfantin, mais je ne puis m'empêcher de ressentir que si ce texte ne rencontre pas d'accueil, c'est que Tu n'en veux pas, que la Force n'en veut pas...

Cet émerveillement immobile au cours de l'écriture, cette expérience de plusieurs mois que c'était la conscience qui me permettait de le rédiger dans son flot mesuré et sa clarté sans ombre : était-ce une illusion, était-ce pour rien, était-ce encore l'ego qui vole et usurpe ?

Mais si cela avait été l'ego, alors ce serait encore l'ego qui chercherait à se faire reconnaître et appliquerait à cet effort son habileté et son amoralité, comme je le vois faire dans la majorité de ceux qui parviennent à s'affirmer dans ce monde...

Mais rien ne bouge.

Je n'éprouve qu'un malaise.

***13-9-2000, Auroville :**

Localement, dans la routine plus ou moins exceptionnelle d'Auroville, de Matrimandir, ce que je peux apporter est si minime, et inévitablement mélangé ; alors que résident en moi des capacités de perception, d'expression et de création

qui peuvent atteindre plus et plus loin... Mais je ne dispose pas, justement, de cette assurance, ni de cette innocence ou ignorance vitale qui permet à tant d'autres de mettre leur travail en avant ; je souhaiterais que ce soit la vertu essentiel de ce travail qui soit chargée de son propre pouvoir de circulation...

Et cela me ramène à cette impression terrible – terrible parce qu'elle semble être sans recours et sans explication – d'une malédiction...

Il y a en fait, dans cette existence – et peut-être pas seulement – comme une étrange confluence, ou conjugaison, d'une malédiction puissante et d'une bénédiction souveraine.

Et les choses se sont passées dans cette vie comme si, à un moment donné, s'était répétée, ou produite à nouveau, ou réactivée une malédiction spécifique, une condamnation négative... Et, en même temps, l'assurance claire et entière d'une percée de conscience et d'un chemin de transformation...

On peut bien se dire que ce n'est là qu'une disposition singulière de la contradiction qui nécessairement traverse la vie de chaque être individuel s'approchant d'une conversion effective de l'ego : cette attribution juste et inévitable en chacun des parts d'ombre et de lumière...

Mais d'une part il me semble, depuis longtemps déjà, que cette philosophie qui voit en chacun la place de l'ombre et celle de la lumière en combat perpétuel, est un piège moral et une justification pour nous maintenir dans une ambiguïté qui repousse toujours dans l'avenir la possibilité même de la plénitude ; et d'autre part mon expérience a été trop précise et trop concrète d'une intervention extérieure positivement contraire. Je repense à cette phrase de Nata : « Je suis sûr qu'un jour la vérité sera faite » ; ou à l'avertissement qui me fut donné plus tôt : « Quelqu'un est en train de te jouer un tour... ».

***25-9-2000, Auroville :**

Hier s'est tenu un premier séminaire, ou « dialogue », sur le thème de l'Art de l'Harmonisation. Invité, je m'étais préparé intérieurement à ce que l'on explore à la fois les degrés et dimensions du sens que l'on donne à l'harmonie, et les implications de l'usage de la forme active, « harmoniser ».

Ce premier volet s'est déroulé avec la participation de Kireet Joshi : un avantage, car cela garantit une certaine hauteur de débat ; et un désavantage, car cela induit la plupart des participants à modifier leur comportement. J'aimerais beaucoup mieux qu'il se joigne à Auroville, en tant qu'individu, plutôt que d'assumer ces fonctions.

Il s'est avéré tout de suite que la plupart des participants voyaient là une occasion d'attirer l'attention sur telle ou telle contradiction, difficulté ou impasse qui leur semblait mériter justement un effort particulier d'harmonisation, ou indiquer un manque particulièrement poignant d'harmonie ; et que très peu d'entre eux étaient disposés à rechercher ensemble un niveau commun de définition et d'approche.

Je n'ai rien dit ; j'ai écouté.

Ce qui est de plus en plus frappant à mesure que l'expérience d'Auroville se développe, c'est le fait que l'on ne peut commencer de communiquer que lorsqu'on s'est désengagé du fonctionnement mental égocentré pour s'établir dans la perception consciente.

On peut voir cependant, dans ce thème de l'harmonie, la question peut-être la plus cruciale, et à la fois la plus éternelle et la plus urgente.

Il n'y a pas de manifestation sans harmonie : l'harmonie est une constituante fondamentale de toute manifestation ! Même la destruction est harmonieuse !

Le mouvement des atomes ou des molécules comme le déplacement des étoiles ou leur collision, est nécessairement harmonieux ; la décomposition d'un agrégat cellulaire est aussi harmonieuse que sa formation.

Mais en l'homme, parce qu'il est un être évolutif de transition, et parce que l'évolution l'a distancié de son statut de créature et l'a attelé, pour les besoins de l'individuation, à la séparativité de l'ego instrumental, la question se pose d'une harmonie supérieure, d'une harmonie consciente : car l'homme est un être tourmenté, un être en quête, insatisfait, tendu, inaccompli.

Et sa perception, ou sensation de l'harmonie nécessaire, de l'harmonie qui lui manque et doit être acquise ou créée, est déterminée par son degré d'évolution individuel. Aussi longtemps que son développement est dicté par la formation de l'ego physique, psychologique et mental, son objectif d'harmonie est synonyme de sécurité, de contrôle et d'ordre et d'intelligibilité, de transmissibilité. Mais dès que s'ouvre son expérience intérieure et qu'il s'éveille à la dimension spirituelle, sa référence d'harmonie change de caractère et devient représentative de l'état de conscience à réaliser. Or cette référence est variable, car tous n'auront pas le même développement intérieur, ou la même réalisation, ni le même degré d'ouverture ou la même aspiration, ni la même liberté de conscience.

Cette inégalité était amplement démontrée hier.

Au sein d'une même collectivité dont les membres s'engagent à servir un même idéal, un résultat de cette inégalité est que les individus ont une évaluation différente de l'harmonie – dans leur besoin même comme dans leur motivation pour y parvenir, et dans ce qu'ils en attendent...

***29-9-2000, Auroville :**

J'ai éprouvé le besoin l'autre jour de communiquer directement à Kireet certaines de mes réflexions sur le thème de l'harmonie ; j'ai d'abord hésité à lui en remettre la notation, parce que je ne voulais pas être motivé par le désir égoïste d'être « reconnu » ; mais je devinais aussi que, malgré sa clarté mentale et sa réceptivité dédiée, il était enclin, dans son orientation et selon son rôle officiel, à exercer une pression pour qu'un accord moral soit obtenu sur quelques-uns des sujets les plus sensibles et des conflits actuels les plus diviseurs.

Donc, ma lettre lui a été remise lundi soir. Et hier, jeudi matin, lorsqu'il est venu nous rencontrer au Matrimandir, il tenait cette lettre dans sa poche, et s'y est référé de telle manière que notre contact a semblé en être approfondi, éclairé.

Il a abordé alors, sans la nommer, la question du conflit qui nous oppose à Roger A à propos de la réalisation des Jardins, avec ce qui a semblé être plus de mesure et plus d'attention.

Il a comparé le besoin que, selon lui, chacun, de part et d'autre, devrait ressentir d'offrir ses efforts à l'avènement de l'harmonie, à la peine de l'enfant devant la souffrance de la mère et son désir intense qu'elle se rétablisse. ...

On peut effectivement, si l'on écarte la préférence de l'ego à durcir ses positions et se nourrir de réactions, continuer de vouloir et de souhaiter, quoiqu'il arrive, fidèlement et honnêtement, qu'une harmonie véritable s'installe, sans à aucun moment compromettre ce à quoi l'on croit profondément ni sa propre intégrité. On peut s'assurer de n'accepter en soi-même qu'une énergie de bonne volonté éclairée qui dépasse la petite personne et l'étroitesse exclusive de ses vues.

Mais il faut toutefois, et en même temps, cultiver cette capacité de discernement qui saisisse non seulement les vérités qui s'opposent mais la fonction et la place qu'elles devront occuper et la relation de chacune à l'ensemble – l'harmonie supérieure – comme à la présence centrale.

... Tout cela est bien ; mais revient le bât qui blesse, lancinant : pour traiter avec des personnes, des individualités, il faut du respect, il faut pouvoir les respecter ! Je me sens tout à fait démuné en face de quelqu'un pour qui je ne puis éprouver de respect ; c'est comme si l'essentiel s'était absenté...

On peut se méprendre les uns sur les autres ; on peut s'en vouloir ; on peut s'opposer, on peut s'éloigner momentanément les uns des autres ; mais il faut que le respect demeure. Si ce respect est atteint, abîmé, il ne reste alors qu'un jeu de forces, et c'est terrible !

Il s'agit des choix dont les actes témoignent : quand vient le moment où les choix exprimés par des actes répétés ne peuvent plus être sujets à interprétation ni bénéficier de l'ignorance ou du doute, quand ils représentent une volonté égocentrique exclusive et délibérée, ou prennent la valeur d'une trahison, c'est comme une mort, une désolation, c'est comme un vol. Il n'y a plus d'intégrité dans le chemin...

L'amour véritable pourtant, doit nécessairement être plus fort, être capable de déréaliser les effets de cette trahison... S'il ne l'était pas, l'évolution serait impossible ! Qui d'entre nous n'a pas une fois, n'a jamais trahi ?

La Grâce et le Rire du Seigneur toujours nous attendent !

***Texte de ma lettre à Kireet Joshi, à propos de « l'Art de l'Harmonisation ». 26-9-2000, Auroville:**

"Preparing to come to the seminar "Dialogue" on Sunday last, I had found that my inclination, and my sense of priority, was to first try and define together what we mean by "harmony".

For there are layers and layers of harmony, and at each layer it holds a different value and a different meaning.

I felt that priority to be all the more important as the title given to this exercise – "the Art of Harmonisation" – was rather ambiguous and misleading.

In fact, I did feel wary and almost suspicious of the intent which would express itself in such a wording, insofar as the will to harmonise, if it is determined or even influenced by any egoistic ambition may, even with the best of intentions, cause a lot of harm and be quite disastrous.

(Note on 15-8-2005: How right I was to be wary then! If only we had been able to see and sense more clearly where Kireet's drive was taking Auroville!)

I did not know at the time that the choice of this title had been yours.

And, in the evening session, when you spoke at length of the need to define together the currencies of the thought waves in today' Auroville, I felt reassured.

But, you see, unless you continue to be part of the exercise and to contribute this exigency and this thrust towards conscious communication, rather than mental or emotional trading, I am afraid that it will not bear much fruit.

As I understand it so far, the issue of harmony is at once so complex, so vast and so essential that we might perceive it as the central issue in evolution.

I would like here to try and go through the main aspects of this issue.

First of all, no manifestation is possible without harmony; harmony is a constituent of any and all manifestation: within a given manifestation there is harmony even in destruction.

There is thus harmony in disintegration as well as in formation.

Distanciation from this occurs with man, the transitional being, and humanity, the transitional species.

Ego is in man the means of this Distanciation, as it is the agent of individualisation.

There is disruption.

And therein comes the necessity to identify the next level of harmony and to choose to attune to it.

As the range of experience in diversity has increased, so has the range and gradation of the levels and states of harmony which man, as an individual or as a group, strives to reach, attune or open to, facilitate or incarnate.

In the course of evolution accordingly humanity, through its individuals as through its groupings, has developed various affinities and capacities of attunement to many states and levels of harmony, across the entire field of its activities.

It has also learnt that, once certain conditions are fulfilled, a degree of harmony results or, rather, is let in. The forms these conditions take may vary, but there are constant characteristics, such as discipline, attention, dedication and steadfastness.

Whether in arts, in techniques or in the realm of organisation, whether in science or philosophy, whether in the culture of the body's capacities or in the development of spiritual experience, harmony can flood in and settle only when these conditions are met.

However, the mere fact of harmony prevailing in any particular context or situation is no guarantee, of and by itself, that what is actually taking place is beneficial or serves the purposes of evolution.

Through sheer discipline and coordination, a particular group may indeed achieve harmony while it is engaged in the most destructive and adverse endeavours.

Therefore the distinction has had to be made between this harmony which is merely the satisfying result of order and discipline, and the spiritual component of harmony, to which one must make the effort to unite consciously.

Yet as, we know, in order to become able to unite with the spiritual level of harmony, one must have undergone a reversal of consciousness. And it is fact of experience that such a reversal of consciousness as the spiritual birth has, one might say as a side effect, the power to throw off whatever state of harmony was previously established.

It is unquestionably clear, individually as well as collectively, that the entry of a further degree of awareness – be it through a revelation, an opening or a descent – invariably causes a disruption of the established order which is commensurate to its power of realisation and its evolutionary implications.

Thus, as we are subjected to an acceleration of both the processes of evolution and incarnation, we are bound to be exposed to a proportionate increase of such disruptions, and faced more and more imperatively with the necessity of centring into the living, essential truth of our being.

In Auroville, we are expected to strive towards both the unification of all our individualities around the central truth and the integrality of manifestation.

In the process, inevitably, we encounter not only our own limitations but also the limitations of our other selves and, depending on our psychological needs, we are bound to be exclusive in the stress we each lay on various priorities.

This unevenness of approach applies particularly to our search for and valuing of harmony: a level of harmony which to one may seem of primary importance, even momentarily, may well be felt as secondary by another, and insistence upon its advent may even appear detrimental.

To highlight for instance the frequency of this type of misunderstanding, or crossing of purposes, it may seem crucial to some of us that a good-willed compromise be reached on a particular point of action, while, to some others of us, the very attempt to seek and arrive at such a compromise may endanger or jeopardise the emergence of a truer solution.

Or else, in more social or psychological terms, one may give priority to a mode of behaviour which, to another person, may be experienced as hypocrisy and a waste of opportunity for progress in the field of relationships.

And so long as the ego persists in us these differences of approach are likely to harden into positions that are often mutually exclusive.

Keys have been given us as we embarked upon this adventure, but they remain as reminders only till we actually begin to experience their living truth.

It is in this respect that I feel the exercise of this seminar, if pursued with the intent to develop our awareness of the issue, may help each of us to realise what is at stake and where our responsibility lies.

You, and a few others, have made mention of a number of situations in Auroville that are blocked, any fruition or advance being neutralised by the force of opposing views.

But I am inclined to feel that this observation, by itself, is of little help.

It is perhaps salutary that such blockages take place, until we develop the discernment that can discover and identify, in relation to the whole as in relation to the One, the harmonious role and place of each of the apparently incompatible and irreconcilable truths that are now conflicting.

And I do indeed trust that it is precisely this necessary discernment which you wish to help develop amongst us all.

Therefore I take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy your company; with enormous affection!

Divakar"

***4-10-2000, Auroville :**

Il y a quelques jours, un drôle de petit homme a soudain débarqué ; c'est un homme un peu triste, tout à fait imbu de lui-même, qui a fait un effort de réflexion toute sa vie, mais de manière exclusivement égocentrée, et cela lui donne une curieuse réceptivité. Il a tenu absolument à me faire le récit historique de toute sa vie : il s'était joint, au sortir de sa période militaire, au réseau de F.J, réseau Français de soutien à la lutte du FLN pour l'indépendance de l'Algérie ; arrêté au cours de la grande rafle, il a passé quatre années en prison ; puis, avec l'aide d'un groupe d'intellectuels que j'ai connu dans mon enfance, il a trouvé un poste dans la

maison d'édition Hachette, et il a fait sa carrière de représentant et d'intermédiaire dans ce milieu, le commerce de l'écriture, pour finir chez Odile Jacob ; la retraite venue, associée à une série de déboires personnels, il a choisi Pondichéry, ancien comptoir Français, pour une période d'assimilation et de mise au point... Au terme de la seconde entrevue – du second monologue, durant laquelle JYL est heureusement venu m'aider, il m'a tout à coup proposé de m'introduire à la maison d'édition Payot...

***15-10-2000, Auroville :**

Téléphone de C hier soir : elle était la veille entrée à l'hôpital pour examen complet et coloscopie ; le chirurgien a trouvé une polype à l'endroit même où il avait opéré il y a maintenant dix-huit mois, et n'a pas osé la retirer, craignant de causer une hémorragie interne ; il a fait des prélèvements, et nous saurons les résultats dans quelques jours. Généralement, les examens divers montrent que C a une santé exceptionnellement bonne « pour un corps de cet âge »...

Et alors, pour agrémenter la situation, le même jour, R a eu une crise soudaine de violentes douleurs au ventre, et a dû être emmené d'urgence à la Pitié, où il a été déterminé qu'une infection s'était développée dans la vésicule biliaire, et qu'il devait être opéré immédiatement !

Alors que C me téléphonait, de retour chez elle et ayant repris son travail le jour même, R était encore en salle de réanimation ; mais il avait pourtant trouvé le moyen de déjà parler tout autour de lui de son nouveau livre d'« aphorismes » récemment publié...

C m'assure qu'elle est prête à faire face à une nouvelle opération...

Mais je ne crois pas que cette solution soit bonne ; il vaudrait mieux il me semble, même si cette polype s'avère maligne, que C se prête, par un mouvement de confiance intérieure, à une action directe de la conscience.

Elle ressent que ce nouveau « déraillement » est une conséquence de l'été que R lui a fait subir, en se vautrant dans cette dépression spectaculaire et la prenant pour otage, pour en sortir ensuite dans un état d'exaltation pénible pour tous ses proches, une sorte d'exhibitionnisme dépourvu de toute dignité.

Je ne puis guère ignorer la logique morale, sentimentale, psychologique, selon laquelle il serait normal et bon que j'aille les rejoindre et reste près d'eux ; mais c'est une logique de « fin » qui va à l'encontre, il me semble, d'une loi plus profonde et plus vraie.

Et la distance physique, alliée à une proximité intérieure, est favorable en fait à l'action de la conscience, au recours à sa circulation.

***16-10-2000, Auroville :**

Quelquefois je me trouve, par ma propre faute, dans une grande confusion vibratoire...

Je pourrais dresser deux listes curieusement complémentaires : la première, de toutes les occasions où les autres – souvent ceux dont je suis solidaire – m'ont empêché d'aller dans le sens que je ressentais comme juste, et comme le temps et les circonstances ont fini par me donner raison ; et la seconde, de toutes les occasions où, en ce qui me concerne plus personnellement, j'ai ignoré volontairement l'avertissement ou le malaise interne, à mes propres dépens.

C'est une curieuse complémentarité, parce que, me semble-t-il, il y a une corrélation effective, et que si j'adhérais autant à la perception intérieure lorsqu'il s'agit de certains de mes choix « privés », la justesse de cette perception lorsqu'il

s'agit d'orientations et de choix « impersonnels » aurait un pouvoir de conviction et une autorité qui lui font défaut jusqu'à présent.

Même si je ne dissimule rien à la Présence et lui offre tout, y compris ma résistance à devenir « raisonnable ».

... G.C a quitté son corps avant-hier, probablement dans la matinée : il n'a été découvert que tard dans la soirée ; ce matin-là il était descendu comme d'habitude faire son café, et s'était conduit « normalement ». Ce petit bonhomme terne, blême, émacié, a vécu des années à Auroville cantonné dans cette atmosphère raréfiée de ceux qui fument quotidiennement la marijuana ou le haschich ; rappelé à l'ordre par la communauté pour avoir été jusqu'à en fournir à des adolescents contre paiement, il avait dû, cette dernière année, se plier à une certaine mesure de contrôle collectif quant à ses habitudes et ses activités ; comme il était représentatif de pas mal d'Auroviliens, qui prisent ce type de refuge au quotidien, tout un groupe d'intérêts s'était opposé à ce qu'il soit temporairement renvoyé d'Auroville, mesure qui pourtant, m'avait-il semblé, pouvait le sauver...

***18-10-2000, Auroville :**

Arjun et moi avons ramené Shiva de l'hôpital ce matin ; les points de suture sont retirés, laissant un grande balafre horizontale à la base du cou, là où Dinkar a retiré la moitié de sa thyroïde...

***19-10-2000, Auroville :**

C a téléphoné : sans rien me dire, elle et F.J, constatant la puissance de la loi du marché et la mainmise de quelques monopoles, ont pris contact avec une petite maison d'édition dans le Sud de la France et obtenu un accord pour une impression de qualité de mon livre, à compte d'auteur, et pour sa diffusion ; mais il me faudra venir en France à la fin de l'année pour la correction des épreuves et le choix de la couverture, ainsi que le texte de présentation. Ils ont aussi décidé de partager le coût de l'opération.

Je ne parvenais pas, au téléphone, à m'enthousiasmer : j'étais gêné d'occasionner ces dépenses pour eux, bien que C insiste catégoriquement sur la joie qu'en éprouve F.J. Mais j'ai donné mon accord de principe... Cela m'a remémoré quand Tu avais dit à Satprem, après que son livre « La Genèse du Surhomme » ait été refusé par trois Maisons d'Édition, que cela n'avait pas d'importance et que l'Ashram pourrait aussi bien le publier, et qu'on trouverait les moyens de le faire circuler...

« Circuler » : c'est ce mot qui me hante depuis un an ; le besoin de m'unir à une action, d'émerger ailleurs, hors de ces cercles qui m'étouffent, où je ne trouve plus assez de sens et ne parviens plus à me donner ; ce n'est pas le besoin d'être « reconnu » - j'en suis sûr maintenant -, mais celui d'être associé à un mouvement de conscience plus vaste, plus impersonnel et plus sûr...

Le doute affleure, bien sûr, qu'ils font ça pour me faire plaisir, parce que j'ai l'air de tenir à ce texte, et par tolérance et respect pour mes choix de vie et mes orientations...

Mais quoi... ? Toucher ne serait-ce qu'une centaine de personnes qui tomberont sur ce livre « par hasard », n'est-ce pas tout de même un juste commencement ?

Que peut-on espérer de plus dans cet univers dominé par un tel déferlement d'information, une telle surabondance de nourriture visuelle, mentale, émotionnelle et sensuelle, une hypnose si colossale et si pénétrante ? Qui a l'espace et le temps

de reconnaître et d'entendre quelques mots plus vrais, chargés de plus de sens, et d'en retirer l'occasion d'un progrès de conscience ?

... Nous sommes à la frange d'une nouvelle « activité cyclonique » ; le taux d'humidité est de 80%, la température est remontée, et les moustiques semblent naître à chaque instant ; on est comme liquéfié, et incapacité, à moins de se mettre en colère, et alors on devient insupportable !

Que peut-on donner aux autres et au monde de mieux que la tendresse, la solidarité, la bienveillance ? Comment peut-on aider à dissiper la souffrance et vaincre la mort, à établir les bases conscientes d'un progrès ininterrompu ? Comment servir l'unité et le continuum entre l'être et la substance, la vie de l'âme et la matière, la présence spirituelle et le corps terrestre ?

Ne pas se faire d'illusions : n'accepter aucune illusion...

Je n'ai pour référence tangible qu'une expérience, aussi physique et concrète qu'elle est spirituelle et insaisissable, aussi immédiate et intime qu'elle est haute et impersonnelle ; et cela m'a toujours suffi ; et cela m'a permis finalement d'accepter, à travers toutes les crises et toute l'insipide routine de notre état et son labeur interminable, une sorte de nullité permanente, avec la confiance que derrière ce voile opaque et cette grossièreté calamiteuse quelque chose se prépare, quelque chose se bâtit : un corps de vérité, infiniment plus « réaliste » que le nôtre, pas à pas et petit à petit, avec la minutie d'une prodigieuse concentration, se condense et se constitue...

***20-10-2000, Auroville :**

Allergie ? Je ne sais pas ce que c'est : une éruption galopante, accompagnée de démangeaisons qui demandent tout le calme dont je suis capable pour ne pas m'enrager ! Cela a commencé il y a quelques jours au coude, puis aux aisselles ; maintenant c'est le côté droit du bassin et la taille ; comme un poison qui veut sortir ! Je n'ai jamais eu ça. C'est arrivé, je crois, après que je débroussaille une partie des Jardins, ou que je nettoie le bassin au temple...

***22-10-2000, Auroville :**

C'est un désordre spectaculaire ; cette éruption s'est maintenant répandue sur tout le corps ; c'est comme si j'étais plongé dans les orties, de nouvelles cloques ne cessent de se former, avec une sensation violente de brûlure et de démangeaison en même temps, et aucune crème ni aucune application de neem, de vinaigre ou de camphre n'y fait rien. C'est une épreuve pour les nerfs, et un nouveau test pour la conscience du corps. C'est dans ces moments que l'on mesure le fonds de peur qui est engrangé dans les cellules, et que l'on se rend compte concrètement de tout le chemin à faire.

Moralement et physiquement, il y a une confiance assez bien établie dans les ressources d'harmonie du corps et son pouvoir à s'auto guérir et se rétablir, et c'est probablement l'un des traits qui composent pour les autres mon identité – une sorte d'équilibre physique et de foi vivante dans le corps. Mais en fait, il y a encore un formidable ménage à faire ! Tant d'ombres à déloger : la malédiction de la séparation dans les cellules mêmes et leurs relations entre elles et leurs divers groupements...

Mais pour tout ce que l'on « croit » et ce que l'on « sait », il en va de même : c'est une succession de résonances, comme autant de degrés de manifestation...

Une profession de foi peut sonner creuse, lorsqu'elle n'est que mentale ou intellectuelle ; elle résonne mieux, et prend de la densité, lorsqu'elle est aussi

émotionnelle ; elle acquiert un pouvoir d'existence et de contagion lorsqu'elle participe de l'expérience vécue. Mais elle reste aléatoire et précaire tant qu'elle ne résonne pas avec le degré de la conscience physique ; et elle ne peut devenir réellement immédiate, irréprouvable, indubitable, et créatrice, que lorsqu'elle a acquis sa résonance corporelle, matérielle : alors on a toute la sincérité.

... Aujourd'hui, comme annoncé par C, R m'a téléphoné – c'était la résolution qu'il avait prise après cette dernière épreuve physique : « Après 40 ans de silence honnête, des choses importantes se sont passées en moi, et je sais maintenant que tu es mon père... »

Que veut-il me dire ? Comment l'aider ?

Je lui ai parlé de l'amitié, de cette base d'amitié qui rend toutes les positions possibles sans en fixer aucune ; alors il m'a dit « je t'aime » ; c'est comme s'il recherchait sans cesse cette fusion avec C et moi...

Il lui est si difficile d'accepter que C veuille revenir ici, et être ici sans lui ; comment lui montre qu'il est possible et bon d'être moins égoïste ?

Il semble bien qu'il va me falloir repartir début Décembre...

... Cette éruption, qu'est-ce que c'est ? Un phénomène nerveux ? Une conséquence de ma soumission à la sexualité ? Un simple empoisonnement cutané dû aux égratignures et écorchures quand j'ai élagué ces curieux épineux, il y a une semaine environ ? Trop de temps passé en visites à l'hôpital ? Les préoccupations de ceux parmi mes proches qui ont des difficultés physiques ? Une attaque ?

Vraiment, je ne sais pas.

C'est peut-être seulement un nettoyage. Il n'y a pas d'autre dysfonctionnement, et j'ai comme le mouvement physique interne de pousser du poison au-dehors, d'évacuer, d'éclaircir... Mais c'est pénible, et c'est vilain !

***27-10-2000, Auroville :**

C'est un exercice de patience et d'endurance.

Beaucoup de silence ; la beauté du jardin, de la lumière, m'aident beaucoup.

Comme ce qui m'arrive ressemble par certains aspects à une maladie contagieuse qui est ici associée à une divinité féminine très respectée, la plupart des gens restent à distance et me laissent tranquille ! Seul Selvam, qui en est immunisé, m'a donné hier un bain de neem et turmeric ; d'autres vont et viennent, avec une gentillesse qui veut aider.

***31-10-2000, Auroville :**

Cela fait douze jours que dure cet épisode... épidermique !

La surface. La peau.

Quelque chose du mental physique.

Les démangeaisons de la guérison sont aussi affolantes que celles de l'inflammation !

Je lis beaucoup, de beaux livres. Silence, endurance et confiance.

Rien n'est révélé.

***1-11-2000, Auroville :**

Les flancs, la taille, les reins, les fesses et les cuisses sont comme ceux d'un brûlé ; ou comme une mue, un changement de peau...

Aujourd'hui, ma première sortie : les maçons attendaient depuis plusieurs jours les instructions et les mesures.

... Comme je voudrais T'entendre parler aujourd'hui, Douce Mère !

***8-11-2000, Auroville :**

C a téléphoné avant-hier : les docteurs sont catégoriques, il faut absolument qu'elle subisse sans attendre une seconde opération, car un nouveau polype s'est formé sur la paroi intestinale, risquant de provoquer une hémorragie ou un percement. L'opération est fixée pour le 20 et doit être suivie de 10 ou 15 jours de soins intensifs en isolation, puis de plusieurs semaines de repos et convalescence, période à l'issue de laquelle elle pourra voyager et venir ici.

Elle ne veut pas que j'assiste à ces jours d'hospitalisation, mais souhaite que je sois présent lors de sa convalescence, d'autant qu'il lui sera impossible de se reposer si je ne suis pas là pour apaiser R, dont l'état de violente exaltation semble s'aggraver. Puis elle souhaite que je la ramène ici, à Auroville.

Que puis-je dire de tout cela ? Les « Docteurs », et l'atmosphère médicale... Je ne puis qu'accepter d'y plonger à nouveau, m'en remettant à Toi pour que tout s'éclaircisse et progresse vraiment...

***12-11-2000, Auroville :**

Les billets sont pris : je pars le 25 de ce mois. C et moi devons revenir le 17 Janvier.

***16-11-2000, Auroville :**

A mesure que s'approche la date de ce nouveau départ, il y a comme un sentiment d'insécurité dans l'équipe...

Je me sens vide...

***21-11-2000, Auroville :**

C doit entrer demain à l'hôpital, et l'opération est maintenant prévue pour le 23 au matin.

Ces jours pour moi sont étrangement tendus.

Il me semble presque que tout progrès s'est arrêté depuis un an, depuis que j'ai terminé d'écrire ce livre ; pourtant, je perçois comme un dynamisme caché, une autre sorte de développement, presque souterrain... C'est moins lié au quotidien...

Je sais que je vais avoir besoin d'équilibre physique dans la période à venir, et de beaucoup de fermeté et de réceptivité, et d'exactitude...

***25-11-2000, Aéroport de Chennai :**

J.K et Sneha viennent de me laisser...

Hier soir Kavita a appliqué la pâte de henné sur mes ongles et mes paumes.

Ce matin, les derniers détails avec toute l'équipe, les dernières « instructions »...

***27-11-2000, Saint Maur :**

J'ai retrouvé « ma » chambre du haut, dans ce petit pavillon vétuste qui semble se souvenir encore des forêts ; An a tout préparé, avec sa discrète attention pleine d'émotion retenue...

C est en soins intensifs et doit endurer la période la plus pénible de toute cette expérience : une grande fatigue nerveuse, et une nausée constante. Mais sa condition générale est bonne et l'opération, qui a duré plusieurs heures, a réussi, et ils ont pu retirer sans dommage ce polype qui s'était reformé. Mais ce polype, c'est maintenant confirmé, n'était pas cancéreux – ainsi que je l'avais senti, et c'est pourquoi je n'étais pas du tout en faveur d'une autre opération ; cependant, d'après les connaissances médicales actuelles, il risquait de le devenir à tout moment...

De l'avis de tous ici, C a beaucoup souffert de ce que R lui a fait subir toute cette année ; c'est l'opinion unanime de tous leurs proches et amis, qu'il a été trop loin.

Il était 8h30 du matin quand je suis arrivé hier dans le froid de Paris.

R avait espéré que je resterais avec lui chez eux, mais il n'en était pas question pour moi.

Tout de suite, nous sommes allés voir C à l'hôpital. Et je suis retourné passer tout l'après-midi auprès d'elle. Olga et Pierre m'y ont rejoint, et Maurice.

Je ne suis pas content de moi, de ces limitations et ces impuretés qui m'empêchent d'apporter une aide concrète, effective à ma C. Lui masser les pieds, lui parler, oui, mais la soulager effectivement ? Je n'en suis pas capable. Et ce n'est pas correct !

***28-11-2000, Saint Maur :**

Tout le ciel est gris, et les dernières feuilles tombent des arbres.

Pour C, les effets secondaires de l'anesthésie sont très pénibles et déconcertants : nous avons passé des heures hier à travailler sur les confusions de perception qui l'absorbent encore – ces recouvrements de réalités physique et subtile qui rendent incohérents.

Elle a eu une expérience violente au moment de l'endormissement : il semble que pour de longues opérations – celle-ci a duré 6 heures – on utilise le curare, et elle a éprouvé comme une explosion, une sorte de déflagration dans tout le corps, comme s'il était secoué brutalement de part en part et désassemblé...

R accepte volontiers de nous laisser seuls.

***29-11-2000, Saint Maur :**

Hier j'ai rencontré le chirurgien, puis l'anesthésiste ; je n'ai pas apprécié leur attitude, mais cela fait partie d'un ensemble : les intentions sont louables, la discipline est légitime, les progrès sont incontestables, tout cela est admirable et tout à fait respectable ; mais il y a, à la base, et aussi dans la manifestation, quelque chose d'essentiellement faux, comme une usurpation, et une illusion. En quelques jours seulement, tout ce merveilleux contexte médical aurait le pouvoir de faire de ma C, d'une personne entière, d'un être qu'ils ne connaissent pas, une vieille femme sénile !

C'est à crier !

Et je ne puis rien faire que d'être là, à tenir le fil et écarter les suggestions, à être presque comme aux deux bouts d'elle à la fois.

Oh, comme tout cela, comme tous ces engrenages logés dans nos corps et les pouvoirs de tous ces conditionnements, comme tout cela est dégoûtant, révoltant : comme ce mensonge est puissant !

***30-11-2000, Saint Maur :**

C se sent encore « anéantie », et désorientée, désemparée, mais elle commence aussi à dormir et à récupérer, et recouvrer les fonctionnements corporels.

Il y a ce dégoût que je ne parviens pas à dépasser vraiment, envers ce qui abîme nos corps : c'est inacceptable !

Où sont les racines de ce conditionnement ?

Je vois tous ces êtres qui luttent pour survivre et tentent de se conformer à l'image et au contrat... Pourquoi vivre ?

C'est un grand vide, depuis si longtemps.

Il n'y a pas d'impulsion vers – pas de transmission, pas de sens : seulement la mesure des ravages du temps, incontrôlables, incompris.

Une seule chose aurait un sens : être capable de recevoir la Vie et la Présence comme une pile, comme un transmetteur....

On recommence encore et encore à zéro, à tout apprendre... peut-être parce que, tant que l'on n'est pas capable de ne vouloir que Cela, entièrement et intégralement, on ne peut pas faire le premier pas – ou Cela ne peut pas faire le premier pas ici, et ne le fera pas : c'est Cela qui attend !

***1-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

C refait surface ; hier on l'a débranchée des moniteurs et portée dans une chambre séparée ; elle recommence à manger. Mais les radios des poumons montrent encore une obstruction – une conséquence de l'anesthésie générale -, et les docteurs veulent faire une fibrilloscopie : aspirer cette poche bronchiale avec un petit tube, sous anesthésie locale de la gorge.

Elle devrait en principe quitter l'hôpital dans quelques jours ; et là, se pose un autre problème ! R est malade à nouveau, avec une angine ; tous les deux dans le même appartement ? Dés que possible, je veux emmener C en Bretagne, et qu'elle ait un vrai repos.

***2-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Hier j'ai apporté de la musique à C ; elle s'est levée deux fois.

Mais R... c'est absurde : il a pris trop de somnifères et s'est rendu misérable ; par n'importe quel moyen, il demande plus d'attention.

Je ne sais pas qualifier cette atmosphère ; il y a là une absence presque positive ! Il faut que je sois ouvert à Ton Aide !

***3-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

C hier s'est maquillée, et nous avons marché un peu dans le couloir, puis nous avons regardé ensemble un film à la télévision, et écouté de la musique.

R est venu et reparti seul en taxi, car j'avais eu avec lui une scène intense le matin, qui a produit ses effets ! Nous avons convenu que je le retrouverais chez eux pour que nous fassions ensemble des rangements et préparions l'appartement pour le retour de C ; mais il m'attendait tout habillé pour sortir et aller chercher des résultats d'examen sanguins ayant trait à cette grippe qu'il avait lui-même « soignée » en prenant une forte dose de somnifères ; et il est apparu qu'il n'avait aucune intention de se prêter à ces rangements, ni de faire le moindre effort pour alléger l'atmosphère ; je lui ai livré mon impression qu'il ne pensait qu'à lui et que je n'avais donc rien à faire là, et je l'ai laissé dans la rue !

Il y avait là les restes d'une ancienne charge émotionnelle, du temps de mon adolescence, quand l'atmosphère de R m'était si pénible ; et la constatation que, si ce n'était pour C, il n'y a rien, vraiment rien, qui m'appelle ici ; et en même temps

la perception de cet être complexe, qui lui aussi a besoin d'une issue, d'un progrès, d'une réalisation, et le sens qu'il m'est peut-être possible de l'aider un peu...

Après quoi je m'en fus marcher, plusieurs heures !

... Il y a comme une incompréhension, une sorte d'étonnement : je ne suis rien, ne puis rien ; je n'ai aucune capacité qui corresponde à ce monde, et ne suis pas encore né à un autre monde, à ce qui doit venir.

En même temps, ce privilège d'être devenu conscient de Toi et de T'appartenir et d'avoir reçu de Toi des repères si tangibles, et une expérience si centrale – ce privilège est si formidable : comment justifier que cette Grâce m'ait été donnée !

Et même, quel est ce don, si ce n'est pas un don pour tous ?!

A Auroville, nous baignons dans ce privilège.

Comment pouvons-nous en être dignes ?

Cela touche à l'absurdité !

Le fait, le simple fait est, que nous ne sommes pas dignes, et que nous ne pouvons pas l'être, tant que nous ne sommes pas changés !

Et alors il ne s'agira plus de le mériter, il ne s'agira plus d'être dignes : nous serons des corps et des outils de Ta Grâce, pour un travail que nous ne pouvons même pas concevoir.

Croire que Tu es « notre » Mère et pas Celle de tous relève d'une telle imbécillité, c'est embarrassant !

***5-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

La fenêtre devant ma table donne, au-delà des maisons voisines, sur une colline boisée et un grand pan de ciel, plein Est, et les rayons d'un soleil pâle viennent jusqu'à la page où j'écris.

Hier soir j'ai reçu des messages d'Auroville, de Barbara et de Selvam : il y a eu un cyclone la semaine dernière et beaucoup de nos arbres ont été abattus...

Hier, R et moi avons ramené C chez eux.

Elle a encore un peu mal quand elle doit faire certains mouvements, mais son organisme s'est rallié à son élan intérieur, et c'est beau à voir !

... Je me trouve dans un désert.

... Quelques jours avant de quitter Auroville, j'ai découvert, à l'arrière du genou gauche, une enflure, un gonflement inexplicable ; et je ne suis pas parvenu depuis à percevoir la cause ou l'origine de ce phénomène, et cela s'est élargi ; j'ai seulement la sensation que c'est en rapport avec le plasma, comme l'était cette spectaculaire et douloureuse éruption qui m'a immobilisé le mois dernier ; mais il y a un détail étrange : un de nos ouvriers venait juste de se faire traiter à l'hôpital - par ponction ou par incision, je ne suis pas sûr - pour une grosseur à l'arrière du genou qu'il avait depuis longtemps et dont il se plaignait souvent : comme si cela m'avait été transmis, à un niveau matériel et d'une « manière » dont je suis péniblement inconscient...

Et puis, il y a ce processus répugnant de détérioration générale : les dents sont une zone sinistrée ; ma jambe droite est déformée depuis cet accident il y a plusieurs années ; les tissus s'affaiblissent, le visage se marque et se burine, et les yeux, brûlés par tant de soleil, ont désormais besoin de lumière vive pour voir précisément les détails, ou lire de petits caractères.

Tout cela est vu et perçu et ressenti depuis une position qui n'est plus tout à fait « normale » : il y a à la fois une distance et une identification, et un grand besoin d'harmonie et de beauté, comme une nécessité absolue pour le progrès de la manifestation. Je me sens tout à fait incapable d'adhérer à ce type de progrès qui peut s'accomplir - psychologiquement ? spirituellement ? - depuis une situation de

détérioration. Tout mon élan et toute mon aspiration et toute mon orientation sont pour un progrès qui s'accomplit d'harmonie en harmonie plus grande et plus consciente et plus intégrale. Il y a, au-dedans de l'être, un refus radical de tout ce qui peut trahir, tromper ou déformer l'harmonie de base ; un refus qui peut à tout moment se traduire par le choix de ne plus « vivre », de ne pas continuer...

Et cela persiste, malgré Ton exemple même : Toi qui T'es unie, quoiqu'il arrive et quelles que soient les apparences mensongères, si parfaitement et si absolument – « Ce que Tu veux, ce que Tu veux... »

Je suis incapable de dire « oui » à ce chemin-là.

Peut-être est-ce dû à la conviction presque physique – mais où est-elle précisément, où vibre-t-elle exactement, dans le corps ? – que Ta Volonté est pour la victoire de l'Harmonie, et de son pouvoir effectif.

***6-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Je suis là sans mode d'emploi !

Je passe chaque jour de nombreuses heures auprès de C, dans leur appartement ; l'atmosphère n'y est pas très bonne, à cause de R, et cela pèse sur elle et l'alourdit, et je ne sais pas ce que je dois « faire »...

***9-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Au cours de ces journées, j'ai encore pu voir plusieurs films remarquables, exceptionnels, magnifiquement joués et réalisés – « In the mood for love », et « Hustler white », et « A dead man walking », et « Un automne à New York »... Le cinéma m'avait manqué, toutes ces années ! Cet art – le cinéma – a maintenant atteint une maturité, une finesse et une profondeur de sens que je trouve bouleversantes...

... Il est presque 9 h du matin et le soleil vient à peine de se lever !

***13-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

J'ai fait un aller-retour à Claouey – train de luxe et voiture -, pour raccompagner Ch.J et F.J et voir et corriger les épreuves de « Chemins Entiers ».

DEB, l'éditeur, un ami de F.J, est venu nous y retrouver, pour que nous décidions ensemble de la couverture ; je voulais absolument garder les deux couleurs orange et bleue ; F.J est alors allé puiser dans sa bibliothèque et, tout d'un coup, alors que nous allions fermer un dernier album de photographies sur l'Ile de la Réunion, j'ai trouvé une vue splendide : de la lave en fusion, une splendeur vivante de feu solide et liquide à la fois dans un ciel d'un bleu profond ; nous étions tous soulagés et heureux.

Tout cela m'a ému : le soin et l'affection et la participation de chacun – de Ch.J et F.J d'abord, puis de DEB et de ses 3 enfants, qui ont revu les épreuves plusieurs fois déjà avant moi.

L'attitude de DEB m'a aussi redonné confiance, qu'il a exprimée ainsi : « ce texte est a priori à mille lieues de mes préoccupations et de ma compréhension des choses, et pourtant, après plusieurs relectures je m'en suis imprégné et l'apprécie de plus en plus et ça devient présent... » Et c'est exactement ce que je souhaite, que ce « livre », tranquillement, devienne comme un ami.

Su m'a téléphoné dimanche dernier de « Baca Grande » dans le Colorado, où elle s'occupe de Seyril : elle avait tant de choses à me raconter, après tous ces mois d'éloignement !

***14-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Le ciel est tout chargé d'une masse grise et ouatée, comme s'il allait neiger...

... C'est une étrange sensation interne : il me faut me rappeler positivement, avec la pensée, et fréquemment, volontairement, que... j'ai ma place à Auroville – comme le lit d'une rivière, ou la forme d'une âme - ; et cette pensée est nécessaire et réconfortante, mais étonnante aussi...

***15-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Chacun une impasse.

L'âge.

Des sanglots intérieurs ; une peine qui monte, qui monte...

Comment recevoir ici Ton atmosphère ?

***16-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Il est 9 h du matin et le soleil vient juste de monter devant ma fenêtre, dans un bleu pâle comme celui de Sri Aurobindo – et il fait fondre le givre sur les vitres.

Sur ma table il y a : « Savitri » et un livre d'asanas ; quelques messages imprimés ; un vase d'épis séchés et de tulipes en bois, et un petit pot de bégonias, un gros coquillage et une rose des sables, un cheval e bronze en marche, deux lampes et un paquet d'encens et un miroir pliant, des fioles d'essences de fleurs, des clés, les billets de retour, la montre de Kusum, des cigarettes et des beedies, la pochette qui contient tous mes papiers, une bourse, un peigne et un cendrier, le journal des films de cette semaine, une tasse de café noir, la carte de Ton Symbole, un gobelet de bambou où je brûle l'encens, trois pommes et un couteau et trois citrons de « Sincérité »...

Chaque jour C et moi sortons et marchons un peu plus loin...

R s'est mis à sourire et rire et jouer un peu...

Je bute sur des ensembles de données.

L'un de ces ensembles est centré autour du processus de vieillissement du corps, et c'est presque de l'horreur que j'éprouve à rencontrer les effets de son empire dans la substance corporelle, mêlée d'incompréhension douloureuse, comme celle d'un enfant. Pourquoi, pourquoi ce viol, cette violence implacable, cet influx irrésistible qui abîme et détruit et trahit ? Où est le ressort ? Où est la racine de cet avilissement ? Toutes les attitudes morales d'acceptation me semblent aussi révoltantes ! Je suis dans l'incapacité de croire et de sentir que ces conditions puissent être données par le Seigneur, qu'elles puissent porter ou exprimer Sa vérité... Et je ne veux pas continuer ainsi !

Et pourtant, s'il s'agit de C, parce qu'elle est si belle et si donnée, dans son élan de progrès, à ce souffle de devenir qui l'habite, de tout mon cœur et de toute ma conscience je l'encourage et la soutient et lui montre les voies de l'harmonie ; même si je souffre aussi du vieillissement en elle, je sais et je sens que de continuer vaut la peine, de continuer comme elle peut le faire, avec cette exigence vivante et si essentielle en elle.

Et puis, cet autre ensemble, celui-là centré autour du fait de la bisexualité, et de ce besoin terrible que je porte depuis l'enfance d'une libération effective des « mœurs » ; et là aussi, il y a presque une horreur de ces ghettos de la vie, de cette ligne de division qui dénature et empêche et empoisonne. Le film que j'ai vu il y a deux jours, « Les yeux fermés », m'a bouleversé, par ce qu'à la fois il montre cette possibilité adorable de tendresse et d'amitié physique entre les hommes, comme la victoire d'une compréhension si profondément douce et fraternelle,

collective et humaine, et toute la petitesse de l'égoïsme qui trompe, nie et récupère, qui utilise et qui ferme.

Malgré toutes les très bonnes raisons de se retirer de ces énergies et de leur champ, je demeure ancré à cette conviction – une soif brûlante, un besoin puissant comme de la braise vivante – que ces barrières doivent tomber à jamais ; que tous les hommes acceptent enfin cette tendresse entre eux, que toutes les femmes s'équilibrent enfin par cette connaissance mutuelle et ce soutien intime, et qu'hommes et femmes soient enfin délivrés du mensonge exclusif des rôles qui conditionnent et déterminent les lois de leurs rapports.

Je viens de lire un petit livre remarquable de Michel sel Castillo, « Gerardo Lain », qui, malgré son cri d'appel vers une reconnaissance et une acceptation de ce potentiel de tendresse libératrice, aboutit à la défaite par la mort donnée, l'égoïsme et la peur. Dans ce livre est mise en scène cette très vieille emprise morale qui est si semblable dans ses termes et sa portée dans le code manichéen du catholicisme comme dans le code « spirituel » de la sadhana à Vos pieds : le démon de la chair, les suggestions de l'adversaire, le renoncement négatif et le tourment du jeu des forces : ce code auquel je n'ai jamais pu ni voulu me plier...

Il y a un secret à trouver là : une innocence et une sincérité qui seront une victoire et une délivrance réelles. Parfois, j'ai touché à ce secret. Mais, pour que cela devienne une réalisation, il ne faut pas que le corps soit diminué ; il faut qu'il demeure uni à ses forces vives, il faut qu'il marche et qu'il progresse et acquiert toujours plus d'harmonie ; il faut qu'il puisse manifester le bien de cette tendresse, de cette confiance, de cette coulée de douceur...

Il y a une telle peine...

***17-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Hier, après quelques heures de marche, j'ai vu un autre film, « Le goût des autres » ; un film réalisé en équipe, plein de gentillesse et d'humour attentif : ce goût des autres qui vainc les préjugés et les jugements superficiels et oblige à plus de sincérité, de courage et de confiance...

Comme à mon premier séjour, l'an dernier, tout ce que je vois me touche, m'émeut, parfois me bouleverse.

Mais cette fois j'ai moins conscience de « passer », de canaliser ; c'est plus rude.

***20-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Je marche autant que possible et traverse et sillonne la ville et découvre ainsi des espaces que je n'y avais jamais connus, tels ces milles de berge tranquille le long des canaux. Mais dès que je quitte leur appartement, R recommence auprès de C sa ronde obsessive et régressive et l'épuise, si bien qu'hier j'ai dû y rester toute la journée, car C se sent trop privée de ressources. Enfin, dès demain, je l'emmène en Bretagne, où nous serons seuls pendant une semaine.

Je cherche un chemin pour elle et pour leur couple ; c'est une sorte de bataille, R tirant la mort vers eux, l'entraînant vers la mort à deux, vers une soumission à deux devant l'impasse.

DEB m'a envoyé hier une photocopie de la couverture qu'il a préparée pour « Chemins entiers » ; ils ont tous insisté pour qu'une petite photographie de moi soit placée sur le dos de la couverture, avec un court texte d'introduction.

J'ai tous les doutes du monde, naturellement : est-ce que ce texte est accepté de Toi ? Est-ce qu'il a quelque valeur ?

Ce qui me conforte un peu, c'est ce que C m'a confié : m'exprimant son contentement et soulagement de cette solution de publication, elle m'a dit combien elle T'avait consultée, et comme elle T'avait demandé de trouver le moyen juste, comme elle avait parlé avec Toi, en regardant Ta photo... Cela m'a rassuré.

***21-12-2000, Saint Maur :**

Hier a été une journée difficile : C, qui ne peut plus respirer auprès de R, a éprouvé une fatigue très intense ; elle a eu une forte baisse de tension, et a dû lutter toute la journée, dans ce climat que je ne parvenais qu'à peine à alléger, pour demeurer centrée et endurer une vague d'accablement très massive.

C'est déconcertant : je n'ai pas la conscience nécessaire, et je ne sais pas où piocher là-dedans ! J'essaie de rester réceptif malgré la contagion des appréhensions et des angoisses de tout un passé de vie commune entre eux, et surtout malgré cette force qui agit en R et tire vers le désastre, vers le « naufrage » comme il dit, vers leur mort à tous les deux.

Il y a une telle grâce en C ; mais il est temps, il est grand temps que je l'emmène !

***22-12-2000, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

La route a été facile, avec un beau soleil d'hiver dans un ciel nettoyé.

C, dès que nous fûmes installés dans la voiture, au sortir de Paris, a retrouvé la joie et l'enthousiasme.

La question demeure, qu'il nous faudra aborder en paix : quel est l'avenir de leur couple ? Quelle est la solution de vie, pratiquement, économiquement ?

Que puis-je faire ?

***23-12-2000, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Il y a dans cette maison une harmonie simple et paisible et confortable.

Mais j'y suis en suspens, pour C seulement...

***24-12-2000, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

C a un besoin formidable de récupération, de sommeil, de paix et de tranquillité.

Nous écoutons beaucoup de musique.

Mais R ne suit pas : il a téléphoné hier dans un état de régression égocentrique qui a replongé C dans l'inquiétude, voulant que je vienne le chercher tout de suite...

Je suis là comme suspendu à une branche ! Comme ce monde est à l'envers !

***26-12-2000, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Hier nous avons fait une grande ballade en voiture et sommes allés retrouver Pierre, Olga, Elena et Yan dans leur maison près de Saint Briec ; avec eux nous avons confirmé une résolution « collective », un dispositif de mesures à prendre dans le proche avenir, particulièrement après le séjour de C à Auroville, au cas où R ne serait pas capable de surmonter les contradictions qui le dominent et le traversent ; cela a beaucoup rassuré C.

***29-12-2000, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Hier je suis retourné à Paris pour chercher R et le ramener ici : 9 heures de route !

Il est tranquille, dans un gentil effort...

***30-12-2000, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

J'ai visité « ma » falaise sous une averse de grêlons – comme un gravier de boulettes de glace blanche -, alors même que le soleil s'ouvrait un passage au dessus de l'horizon...

Nous avons fait tous les trois le tour des remparts de Saint Malo : cette petite ville fortifiée est un exemple unique de proportions justes, et de relation privilégiée avec la nature et les éléments, une sorte de perfection exacte et durable qui exprime le vrai sens de la cité.

... Je suis comme un vide qui regarde.

Comme si toute la mécanique de notre humanité était mise à nu, dévêtue des sens et des valeurs connus... Je comprends, je vois, j'entends, j'éprouve, j'apprécie – mais tout cela s'enfonce comme dans de la neige, sans laisser de traces...

Il n'y a plus que le corps, et le besoin émotionnel du corps... Et plus profondément encore dans le corps, ce besoin d'harmonie, d'une sève pleine et une et forte et absolument paisible, inconditionnelle et inconditionnée – comme si le don véritable ne pourrait et ne devrait finalement advenir que dans le corps et par le corps ; comme si c'était là seulement que la Présence se vérifierait, se manifesterait.

Pour un autre devenir.

Je pense à « nous », à Auroville, à cette année qui s'achève...

***31-12-2000, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Nous avons fait hier une longue marche le long de la Rance, et C est nettement plus vive et légère...

R, lui, est en proie à des moments de panique, d'affolement intense, et tourne vers moi un besoin d'aide presque violent... Comme c'est difficile d'accompagner un autre vers la capacité intérieure de s'orienter et de choisir... !

- 2001 -

***1-1-2001, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Hier il a fait si froid que nous n'avons pu marcher que quelques moments, pour aller déjeuner... Et l'après-midi nous avons regardé un film reconstituant la période historique de l'occupation des Allemands lors de la Seconde Guerre mondiale : il s'agissait de la résistance et de la solidarité des habitants d'un groupe de villages dans les Cévennes, menés par un pasteur protestant à héberger et cacher, dans leurs maisons et leur école, un nombre important d'enfants juifs.

Cela me prend souvent par surprise : l'émotion si intense qui monte et affleure, devant toute représentation d'acte héroïque, de solidarité courageuse même devant la mort, de don de soi ; ce sont des sanglots qui montent instantanément, et à chaque fois c'est « ma » peine et « mon » élan – cela arrive à tout le monde, évidemment ! Mais c'est la proportion qui me surprend ; c'est comme une évidence d'unité qui ne peut se révéler que lorsque les circonstances exigent de soi que l'on puise à une profondeur de choix autrement dormante ou occultée et, lorsqu'elle se manifeste, c'est comme une porte qui s'ouvre soudain toute grande sur une qualité et une intensité de sens et de vie, sans lesquelles nous ne sommes que des morts-vivants, des marionnettes ou des images de nous-mêmes...

Et dans cette émotion, quelle que soit sa modulation particulière, il y a justement toute cette peine de ne pas être capable de vivre là, d'exister là à chaque instant, sans qu'il soit nécessaire d'y être propulsé par quelque extrémité de circonstance. C'est la peine d'être gris, mangé, volé, gaspillé, usé par ce rien multiforme qui occupe nos vies.

***3-1-2001, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Les activités de la nuit sont étonnantes : la nuit dernière ce furent des heures passées sur le thème de l'irréalisation, ou déréalisation physique de la mort – ni du romantisme, ni de la théorie, mais des détails et des circonstances tout à fait « réalistes » !

Hier nous avons passé un long moment de grâce sur la pointe rocheuse du Cap Fréhel, C bien accrochée à moi contre un vent formidable, devant l'étendue des champs de la mer ; rien que la mer, le ciel, le vent et les mouettes et, nous portant, la falaise de granite rose, et le courant s'en allait comme une onde de prairie vers le large...

... J'ai rapporté de Saint Malo un livre magnifique, « 365 jours de la Terre », et autant de vues prodigieuses, prises d'avion, comme des hommages emplis de tendre révérence à l'âme vivante de la Terre.

***5-1-2001, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

... Il y a encore l'habitude de croire et de sentir que c'est à moi de négocier, de discerner, d'évaluer et de doser ; c'est idiot et cela ne mène évidemment à rien. On en revient toujours à cette première nécessité d'une pureté consciente.

***6-1-2001, La Ville aux Prévôts :**

Plusieurs villes de Bretagne sont inondée et déclarées sinistrées ; ici même une source a jailli dans le jardin, s'écoulant devant la maison ; le téléphone est coupé... Mais les pluies se sont arrêtées.
Nous retournons demain à Paris.

***9-1-2001, Saint Maur :**

C reprend une semaine de travail avant notre départ pour Auroville, pour ne pas laisser ses « patients » trop longtemps abandonnés ! Et c'est bon pour elle aussi.

***12-1-2001, Claouey :**

DEB a apporté « Chemins entiers » aujourd'hui.

La couverture est si belle.

La présentation est simple, aisée, propre.

Je dis et je sens : « merci ! »

C'est un « merci » apaisé et confiant ; il me semble qu'il n'y reste presque plus rien de personnel.

Hier soir, jusqu'à 4 h ce matin, j'étais à Bordeaux avec mon petit, mon adorable petit frère, Olivier...

Mà.

***14-1-2001, Saint Maur :**

Je me suis mis à une diète d'eau minérale ! R d'abord, C ensuite, puis moi, avons attrapé une sorte de gastro-entérite, un virus qui se ballade dans le pays (les pharmacies sont à court de médicaments, semble-t-il)...

***15-1-2001, Saint Maur :**

Je vais cesser le jeûne.

Le ciel ce matin est entièrement limpide : seules le marquent comme des griffes les sillages de quelques avions...

Hier soir, au milieu de ce discours incohérent qu'il a tenu à nous faire, R a prononcé cette drôle de phrase : « le spirituel est terriblement matériel, pas une seconde ne lui échappe !... »

C et moi revenions juste du cinéma : j'avais pris deux places pour l'emmener voir « Lisa » et l'extirper un moment de cette atmosphère corrosive et « mortifère », comme l'appelle Ch.J !

Su m'a appelé hier de Pender Island (au large de Vancouver).

***16-1-2001, Saint Maur :**

R rend les choses aussi difficiles qu'il le peut.

C'est étrange et complexe, misérable et comique et redoutable, et profondément triste.

Dés que je m'éloigne, il redouble la mise...

***19-1-2001, Auroville :**

Mission accomplie. C et moi sommes arrivés hier en fin d'après-midi.

Presque tout de suite, une fois les bagages rangés, C a retrouvé son visage d'Auroville, cette dimension qui lui a tant manqué : c'est une joie de le voir.

Selvam nous attendait à l'aéroport, mon doux Selvam, et depuis ce moment jusqu'à maintenant, j'ai entendu le récit des conflits et péripéties de ces dernières semaines...

Tout l'être physique n'est pas encore rassemblé ; c'est une impression curieuse, comme une mère qui n'aurait pas encore retrouvé et rassemblé ses petits, après une longue randonnée...

Certaines des nouvelles qui me concernent personnellement sont un peu troublantes : il y a évidemment un courant d'insinuation et de rumeur qui est chargé de l'intention de me faire quitter Auroville ; l'une de ces rumeurs, qu'un Luca tout embarrassé m'a rapporté, est que j'aurais eu récemment des activités homosexuelles sous le Banyan de Matrimandir !

Les effets dévastateurs du cyclone qui a eu lieu juste une semaine après mon départ, bien que Selvam, Bhaskar, Paramashiva et Ar.salam aient travaillé des semaines à tout déblayer et élaguer, sont bien visibles et sensibles dans tout le jardin, et particulièrement près de la maison.

Les choses, en termes de conflits et de polémiques, ne semblent guère avoir changé au Matrimandir, sinon que, pendant mon absence, Ramalingam a renforcé sa position sur le site.

Dans un sens, je me sens soulagé de deux tâches que j'avais à cœur d'accomplir : celle de veiller sur C et de la raccompagner ici au moins une dernière fois, et celle de persister jusqu'à la publication de mon texte.

Et de ce point de vue, je pourrais maintenant m'en aller – quitter le corps.

S'il y a une suite, il faut que je parvienne à me réconcilier avec des données que je ne comprends ni n'accepte bien...

Maintenant, je sens le besoin d'une période d'assimilation ; il y a une charge de sens que je n'ai pas encore pu intégrer, comme une montagne trop grande, trop formidable pour être gravie...

***20-1-2001, Auroville :**

J'avais oublié cette sensation de cordes tendues...

Je ne sais pas où me diriger : il faut que je laisse la direction venir, du dedans...

Note : Pendant son séjour à l'hôpital, probablement dans les jours qui ont suivi l'opération, un virus s'était logé dans les poumons de C ; la pneumologue qui la suivait s'en était inquiétée, mais C était alors dans un service post-opératoire où elle était censée récupérer suffisamment pour pouvoir rentrer chez elle, non dans un service équipé pour traiter des « maladies pulmonaires », et aucun symptôme vraiment alarmant ne s'était déclaré.

***2-2-2001, Auroville :**

C n'est pas bien ; elle est misérable, elle a mal et elle a peur, elle est tourmentée et se sent barrée dans ses efforts et son travail personnel.

Deux choses me troublent : la première est que la Protection ne semble pas agir ; et la deuxième est qu'à travers son expérience répétée de l'univers médical, trop de peurs et de distances se sont logées en elle.

Les premiers jours ici ont été pour elle des jours de liberté et de renouveau ; puis elle a commencé à avoir des douleurs dans le dos, et à tousser ; cette douleur s'est figée sur un point, une douleur qu'elle dit maintenant insupportable ; et elle perd le souffle.

Ce matin elle n'a pas pu se lever. Je suis allé acheter des antibiotiques.

Je ne me sens pas à la hauteur de la situation.

C est très préoccupée de son retour en France ; elle demande la sécurité des médecins, des examens médicaux ; elle se soucie de ses patients ; et cela la tourmente d'être pour moi un poids, et de m'imposer une telle détérioration la révolte et la peine. En même temps elle éprouve d'autant plus combien il était important qu'elle puisse refaire le voyage, être ici une fois encore, avec moi.

Cette limitation de l'âge, de la maladie, de l'usure, est intolérable ; voilà un être, une personne, dont la nature et le mouvement spontané sont jeunesse, progrès et continuité – même son corps exprime cet élan et cet équilibre interne : elle est belle, toujours, et claire. Mais dans son corps aussi sont les manifestations contraires : son dos s'est encore voûté ; l'opération a détruit une fois encore ses muscles abdominaux ; les substances qu'elle a dû absorber ont sapé ses forces...

S'il n'y avait pas R là-bas, tapi dans son drame et attendant de se nourrir d'elle, empêchant les mesures les plus simples et les résolutions pratiques les plus légères, je ne me soucierais pas autant ; mais avec lui, et ses difficultés, dans la balance, il y a comme l'ombre active d'un désordre désolant, comme un goût de désastre qui la suit et inhibe ses propres facultés.

... Je ne veux pas retourner là-bas, dans ces conditions !

Je voudrais la paix en elle ; je lui ai demandé de faire le mouvement de se rassembler et de se centrer, en rejetant toute forme de peur. Mais je ne puis le faire à sa place, et il y a comme une emprise qui interfère, que je ne suis capable ni de mesurer ni de combattre effectivement.

Par Ch.J, j'ai pris contact avec les médecins de C, pour qu'ils me donnent leur avis.

... Et puis, en guise d'accompagnement, il y a les bribes et les bruits de cette petite campagne contre « moi »...

Et il y a cet appel qui grandit, d'entrer dans un travail physique, un travail dans le corps...

***4-2-2001, Auroville :**

C'est une petite bataille de chaque moment...

C « déguste » ; et sa conscience est trop dispersée, trop poreuse à la formation ordinaire, et trop attachée aux symboles d'une sécurité extérieure et relationnelle...

Les antibiotiques semblent avoir quelque effet sur l'infection pulmonaire, mais elle a mal dans tout le dos, s'essouffle beaucoup, et se sent très affaiblie. Il y a l' « idée » qu'elle doit être « rapatriée d'urgence » afin d'être soignée dans de « bonnes conditions »...

Heureusement que JYL est ici, qui sent comme je le sens combien il est indispensable pour C qu'elle se ressaisisse et se réclame elle-même et recouvre sa confiance et sa dignité.

Uma est venue la voir (la sœur de Deepti, qui était doctoresse dans l'armée) et sa visite a été bonne ; elle reviendra demain matin...

Note : Comme C ne se rétablissait pas, et qu'elle était trop inconfortable dans les conditions matérielles que je pouvais lui offrir à « Sincérité », nous avons demandé au Docteur Datta de l'Ashram qu'elle soit admise dans le « Nursing Home » ; malgré les règles très strictes de l'Ashram, par amitié Datta avait accepté.

Datta a traité C pour une pneumonie. Les soins et la réelle gentillesse de tous les aides du Nursing Home, autant que le traitement médicamenteux prescrit par Datta, dans l'atmosphère si douce de ce lieu, ont permis à C de recouvrer graduellement assez d'autonomie pour pouvoir envisager son retour en France.

Nous décidâmes alors que je l'accompagnerais jusqu'à Mumbai, dans le cadre d'un rapatriement organisé par « Europe Assistance » ; je ferai office d'accompagnateur pour ce déplacement.

Nous partîmes au début du mois de Mars. Une chambre d'hôtel avait été réservée pour nous à Mumbai, où un docteur viendrait l'examiner, envoyé par la même organisation, pour s'assurer que C était en mesure de supporter le voyage de Mumbai à Paris. C avait plutôt bien réagi pendant le trajet en avion depuis Chennai, mais la fatigue l'avait rattrapée dès notre arrivée à Mumbai. Pourtant, dans la chambre d'hôtel, elle se sentit plus légère.

Deux médecins sont venus et l'ont examinée : « lungs collapse » - crise pulmonaire aigue ; pas question qu'elle voyage ; elle devait être emmenée d'urgence dans un service de soins intensifs, s'il y avait quelque chance de la sauver.

« Europe Assistance », par l'intermédiaire d'une Indienne Parsi de Mumbai, qui était venue nous attendre à l'aéroport, et avec qui j'avais déjà souvent parlé au téléphone, a tout de suite arrangé que C soit admise dans une clinique de luxe, « Lilavati Hospital » ; elle y fut transportée le jour même.

Un traitement intensif d'antibiotiques et d'autres substances lui fut de suite administré ; C était de nouveau arrimée à toutes sortes de moniteurs, dans une atmosphère remarquablement propre et sophistiquée.

Je fus autorisé à garder la chambre d'hôtel.

Je n'avais presque plus d'argent avec moi, et C non plus.

Je pus juste téléphoner à Selvam à Auroville, pour qu'il prévienne en France depuis Auroville.

***6-3-2001, Mumbai :**

Ce matin C, n'en pouvant plus de cette nausée constante, douloureuse, qu'elle éprouve comme une torture, a demandé qu'on la laisse dormir, qu'on la laisse mourir.

Je suis là autant que possible, sans direction, impuissant.

Les circonstances se modulent et s'ordonnent : la main de la Grâce y est évidente.

Au niveau instrumental, c'est l'équipe d'Europe Assistance qui prend les décisions et les responsabilités. Et du point de vue médical, il est probable que les conditions dans lesquelles C a été placée sont les meilleures qui existent ici. « Lilavati » est réputée dans tout le pays.

On m'a laissé la chambre à l'hôtel Rang Sharda ; la fenêtre, au dixième étage qui domine toute l'aire de Bandera et Reclamation, une presque île qui s'avance dans l'Océan Indien, surplombe sans obstacle, de l'autre côté d'un vaste terrain vague, les fenêtres de l'étage de « Lilavati » où se trouve C.

Je ne sais toujours pas, après toutes ces semaines que nous avons vécues ensemble, s'il s'agit maintenant d'un départ imminent, ou si cette nouvelle expérience s'inscrit pour C dans un cheminement et un progrès de conscience en avant, par une nouvelle phase de vie corporelle...

Cela a été, cela continue d'être, vraiment, une bataille...

Je n'ai rien noté, rien écrit, depuis... je ne sais plus...

Je n'ai avec moi ici qu'une chemise de rechange (C devait partir tout de suite pour Paris et moi rentrer à Auroville !)

Et maintenant ?

... J'ai rencontré les docteurs.

Voici le bilan : les deux poumons sont atteints ; le poumon gauche avait déjà une lésion ancienne, tandis que le poumon droit a été atteint pendant l'anesthésie et l'isolation, au cours et à la suite de la dernière opération en Novembre dernier ; cette double faiblesse pulmonaire a donc exposé C à une infection (une pleurésie) qui n'a pas été entièrement éradiquée par le traitement de Datta ; la nausée est le résultat de l'un de ces cercles vicieux typiques de toute l'approche thérapeutique officielle – vulnérabilité intestinale après l'opération et aérophagie, aggravées par les traitements médicamenteux qui ont suivi et par le refus de C de se nourrir suffisamment de crainte de vomir... D'après eux, C devrait être en état de voyager après quelques jours ; mais ils doivent d'abord stabiliser son niveau de potassium et d'oxygénation du sang. Et naturellement, selon le cardiologue, la situation est telle maintenant que l'âge joue contre elle...

Voilà pour le panorama médical...

Ce que je souhaite encore, ce que je continue de souhaiter, de mon côté, c'est que C se remette de cette épreuve suffisamment pour s'engager dans la dernière phase de sa vie corporelle avec plus de conscience et de réelle tranquillité, et d'amplitude et de concentration à la fois.

... Je dois m'en remettre à la Grâce directement...

Il y a, pour grossir les choses, un conflit entre deux issues : l'une est cette formation de désastre, de défaite et de désagrégation, non seulement du corps, mais de la situation et de la conscience – c'est une formation que R a exprimée très crûment un jour récent à Paris, alors que je l'accompagnais à la banque, « tu assistes à un désastre », avec toute la densité psychologique correspondante.

L'autre est une issue progressive, faite de paix et d'un regard qui s'éveille, d'une force d'harmonie qui conduit tout et chaque élément à sa fruition, à son meilleur, et s'exprimera nécessairement par un rassemblement, une concentration tranquille, et un retrait conscient de l'état corporel, laissant une situation accomplie...

Ce qui est peut-être le plus pénible à présent, c'est que nous nous trouvons comme entre les deux ; C doit retrouver sa confiance, mais cette médicalisation intensive l'a comme aliénée d'elle-même.

J'en reviens toujours à ce point : ce qu'il aurait fallu éviter, c'était cette seconde opération, en Novembre ; depuis ce moment, c'est une lutte de chaque instant pour remonter la pente...

J'ai toujours cette référence intérieure – comme des images du passé – d'une mort simple : digne, sans faiblesse ni peur, sobre. Et en cette époque où nous sommes maintenant, un certain type de connaissance mentale et pratique s'est développé de manière si poussée et si aigue et si fragmentée à la fois, et avec un tel pouvoir d'hypnose et de conviction, que c'est comme si on ne savait plus mourir, on ne savait plus s'en aller.

Cela fait sûrement partie d'une transition collective et d'un apprentissage : car nous allons nécessairement vers un état de conscience où non seulement la défaite du corps sera vécue autrement, mais elle cessera d'être inéluctable.

J'aurais voulu, aimé, souhaité, que C soit plus libre intérieurement, soit de s'orienter vers une cessation corporelle dans la paix et la tranquillité, la tendresse et l'amitié, à Auroville, avec moi, parmi nous, soit de se tourner vers Toi et de trouver en Toi la force positive intérieure pour affronter ce retour en France...

Mais il y a comme une force contraire qui n'a pas cessé d'agir toutes ces semaines, une force d'indécision et de prostration qui opère par vagues, comme si le but était de rendre la condition corporelle si inhospitalière que tout l'amour que C a de l'harmonie lâcherait prise.

Et il me semble que je n'ai pas été à la hauteur, que je n'ai pas été un bon combattant...

Mais à travers tout, C est si belle et si désireuse d'apprendre, de progresser, de s'unir...

Il y a un amour, là, qui est célébré...

***7-3-2001, Mumbai :**

Je regarde par la fenêtre de la chambre la Baie de Mahim. Tout le ciel est embrumé de pollution. Entre l'hôtel et l'océan, s'étend un vaste terrain vide en cours de terrassement, qui semble appartenir à la compagnie pétrolière ONGC. A la droite de cet espace se dresse le bâtiment jaune de Lilavati, où attend C. Au-delà, la presqu'île de Bandra, avec ses gratte-ciels, jusqu'au Bandra Point. Des corbeaux et de grands oiseaux noir et blanc sillonnent l'air tiède chargé des effluves d'égouts et de produits chimiques.

Chaque jour Selvam, Arjun, John H, JYL, Kusum, et Ch.J et F.J, et R, me téléphonent, et cette solidarité est une expression de la Grâce...

Dans notre habituelle ignorance nous ne savons que bien rarement et exceptionnellement à quel point nous dépendons de la Grâce...

Ce matin, C criait encore ; elle criait qu'elle n'en pouvait plus, qu'elle ne pouvait plus supporter cette torture, que personne ne pouvait comprendre, qu'elle faisait tout ce qu'elle pouvait, mais que c'était trop insupportable.

Je suis resté près d'elle et l'ai persuadée de manger un peu – j'ai dû me fâcher; je lui ai donné la nourriture moi-même.

Les nouvelles radios montrent que l'engorgement des poumons a diminué ; les signes vitaux sont plutôt bons ; je viens de copier dans mon carnet la liste de tous les médicaments qui lui sont administrés ! (Alcaline Phosphatase, Bilirubine, Calcium, Crealinine, Magnésium, Fraxiparine, Zanicin, Onetouch, Metronidazole, Ranitidine, Enhancin, Ondem, Insyte, Ketisol, Kesol, Rantocid, Augmentin, etc.)

J'ai l'impression d'être fermé, bouché, de ne pas être capable de recevoir les indications justes...

... J'agis parfois sévèrement avec elle ; je lui ai montré comme elle mésusait ses facultés mentales en laissant tourner sans cesse les pensées les plus négatives et les plus nourries de peur, et combien elle devrait au contraire lutter contre l'hypnose de ce malaise qui la domine, et reprendre ses « conversations » avec Toi – et apprendre ainsi à participer au rétablissement du corps.

Et ce soir elle était plus réceptive et mieux disposée...

***8-3-2001, Mumbai :**

C s'est ressaisie.

Et tout de suite, les médecins ont décidé de la transférer dans une chambre seule, où j'ai pu également m'installer.

Le départ de C pour Paris s'organise pour ce lundi prochain au soir.

C'est comme d'avoir longé un précipice, dans la tempête et la nuit, et d'arriver enfin sur le plateau un peu ensoleillé, dans une sécurité physique retrouvée...

... Je reçois toutes sortes de fax et de coups de téléphone de l'équipe au Matrimandir ; cette équipe de fous qui T'aiment, sur le navire de Ta Grâce, est une joie... !

***9-3-2001, Mumbai :**

C a bien dormi. Elle a pu parler au téléphone, à R, et à F.J et Ch.J ; maintenant, elle mesure le temps qui nous reste ensemble avec une sorte d'effroi... Mais elle saura marcher... Et il est entendu que je viendrais la voir en France, dans quelques mois peut-être...

***10-3-2001, Mumbai :**

Comment dire l'innommable ?

Je suis un témoin impuissant : voilà un être, une personne, une manifestation, une femme, une sœur, une amie, une mère physique, dont le corps a porté mon corps, une compagne dont la vie et le chemin sont liés aux miens par l'amour humain le plus inconditionnel qui soit, voilà cet être, cette femme si belle, en travail et en marche et en progrès, qui parvient à ce seuil redoutable, par la loi aveugle qui nous gouverne encore : non pas celui de la mort, de la cessation matérielle ou corporelle, mais celui de l'usure et de la désintégration.

Et à ce seuil attend, telle une entité toute prête, une vieille femme, une vieille femme qui veut dominer, prendre le dessus, absorber, effacer, dévorer.

C'est comme un monstre, une caricature, qui guette au bout, ou le long de chaque geste, de la plus anodine des opérations physiques, du moindre déplacement, de chaque expression.

Et il faut trouver la flamme de l'être vrai, central, et l'attiser, l'aimer, l'honorer ; il faut poursuivre le chemin, il faut continuer sans tomber sous cette emprise, sans céder à cette défaite qui se présente comme une atténuation confortable, un refuge temporaire, un répit apparent...

Et je me rends compte que ce qui m'empêche le plus de porter des forces utiles dans cette lutte, c'est que je suis moi-même incapable de résister au dégoût et à la dépression et à la tristesse devant le fait du vieillissement et de la détérioration dans mon propre corps ; cela m'a encore rattrapé tout à l'heure : je vais encore perdre une autre dent, et les autres sont si abîmées que leur tour ne saurait tarder ; et une semaine de mauvaise nourriture, de manque de sommeil et d'exercice, et tout cela tend à devenir une épave...

En fait je supporte mal, très mal, cette période...

***11-3-2001, Mumbai :**

Tout semble effectivement s'organiser pour le départ de C demain soir ; le docteur français (le fils de JJ.F, en fait) doit arriver ce soir et examiner C demain matin.

Il n'y a rien que j'aie à faire, ou puisse faire ; c'est comme une halte, presque une léthargie...

Je voudrais donner plus à C, et la pourvoir des ressources dont elle aura besoin dans les semaines et les mois à venir, mais je ne sais pas le mouvement nécessaire ; et son état aussi est contagieux : je l'absorbe en étant ainsi constamment près d'elle et il me faut du temps pour le résoudre et émerger de l'autre côté... Ce séjour forcé à Mumbai a ses effets, surtout depuis que j'ai de

nouveau le temps de marcher : hier j'ai pu marcher plus de deux heures, et sentir la vie de tous ces êtres, les clivages, les forces et les nécessités, et l'horreur du milieu, cette monstruosité qui ne cesse d'enfler et de se multiplier – qui peut enrayer, arrêter cet acheminement vertigineux de l'humanité vers sa propre impossibilité matérielle ? Quelle force ?

Que faire de toute cette expérience cumulative de ces millions et ces millions d'êtres, qui sont soi-même, là où « bien » et « mal » ne signifient plus rien vraiment qu'inextricablement mêlés, mutuellement absorbés, devenus autre chose ?

Il n'y a que la conscience et sa présence inaltérable qui embrasse toujours plus, contient toujours plus, au-delà de toute pensée, de tout discours et de toute émotion, comme un déroulement simultané de tous les possibles, de tous les assemblages, de toutes les créations – vers un grand cœur souverain qui EST.

***13-3-2001, Aéroport de Mumbai :**

Je viens de laisser C et J.F à l'aéroport international ; J.F va s'occuper d'elle pendant le voyage et l'assister jusqu'à son arrivée à l'hôpital Saint Joseph à Paris, où un nouveau bilan devra être fait au plus tôt.

Avant de quitter Lilavati, J.F a mis C sous oxygène pour optimiser le niveau de saturation sanguine ; tout est arrangé pour qu'elle voyage allongée, au repos.

Je lui ai acheté une nouvelle robe, lui ai lavé et reteint les cheveux, elle s'est maquillée : elle est adorable ! Et elle a été bien courageuse au moment de la séparation physique.

Malini vient de me déposer à l'aéroport domestique.

J'ai dit à C que je ne la quitterais pas ; mais il faut que ce soit vrai, hein !

Je voudrais apprendre à former consciemment une émanation qui l'accompagnerait toujours ; il y a déjà quelque chose de cet ordre qui s'est depuis longtemps établi, mais je suis encore tellement inconscient, c'est-à-dire que le contact avec la conscience physique est encore si voilé, alourdi et obstrué par la faiblesse et l'obscurité de l'« adhar » - du vaisseau, du récipient...

Et puis naturellement je me dis que c'est Toi qui a veillé, qui veilles et qui continueras de veiller sur elle ; et c'est seulement dans la mesure où elle a besoin de ma forme que cela lui sera pourvu, sans que j'aie du tout à exercer ma petite volonté ignorante !

15-3-2001, Auroville :

C a téléphoné hier soir, de l'hôpital Saint-Joseph, très émue ; les médecins veulent la garder ; ils ont trouvé bonne sa condition générale, mais une prise de sang artérielle a montré que les antibiotiques n'avaient pas pu détruire le virus (ou le microbe) qui s'est installé dans ses poumons – évidemment, puisqu'elle l'a contracté alors même qu'elle était encore sous antibiotiques après l'intervention chirurgicale de Novembre ! Ils lui administrent à présent, par perfusion, un nouvel antibiotique très puissant, et la traitent aussi avec des aérosols...

Je ne puis rien dire et ne dois chercher à exercer aucune influence : seul un mouvement au-dedans de son être, de confiance en la Grâce, d'abandon positif à Cela qui peut et sait, serait supérieur à cette impression de sécurité qu'elle éprouve dans le milieu médicalisé qui lui est maintenant devenu familier.

Je ne puis qu'essayer de lui communiquer, autant que possible, le besoin d'intégrité consciente, de courage et de liberté...

... Ici les choses sont difficiles, et absorbantes ; un retour de vague, et la vieille histoire de l'unité contre un commun adversaire : notre équipe est à nouveau menacée...

***18-3-2001, Auroville :**

La conduite de Kireet se révèle assez pauvre ; par faiblesse, ou pour s'assurer de certains soutiens, il cède et plie facilement devant les pressions et les volontés « communautaires » ; c'est ainsi que nous devons maintenant accepter gracieusement l'évènement de cette célébration factice, de type « Nouvel Age », au lever du soleil le 20 Mars ; une sorte de cérémonie doit se tenir à l'amphithéâtre, qui sera filmée et diffusée en Europe et je ne sais où, pour marquer la première équinoxe de l'« Ere Nouvelle » ; au même moment, en plusieurs points de la Terre où un effort particulier se poursuit d'unification sociale, culturelle ou interreligieuse, d'autres démonstrations doivent avoir lieu.

Nous devons donc nous écarter et assister sans commentaire au spectacle, et constater la perte d'une illusion : notre relation avec Kireet n'est pas aussi fondée que nous l'avions cru.

Nous nous retrouvons, une fois de plus, isolés.

Note : J'ai cessé de tenir un journal peu de temps après mon retour de Mumbai.

Les affaires de Matrimandir étaient de plus en plus absorbantes, et complexes.

J'étais depuis des années déjà en désaccord assez profond avec le reste de l'équipe de coordination, et surtout avec Arjun, sur le principe sur lequel s'était édifié l'organisation de l'accès du public au Matrimandir. Cela toutefois ne nous empêchait pas d'être solidaires, et de tenter de servir ensemble la direction que nous ressentions comme la plus vraie et la plus intégrale pour la réalisation de l'aire du Matrimandir avec son parc et ses jardins.

Et je poursuivais mes efforts pour établir dans Auroville une compréhension active et pratique de notre situation dans le monde et du service que nous avons non seulement l'opportunité mais le devoir d'y accomplir, à travers l'afflux croissant de visiteurs.

J'avais l'espoir qu'il serait bientôt possible de favoriser un concours d'énergies tel que nous pourrions établir une base physique d'accueil et de réception et d'interaction à une autre échelle, un autre palier d'action.

Avec quelques autres Auroviliens qui avaient à cœur de réaliser une infrastructure pratique plus dynamique et mieux adaptée à la situation, nous nous rencontrions régulièrement et cherchions ensemble à identifier des sources de soutien financier qui permettraient de réaliser bientôt ce que nous envisagions.

Nous pensions pouvoir compter sur la compréhension du Chairman, Kireet Joshi, qui avait à plusieurs reprises commenté ouvertement sur l'extraordinaire opportunité qui se présentait à nous de servir la diffusion de l'œuvre de Mère et Sri Aurobindo.

J'avais alors préparé deux textes, l'un une description de la situation et des besoins, qui pourrait être communiqué à toute personne intéressée, et l'autre qui serait formellement communiqué par le FAMC aux membres du Governing Board, qui devait se réunir à Auroville prochainement.

***On the upgrading of the Visitors Reception facilities in Auroville and Pondichéry, May 27, 2001:**

"Auroville is 33 years old.

By virtue of its uniqueness and through the diversity of its ventures and the variegated physical expression of its efforts, its material site is increasingly known.

However, Auroville's aims are not widely understood yet.

In this epoch of consumerism, it is Auroville's most striking feature – the Matrimandir – and characteristic – an international community – that attract the larger public. And the majority of those who reach Auroville presently do so on the strength of one of two main assumptions: that either Auroville is a tourism spot or a new spiritual/religious centre.

As things now stand, little is being done and little happens during the daily visit of these hundreds and sometimes thousands of people for them to review and correct these assumptions; so that, in effect, these assumptions snowball and gradually acquire a kind of validity.

We constantly seek understanding, help, financial support, technological assistance, official protection.

And wherever we address our requests, we endeavour to explain the aims and ideals of Auroville and to present an image of Auroville likely to raise sufficient interest and to elicit a positive and substantial response.

Yet, every day of the year, many hundreds of people from all walks of life and all classes of society reach Auroville and, reaching it, have some expectations; what do we do for them, how do we cultivate their understanding, speak to the goodwill in them, to the sense of the ideal, to the very essential dream lodged within every human being?

It is true that there are not many of us yet to live and work for Auroville, and tasks are so numerous and impressive, and obstacles and contradictions so persistent, that the odds against the likelihood of our catching up both with our sadhana and with the tide of public intrusion at one and the same time appear sometimes overwhelming.

And it is also true that none of this is for ourselves as individuals, nor for personal gains of any sort or nature; indeed we do need support, understanding and participation from all over the world if this experiment is going to make real sense to humanity as a whole.

So this is a call, directed both inside and outside the physical Auroville, to invest work, efforts and finances in this extremely important and sensitive area of interface between Auroville and the general public.

Inside Auroville: a call and invitation to all Auroville units, whether commercial or educational and research units, to contribute to the enlivening, animation and meaningfulness of the Visitors Centre, by putting up stands and meeting the public and representing the diversity of interests, focuses and explorations wherein Auroville's strivings for a new life and a new consciousness apply themselves.

A call and invitation for the collective services of Auroville to collaborate in making the Visitors Centre the living space Auroville needs to interact with the public.

Outside Auroville: a call and invitation to all Auroville's friends and well wishers, individuals and organisations, to help fund the upgrading of Auroville's Visitors Reception facilities in a significant way, so that the message of Auroville and its universal import may effectively and actually reach more and more people.

In order to illustrate and delineate the efforts with which this call is concerned, we present here the main elements of the proposed project of upgrading the Visitors Centre on the one hand, and the access facilities to the Matrimandir on the other hand.

A third part outlines a proposal for a framework conducive to a more harmonious and effective co-development with those neighbouring villages that are directly affected by the increasing flow of visitors to Auroville.

.Part I: Upgrading of the Visitors Centre.

- A- An additional covered space of about 400m² to hold exhibitions, educational stands, further sales of Auroville products and a large video room which can serve up to 200 people at a time.
- B- Setting up of covered areas on the main roof and terraces of the building to allow for art exhibitions and cafeteria facilities.
- C- An additional block for toilets facilities.
- D- A small, contained children playground.
- E- A "Theme Park" which will demonstrate, besides simple ecological measures and practices, various techniques for waste water treatment, alternative building approaches, new architectural concepts, alternative energy devices. This "Theme Park" is to be combined with a "Discovery Walk" which will lead one to plots where alternative agricultural methods are also demonstrated and medicinal plants are cultivated, down to an existing canyon where methods of water conservation are made explicit.
- F- A well appointed and contained picnic area, with welcoming shady spots and supply points of clean, filtered water.
- G- A remodelling of the road into Auroville, so that the Visitors Centre is marked with a more substantial character of entranceway.
- H- Setting up of a proper Visitors Reception and Information Office in Pondichéry. This is presented here as part of the upgrading of the Visitors Centre itself as its creation will fulfil one of the main conditions for its adequate functioning. This Office in Pondichéry will connect visitors to all facilities in Auroville such as Guest Houses and training centres, and will provide a wide range of materials on all aspects of Auroville's research. It will also establish clear agreements with selected tour operators for the transportation of interested visitors to Auroville, so as to regulate the traffic of tourism vehicles in the Auroville area.

.Part II: Access Facilities to the Matrimandir.

The Matrimandir is at present the major focus of public interest.

This fact tends to create misleading impressions in the public awareness both of the Matrimandir itself and of Auroville as an integral proposition.

A number of factors contribute to the near exclusivity of this focus.

One of them is that the International Zone, which would obviously draw the interest of most visitors, is not yet built, except for the Bharat Nivas, the Pavilion of India – which has not only remain uncompleted for many years but has also been extensively used for collective services and administration.

Another factor is the profit motivation driving the majority of agencies that form the tourism industry, intent as they are on providing their customers with products rather than with more participatory experiences; a quick visit to a golden globe in South India, as one of the two most striking modern temples in the country (the other being the Ba'hai temple in Delhi), is easy to sell.

Still another factor is the very physical configuration of Auroville, spread as it is over a large area which appears as mostly green and uninhabited to the casual visitor, who meets of Auroville nothing but a stretch of shaded road between the Visitors Centre and the Matrimandir.

But the most determining factor is precisely our collective state of unreadiness in meeting and receiving the public and presenting it with a vision and a living atmosphere filled with purpose.

The Matrimandir needs to be situated, in the public awareness, as the spiritual and physical centre of a rich and intense collective search – instead of being so widely perceived as a costly monument or a religious centre of some kind of international movement.

For this to happen, people must be provided with the necessary elements of understanding.

The approach to the Matrimandir must be gradual and meaningful and the physical, human and spiritual context in which it stands must be made tangible.

So that, when visitors eventually reach the entrance to the Matrimandir area, they have already experienced a difference – a difference in quality, a difference in outlook, a difference in atmosphere -, and are, in their respective individual capacities, as receptive as possible to the contact of the Matrimandir.

At present the regulations and facilities are both cumbersome and rudimentary. Apart from the lack of proper transportation and proper buildings, the fact that the entire physical area is not yet consolidated, sections of it still belonging to private land owners and the internal roads being still temporary public roads, considerably complicates the organisational requirements that must be met in order to have a fairly quiet and disciplined movement to and fro of the many hundreds of visitors on any day.

The following is a summary of the main features that must become manifest on a permanent basis for the reception of all visitors to the Matrimandir – including the Auroville residents.

- A- We have already mentioned that for visitors from the general public, the main transportation will have to be organised from the Visitors Reception Office in Pondichéry to the Visitors Centre in Auroville. As for the transportation from the Visitors Centre to the Matrimandir and back, which is presently chaotic, polluting and rather dangerous, the only practical, clean and efficient system is a small electric railway. This railway system would run throughout the day, every half hour; during the special visiting hour it would

run every 5 minutes. It would have a double lane and each train would have a seating capacity for 100 people.

- B- At the entrance to the "Peace Area", at the western end of the Matrimandir Outer Gardens, or Park, a transit area is to be designed beyond which only maintenance vehicles will be allowed. This transit area will contain a circular drive from which will stem the western path to the Matrimandir.
- C- At the beginning of this path and on either side of it, two buildings of equal size and matching design will serve to receive both the casual visitors and all those individuals, Auroville residents and others, who wish to enter for the purpose of concentration. Both buildings will duplicate facilities such as toilets and baths and resting lounges, storage and locker rooms, libraries and exhibition spaces.

Past these buildings, the western path will shortly become a bridge over the water body that is to separate the Outer from the Inner Gardens, and only those who have permission to either concentrate in the Inner Chamber, or to view the Matrimandir at the special visiting hour, will be allowed to pass.

Other casual visitors will be guided into the Outer Gardens from which they will be able to view the Matrimandir and its Inner Gardens area across the water.

Those individuals who will be allowed in to concentrate will be free to move within the Inner Gardens area, to meditate in any one of the 12 Petals rooms, to remain in one or another of the Gardens, or to ascend directly into the Inner Chamber: the entire inner area will be kept silent.

.Part III: Co-development with Edayachavadi and Kuillapalayam villages.

Those two villages are located within the Auroville general area, along the main public access roads: Kuillapalayam on the South Eastern side, near to the East Coast Road, and Edayachavadi on the Western side, on the way to the main Tindivanam Pondichéry Road. Between them they share the effects of the entire public traffic to and from Auroville.

The public roads traversing both villages are too narrow and very poorly maintained; besides, they are really the main streets and ought not to be used for heavy traffic, as they cannot be widened without having to demolish many houses and relocating their inhabitants.

Nonetheless, despite these inconveniences to their collective life, a number of villagers have taken the initiative, in the recent years, to draw some advantage of the situation, and have built up several shops and stalls along the way. The profits are such that even some outsiders have now brought in investments and business schemes to exploit this new opportunity.

The price of land in those areas has boomed and the profits of all the speculation are not always, are in fact seldom used for the improvement of the villagers' lives.

So that, on the whole, those beginnings of an apparent prosperity are less than healthy, in terms of a balanced and harmonious development for the actual residents of these two villages.

High priority status must be given to a concerted effort to reorient these developments for the good of these villages as well as for the good of Auroville.

The following is a summary of the proposed steps to be taken in collaboration with the village, panchayat and State authorities.

- A- To prepare a detailed Land Use Plan for those two areas, marking out sports and playground facilities, hostels, agricultural and orchard sections,

commerce, collective facilities, whether the lands belong to individual land-owners, to panchayat, to temple authorities or to the Auroville Foundation.

- B- To formally agree with representatives of all these authorities on the location of proper by-pass roads and to design the commercial areas accordingly.
- C- To establish a budget and identify funding sources, and to ascertain the commitments.
- D- To set up a monitoring and coordinating organ with representatives of all the parties concerned, with the mandate of faithfully serving the development lines agreed upon, and being accountable for all expenditures and transactions.

We hope this document will inspire all those who care for the present and future impact of Auroville to collaborate in the realisation of the objectives we have underlined, and thus to help ensure that Auroville will best fulfil its dharma. "

***On Auroville's relationship with the public – From the FAMC to the Chairman and Members of the Governing Board of the Auroville Foundation – May 2001:**

"Dear respected friends,

We would very much appreciate to be given some of your precious time in Auroville so as to draw your attention on an area of utmost importance, which has yet so far been quite neglected, the area of Auroville's interface with the public and particularly with these members of the public who are attracted to visit Auroville in increasing numbers.

The FAMC has recently been solicited to form a special sub-group to assess the potentials and existing conditions of this area of Auroville's life, in terms of material facilities as well as in terms of human resources, policies and orientations.

In its report to the FAMC this sub-group has emphasised the need for the Governing Board to be appraised of the current situation, and has recommended that the FAMC should seek the Governing Board's full-hearted support and endorsement for the active conversion of this apparently burdensome problem into the very wonderful opportunity that it truly is.

For this is a given chance for Auroville to share not only a more concrete sense of its ideals and evolutionary aims, but to help spread the conscious significance and import of the Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's work, of which Auroville is a part.

Many thousands of individuals visit Auroville in any week of the year, and it is largely up to all of us to make of the impact this visit has on each of them a meaningful and truly useful one, the consequences of which cannot be measured.

We are requesting you to read through the attached documents and to consider with special attention the following points:

- 1- Although it is generally agreed in Auroville that the Visitors Centre and the Visitors Service ought to be able to become financially self-supporting in the physical context of the existing facilities, it is also clear to everyone that these facilities are woefully insufficient and inadequate.

The option to charge visitors for entry into Auroville is not one that could ever be consistent with either the *raison d'être* or the aims of Auroville.

Therefore, as for every area of its physical development, Auroville must rely to a very large extent on the flow of energies directed to it by those individuals and organisations most responsive and most supportive of its evolutionary tasks.

We would ask the members of the Governing Board, along with the members of the International Advisory Council, to help us seek the most appropriate sources of funding.

2- Shri Kireet Joshi, our dear Chairman, has had in the past two years several occasions to address this issue of Auroville's interface with the public, and has done so in very inspiring terms, with a clear focus on the educational opportunity this interface provides.

We would request the members of the Governing Board to consider the appropriateness of integrating this area of concern within the larger scheme of CIRRHU so that it may receive part-funding not merely for the creation of further physical facilities but also for the creation of informational and educational materials and processes.

3- The growing influx of visitors to Auroville has vivid and telling repercussions on the life and welfare of the neighbouring villages.

In the absence of a conscious and positive coordination effort on Auroville's part, this process is already resulting in an increase of disharmony, materially as well as psychologically, both in Auroville and in these villages.

We would like the members and Chairman of the Governing Board to endorse the necessity for a concerted effort to define the most appropriate terms of a harmonious co-development with those villages, in collaboration with the villagers themselves and with all relevant and concerned authorities, and to assist Auroville in whatever possible ways in creating this desirable environment for the welfare of all.

To begin with, we would recommend the formation of a balanced team commissioned to present a feasibility study on the main critical aspects of this co-development: by-passes roads, definition of commercial and recreational sites and formulation of land uses in the concerned areas.

Finally we would greatly welcome any advice and suggestion the Governing Board members may wish to share with us.

With our thanks, at the service of Truth."

Note: While the Chairman and all the other members of the Governing Board were appointed for a maximum period of 4 years, Roger A had somehow become the only permanent member.

And now, with the insurance and stated guarantee of the Chairman, Kireet Joshi's unconditional support – and that meant not only psychological but political and legal support –, Roger A's position was considerably reinforced.

For the first time in the history of Auroville, he seemed to have the means to establish some sort of supremacy over the affairs of the Matrimandir in particular, and at least the main lines of the physical and architectural development of Auroville, in general.

With the Chairman's proactive assistance, and the enlisting of old associates well-versed in "social engineering", Roger A's declared role as the "Chief Architect of Auroville" was given an aura of spiritual respectability.

Roger A did not want to waste more time: he would now be having his way.

Following the time-honoured dictum that "offence is the best form of defence", he and his group began an active campaign of belittling, ridiculing, brow beating, steam-rolling, and bulldozing our team and particularly Arjun and myself. Slander and calumny became an acceptable practice.

But we were always late in realising our isolation.

In preparation for the official meeting of the Governing Board on the 15th of September, we had submitted, as usual, our detailed work report.

After the meeting had taken place, we received a formal letter from the Secretary, on behalf of the Governing Board, along with a copy of the report which had been submitted by Roger A himself.

This was no less than an open and official declaration of intent: we would be crushed out of existence, unless we complied and went down on our knees.

I reproduce both those letters here, as it gives the tone of the period that followed, up until our legalised ousting in October, 2003.

***From the Secretary, N. Bala Baskar, to the MMCG, 18-9-2001:**

"Dear Members of the MMCG,

The Governing Board acknowledges the receipt of the progress report on Matrimandir sent by you.

The Governing Board received another report from Shri Roger A, Chief Architect of Auroville, raising certain issues regarding progress of work in Matrimandir.

The Governing Board considered the reports and decided that the report from Roger A be sent to you (MMCG) for acquainting you with the views expressed in the report. It was also decided that the MMCG report as well as the report from Shri Roger A be sent also to the Working Committee of the Residents Assembly, so that the same could be considered by the Residents Assembly as expeditiously as possible.

Accordingly, I am forwarding herewith a copy of the report from Shri Roger A presented to the Governing Board at its meeting on 15th September 2001.

With regards, yours sincerely,

N. Bala Baskar."

Note: With this letter, it became clear that, between them, the Chairman and the "Chief Architect" had become sure that they now could "handle" the community and capitalise on various forms of discontent and rumours to rally the vocal majority to their views

***Roger A's report to the Governing Board, on 15-9-2001:**

(Note: The report is headed by two quotes, of messages issued by the Mother.)

"The Matrimandir wants to be the symbol of the Divine's answer to man's aspiration for perfection."

"The Matrimandir will be the soul of Auroville. The sooner the soul is there, the better it will be for everybody, especially for the Aurovilians."

"To the Members of the Governing Board, Auroville Foundation.

In answer to the letter of Mr. Bala Baskar dt. 23-3-01 conveying Dr. Subash Kashyap request of a progress report on Matrimandir, I regret to say that there has been hardly any progress at Matrimandir except regarding the gilding work.

In view of this situation, I am obliged to propose measures to restart the work – measures which I have held back from proposing for many years – in the hope that the harmonious atmosphere of past years would re-establish itself, bringing forth the joy and understanding essential for the Matrimandir's realisation.

The present situation with regard to the construction work has become so difficult and incoherent, that it has resulted in a complete demotivation and withdrawal of the majority of the Aurovilians once committed to Matrimandir. They now refuse to work in the confusion and spirit currently prevailing there.

Also, the presence on the site of 250 poorly supervised workers, resulting in unjustified expenses, is cause for concern.

The intention of this letter is not to accuse anyone, but to try to ensure the raison d'être of Matrimandir and its role as envisaged by Mother, by allowing the work to be restarted and also in trying to understand how the Matrimandir coordination team has voluntarily isolated itself in order to keep control and an unshared power of decision, attributing itself a decision making role in all the technical aspects, that is, concerning the construction, the decoration and the fitting out of the Matrimandir for which they have neither the competence nor the qualifications.

In fact, these two aspects – isolation and making decisions – have become so important and justifiable to their eyes that it has resulted in years of delay in Matrimandir's completion, whilst awaiting and hoping for hypothetical changes in architectural designs, setting in motion consequential irresponsible delays.

In order to improve the present situation we propose that construction work of Matrimandir be coordinated with specific responsibilities for the following areas.

- 01- Marble work
- 02- Masonry
- 03- Electricity and energy
- 04- Air conditioning and ventilation
- 05- Inner skin and discs
- 06- Landscaping and garden
- 07- Metal works
- 08- Workshop
- 09- Water

- 10- Ramps
- 11- Meditation rooms
- 12- Coordination of design planning and construction
- 13- Others...

Each of the above area will be under the charge of the responsible person who is a technical expert in that field. He will be assisted by a team of volunteers, consultants and workers.

In addition, the collective work of Matrimandir will be promoted by a team consisting of all those who are responsible for the above areas through the method of mutual consultation and by holding coordination meetings as and when necessary.

This proposal it is written with the hope to give a new "élan", a new move forward towards the realisation of Matrimandir and to open the unfolding of new energies so that Matrimandir "will be as soon as possible" as Mother wanted.

Roger Anger."

Note: I had subsequently drafted a response to Roger A's. I don't now remember whether it was actually communicated; perhaps I was prevented from publishing it by the team!

***In response to Roger A's "report" to the Governing Board.**

"In our view and experience over many years at Matrimandir, not only as members of the MMCG but as workers, what is at issue is an approach towards relationships in the work of building the Matrimandir and its environment.

Roger A has stated repeatedly that he expects us to be subordinates and to regard his decisions as ultimate.

But this is unacceptable to us, for the following reasons:

- 1- Auroville's adventure is a collective as well as an individual one, and one can assume authority over other Aurovilians only as a natural result of one's proven ability to harmonise and lead rightly.
- 2- Roger A has been absent from the Matrimandir work for nearly 15 years, and is nowadays only present for two periods of the year.
- 3- Roger A had taken in the past a number of decisions on designs and technical 'solutions' which have proven to fail entirely, and yet he has taken no responsibility for any of it, blaming it all on others.
- 4- Roger A has been unable, from the very beginning, to offer a basis for real collaboration – either with Piero who has been the main instrument for the manifestation of the entire body of the Matrimandir, or with Paolo, whom the Mother expressly wanted to be fully involved in the realisation of Her dream.
- 5- The designs for the details of the finishing, as well as the main design of the discs, are actually not Roger A's, but the results of a combination of influences, including M.Ferrari, Jacqueline, Anand, etc, and we have found it increasingly difficult over the last several years to meet with Roger A himself, free from a certain sycophancy and self-interested groupism.

- 6- We have found too large a discrepancy between Roger A's statements regarding what the Mother may have told him, which was not recorded, and the existing records of Her words and conversations on the subject of Matrimandir and particularly its Gardens.
- 7- We have found Roger A's attitude towards Paolo, whom he invited two years ago to work on the Gardens concept – invitation which let us hope for a while that a collaboration could still take place at Her service and in dedication to Her dream -, was unworthy of a man in his position.
- 8- We cannot but question the ethical validity of Roger A, an interested party and the cause of continued disharmony in Auroville, having accepted an appointment as a member of the Governing Board, and of the subsequent misuses he has made of this legal context.

As for the work situation presently prevailing at Matrimandir, we shall always be happy to describe it in detail to whoever is interested and in any Auroville forum.

Lastly, in his 'report' to the Governing Board, Roger A lists areas of responsibility; it so happens that this is precisely the list we have been working with all these years, with only one item having remained constantly problematic – the No 12!"

Note: We were thrown once more into the arena.

There followed a new series of general meetings and Residents Assemblies.

The old and proven practice of beginning with just a tiny lie, or an innocuous misrepresentation, and weaving a pattern from insinuations and leading remarks, while letting unchecked the wildest rumours and allegations, until it all becomes a sort of true picture, consolidated by all available frustrations and various resentments and jealousies and the vying for position and status, was flourishing among us all. It is a telling symptom of our general condition as human social animals – in this, the Kali Yug - that the lie uttered in slander and gossip acquires a reality that is more enduring than the actual truth of the matter, and in the society of Auroville as it has so far developed, character assassination as a method of warfare has yielded very profitable results.

An attempt was made at forming a "neutral and objective" body of Aurovilians who would have as their mandate to look into all the controversies related to Matrimandir – the matter of the Matrimandir's environment as gardens and park versus designed setting for a monument, essentially; but also matters of decorative elements in and around the sphere versus practical and safety requirements -, and to get back to the "community" with their observations, assessments and recommendations.

However, various factors coalesced to heavily influence the direction this exercise was moving, not the least of which was the Chairman's moral sway over a fairly large group of Aurovilians and his "sharing" of a "spiritual experience" he'd recently had, right after undergoing heart surgery in Delhi, in which he'd been "told" to "follow Roger".

Another decisive factor was certainly, on our part as a team and as individuals, a kind of persisting pride and intolerance, which further alienated us.

Yet, through and despite of it all, we also experienced a very interesting deepening and strengthening of our comprehension and perception of what the Matrimandir and its Gardens were meant to convey, to channel and to realise in Matter.

In this regard, Paolo T's participation and whole hearted dedication to the depth and substance of this dream of the Mother's, as he painstakingly and against all odds worked on a full detailed study and proposal for the realisation of the Matrimandir's Gardens and Park, and delivered an extremely moving and beautiful presentation of it, was invaluable.

And even though, as of today, in 2005, it is still wilfully ignored or dismissed by the new establishment, its quality and profundity remain unaltered, and are bound to find recognition, sooner or later.

Deepti's participation was equally fulfilling as, during this same period of about 3 years, from 1999 to 2003, she undertook, alongside our team, to bring out a dozen of thoroughly researched and wonderfully articulated issues of what we had called "the Matrimandir Journal", exploring, through the Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's writings, the import and significance of the symbol that the Matrimandir and its area, the Peace area, were to materialise, in terms of a more conscious future for humanity.

I have not kept any documents or records of the rest of the year 2001.

- 2002 -

Note: Huta had early on, more than a year before, announced her coming publication of a revised edition of her early book "The Spirit of Auroville", in which she had recounted every thing the Mother had said or written to her regarding Auroville: in this new edition, she had claimed that she would bring out "everything", hinting that there would be utmost clarity as to what the Mother had wanted to be materialised at Matrimandir.

Naturally we had fairly high expectations; we hoped that these new records would help clearing the controversy and make it at last unavoidable for Roger A to accept a real dialogue and an actual collaboration in seeking to manifest what the Mother had really wished for.

Huta's new book came out at the beginning of 2002.

It did contain several new indications that enriched the picture one could form of these gardens and surroundings the Mother had talked to Huta about.

But it also proved further that Huta had not actually tape-recorded the Mother's words; nor had she checked her transcripts with the Mother. And in a couple of instances, the discrepancies between the first and the second edition threw more confusion than light, if one was bent on proving one's point literally rather than trying to imbibe the spirit of it all. And, alas, this was not a time to be "spiritual" and to go by the inner understanding of things: this was a time of sparring and arguing and being legalistic and serving the powers that be.

It became apparent too that Huta had actually but little practical understanding of the physical, actual reality at and around Matrimandir.

Her book, which nonetheless brought out priceless gems of the Mother's touch and presence, could thus be largely ignored in Auroville, and the spirit of the vision which it illustrated so richly was superseded by the peremptory and absolute claims made by Roger A and his group, such as that he was, in the Mother's own words, "the man of the project", and he "knew best".

Our team had officially ceased to exist, although we continued to function together on the site and to fulfil our daily responsibilities, albeit in a severely handicapped fashion.

At the end of March, 2002, I took one of my reckless plunges and made a lonely foray into the "collective mind", in the form of an open letter to all.

***Open letter to all, March 31, 2002:**

"Please everybody, bear with me; I undertake to give you fairly good reading.

Why do I write now, so late in the day? I can see two different reasons.

One is that "my team", the MMCG, is no more officially accountable for any of its members' actions, and therefore I am freed of that consideration.

And another is that a last ditch attempt is being made at neutralising a certain number of voices, of people, who constitute a persisting obstacle to the realisation of a "Chief Architect"'s concept of the Matrimandir.

The members of the ad hoc Matrimandir Design Study Group, whose mandate was to assess and study the pending questions, problems, issues of design for the completion of the Matrimandir and the Peace Area, and then make a presentation as impartial as possible to the community of their findings and their conclusions, instead of fulfilling this mandate, have taken it upon themselves, in cahoots with some of the members of the newly elected Interim Working Committee, to recommend the urgent formation of a "new" Management Team with full decision powers – with the understanding that none of us of course would be part of it.

I am perhaps conservative in that I firmly believe that the means one uses to achieve one's goals are even more important than the goals themselves, in the sense that the means are used in the present and one becomes what they manifest.

In other words, I believe that the means one uses must be inspired by the goals one dedicates oneself to. The higher and deeper and vaster the goals, the more demanding they are of that quality of integrity in the means that are chosen.

If and when one uses means that are low, cheap, calculating, conniving, manoeuvring, which involve untruths, calumnies, campaigning, then what these means reveal is the actual nature of one's goals, regardless of what the professed goals are.

I shall come back to this, with examples that are proven and documented.

I have several times been told that I was being perceived by the "chief architect" and his entourage as one of the main, if not the main, causes of conflict and stalemate at Matrimandir.

The present Chairman himself, upon his last departure from Auroville, has felt it indispensable to tell me personally that, although he himself wholly embraced me and was committed to a "no exclusion" course, one of the main aspects of the problem at Matrimandir was the relationship between the "chief architect" and me.

But here lies the very essence of the trap that is trying to engulf much more than a few of us, and my purpose in writing this letter to all is to show how this is indeed a trap, and a covering up of the real issues.

I am referring here to the age-old trick of masking the issues of choice and direction by focussing everyone's attention onto exaggerated personal portraits, aiding oneself with "interesting" rumours and the universal taste for gossip.

I am not "against" the "chief architect".

There have been periods of time when it was possible for me to relate happily to him – for he is a very likeable person.

I am only opposed to his claims and concepts, and have been so for a long time, insofar as they exclude the many indications the Mother herself has given of Her own Wish and Her own Dream.

And that is all.
There is nothing else.

These indications of Hers do not concern only the terms of the physical environment and atmosphere and approach She has described for the Matrimandir, but also the very terms of the relationships She has wanted to see established in Auroville, and particularly around the Matrimandir.

All of these, whether on the material plane or on the psychological plane, point to the need for complementarity, integrality, collaboration, pre-empting any attempt at absolute authority, at exclusivism, at personal ambition.

Yet we have now a situation wherein the conflict between the integral approach of the Mother's dream – with a secluded parkland, solitary and silent, at its centre – and the exclusive approach of the "Chief Architect"'s concept is edging onto the material plane.

The "Town Hall Annex" is nearing completion: trees have been felled overnight so as to provide an uninterrupted view of the gilded Matrimandir, gilded and resplendent out of its twelve red petals, but naked of its environment, its atmosphere, its isolation which the Mother had wished.

No more park, no more isolating zone, no more gardens, but a direct, unimpeded, forceful entry of the city into the space of its soul.

It is of interest to note, in this regard, that the first building element that the "chief architect" has elected to have materialised is to house together the Central Financial organ, the Central Urban Planning organ and the central Organisational organ of Auroville: the nexus of authority-power-control.

There are implications to these steps that have been and are being taken by the "chief architect" and his followers, which ought to be seriously debated among us all, considering that our collectivity is a grouping of individuals who have freely chosen to come together for a new and true adventure of consciousness – and not to be mere followers.

Unfortunately, what is mostly debated is not the real issue.

The real issue is whether the Mother, who has founded Auroville and inwardly called each of us here, knew best what kind of environment the soul of the experiment ought to have, or if this knowledge of Hers was just as temporal and relative as the "Chief Architect"'s knowledge or any one of us' understanding of the role of the soul.

What is mostly debated instead is whether or not the (in)famous five of us, or more specifically Arjun and myself (we have shared the dubious privilege of being targeted over the years) are indeed adverse forces or not and how to get rid of us or make us run for cover.

And here I come back to the question of the means being used, with some examples.

- Misuse of status and function.

The "chief architect" has somehow – I do not know how exactly – been an active member of the Governing Board for several years, been in fact the only individual to have sat on at least 3 successive Governing Boards, under 3 successive Chairmen.

From this august position he has had no qualms in pressing for the implementation of his own agenda and his personal vendetta. Under a previous Chairman he had tried to have Arjun removed. Under this Chairman he has tried to have me removed.

He has also thus been able to hijack a collective process of defining a much needed Land Use Master Plan for the entire area, in order to have a full fledged City Master Plan legalised.

- Calumny.

My personal itinerary has provided me with first-hand experience. I suppose I am partly to blame, being rather asocial and therefore little inclined to belabour at projecting a popular image of my little self. But here is a fine example: some months ago, when the "chief architect" saw that I was not being lynched or excommunicated as fast as planned, he declared, in order to further prove the darkness of my nature, that my name had not actually been given to me by the Mother, but taken by me alone. This, I felt, was the height of calumny, for it implied that my entire relationship with the Mother was based on a falsehood. A few people whom I respect, another member of the Governing Board among them, asked me whether I could prove that indeed the Mother has given me the name "Divakar"; I could and I did; and the relevant documents now rest in the Auroville Archives, under Krishna's care (which is fitting).

- Building up one's foe.

It is often said by the "chief architect" and his entourage that I have the ambition to compete with him and to replace his designs with mine. One instance is often cited, of the entranceways to the central stairwell of the Matrimandir, for which I am supposed to be pushing for my own design.

But I do not have designs.

The facts are quite different: the "chief architect" himself had earlier, aware of practical objections raised by many to his latest design, invited for mock-ups of alternatives to be presented to him. Following this, Walter and myself made a mock-up of the "Chief Architect"'s own earliest design, which allowed for a wider opening and was free of jutting corners and angles, while basically expressing the same movement and spirit. This was done to remind him of his own original idea, which we found more practical than the present one.

In today' Auroville, where expertise, diplomas, "professional" stamps, and any kind of certificate are again the rage, where a horde of architects compete for a few acres of land on which to leave their signature, if one has been thoughtless enough to come to the Mother without such diplomas to brag about, and to endeavour to learn directly from Her and from Her Matrimandir, one is either considered worthless or an engine of bad will.

But I have been under the growing impression that, provided one remained focussed in matter while simultaneously aspiring for the growth of the true consciousness, in receptivity to her, one would eventually be enabled to face any task at hand with a creative inspiration, within a team of living souls, each

cooperating and collaborating towards a comprehensive, ever more complete realisation.

Which brings me to the question of inspiration.

I don't see how anybody could object to the fact of the Mother's appointment of a particular architect for Her city.

An architect is necessary. An architect is an architect; he is also a human being, and perhaps a sadhak.

This appointment does not constitute a fiat on the whole of the experiment, it does not make the architect a leader or a king or a divine messenger. It is simply the allotment of a task to one of Her children. And "come what may"!

For there are all the other necessary tasks and instruments, too.

When the Mother wanted, in January 1970, to have the plans drawn of Her direct vision of the Inner Room of the Matrimandir, She specifically did not want an architect to do it; She asked for an engineer to provide Her with an exact rendition of Her detailed vision.

In this matter She did not want anyone to tamper with Her direct "inspiration", of which She guaranteed the source.

For many years, as we were building the structure of the Matrimandir and then of its Inner Room, there was constantly, and despite all the difficulties, a sense of evidence and timelessness.

To my experience, this sense is the expression of a sanction, of the highest sanction.

This sense has gradually got covered, obscured, as we moved in to the completion phase and, in the absence of clear plans and technical solutions, our many little minds and preferences entered into the fray.

This became acute in 1987, when the triangular beam-structure got completed, and no one really knew how to go about the outer completion of the sphere. This was when the "chief architect" returned to Auroville, after about 10 years of absence; this was also when his concept, modified here and there, of the gilded discs on the sphere and the petals around it, was voted with a count of raised hands in a large and long community meeting – without the slightest idea of how to execute it.

I have worked closely with the "chief architect" after his return to Auroville in the late 80's, during his twice-yearly stays, mostly over the Petals – where to locate the rooms, which shape to give them, how to provide practical access, how to structure the main volumes – and later over a number of details in and around the sphere. I have never found him to be particularly inspired, not any more than any one of us. Rather, I found him easily influenced, to the extent that he would change his designs innumerable times as long as the inspiration came through "his people".

And I came to the conclusion that what was and still is most important to him is the matter of authority: he demands to have the final say, with the proviso that he, and only he, can change it.

Thus, like a small king who welcomes bad advice from his courtiers and refuses or ignores good advice from those over whom he holds no sway, we have a "chief architect" who is addicted to authority for its own sake. A psychological context that is far from conducive to an effective collaboration of the energies available, wherein, if you are not "for", you must be "against".

It seems to me that the highest source of inspiration lies in the Mother alone, and that we are in dire need, at all levels and in all directions, of this sense of evidence and timelessness that can only be experienced when we are open to her and are moved by Her in Her ways.

The whole history of this present Auroville began with Her relating Her vision of a Park, sheltering Her Pavilion.

This, to me as to many others, is a central key to the vibrancy of that collective existence, the beginnings of which the Mother has sought to create here.

It cannot be dismissed as mere historical fact. She is ahead of us all, immeasurably. Her voice is not of the past; it is waiting.

And, just as in the late 70s those present at the Matrimandir came to the decision that the columns would be erected in the Inner Room, whether the "chief architect" agreed to it or not, simply because She had seen them, just in the same spirit of affirming Her dream and the Law of Her wish, I believe completely that it is time for us all to say: the Park and the Gardens of the Matrimandir will be created, simply because She has seen them.

And this must be done with the "Chief Architect"'s collaboration.

This is all I have to say for now – I do have a lot more to say on other aspects of the Matrimandir's "role", another time.

But I ask, please everybody, look at the real issues, reflect upon them; do not allow these farcical vendettas to continue in Auroville, do not allow, in the name of goodwill and harmony, the reduction of Her dream to another pitiful saga of power. There must be, there is, a way to stand FOR a deep, vast, sure, central vision, for its realisation in matter, that does not end in standing against whoever seeks to limit it.

At the service of Truth,

Divakar"

Note: This letter was posted on the internal Auroville net. The following week, it appeared in print in the Auroville News. Along with it, two other open letters also appeared: one by JYI and one by Luca; I enter both here, as they expressed complementary positions.

***"Matrimandir: what is at stake?" by Jean Yves:**

"A current opinion about the divergences and conflicts around Matrimandir is that it has no deep significance: it is only egos battling for supremacy.

This is a very lazy thought, if a thought at all; it is rather a way not to look at what is at stake.

For others, what is at stake is simple and obvious: the truth of a vision is prevented to manifest physically by the obstruction of the ignorance or the bad will of those who have taken responsibility on the site, and who are then credited with the

necessary role of the hostiles opposing the Divine. The very fact that these obstructive ones dare to argue against the inspired leaders is the very proof of their bad will.

Then it is not necessary to listen to their arguments, and still less necessary to make the effort of including them or answering to them: there is just nothing to be understood; there is only an unanswerable opposition to be eradicated in order to free the way of the divine manifestation.

But the idea that the Divine may manifest His law in this way and that this theocratic and intolerant pattern is the ideal one for Auroville, is precisely the problem.

What is really at stake is not any issue of design, which is of little importance after all, if we consider that the expression of Matrimandir will necessarily evolve through time; it is much more serious: it is the possibility for anyone to say "I am the divine will in action, surrender to me or you will be named hostile forces".

It gives an idea of what a "divine" anarchy may be if each one starts to wrap himself in the pride of his "divine" inspiration and tries to take over the decision power on that basis.

What is really at stake is the design of the Auroville community itself, in its progressive capacity to speak together and move together towards a common goal, whatever contradictions and conflicts we have to meet on the way, with the faith that a harmonising power will always keep all of us together.

For that, we have to refuse the intrusion of charismatic leaders asking for followers and splitting the community between the good ones and the bad ones.

The easy and simplistic certitudes of theocracy have to be left behind if we are to become adults and assume our collective responsibility before Auroville.

Not to take that step will stop us from growing and delay the emergence of a true collectivity.

Jean Yves."

***Open letter to the members of the Working Committee and of the Matrimandir Design Study Group, by Luca, 30-3-2002:**

« Dear WC, MDSG members,

We have received a copy of the letter dated 20-3-2002 from the MDSG to the WC regarding the recommendation from them to create "a Management team with decision making powers on all matters related to Matrimandir and the Peace Area". After having read it we all felt the necessity to communicate to you our disappointment regarding this final output of the work of the MDSG that definitely is going beyond their mandate with their final, ambiguous recommendations.

We would like to clarify and reiterate that none of the Matrimandir workers team has any feeling of refusal of the role of Roger Anger as architect, as we perceive in this letter, or that we feel belonging to any group in particular. In fact we all wish to solve the existing problems that are under discussion and work all together toward a harmonious accomplishment of this wish of Mother.

We believe that solutions to problems are never impossible to find if there is that goodwill that She wanted every Aurovilian to have. What we also felt not emerging from the MDSG report given to you is the very concept and most important cause of the actual difficulties.

As we have chosen to dedicate ourselves to the task of fulfilling Mother's will we always have expected this to be implemented and nothing else. We have all gone through Her recorded statements and we all agree that it is very clear that She wanted a "park" surrounding the Matrimandir with the plants She named with their spiritual qualities and trees. A perimeter protecting belt of tall trees in the outer gardens was also envisaged and already partially implemented in 280 selected trees not by us but by previous Aurovilians according to Her vision. These are indispensable elements of Her vision that cannot be ignored.

It is our belief that it is not only our responsibility but that of every Aurovilian to follow faithfully Her instructions.

It was our expectation from the work of the MDSG to inform the community that this original concept of a park has been arbitrarily changed into a different one. What we have been presented with now is a lawn of grass bare of any tree together with a legalised environmental disaster of a big water body facing coffee shops and town annex offices of the surrounding buildings as it can be seen already.

It is our common perception that the proposed "Management team" will only implement such an arbitrary change of concept guided by political means already active in the community. And a most important point is that any management group has to know the directions in which it is going before it can act. The major design decisions have to be made as the very first step in this process.

For the gardens, lake and park in particular, the Residents Assembly has to make an informed decision in which direction to follow and then only can any management team venture to organise a detail designing and finally the work execution.

Mother's will and vision were already clearly expressed for all to see; any architectural symbolic addition will only suppress the living message She wanted to express through living beings, the plants and their flowers She was in contact with. All these last months it was not an opposition that the Matrimandir group wants to express but a will of obedience to Her will and Her living spiritual message to all of us.

We therefore conclude that only an effort to implement this very point will bring harmoniously all of us to the final moments of truth and accomplishment of Her Matrimandir.

Luca"

Note: Another member of our now officially defunct but still operating team, Walter, in the same week also posted his own open letter in the internal Auroville Net. Walter had come to Auroville in the late 80s, about the time when Roger A had returned, and he had first worked, as a landscape engineer, directly under Roger A, to redefine and eventually confirm the general layout of the gardens, water body and park surrounding Matrimandir, layout which had served as our physical basis of implementation from 1972 to the present day.

***"What is it that the Soul of Auroville wants?" Open letter from Walter W, 3-4-2002:**

"Auroville started with the Mother's vision of the central point as a park, in which She saw the 'Pavilion of Love', which later changed to the 'Pavilion of the Mother', the true Mother, the principle of the Mother. She describes this park, which She had seen repeatedly since She was a little girl, as '... perhaps the most beautiful thing in the world with regard to physical, material Nature...', '... in Japanese style...', '... all around, there is a circular road that separates the park from the rest of the city...', '... also there must be a silent zone...', '... there should be no noise of any kind...', '... the Park of Unity must be surrounded by a kind of isolating zone so that it is solitary and silent...', '... I should like the whole area to be called Peace...', '... the gardens are as important as the Matrimandir itself...'.

This concept of a lake followed by a park surrounding the Matrimandir Oval has been the basis of all the work since 1973 in the Matrimandir "Peace Area". Until in 1999 the architect of Auroville accepted as the new city centre the vision of a German water engineer and an Austrian landscape architect, to build a huge lake around the Matrimandir Oval. Thus he eliminated the whole park area with its app. 300 consciously planted trees, the isolating zone, which works as a protection of the Matrimandir and its Oval and as the indispensable background for the 12 Inner Gardens. Since the 21st February 2002 we can see and feel what the architect's city concept of interaction between the city and the soul means, since he cut trees in the Matrimandir Park area overnight and destroyed forcefully the protective environment, ignoring former agreements with the people working at Matrimandir, in order to allow the full view of Matrimandir from the "Town Hall Annex".

The Soul of Auroville, the Matrimandir, is used by the body, by the city, in the architect's concept and all the "modern urban concepts" that come with it, which he imposes on the Soul and the Peace Area. Nobody asks the Soul what it needs. A few try to find that out from what is recorded from the Mother. The desire-soul grabs and wants from the Soul, what it is not willing to develop itself, exposing the Soul totally by robbing from it its natural protection. In the yoga of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo the order of things is exactly opposite: development goes from inside out, while the Soul remains in its eternal silence space.

- A personal observation

In Mother's conversation on 23 June 1965 with Satprem we find a very interesting remark. She says "Then, we took up the idea of Auroville again (I was the one who called it 'Auroville'), but from the other end: instead of the formation having to find the place, it was the place (near the Lake) that caused the formation to be born..." The place caused the formation to be born.

In the beginning of the year 2000 the architect followed his often repeated words that he as an architect is not able to design the Matrimandir Gardens. He invited Paolo, with whom the Mother had wanted to build the centre, to take up the design of the Matrimandir Gardens with the MMCG. Shortly after that day I observed that the very soil around Matrimandir – Matter – which we had moved, shaped and worked upon for years, rejected the architect's concept of the tiny gardens stopping at the oval road; it threw it off, its imprint was erased from the ground.

I see and experience the Matrimandir as a living entity, the soul. No matter how hard the old world with its "one man show and the followers" and fully backed by high political power – all alien to the Mother's Auroville – now tries again violently to impose its outdated concept by eliminating in the name of Unity a handful of souls, working at Matrimandir, pointing to the Mother's vision, I believe that the soul of Auroville itself, the Matrimandir, and the awakened soil around it will decide and allow what will be built in the Peace Area. Remember Her words "the place caused the formation to be born"...

And remember Her message: "The city will be built by what is invisible to you. The men who have to act as instruments will do so despite themselves? They are only puppets in the hands of larger forces. Nothing depends on human beings – neither the planning nor the execution – nothing! This is why one can laugh."

I would like us Aurovilians to come into the Matrimandir Oval to the Banyan tree (leave our desires with the watchman), individually, with enough time, to see with the eyes of our inner soul quietly and with the Mother's words in our consciousness and aspire for Her vision to be fulfilled and to carry this aspiration with us in our daily life.

Walter."

Note: I soon had to travel back to France.

C was having a very tough time coping with R's condition, psychologically. She had also not quite recovered from her own physical ordeals, and her lungs were giving her trouble, and she was distressed at the steady diminution of her capacities. For her to return to Auroville, although she very much missed being here with me and with us all, was out of the question, unless and until she would be ready to stop her work as a psychoanalyst and leave everything and to accept the likelihood of her life ending here.

I had also realised that it was important for F.J and Ch.J to have me physically now and then, as neither of them was anymore in a condition to make the journey here. I had therefore agreed to come and spend another 5 weeks in France. I left Auroville in April.

Things accelerated while I was away.

Since our official disbanding as a team on site, we had initiated regular gatherings of all those Aurovilians who were working regularly at Matrimandir, and this new, informal body, "the Matrimandir Workers Team", allowed us to continue fulfilling our various responsibilities through the passing of minutes, recording all the practical and financial decisions of the day to day work and progress. These gatherings were naturally often occupied with the ongoing power struggles and deepening controversy over the physical destiny of the Peace Area.

On the 28th of April, everyone present – about 40 Aurovilians - at the gathering drafted and signed an open Statement, which was communicated and circulated widely in Auroville.

***A Statement from the Matrimandir Workers Team, 28-4-2002:**

"The Matrimandir Workers Team is made of Aurovilians who are working daily on the site. We meet together regularly to coordinate the work and to consider all issues that concern the Matrimandir.

We are a diversity of persons and points of view, and cannot be seen as a narrow or uniform grouping. Our common point of unity is that we all work physically for the manifestation of the Matrimandir.

What unites us also is our common dream and our wish to give Mother the Peace area that She envisioned since Her childhood, complete with true Gardens, the Lake and a Park with tall trees that She has described.

We see as very urgent the need to re-establish the integrity of the Peace Area.

There is great energy, willingness and enthusiasm to start work on the Inner and Outer Gardens (Park) immediately and the way must be unblocked.

We must unite our energies around the completion of the Matrimandir Peace Area.

We welcome the collaboration of all towards this."

Note: On that same day, an Open Letter to Roger A was read out at the General Assembly which took place at Bharat Nivas. The copy I have kept, which had been given to Kusum in my absence, is hand-written and unsigned; I do not remember who wrote it, but it conveys a fine perception of things. One thing is certain: this letter was written by an Indian, and a person who is mature and well aware of the ways of the world.

***Open Letter to Roger Anger read at the General Assembly, 28 April 2002:**

"Dear Roger,

The Matrimandir is the only innovative shrine construction of our lifetime. No doubt about this. It is a jewel and its heart is under direct influence of the Divine. It is nearing completion and you are the one entrusted by the Mother (blessed be Her name through these pages) to concretise Her vision. I want to express here my deep gratitude.

The casket of this jewel are the gardens. There are problems with the gardens. What kind of gardens did Mother envision. To quote an Avatar is a very difficult exercise for us. Because She is beyond as well as on this side of Her words or sayings. She can say everything and the opposite of everything without ever having to give the reason why. She has never to justify any apparent contradiction. What we can only do now is to strive to lay the most beautiful gardens imaginable.

Mother has hinted directly or not so many times to what She regarded as the summum of beauty in garden design. Who heard Her ever commenting on Mughal, French English Italian or Babylonian hanging gardens? Who has read Her praising zoological gardens, German beergardens or Swiss Schreiber gardens, etc?

But repeatedly and according to several sources who spoke or wrote about it, She expressed Her recognition, admiration and love for the garden style our Japanese neighbours have developed over the centuries. That is more than enough. In Her boundless freedom She never seemed to have given much consideration to a possible incoherence of style some of us would sense between a revolutionary shrine design and a Japanese style garden. In the contrary. What She has brought us is so revolutionary that everything else turns pale next to it. In Her synthetic, joyful, global vision of the future, there is not much place for our exiguous aestheticism or called for priesthood. Everybody can read (or listen), the traces left by Her Divine feet are omnipresent. If we thus offer Her what She was asking for, She will surely be present in Her gardens and make it feel to those receptive.

Through this green vastness woven into details the main aim of the wanderer will be to discover or rediscover the Matrimandir. The Mother's Shrine is not thrown into your face but offered as a reward after patiently uncovering what gardeners have expertly concealed in a 'parcours initiatique', Yin (gardens) playing with Yang (Matrimandir) at hide and seek. This is the Orient. But you have chosen to stay so far in the West and whenever you jump out of the airplane and come to stay with us for a short while you are dissatisfied with what has been done in your absence.

Take in account our need for mystery; don't drown under a huge deep and uninspiring water body most of the gardens. Couldn't you feel the shock that was felt by the sudden and naked intrusion of the Town Hall (the building itself is not questioned).

Dear Roger, you know quite well that painters do not like to frame their paintings themselves, having lost at the end 'la fraîcheur du regard'. Wouldn't you like to delegate and collaborate for the garden design, could you come down from your foreign ivory tower and be with us in Auroville where Mother's shrine is gleaming in the morning sun, at noon and in the evening?"

Note : Je passai donc cinq semaines en France, entre Paris, Claouey et Bordeaux, et notre lieu de retraite en Bretagne.

Depuis près de deux ans, Auragni m'était revenue. C'est-à-dire qu'elle avait d'abord eu seule le courage de braver tous les interdits et toutes les formations – on avait bien pris soin de lui dépeindre son père comme un monstre dangereux -, et de venir une première fois me rencontrer à Auroville. Plus tard, elle rencontra C à Paris et une extraordinaire relation de confiance et d'affection a commencé de se développer entre elles. Cette fois-ci, en France, elle put, et nous pûmes ensemble, apprendre doucement à nous trouver l'un l'autre et aborder un espace de confiance et de reconnaissance qui nous avait à chacun tant manqué. Pour elle ce fut aussi l'occasion de rencontrer toute cette partie de sa famille qu'elle n'avait jamais pu aborder, et la richesse de ses rencontres avec F.J, Ch.J, et mon petit frère Olivier, vint combler un grand vide en elle.

J'étais cependant constamment préoccupé par la situation au Matrimandir, et il y avait peut-être une sorte de fatigue qui s'était installée en moi.

Je revins à Auroville le 13 Mai. J'appris tout de suite une chose qui m'atteint profondément, et par surprise – j'aurais dû pourtant m'y attendre : pendant mon absence, un vote électronique (c'était devenu la mode à Auroville, avec la marée des ordinateurs et des « méthodes nouvelles de communication », de sonder

l'opinion collective sur tel ou tel sujet) avait été sollicité sur la question « Pensez-vous que le Matrimandir irait mieux si Divakar ne s'y trouvait pas ? »...

Quelques jours plus tard, je fus emmené d'urgence à l'hôpital. Je dus subir bientôt une opération importante – on m'ouvrit tout l'abdomen et en retira plus d'un litre de pus, mais personne ne comprit ce qui s'était passé ni pourquoi, et aucune lésion ne fut trouvée.

Une partie des notes qui suivent fut reconstruite, dès que je me trouvai en mesure d'écrire.

***12-5-2002, Paris Dubaï :**

Départ de Paris. A l'aéroport, Auragni, adorable et ouverte, Odile, C, R ; R qui promet de tout faire pour garder l'équilibre physique et moral qu'il a pu gagner durant ma visite. C, courageuse, si belle.

Premier trajet Paris Dubaï plutôt aisé ; peu de passagers ; je prends un peu froid.

Escale à Dubaï : 2 heures d'attente ; j'y trouve finalement un bar salon, où on me sert un grand, magnifique boc de bière : le plus délicieux demi de tous !

***13-5-2002, Chennai, Auroville :**

Arrivée à Chennai à 8h le matin. J'avais remarqué que le FRO avait indiqué exactement la date de mon billet de retour, mais au départ de Paris le 12, et non à l'arrivée à Chennai le 13 ; je m'attendais un peu à une complication. Cela m'a retenu près d'une demi heure dans l'aéroport. Selvam m'attendait.

Je redoutais la chaleur, cette fois, surtout avec les nouvelles de la récente tempête à Auroville. Et ça me prend tout de même par surprise : c'est une chaleur anormalement lourde pour la saison, et à son pic : 44°.

Je suis en flottement, entre deux réalités, si brutalement différentes.

Selvam pendant le trajet en voiture me relate petit à petit les points marquants de ces semaines passées. Et finalement me décrit cette séance où toutes les calomnies contre moi s'étaient concentrées (surtout à propos de mes « activités sexuelles », de mon mésusage de l'argent, etc.) et comment lui, et d'autres qui me connaissent, ont répondu.

L'arrivée à « Sincérité » - d'abord rencontré Arjun, John H, Barbara et Walter au Matrimandir - est aussi un choc : le jardin n'a jamais été aussi misérable, de grandes cimes ont été arrachées, et des plantes grimpantes...

L'après-midi, je suis un peu en difficulté, fatigué, et ne voulant pas me l'avouer, moi qui viens de bénéficier de cinq semaines de fraîcheur et de confort et de bonne nourriture... !

Kusum, Kumar, quelques autres, et bien sûr JYL, Anand et Bhaskar.

Le soir, c'est la fête de Deepti, et je m'y rends avec Kusum.

La nuit est trop courte, inconfortable. Il n'y a pas tout ce que j'aimerais trouver dans la maison.

***14-5-2002, Auroville :**

Sans me presser du tout, je me rends au « travail » le matin, vers 9h. Je fais ma ronde. Salue chacun. Ecoute des rapports.

Une réunion générale est prévue le soir, toujours à propos des Jardins, et de la tentative « inédite » de prendre toute l'aire de « Peace » à la charge et sous la seule autorité d'un nouveau « Comité pour le Centre de la Ville ».

J'essaye de m'y préparer en parcourant les plus récents documents – confabulations...

Je m'y rends en vélo vers 17h. Je suis en avance et je m'assois à l'écart sur les gradins. D.P vient à moi – une surprise – et demande si je suis prêt à parler avec lui, et me raconte ses « expériences », sa réception directe de Ta Force et de Ta Volonté... C'est un peu fatigant !

Mechtild, un instant.

La réunion commence. Je me sens un peu fiévreux.

Ce sont les mêmes tentatives, sous de nouvelles présentations, et les vraies questions ne sont pas abordées.

Seul Piero a eu le courage de parler droit et de soulever l'une des questions majeures.

Et le venin de Jean P, encore, sans fluctuation.

***15-5-2002, Auroville :**

Trop fatigué.

En fait, c'est comme un coup de massue.

Un vidage violent de toute énergie. Un épuisement.

Avec une sorte de violence.

Je peux à peine manger.

Je reste à « Sincérité ». Tout est inconfortable.

Il y a de la fièvre.

***16-5-2002, Auroville :**

L'état devient de plus en plus pénible, et pourtant aucun symptôme clair ne se manifeste. Je commence à tousser, une toux sèche qui fait mal dans l'abdomen.

Je reste presque tout le temps étendu.

Les uns et les autres viennent me voir, mais je ne sais pas quoi dire, comment expliquer.

Le soir, comme prévu à mon départ de Paris, C téléphone, et je ne puis lui dissimuler que j'ai le souffle court et la fièvre.

Tout le monde commence à s'inquiéter, et à me pousser à prendre des mesures.

Les nuits sont pénibles.

***17-5-2002, Auroville :**

J'envoie Selvam acheter des antibiotiques (Amoxyl) pour 5 jours, et un sirop contre la toux, et je commence à les prendre, avec de l'aspirine.

Mais rien ne s'améliore et je demeure extrêmement fatigué.

JYL me raconte que les gens du « Pulse » (l'outil électronique de sondage d'opinion) ont mis la question : « Divakar doit-il rester au Matrimandir ou la communauté doit-elle lui demander de partir ? ».

Plusieurs personnes, dont John H, ont immédiatement protesté.

Il y a une sorte de méchanceté qui s'acharne, qui entre dans le corps.

Je ne sais pas quoi faire.

***18-5-2002, Auroville :**

Toujours aucun symptôme, ni aucun progrès. Une fatigue qui creuse.

***19-5-2002, Auroville :**

Incapable de rien faire. Bhaskar doit s'occuper de tout.

Les visites des uns et des autres.

Je n'ai pas de ressort.

Depuis le retour, j'ai une douleur lancinante, constante, au centre de l'épaule droite, comme un arrachement des nerfs.

Tout le corps est comme endolori.

***20-5-2002, Auroville :**

Je ne sais pas quoi faire.

Je ne vois rien. Que cet acharnement de fatigue.

Le soir. J'ai beaucoup de mal à manger, mais je sais qu'il faut que je prenne de la nourriture solide pour compenser les antibiotiques. Bhaskar prépare quelque chose de frit, que j'ai presque peur de manger.

Tous ces jours-ci j'ai eu à faire avec des mouvements du subconscient du corps, des choses engrangées, des peurs abjectes, toutes sortes d'éléments qui sont cachés dans la substance.

Je mange un peu.

Presque instantanément, soudainement, une violente douleur dans tout l'abdomen inférieur, une bande de douleur, une crampe. Terrible.

JYL et Bhaskar sont là ; près de moi.

Après quelques temps cela semble s'apaiser un peu ; je les envoie se coucher.

Je me vide.

Je vomis.

Une nuit de cauchemar.

Une nuit terrible.

A attendre. Endurer.

Presque incapable de respirer.

Une sorte de dissociation de l'organisme.

L'abdomen semble suspendu à un autre niveau.

Une attaque subtile.

Un état d'enfer.

***21-5-2002, Auroville Pondichéry :**

Tôt le matin, dès que j'ose les réveiller, je demande à Bhaskar et JYL d'arranger avec Arjun pour qu'on m'emmène voir le docteur Vijay Oza – le seul que je suis prêt à voir, car il est comme un ami.

Ils m'emmènent en Sumo vers 7h30.

La douleur est constante.

Vijay m'installe au Trésor Nursing Home de l'Ashram et me met immédiatement sous perfusion – glucose, etc.

Le lieu a une bonne atmosphère.

Vijay voit que le ventre est un peu ballonné, et soupçonne une sorte d'empoisonnement du colon, ou de l'estomac.

***22-5-2002, Auroville :**

Bhaskar reste avec moi tout le temps.

Il y a une accumulation de gaz dans l'abdomen, et la douleur ne cesse pas.

Je ne peux plus dormir. Et me sens de plus en plus faible.

***23-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Vijay essaie de me faire absorber de nouveau oralement des jus de fruits. Cela semble aider au début.

Mais les gaz continuent de s'accumuler, et tout l'abdomen est tendu et gonflé.

Vijay commence de s'inquiéter et arrange de me faire transporter à la clinique de Nallam où, dit-il, il y a un meilleur équipement et la possibilité de faire des tests plus recherchés.

Bhaskar reste avec moi et s'occupe de moi tout le temps.

Arjun et Deepti sont complètement présents.

Je reçois des messages, de Gillian, de Shyama, de Menaig...

Mais la condition s'aggrave, et je suis constamment au seuil de l'insupportable, comme un seul point d'endurance, de douleur, d'épuisement.

***24-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Les radios montrent une obstruction intestinale, et bien que je parvienne à évacuer des gaz, l'estomac et tout l'abdomen sont distendus, ballonnants, comme ceux d'un noyé.

La douleur est constante, une sorte d'agonie.

Et le terrible sens de dissociation de l'organisme, de séparation.

Nallam est de plus en plus fâché que Vijay ne décide pas d'opérer – il me dit franchement que d'attendre plus est dangereux. (Mais c'est moi surtout, je crois, qui refuse d'être opéré dans cet endroit)

Arjun et Vijay font venir Dinkar – (un autre ami chirurgien, en qui nous avons confiance, mais il ne peut venir me voir qu'en tant qu'ami, à cause des territoires professionnels).

Dinkar estime qu'il faut opérer. Bien que personne ne comprenne la cause de l'obstruction, Dinkar trouve qu'il n'y a pas d'alternative.

Deepti et Arjun me demandent : mais tout ce que je puis dire est que je n'ai plus de ressources, je me sens concrètement, absolument, à bout.

***25-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Par la Grâce de cet Amour tout s'organise : Datta accepte de tout cœur que Dinkar fasse l'opération dans le Nursing Home de l'Ashram.

Je suis transporté dans l'après-midi.

L'opération a lieu le soir.

Deepti me dit plus tard qu'il y a 12 personnes qui sont là, à attendre, avec moi, pendant toute l'opération qui dure 1 heure et demie.

Dinkar ouvre tout l'abdomen et retire plus de deux litres de pus.

Comment cela s'est produit, reste un mystère.

Je suis placé en chambre spéciale, que je partage avec Dayabhai.

***26-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Commence une autre lutte.

Et un autre devoir d'endurance.

Dans l'épuisement et la douleur je dois maintenant me concentrer vers la guérison et le rétablissement, et avoir la patience et l'endurance et la confiance et la détermination.

Et la pureté et la sincérité.

***27-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Arjun et Deepti sont mes compagnons infailibles, présents, luttant avec moi, sensibles et engagés dans un même combat, sans sentimentalité.

Je vois que j'ai besoin de me concentrer exclusivement dans la confiance en la Grâce et l'harmonie. Et que la sympathie et l'affection des autres n'est pas toujours utile, quand il me faut alors y répondre : Arjun arrange pour que seuls Bhaskar, JYL, Deepti et lui puissent venir près de moi.

Bhaskar est tout le temps là. Il me fend le cœur.

Toute l'équipe s'organise pour informer et rassurer C, à qui j'ai pu parler au téléphone de chez Nallam, et qui a compris la concentration et l'orientation et l'attitude qui lui étaient demandées, à elle.

***28-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Tous disent que le processus de guérison est actif et que je me remets vite et bien.

Mais c'est une lutte pour me centrer dans la confiance.

Il y a de telles questions.

***29-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Je crois que c'est ce jour-là que Dinkar décide de retirer le tuyau qui draine l'estomac, par la gorge et le nez.

Je dois apprendre à évacuer les gaz qui demeurent dans l'abdomen et les intestins.

***30-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Je crois que c'est ce jour-là que j'ai « le droit » enfin d'absorber une première gorgée d'eau.

Puis, un peu plus.

Et plus tard dans la journée, d'autres liquides, par toutes petites doses.

Dinkar retire, le soir, le tuyau qu'il avait laissé dans l'abdomen afin de drainer une éventuelle accumulation de liquides toxiques ou de pus.

Tard, j'ai droit à un peu de soupe très liquide.

(Pendant ces quelques jours, j'avais l'expérience très concrète et détaillée d'un niveau de la Nature matérielle auquel le système digestif du corps appartient, comme en coupe horizontale, dans le monde terrestre. Il y avait toutes sortes de perceptions que je n'ai pu noter. Deepti me lisait « Savitri » souvent ; elle et Arjun me confortaient en me parlant des Jardins, et de tout le travail que j'avais à y faire dans l'avenir ; et ces Jardins, et tout le conflit autour de leur réalisation, étaient d'une étrange manière directement associés à ce qui venait de m'arriver, de la manière la plus physique qui soit : leur nécessité organique.)

***31-5-2002, Pondichéry :**

Les gaz s'évacuent plus facilement, et on me donne de toutes petites quantités de nourriture semi liquide.

***1-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Tout le temps, chaque jour, Deepti et Arjun me tiennent au courant de tout, et de la situation dans le pays.

Je me sens prêt à voir d'autres proches à nouveau.

Je peux faire quelques pas, Bhaskar tenant la bouteille de perfusion bien haut près de moi.

C peut me parler au téléphone ; elle est rassurée.

Une semaine s'est écoulée depuis l'opération.

***2-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Dinkar décide que je peux me nourrir normalement, et retire la perfusion.

Le soir, lui et Vijay retirent les points de suture.

Je suis déplacé dans une chambre à l'étage supérieur.

Dinkar accepte de me donner un calmant pour la nuit, et cela m'aide à me détendre enfin, musculairement et nerveusement.

Aum

Aum Namô Bhagavaté

Douce Mère Sri Aurobindo

Aum

Aum Namô Bhagavaté

Douce Mère Sri Aurobindo

Aum

Aum Namô Bhagavaté

Douce Mère Sri Aurobindo

Marcher sur le chemin.

Devenir.

Devenir.

Aum Namô Bhagavaté.

***3-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Depuis deux jours, je marche sur la terrasse qui domine l'océan.

J'ai perdu presque 10 kilos. Je me fais l'effet d'un réfugié ou d'un rescapé...

Srinivas m'apporte des fleurs de la part de Kireet.

Chaque matin, Kumud m'apporte des fleurs de Ta chambre.

Manoj aussi est venu me voir.

(Je suis dans ma famille, la famille de l'âme, et c'est un tel repos)

***4-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

La chambre se remplit, et je vois que Datta est débordé. (Il y a quatre lits dans cette chambre semi circulaire ouverte sur l'océan).

K et Dayabhai m'ont offert depuis le premier jour de venir me rétablir dans leur Guest House, le Park Guest House, juste à côté, sur le rivage de l'océan.

Ils arrangent pour que je puisse emménager dans une belle chambre avec balcon sur la mer : chambre 68, « Confiance », par l'escalier de « Grâce ».

Bhaskar transporte tout, et m'y accompagne à pied, tout doucement.

Là, je suis seul, et dois réapprendre le rythme de l'harmonie physique.

C'est une des choses qui m'ont frappé : cet apprentissage du milieu de soutien de la nature matérielle qu'un nouveau-né doit faire, par étapes, d'abord à travers le sein de la mère, puis à travers le sevrage.

Etablir dans l'organisme individuel un équilibre, une symbiose et une synthèse de tous les agents et éléments qui composent la nature matérielle, la « soupe »

atomique, et ainsi entrer dans un fonctionnement qui est l'un des systèmes de soutien en vigueur pour la manifestation de la conscience humaine animale.

Et les questions.

J'écrirai, j'essaierai d'écrire plus clairement.

Il y a encore tout un chemin à parcourir pour recouvrer un équilibre de base – cela prendra encore des jours et des nuits, et je suis ignorant et je tâtonne.

***5-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Aujourd'hui j'ai pu écrire, donc, ces quelques pages.

Hier, ayant reçu la lettre de Kireet, j'ai écrit quelques notes : pour lui, si, comme il le déclare, il veut me voir.

L'après-midi et le soir sont difficiles.

Un déséquilibre dans la nourriture.

La béance d'une sorte de découragement.

***Letter from Kireet:**

"New Delhi, 1-6-2002, Dear Divakar, I have heard from Arjun in detail the painful account of the ordeal through which you have passed. I understand it quite well, as I was through similar ordeal not long ago. The help that came through Arjun and Deepti and other friends from Auroville and from Dr Datta and Dr Paï is a vivid demonstration of the way the Divine Mother is extending Her Protection to all those who are given to Her in their being and through their devoted service. Please accept my very good wishes for your speedy recovery, and I am confident to see you in good health by the time I am able to come to Auroville. And that will be quite soon. Be well now and always, with love and regard, yours affectionately, Kireet."

Note: The notes I had taken in preparation for the time when I could speak with Kireet, were meant to try and convey to him how deeply and thoroughly confirmed I had felt, through this period of physical battle, of the necessity to have a complete environment given to Matrimandir, with the full collaboration of material Nature.

Kireet came indeed to visit me in my room, overlooking the sea; he sat on the balcony with me, closely, and listened in silence while I spoke, haltingly; Kusum was keeping watch from a polite distance, seated on the bed in the room. He offered no comment, and we parted with affection.

***6-6-2002, Pondichéry:**

La nuit, petit à petit, le système se nettoie.

J'ai peu d'appétit, je me sens encore « en danger ». Il y a comme des vides, des creux dans le corps, là où l'énergie devrait passer, couler, circuler.

Mais on me dit de ne pas m'impatienter.

Je suis tout à coup comme dans le corps d'un vieil homme.

Je regarde et regarde la question d'Auroville, de Matrimandir ; je ne sais pas comment Te demander, ni même si j'ai le droit de Te demander – mais il est si clair, si clair, ce qui doit être compris à la base.

Et comme c'est dangereux de ne pas comprendre.

Aujourd'hui je mange moins.

Il y a une stabilisation qui doit prendre place, qui n'a pas encore pris place.

Kireet est venu me voir, seul, dans l'après-midi ; il est resté près de 40 minutes. J'ai essayé de lui communiquer l'essentiel pour le Matrimandir : ne pas choisir l'exclusivisme, ne pas céder, mais servir l'intégralité de Ton Rêve, et l'Equilibre de la base nécessaire pour l'évolution de la conscience. La fatigue demeure jusqu'au soir.

***7-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Bien que je dorme peu la nuit – ce sont des moments, des séquences -, ce matin je me sentais moins fatigué, et l'appétit revient un peu.

Et, rétrospectivement, je suis fâché d'avoir été « faible » avec Kireet, de ne pas avoir été capable de me centrer dans une certitude plus puissante.

Il y a comme une colère – comment peut-on être décentré, hypnotisé, dessaisi à ce point que les gens d'Auroville, que Kireet, choisiraient le rêve d'un homme, quel qu'il soit, plutôt que le rêve de Toi, le souhait de la Mère ?

Où en sommes-nous ?

Puis, je suis moi-même repris par ce vertige de dégoût, de refus, devant le fait physique apparent du « vieillissement » - et avec cette « expérience », cet « accident », c'est comme si j'avais perdu 20 années en quelques jours. La peau du corps est partout ridée, fripée, comme un sac vide, il n'y a plus de sève – c'est dégoûtant, et je ne veux pas traîner cette grimace à Ton service.

Comment puis-je retourner au travail si je ne recouvre pas une harmonie physique suffisante ?

Mais simultanément, quelque chose dedans, même dedans le corps, comme une petite joie, une sorte d'enthousiasme confiant, de rire – oui, c'est possible, et ce sera.

On va se reconstruire, les muscles vont revenir, le corps va respirer, il y aura une harmonie, et cette harmonie sera peut-être supérieure, parce que plus consciente.

***8-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

A peine de sommeil encore, dans la nuit ; mais je crois maintenant que ce sont les moustiques qui sont les plus responsables, et que je dois me résoudre à mettre une moustiquaire pendant la nuit.

J'ai vu et senti, dans cette violente expérience, que je ne savais pas, que je n'étais pas prêt à « partir »...

Que je n'étais même pas prêt à seulement considérer de reprendre un autre corps – choisir de nouveau des « parents », un milieu, un itinéraire... que je ne voulais pas : que ce n'était pas ça.

Et qu'en même temps je n'étais pas plus prêt à entrer dans le « vieil âge », qui me paraît un plus grand mensonge, quelque chose de si profondément et radicalement inacceptable...

Que j'étais là, comme dans un étau, devant deux sortes d'horreur ou de contradiction.

Que s'est-il passé réellement ?

On pourrait penser à de la magie, en d'autres temps... comment expliquer cette destruction, cette volonté de nuire ?

Et maintenant, je sens comme un appel dans une sorte de joie, de confiance, dedans le corps et la substance, de reconstruire, de manifester, de tendre vers, de s'orienter...

Téléphone de C dans l'après-midi ; elle est bien.

Je me souviens très bien de ma prière, je crois un ou deux jours avant l'opération...

Et c'est cela que je sens maintenant, comme le renouveau d'un calme enthousiasme, d'une confiance en l'harmonie, en la vérité du progrès de la conscience – de la conscience Une.

***9-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Deux semaines se sont écoulées depuis l'opération.

Je commence à reprendre un peu d'énergie, et les muscles se profilent comme des silhouettes, dans la poitrine. Mais il y a encore du chemin à faire : combien de temps sera nécessaire, je ne sais pas.

Depuis quelques jours les muscles internes de l'anus sont affectés ; les vaisseaux éclatent et cela produit un gonflement pénible ; là aussi, de la vitalité doit revenir.

Je ne dors toujours qu'à peine, quelques moments dans la nuit.

Cela n'ajoute pas à la fatigue mais, il me semble, limite trop la conscience active : je crois que j'ai besoin de rêver, de laisser le corps plus en repos – mais cela viendra en son temps.

Il n'y a pas de pensées qui dérangent, il n'y a pas de suractivité : tout est tranquille.

***10-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Toujours pas de sommeil, la nuit : seulement quelques moments de retrait, mais pas assez même pour « rêver ».

Les choses que je voudrais dire à Kireet – comme une dernière tentative – s'il revient me voir, viennent très clairement même dans la nuit.

Je me remplis de la mer, du ciel.

L'organisme lentement se ravive, comme un petit enfant.

Il y a des choses que j'ai besoin d'approfondir – dans lesquelles, vers lesquelles j'ai besoin de trouver le flot, le mouvement, l'état de devenir.

***11-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Quelques bribes de sommeil la nuit dernière ; et un premier rêve sexuel !

Hier soir, avec Selvam, marché jusqu'à la statue de Gandhi – à peu près un kilomètre en tout.

C'est le gonflement et relâchement des lèvres de l'anus qui est le plus invalidant, maintenant, avec la perte d'énergie correspondante.

Il faut plus de patience, plus de temps.

Ces jours qui me sont donnés ici, protégés, dans une harmonie physique aisée, simple, large, tranquille... : comment me préparer au retour, à la replongée ?

Evidemment, ce qui m'est arrivé n'a pu arriver que parce que j'étais vulnérable ; du point de vue médical, mes défenses immunitaires étaient si basses et si pauvres qu'ils ont naturellement pensé que j'avais le sida (tous les tests sont négatifs).

Il y a une note de Toi ici, qui conseille à tous ceux qui ont des problèmes de digestion de pratiquer la bienveillance et la bonne humeur... Mais le fait est que, de toute ma vie, je n'ai presque jamais eu le moindre problème digestif ; c'était une part de l'organisme sur l'harmonie de laquelle je pouvais compter !

Par contre, qu'il y ait eu graduellement un trop-plein de mauvaise volonté, de calomnie, d'attaques, et que, m'étant physiquement éloigné de l'atmosphère et m'étant momentanément trouvé parmi des êtres qui n'ont que de la bonne volonté et de la joie à ma présence, je me suis aussi trouvé démuné et exposé au retour. Et

ça a littéralement débordé ! Je n'ai plus été capable d'assimiler, au sens physique et presque clinique du terme.

Bon. Mais alors, maintenant ? Dois-je m'armer ? De quoi ? Comment ?

Car la bataille est loin d'être conclue, et les choses n'ont pas encore atteint leur point de rupture ou de résolution.

Plus d'humour, oui.

Plus de liberté.

Plus de clarté.

N'accepter aucune amertume, aucune dépression, aucun découragement ; aucune érosion.

Egalité. Pas de réaction.

Un rythme plus profond.

Oui, ces éléments, je comprends.

Téléphone de C et d'Auragni ensemble, ce soir.

Après le dîner, je vais marcher seul jusqu'à la rue de l'Ashram.

Ce sont les hémorroïdes qui me freinent maintenant, et causent une perte d'énergie.

***12-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Hier soir Arjun m'annonçait joyeusement la nomination quasi certaine d'Abdul Kalam à la fonction de Président de l'Inde – Abdul Kalam qui avait juste fait savoir son souhait de visiter le Matrimandir aujourd'hui même.

Une journée très tranquille, sans presque voir personne, sauf le soir.

Arjun et Deepti viennent tard et me racontent les efforts de Kireet pour influencer et convertir le Général – K.T... C'est triste ! Mais cela ne sert à rien de contempler cette tristesse.

Il vaut mieux veiller et prier pour ne pas nous-mêmes jamais tomber dans le piège de l'ambition spirituelle !

***13-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Pas de progrès dans le sommeil : quelques bribes ici et là, et les moments pénibles d'une sorte d'attaque subtile, liée au Matrimandir, sur le cœur et la respiration.

Pourtant hier soir encore j'ai fait une marche assez longue, avec Selvam.

Maintenant il faut que ces hémorroïdes se calment et se résorbent, que plus de vitalité revienne, et j'ai du poids à reprendre.

Combien de jours dois-je rester ici encore ? Ce n'est pas très clair ; mais ces deux points doivent être atteints d'abord.

Ecrit à C une première lettre.

Un peu plus d'exercice sur le toit terrasse dans l'après-midi.

Le soir, rencontre Dinkar, qui confirme que je ne dois soulever aucun poids supérieur à 5 kilos pendant encore deux mois – et, par conséquent, que je ne dois pas soulever la moto sur sa béquille, par exemple !

Mon corps ne sent pas comme cela ! Mais Dinkar insiste sur cette précaution, le risque étant qu'une hernie se forme là où les muscles internes ne seraient pas encore consolidés...

Parcouru toute la promenade, dans la soirée.

Il y a la question du tabac : depuis le début de cette crise physique, je n'ai plus fumé – il n'y avait plus l'occasion. Les jours passant, je m'attendais à ce que l'organisme se détache, à ce que la chose perde de son attrait, naturellement, avec le nettoyage de la nicotine. Mais en fait, tout comme pour la nourriture, cela

continuait de ma « faire envie » - et cela n'a pas cessé ! J'ai toujours autant envie de fumer – simplement, ce n'est pas un problème si cela ne se présente pas. Je ne sais pas si je dois m'engager à ne plus fumer du tout, ou bien si je puis essayer de reprendre tout en gardant une modération, que j'avais perdue... Il me semble que, là comme partout, ce qui compte réellement est la liberté : ne pas être lié, dans sa condition intérieure, à aucun de ces « plaisirs » ou de ces « besoins »...

***14-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

C'est la première nuit, depuis un mois, où j'entre dans le sommeil – en plusieurs tranches distinctes, avec les activités correspondantes, presque comme des tranches de civilisations.

Il y a une sorte de détente dans le corps.

Et la mesure de tout ce qui est encore à recouvrer, d'une « convalescence » encore en cours.

Je crois que je dois rester ici encore plusieurs jours – rentrer ce dimanche à Auroville, à « Sincérité », comme je l'avais d'abord pensé, semble prématuré.

Je dis en plaisantant que je suis maintenant « addicted » - attaché comme à une drogue – à regarder l'océan. Mais c'est un peu vrai.

La mer, en fait, m'avait beaucoup manqué : cette possibilité physique de se plonger dans une infinité mouvante, changeante, une infinité de beauté.

La question commence à se poser devant moi : dois-je reprendre le même travail au Matrimandir, ou vaut-il mieux que je reste encore comme en marge pour quelques temps ?

Ces jours qui me sont donnés ici – puissent-ils contribuer à devenir - : ce n'est même plus une question de « changer » ; bien sûr, toutes les positions sont à changer ; mais, se fondre en avant, se donner dans un mouvement de devenir, où c'est Cela qui est un peu plus, au lieu de « soi-même »...

***15-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Cette histoire d'Alexandre, en trois volumes, que je lis à petites doses depuis des semaines, est plus que remarquable. Et pourquoi a-t-il fallu que ce soient ces livres qui m'accompagnent dans toute cette expérience ? (Un professeur de l'Ashram, Kailashda, un homme qui a probablement mon âge ou un peu plus, était hospitalisé dans la même chambre que moi pendant mes derniers jours dans le Nursing Home ; il me disait que pour lui j'étais évidemment, où il y avait évidemment en moi, quelque chose d'Alexandre, ou qui avait été en relation avec Alexandre ; il disait cela avec un sérieux et une profondeur intérieurs, certain d'une connexion ... ; mais, c'est une sorte de mode dans l'Ashram !). Toutefois, je suis impressionné par le nombre de fois où les émotions évoquées par l'auteur – biographe romancier – trouvent un écho si immédiat en moi que j'en pleure.

C'est une œuvre magnifique ; très bouleversante.

Le ciel se charge de nuages un peu plus densément chaque jour et, vers le soir, quelques gouttes sont tombées.

Je ne suis pas encore prêt à rentrer.

Ce processus de rétablissement, de retour de l'énergie, est vraiment comme une renaissance – il y a toute une fragilité, in besoin de calme, et de temps.

Que ce soit harmonieux, que ce soit physiquement, matériellement harmonieux... !

C'est encore comme si l'organisme était profondément troublé, et ne savait plus comment assimiler ce qui lui est nécessaire ; je ne me suis jamais nourri si

abondamment, ni si fréquemment, et pourtant je ne reprends du poids que très lentement, et les muscles ne se ravivent qu'un tout petit peu chaque jour ; mais c'est ce petit peu qui compte, où est l'aspiration du corps à l'équilibre, à une harmonie qui sache progresser, qui sache se transformer, qui sache devenir !

C'est cela qui est crucial.

Trouver le rythme matériel d'une capacité de devenir, d'harmoniser toujours en avant, vers, en réceptivité.

Le soir, je suis revenu par les rues intérieures, pour m'acheter un paquet de cigarettes – j'ai fumé une première cigarette sur la jetée. Et j'ai toujours aussi envie d'une bière fraîche ! Comme ce dernier demi que j'ai bu à l'escale de Dubaï, en rentrant ici...

***16-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Je dors plus la nuit, et un peu le jour aussi, et rêve à nouveau...

Mais les hémorroïdes sont encore là. Et tout un constant ajustement stomacal et intestinal qui demande plus de temps...

Ce matin, Deepti doit rencontrer Kireet, seule...

J'essaie de composer une série d'exercices que je puisse pratiquer deux fois par jour, sur la terrasse ici, pour aider le corps à retrouver un équilibre et une harmonie – c'est vraiment comme si tous les muscles avaient fondu en l'espace de quelques jours, et il faut les réveiller, les ressusciter un à un. Je n'ai jamais absorbé autant de nourriture, mais cela semble n'avoir qu'un effet très limité.

C'est toujours impressionnant de constater comme il est aisé, matériellement, de détruire, et comme toute construction durable demande un labeur persévérant et méticuleux...

Deepti et Arjun me font ce soir le rapport détaillé de l'entretien avec Kireet. Les choses sont dites. Mais les intentions demeurent.

C'est la fête de John H aujourd'hui...

***17-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Ce matin j'ai décidé de marcher jusqu'au Consulat, profitant de ce séjour à Pondy pour faire refaire ma carte d'identité. Cela m'a pris toute la matinée, surtout à attendre dans la salle de réception.

Le temps est gris aujourd'hui : un répit ; le corps a été content.

L'après-midi, alors que je fais mes exercices sur le toit, utilisant pour la première fois les deux petits haltères disponibles – un peu incertain, attentif à ne provoquer aucune contraction abdominale –, Kovalan vient me rendre visite... Plein de vigueur, son corps jeune et athlétique : avec cette santé sûre d'elle il me déclare que, passés les 40 ans, il est impossible de reconstruire et de développer les muscles qui se sont relâchés ! Je suis là devant lui, encore affaibli et amoindri, complètement exposé à ce regard critique et insouciant à la fois, essayant vaillamment de participer à la reconstruction de ces muscles qui ont fondu, et à l'instauration d'une harmonie supérieure à celle qu'avait le corps avant cette expérience – exposé devant cet exemple de santé et de jeunesse, avec mon torse amaigri, les rides aux épaules, les cuisses réduites, tout concentré dans ma confiance et mon effort... C'est une situation étrange ; et d'une certaine manière, cela me confirme dans cette confiance, justement : oui, cela semble être une ruine, et le vieillissement du corps un fait inéluctable et sans appel – mais non : mon corps même a une autre perception, une autre compréhension, une autre certitude : presque, une autre connaissance.

Il faut persister, continuer, et marcher.
C'est cela qui a du sens.

***18-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Je crois que je vais rester ici encore toute cette semaine.

Il y a toujours cette hésitation, cette sorte d'embarras : je vis de tels privilèges, ce confort qui m'est donné, cette nourriture de beauté, l'océan devant moi jour et nuit, le calme et l'aise physique... Mais je crois que je dois justement le vivre d'autant pleinement et profondément, avec l'aspiration pour un maximum de progrès dans la conscience et dans la substance.

Je me trouve confronté à des faits physiques étrangement contradictoires ; bien que le corps soit encore très amaigri, particulièrement aux cuisses et aux épaules, il y a très concrètement u retour d'énergie, comme une sève qui remonte, vers un niveau. Mais, sur le conseil de Datta, je suis allé vérifier mon poids, à midi, à la clinique de l'Ashram, où je continue de prendre mes repas ; et c'est déconcertant : en deux semaines d'un régime nutritif très attentif et intensif, je n'ai repris pratiquement aucun poids ! Alors, que se passe-t-il ? Je n'en sais rien ! Il me semble seulement, sans avoir la connaissance physique mentale correspondante, que ces deux semaines de repos, avec les exercices que j'intensifie graduellement, ont permis de réveiller et raviver les muscles et à l'énergie de circuler ; mais que je ne suis pas encore parvenu à une stabilisation. Et qu'alors seulement, il y aura une reprise de poids...

Ce matin, M est venu me rendre une brève visite, par besoin, avec toute la tendresse physique qui m'avait manqué – c'était réconfortant.

Alors que j'écris ces lignes, commence la réunion générale des Auroviliens convoquée par Kireet. J'ai prévenu JYL qu'il fallait être très vigilant et ne pas se laisser imposer une définition réductrice ou orientée de la question qui se pose au Matrimandir – que Kireet n'avait pas le droit de le faire, et qu'il ne fallait pas le laisser manipuler et influencer les consciences... Je prie pour que d'autres parlent et se prononcent. On ne peut pas continuer ainsi.

Dans la soirée une grande et longue et bonne pluie : la première depuis des mois.

La nuit est tombée, et de gigantesques éclairs sillonnent le ciel verticalement, droit sur la surface soudain illuminée de l'océan : c'est magnifique.

Plus tard je fais une marche sous une pluie fine, apaisante.

VK est ma seule visite ce soir, car tous doivent être à la réunion générale, je suppose... Je suis plus sensible encore que d'habitude à ce que chaque être véhicule...

***19-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Le ciel reste couvert et l'air s'est rafraîchi de la pluie ; tout est tranquille, au repos et, face à l'océan, dans cet état de « convalescence » qui se centre, avec une sorte d'enthousiasme, autour d'un mouvement d'harmonie, un mouvement offert, tourné vers, un mouvement de confiance, conscient de la Grâce – je ressens du bonheur.

Que cela soit le gage d'un progrès réel de la conscience !

Le soir, Deepti me donne un compte-rendu de la réunion générale : Kireet a parlé pendant une heure et demie, sur l'organisation, l'économie, l'éducation, et le Matrimandir ; bien qu'il ait tenu encore une fois à dire son « expérience » (où l'indication lui aurait été donnée de « suivre Roger ») il a néanmoins semblé vouloir corriger la perspective en insistant sur la nécessité pour chacun d'étudier profondément et attentivement le problème, et pour tous de vouloir une vraie

solution, qui incluse tout le monde et soit atteinte dans l'esprit d'Auroville, comme un exemple d'un fonctionnement collectif utile au monde. Il semble donc y avoir un effort de sa part pour se dégager de toute partialité et pour encourager l'émergence d'énergies compréhensives, plutôt qu'exclusives et dissociatives...

Plus tard dans la soirée, A et Luca viennent me voir, tous deux de retour ; A s'interroge intensément sur Auroville, et sur son propre itinéraire, et le besoin d'un guide physique...

***20-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Ce matin, j'ai marché jusqu'au Samadhi – c'est la première fois que j'y retourne. Beaucoup de salutations, des uns et des autres...

Je dis à K que je pense rentrer à Auroville ce dimanche après-midi : elle me dit que mon séjour ici est celui d'un hôte, qu'elle en est heureuse, et que je peux revenir quand j'en ressens le besoin...

Maintenant il faut que je me prépare à retrouver le contexte et l'atmosphère de « Sincérité », et à les faire évoluer selon ce qui est nécessaire...

Il faut aussi que je trouve un rythme pour la nourriture, l'exercice, le travail.

Le corps est encore vulnérable, la digestion est encore en cours d'adaptation et, psychologiquement, je ne suis pas prêt à me laisser envahir à nouveau par les questions et problèmes des uns et des autres.

Mais la chose la plus précieuse, à laquelle je dois être le plus attentif, est cet enthousiasme calme et confiant qui est là dans le corps : ça, c'est mon chemin, le chemin du progrès.

Le soir, revenant de ma marche, je suis accosté par un jeune Kéralaite, professeur de danse Kathakali ; c'est curieux ! Il est doux, et sûrement courageux, et très direct et discret à la fois ! Il y a de la reconnaissance, un sens de sécurité et d'aise.

... Deepti m'avait apporté le premier jet du Journal dédié à Mahasaraswati : il faut que je me concentre mieux sur ce travail.

***21-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Le matin, un moment un peu inquiétant : une douleur continue dans tout le ventre, comme des pointes d'aiguille vives depuis l'estomac jusqu'en bas de l'abdomen, et tout est tendu ; je marche, puis je m'étends en respirant profondément, et tout se calme. La doctoresse du Nursing Home me donne des vitamines, Neurobion, au déjeuner, quand je mentionne cette douleur.

Je continue les exercices, un peu plus chaque jour, et la marche.

L'après-midi, avec Bhaskar, j'essaie la moto ; en fait, je peux me débrouiller seul et il y a une manière de la tirer sur sa béquille qui n'oblige pas à contracter l'abdomen ; on fait un tour dans la ville, pour vérifier que les vibrations du moteur ne provoquent aucun malaise.

Téléphone de C, qui a reçu ma première lettre.

Le soir, Deepak, le Kéralaite rencontré la veille, me trouve sur la promenade ; il s'apprête à repartir dans la nuit, pour Chennai, puis Cochin.

***22-6-2002, Pondichéry :**

Ma dernière pleine journée, dans ce refuge qui m'a été donné.

Il y a une sorte d'incertitude, et probablement d'appréhension, dans le corps (ou seulement dans le mental physique ? je ne suis pas sûr) : puisqu'on ne sait pas

vraiment ce qui s'est produit, ce qui a causé cette infection, comment être sûr que cela ne se reproduira pas ?

Le soir je rencontre Vijay sur la promenade ; c'est très affectueux et simple ; ce que lui pense être la plus probable des causes, ce dont il est, dit-il, à peu près certain, c'est qu'un ulcère s'était formé, dans l'estomac ou l'intestin, et que cet ulcère s'est ensuite développé à tel point que cela a causé une perforation de la paroi intestinale, infectant ainsi tout l'abdomen ; je lui ai demandé comment il se faisait que je n'aie rien senti, aucun malaise, aucun inconfort, aucun désordre, pendant la période précédente ; il n'a pas de réponse, sinon que la perforation peut se produire très soudainement. Le fait est que j'avais, certains jours et depuis quelques temps, des remontées d'acidité, ou une sensation plutôt de brûlure acide dans l'œsophage, vers la gorge ; cela arrivait souvent le soir, mais pas chaque jour. Et j'avais aussi remarqué, parfois, certains jours, une sorte de ralentissement ou de paresse dans le processus de digestion et d'évacuation... Mais rien d'autre.

D'un point de vue plus subtil, il y avait une sorte de fatigue – pas « fatigue » au sens ordinaire, mais plutôt un sens d'érosion, de trop, directement lié à la persistance comme acharnée de ces attaques et accusations et calomnies contre moi... des années et des années de ça... !

Alors évidemment, la question demeure, avec une forme d'autant plus précise : s'il y a eu un ou des ulcères, qui ont provoqué une ou des perforations, comment veiller à ce que cela ne se reproduise pas ?

Tout ce que je peux sentir, est comme un élan, un besoin de m'unir plus sûrement et plus solidement et plus constamment à ce mouvement de confiance et d'aspiration pour le progrès : le progrès dans la conscience et le progrès dans la substance, à la fois, ensemble, inséparablement : pour Toi, vers Toi, en Toi.

Et j'ai pu voir, dans cette journée, comment cette confiance était déjà, et serait inévitablement mise à l'épreuve – avec des nouvelles des uns et des autres : Kamala d'abord, à qui il vient d'arriver une fracture spontanée du col du fémur, à côté de K.T qui vient à peine de se remettre d'une infection pulmonaire ; Barbara qui est de nouveau affaiblie et mal en point ; et puis JYL m'apprend, ce qu'il gardait silencieux ces dernières semaines, qu'on a trouvé à Ch.J une « leucémie des vieillards » ! Alors, quelle est la perspective pour elle et F.J ?

Cela me confirme en tous cas que, très probablement, ce sera juste pour moi de retourner, comme ils le souhaitent tous, les voir en France en Novembre.

Dans toute cette expérience, il y a une autre question qui reste ouverte pour moi, d'un point de vue purement intime, individuel, physique ; c'est difficile à définir avec les mots ; j'ai réalisé, avec le passage des jours durant cette première période de « convalescence », que certaines parties du corps, ou certains niveaux de fonctionnement ou d'organisation, prenaient alors seulement conscience du choc, de l'ampleur ou de la force ou de l'importance de l'évènement, ou de l'accident, ou de l'attaque ; comme si, durant l'attaque même, ces éléments, ou ces niveaux, avaient dû instinctivement se concentrer d'autant plus sur leurs propres rythmes et dans leurs propres domaines et tâches, pour assurer l'équilibre, quittes à rester ignorants de ce qui se passait...

Et cela touche à Ton observation sur la volonté centrale du corps – que ce n'est que lorsque cette volonté centrale abdique que la « mort » survient.

Car, à aucun moment, je n'i senti, je n'ai eu l'expérience concrète d'un mouvement d'abdication.

Je n'ai eu vraiment l'expérience que d'une absolue demande d'endurance, avec le sens que, d'une part je n'étais pas prêt à « partir », que je souhaitais avoir le temps de progresser encore, et que d'autre part je n'avais plus de ressources. Il y a, au, clairement, le moment – un moment qui a duré longtemps, peut-être deux

jours – où j'ai tout offert, et il y a eu une « surrender » : ce serait ce que Tu voudrais, ou plutôt, « que ce soit selon Ta Volonté ! ».

Et c'est là qu'il a été décidé d'opérer.

Mais la question est : est ce que j'aurais pu, ou dû, avoir plus de confiance encore, et recevoir l'énergie de lutter, d'endurer, de résister, de guérir, sans intervention ?

Je ne sais pas.

Il y a un enseignement en soi dans cette Grâce qui a circulé dans les uns et les autres, qui a formé ce cercle de protection active, cette détermination de servir l'harmonie et l'équilibre et la continuité.

Et, pour cela, une reconnaissance qui est pleine, et qui doit encore apprendre à dépasser le sens de la dette pour se donner dans le sens plus vrai d'un engagement, libre d'ego, dans le progrès, le service, le devenir – individuel et collectif.

***23-6-2002, Pondichéry Auroville :**

Voilà. Le dernier matin dans cette chambre calme et simple ouverte à l'océan – l'océan dont je ne ma saoulerai jamais assez...

Cet après-midi je retournerai à « Sincérité », et c'est avec le lieu même, avec le contexte, que la guérison et les changements nécessaires vont devoir s'accomplir.

Je ne crois pas que je sois prêt à me replonger tout de suite dans l'absorption du travail quotidien ; cette concentration sur le rétablissement, l'harmonisation, le progrès dans et avec le corps, est bonne et encore nécessaire ; mais une transition graduelle, et un élargissement.

Il y a un petit déchirement à quitter ce lieu, cette proximité de l'océan, ce refuge comme un cocon de protection vraiment, au-dedans duquel ce sentiment, cette perception, cette sensation tout à la fois, très simple, très simple, nue, directe, enfantine, d'enthousiasme calme et de confiance, d'effort confiant vers l'harmonie physique et entière, pouvait se développer et se manifester...

Et je ne ressens pas de joie particulière à « rentrer ».

Je crois que cette dernière période, peut-être d'une année, a en quelque sorte annulé ou déréalisé ce qui était peut-être mon dernier attachement : l'attachement à « Sincérité », à ce lieu de vie que la Grâce m'avait permis de créer.

Pourtant quand nous arrivons, Bhaskar et moi, en moto, en fin d'après-midi, c'est avec calme, un calme assez dense et profond, sans limite perceptible, que je m'y retrouve.

Seulement, tout de suite, j'éprouve le besoin de ranger, de mettre de l'ordre, de débayer, de voir et sentir chaque chose à sa place...

***24-6-2002, Auroville :**

J'avais oublié les oiseaux !

Le bruit des vagues, et le son de quelques corbeaux et mouettes, qui ont habité les ces dernières semaines – et maintenant, tous ces oiseaux !

Il me faut me diriger vers un rythme juste... Pour la nourriture, le repos, l'exercice, le travail, tout est à revoir, pour une relation nouvelle et un nouvel équilibre.

Je passe de longs moments à ranger, réorganiser les armoires et les étagères ; deux séances d'exercice, une promenade en vélo ; et deux visites au Matrimandir.

Retiré du contexte et du travail extérieur, j'ai pu constater combien le mental était tranquille, et même le vital, et comme toutes ces années j'avais simplement été rempli par les détails physiques et pratiques, les « problèmes », les questions de relations et d'organisation, de soin et d'attention... Et, comme une marée qui reflue,

ou une immersion, tout revient, et les éléments de la situation « locale » se rappellent à mon attention, avec, en même temps, un retour du sens de responsabilité, ou de service...

Mais je ne veux pas laisser ce que j'ai trouvé ces temps-ci, les données d'un meilleur équilibre physique et énergétique : il me faut m'orienter plus consciemment, avec une concentration plus effective...

Je retrouve des nuits d'un sommeil très riche et très actif...

***25-6-2002, Auroville :**

Voilà donc un mois que j'ai été « opéré » ! Un mois ? Il ne peut s'agir du même « temps » !

Que ce soit le rythme de la Conscience, du progrès conscient, qui gouverne !

***27-6-2002, Auroville :**

Les journées se chargent à nouveau.

Mais je garde une heure de la matinée pour l'exercice, et je cesse le travail à 16h30 pour une autre séance d'exercice, suivie d'une randonnée à vélo, que je prolonge chaque jour un peu plus.

Hier soir, après le vélo, j'ai fait une longue marche avec M, et nous avons retrouvé notre abri dans la forêt...

***29-6-2002, Auroville :**

Aujourd'hui, depuis midi, j'ai mal dans tout le ventre ; c'est un mélange de deux douleurs différentes : l'une est une « soreness », une sensibilité comme une brûlure qui tire, et qui provient des muscles là où la chirurgie les a rattachés et serrés ensemble de telle manière que tout mouvement abdominal les tend ; l'autre provient de l'estomac et de tout le trajet intestinal, comme une colique néphrétique, ou bien ces douleurs qui font hurler les petits bébés, arquer leur petit corps et ne supporter aucune position... J'attends que ça se calme ; c'est-à-dire que je m'applique à n'y prêter qu'une attention indirecte et à le comprendre activement comme une simple crise d'adaptation de l'organisme ; car en fait, c'est effectivement comme à l'âge du bébé, quand le système digestif doit apprendre à accommoder toutes les réactions chimiques dans son milieu interne.

Pourtant, généralement – et il me semble essentiel de garder cette pratique de l'exercice physique progressif quotidien –, l'énergie est meilleure chaque jour, la musculature s'améliore visiblement, et je crois que j'ai dû commencer à reprendre un peu de poids. Mais il y a évidemment cette formation : ce qui m'est arrivé pourrait m'arriver encore !?

***17-7-2002, Auroville :**

Il y a deux soirs, le corps se trouvait tout à coup dans la condition d'un enfant, qui voulait jouer encore et plus, qui avait toute cette énergie à dépenser pour recevoir celle qui le ferait grandir et se développer – sans compter : cette joie simple de la croissance.

Et hier, graduellement, des douleurs dans tout le ventre se sont massées, à couper le souffle, avec une sorte de succion de l'énergie dans les membres ; j'ai dû rentrer, m'étendre ; puis j'ai téléphoné à Dinkar, qui m'a donné son explication de chirurgien et de médecin, graphique, séparée, et finalement ignorante... (Par

exemple, il m'explique que, lors de l'opération, il a nettoyé toutes les surfaces internes, de telle sorte que les liquides ou fluides lubrifiants naturels ont été aussi asséchés, et par conséquent il est possible que quelque part de l'intestin se colle à une autre ou à la paroi abdominale, temporairement, ou bien même forme un coude et ainsi une obstruction, auquel cas, il faudrait réopérer !)

Mais c'est venu avec une vague qui voulait me décourager, me prouver que c'était sans issue et sans lendemain...

Aujourd'hui, les douleurs s'espacent ; ce sont comme des lances qui s'ouvrent circulairement dans tout le ventre jusqu'à la limite, puis se retirent ou se résorbent, tous les quelques moments...

Il faut trouver le chemin, l'équilibre ouvert en avant, vers plus de vérité physique, et plus de joie.

Ce doit être, pour le corps, le gouvernement de la joie.

Cela est certain.

Il ne s'agit pas d'une joie excitée, euphorique ; cela n'a rien d'insistant.

Mais c'est de la nature du « Delight ».

Cela, ça vaut la peine.

Parce que cela a un pouvoir dans le monde.

***21-7-2002, Auroville :**

C'est dimanche ; la maison est propre.

Je n'i pas encore essayé de définir, ou de décrire, la position dans laquelle je me trouve – ce qui a changé. Je ne sais pas si c'est utile de le faire.

Le sens du progrès, d'un chemin à faire, est essentiellement et principalement situé dans le corps, ou associé à la conscience du corps.

Si je m'en éloigne, ma vie devient grise, car, d'un point de vue général, elle est sans but – ou bien elle est à la recherche de son but, de son unité...

Je suppose que je pourrais encore écrire, peindre, faire des maisons, créer ; mais il n'y a aucune impulsion, ni de l'extérieur, ni du dedans, ni d'en haut.

C'est beaucoup comme si j'étais arrivé au bout – et je crois que c'est cela, en fait, qui s'est passé ; mais alors, quelque chose d'autre aussi s'est passé, et c'est ce quelque chose d'autre qui donne le sens : et c'est directement lié à la fois au psychique et au corps.

Et, dans la perspective de cette expérience, les valeurs sont tout à fait autres, ou plutôt se découpent autrement.

L'amitié est importante, mais elle doit être libre de malentendus.

La tendresse est importante. Le don de soi. De petits mouvements qui ont en commun, peut-être, la liberté...

Note : J'ai de nouveau cessé d'écrire. Et je le regrette aujourd'hui.

J'ai pu voir de très près, au cours de ces quelques dernières années, comment l'histoire se réécrit à mesure que se renforcent les assises des intérêts qui ont obtenu de faire « table rase ». Comment les choses dites et les choses écrites s'orientent graduellement vers la consolidation d'une version des faits et des intentions plus favorable, plus consonante. Combien rares sont les voix et les esprits qui savent demeurer libres et lucides, et exigent d'eux-mêmes de demeurer probes et intègres. Comme toute approche gênante ou compromettante, qui

pourrait remettre en question l'unité présentée, est activement ignorée, aliénée, ostracisée, enterrée.

I have not kept many documents with me; only a few, which seemed to me to be representative of the positions and viewpoints.

We continued with our daily work at Matrimandir, and we kept holding the weekly gatherings, on site, of those Aurovilians working with us who wished to meet together. Each time we would select a chairperson amongst us, and someone else who would record the topics and the decisions reached, if any.

Paolo's study had by then progressed very well, and he was able to produce a very beautiful, comprehensive and detailed picture of the entire Peace area, which brought by itself a kind of fulfilment: it was proof enough for us that truly, not only this complementary was possible, between the architectural integrity of the Matrimandir and the richness and beauty of a natural environment, but was far superior to any exclusive solution.

We all agreed to write to the Governing Board members about it, in September.

***On Paolo's study, to the Members of the Governing Board of the Auroville Foundation:**

"21-9-2002.

Greetings.

This letter is being written to you by the members of the Matrimandir Workers Team, which is comprised of those Aurovilians working on the Matrimandir site who gather weekly, in open meetings, to see to the carrying on of the work at Matrimandir.

This weekly gathering was established by the community following a series of intense meetings regarding Matrimandir in September and October, 2001.

We bring to the attention of the Governing Board that the issue of direction and design for the entire Peace Area has not been addressed truly or fairly.

The Matrimandir Team is convinced that the stated and recorded wishes of the Mother for this Peace Area call for real gardens with greenery, trees, shrubs, flowers and lakes, all arranged in the Japanese way, and not simply a reduced series of "symbolic" gardens - with no Park (or Outer Gardens) to speak of.

The recent studies of Paolo Tommasi attempt very well, we believe, to capture and embody the deepest sense of what Mother has described of Her visions of the Gardens.

In their last meeting, the members of the Governing Board had insisted on the need for dialogue between all concerned to find the way forward, but this has not happened, because the architect does not agree to participate in the needed dialogue. Instead of dialogue and collaboration, there is mounting pressure to enforce decisions instead of inducing consensus and harmony with patience until it is achieved.

We want to work for union and a harmonious future together; at the service of this aspiration we always remain.

At the service of Truth."

Note: There was considerable confusion in Auroville as regards the type and style of self-government that was wanted. Kireet, having professed everything and its contrary, had once already intervened in the method of collectively forming an

organisational body, by introducing a "new" voting system: each Aurovilian was to select two names; out of all the names selected, the 30 names which got the most votes would be nominated to form a first support group; these 30 people would then choose among themselves the 7 or 12 members of the new body, and the rest would remain available as members of the larger support-group.

Now it was proposed to apply the same method for the election of a new management group at Matrimandir, with the amendment that the selection must be done from a list of those who have expressed interest and willingness to be part of such a group...

Deepti plunged and posted a strong protest; here are some excerpts of her text:

***On the Working Committee's most recent Matrimandir Management proposal, from Deepti, September 24, 2002:**

"So at last it is out in the open – the canker at the root of Auroville's distorted growth, the worm in the apple of the recent experiment in 'new organisation'. How reasonable the WC's proposal sounds (funny, it's their 5th or 6th proposal about Matrimandir management since they came into being!). Auroville must have a majority vote, every single adult Aurovilian must participate: let us 'take back our soul'!

We are ready to do to our symbol soul what we will never dream of doing to more secular activities – can you imagine electing, by majority vote, a new management at CSR, at Auroville Press, at Maroma... let alone at the Central Fund or Auroville Fund, however egregious the present managers become...

But Matrimandir... is only our soul, and it 'belongs' to everybody (what an oxymoron, or rather what an asuric distortion of the soul's truth of Divine Oneness); and so let's call upon every Tom, Dick and Harry's ego, jealousy, envy or hatred to pronounce upon it. The good people, as well as the good within people, will be fully repelled by this exercise – so all is safe... and I guess the organisers are banking upon this fact to get things through...

... This is text-book material: first arrange a petition program, then organise a series of meetings, get the mobs baying for the blood of those "terrible MM team members"; when the soil is churned, a morass of mud and mire, just in time the intelligent ones will step in with a perfectly reasonable proposal to "solve the impasse"... These techniques have been perfected round the world in political action... disinformation, poisoning the well... they even have names!

... Sri Aurobindo... has spoken of the sheer caddishness of human nature, and of the evil at its root.... "

Note: We, the Matrimandir Team, made another attempt to state our position, and published in the AV News the following statement, which we printed directly below a fac-simile of the message the Mother had given to the Matrimandir Workers on 31-10-1972 (the original of this message had been "lost", more likely stolen or destroyed, in the 80s).

***An appeal to the Residents of Auroville, by the Matrimandir Workers Team, 28-9-2002:**

"31-10-72

Harmony

Good will

Discipline

Truth

I can work with you only if you do not say a lie and are at the service of Truth Mother"

"AN APPEAL

To the residents of Auroville:

We, the Matrimandir Workers Team, reject completely the proposed process of electing the management for Matrimandir. As a precedent for resolving disputes or for creating management groups in Auroville, this process of voting leads to manipulation, politicisation and chaos. A dangerous trend is being started in Auroville of removing and excluding people due to intolerance of differing perceptions and personal dislikes, rather than sincerely attempting to address issues at hand and to resolve them through harmonious dialogue and interaction.

The bid to change the present management in Matrimandir seeks precisely to impose the wishes of a certain faction, rather than sincerely addressing the issue at hand. The true issue at hand is not the management but the need for a clear consensus within all the residents regarding design directions for the completion of the Matrimandir Peace Area – Park/Outer Gardens, Lake, and Inner Gardens – according to the Mother's vision.

A thoroughly researched proposal regarding the entire Peace Area has been presented to the Governing Board and all the residents by Paolo and the Matrimandir Workers Team. We believe it reflects faithfully the Mother's vision of the park and gardens with all their various significances, instead of reducing the gardens to a series of symbolic plots with practically no park. We maintain that the Peace Area should not be designed just as a mere city centre like many others all over the world, but given a special attention so that it reflects the soul of Auroville.

We sincerely hope that the collectivity of Auroville would perceive the truth of these serious issues raised by the Matrimandir Workers Team."

Note: I drafted, soon after, a fairly complete historical of the issue.

This text was circulated on behalf of our team.

Not many of us were left who had been present from the beginning of the construction of Matrimandir, and for the majority of people, the various claims now held forth were rather confusing. There were many too who could not help doubting our motivations, thinking that perhaps, as our detractors were wont to say, we were merely clinging to our seats and using the debate over the physical environment of Matrimandir as a justification to ward off contenders to our cherished positions. This text was prepared as much for the purpose of situating the debate in its historical perspective for those of us who had joined Auroville only later, as for that of attempting to share in the community at large the significance of the issue for the future of Auroville.

***"Our position today and the reasons for it. October 3, 2002.**

1- Historical background. Part One.

. In 1965, the Mother describes Her vision of a central park, with a pavilion of Truth and Love sheltered in it, to Satprem and to Huta respectively.

. In 1966-67, the Mother agrees to a plan proposed by Roger A, with the Matrimandir as an open lotus surrounded by a medium-sized lake and connected by bridges to the Banyan tree and the guardian's house; around this lake are 12 gardens, the last of which is located near to the Banyan tree; tall trees stand at their outer boundary.

. In December 1969, on Paolo's request through Satprem to begin the construction of a centre, as an axis and a focus for the energies of the Aurovilians, the Mother refers to the above plan and describes it at length.

. Following this conversation, the Mother has the decisive experience of being inside the Inner Room of the Matrimandir, and describes it in great detail, gives its exact measurements and has a drawing made of it by Udar, a disciple engineer. This description She gives both to Satprem and to Paolo together.

. In January 1970, Roger A proposes different shapes for the outer structure of the Matrimandir. However Paolo had the intuition of a sphere emerging from the earth, which Roger A also comes to refer to as the best solution; this is accepted and adopted by the Mother.

. It is then agreed, on Satprem's suggestion, that the construction may start at once even though there is no water available to create a lake around the Matrimandir as yet; it will be done afterwards, when water becomes available (the Mother mentions again the desalination process as the solution).

; The Mother also explains how She has entrusted Narad with the task of creating the entire gardens area.

. Later on, the Mother informs Satprem that Roger A has asked Her to give names to 12 underground rooms that he proposes to build around the sphere. There are no records available of the Mother's agreement, if any, to the changes brought about by the introduction of the 12 petals around the sphere. Yet we have Her written statement, in 1971, confirming that *"the gardens are as important as the Matrimandir itself"*.

. Early 1971, the excavation work begins.

. Early 1972, the foundations of the sphere are cast and actual construction begins. The first trees are planted in the Outer Gardens.

The Amphitheatre is built around the Urn, on Vikas's and Roger A's suggestion. Everyone is working according to a commonly accepted plan of the "Peace Area": the Oval island, which is ten times the size of the Matrimandir in section and contains the Matrimandir and its Petals, the Banyan tree, the Amphitheatre and the 12 Inner Gardens; a water channel all around it, and the Outer Gardens beyond it, where large trees from all over the world are to be planted.

. The 4 pillars and the first slab of the sphere are completed on November 17, 1973, at the exact moment when the Mother's physical heart stops beating.

- Part Two.

. From the late 70s to the late 80s, Roger A is absent from Auroville and Piero is sole in charge of the construction of the Matrimandir.

. In the late 80s, as the triangular beam structure for the double shell of the Matrimandir nears completion, it is agreed to invite Roger A and seek his collaboration in designing both the double shell of the sphere and its immediate environment.

. At the time many Aurovilians, including a number of the Matrimandir Workers, object to Roger A's design of a golden shell surrounded by 12 huge Petals with their underground rooms, finding it artificial, showy, impractical and unnecessary, and requiring too much money and time and, later, maintenance. However no convincing comprehensive alternative is available. (Paolo only prepared one model of the completed sphere with a simple cladding of white triangular marble panels.)

. Roger A presents to the community his modified design: instead of the original pattern, the golden discs now follow the structural pattern of the triangular grid; the 12 petals are reduced in height; there is some greenery around them as grass replaces the red tiles he had earlier wanted.

. In a large community meeting late 1987, through a raised hands vote, Roger A's new design is accepted despite considerable objections.

. Subsequently an attempt is made to encourage active collaboration between Piero and Roger A. Eventually Piero withdraws and decides to concentrate his energies on completing the Inner Room under Paolo's guidance.

. The execution of Roger A's designs requires years of study and research as there is no feasibility report from him; outside engineers and consultants are called in.

; Roger A himself calls in various teams of Aurovilians to execute the discs, the inner skin panels, the Petals; the techniques chosen by him end up proving non durable and unsafe and several lines of experiment and of production must be abandoned.

. In the face of this a mounting opposition is expressed throughout Auroville and many people ask that another design is found at least for the completed sphere, which must be simpler and free from the use of unsafe materials.

. Through further research done by M.B abroad and here on site a new technique is finally developed, tested and found acceptable for the fabrication of the golden discs – despite Roger A's claims that everything was fine. (Continued research is still being pursued for the creation of the inner skin panels.)

. In the early 90s Roger A directed a team work on various options for the Gardens, Lake and Park. The proposal that is then elaborated the most has the lake half inside and half outside the Oval and the Park around it all.

. Finally Roger A comes back to and confirms the working plan that has been guiding everyone on site since the beginning: the Oval island with its 12 gardens and the garden of Unity around the Banyan tree; a 10 to 12 metres wide water channel around the island; a landscaped Park, or Outer Gardens, around that; the whole area, "Peace", extending to a 330 metres radius from the centre.

. Subsequently the exact contouring of the entire Oval Island is precisely defined under Roger A's direct guidance, and executed accordingly.

. In the mid 90s there is a push to try and complete the whole Peace Area – Outer Gardens, Water Body and Inner Gardens - simultaneously with the Matrimandir itself, so that the Matrimandir does not stand as a mere attractive monument but is actually approached through its own true setting and the rich beauty of the environment the Mother had wanted for it. By that time hundreds of big trees have already grown to adult size in parts of the Outer and Inner Gardens.

Unfortunately it becomes evident that Roger A not only favours again his original concept of a bare and limited urban centre, but will oppose anybody who tries to work towards the actual realisation of the environment the Mother has described.

. This essential difference of approaches culminates in 1999.

Roger A's approach, architectural and spectacular of a monumental statement and symbol; and the other approach, held by most at Matrimandir and many others in Auroville at large, of a sanctuary, silent and secluded, within the natural harmony of which, moving "from consciousness to consciousness" among "the most beautiful gardens of the world", one would prepare oneself for the experience of concentration inside the Matrimandir Inner Room.

. In 1999, Harald Kraft and Roger A present a proposal of a huge lake extending from the Oval to the city buildings – taking the place of the Outer Gardens -, which they claim will be the only solution for the water requirements of the city.

Roger A seeks to have this proposal made official and legal by including it in the Master Plan that is to be sanctioned by the Auroville Foundation Governing Board, of which he is a member.

. This marks the beginning of a conflict which has gradually drawn more and more energies into itself, while the community of Auroville has as yet been unable to identify the fair means by which the actual issues could be addressed and their solution be discovered to the satisfaction of all.

. Instead, a nexus of interests and individuals has grouped around Roger A and exerted all available pressures to convince the rest of the community that the only problem is not one of "design" or "approach" but one of ill will from certain individuals at Matrimandir blocking the progress of the work for their own purposes.

. Early 2000, Roger A, with whom Paolo had maintained a cordial contact throughout the years despite their divergence of views, invites Paolo, in a conversation with him, to take up the work of the Gardens, as he himself is "not interested in it".

. Paolo works ceaselessly from that moment until July, 2002, on a concept of the entire Peace Area that can integrate harmoniously both the strong architectural features designed by Roger A and already executed of the Matrimandir and the Petals, within the expanse of natural beauty, treated in the Japanese way, which the Mother has wanted and described at length.

. Paolo's completed study is presented to the community from August 15, 2002 onwards and to the Governing Board on September 21, 2002.

It includes detailed drawings and perspectives of each Inner Garden and reflects accurately the existing situation on the ground, with the adult trees that have been part of the Inner and Outer Gardens all these years.

Along with this study, a total detailed estimate is also presented.

A preliminary assessment of the best methods for constructing, waterproofing and lining the water body has been received from the German Institute of LGA, Nuremberg, the laboratories of which have analysed samples of the soil here.

Directly related to the feasibility of the proposed lake, preliminary reports of the practicality and feasibility of a desalination plant, as a pilot project for the entire area, has also been received and more detailed information is underway.

2- Declaration of Intent.

Numerous conflicts have arisen in relation to the birth, construction and completion of the Matrimandir.

Throughout these conflicts, the guiding and saving grace has always and every time been the will to serve the manifestation of Her stated wishes.

For instance:

. Roger A had not wanted the columns to be erected in the Inner Room; yet the Matrimandir Workers chose to erect them, simply because the Mother had seen them.

. Many people did not want Roger A's design of the discs and petals. Yet the Matrimandir Workers eventually chose to build and construct them as it seemed to be a fact that the Mother had blessed a brochure representing them and as it was certain that She had also named the 12 Petals.

. Now Roger A refuses to work for the realisation of the Matrimandir Gardens and Park as per the Mother's recorded description, nor does he even accept to let others do it who might complement his own contribution as an architect.

Rather, he seeks to impose on the whole area an urban concept that has no relation to the Mother's initiating vision of it.

But now the situation has evolved to the point when we actually have, for the first time, a clear and detailed plan, ready for execution.

This plan has been elaborated by Paolo, to whom the Mother had directly spoken, as recorded in the Agenda.

The work can begin at once and, in our view, must begin at once, for several important reasons.

01. Within the next few months, work on the large Petals, the small petals, and on the landscaping of the Oval, will be complete, and we have a fairly large labour force that must be employed properly and usefully without any break.
02. The realisation of the Inner Gardens, Lake and Outer Gardens in their entirety signifies an enormous amount of work, representing tremendous inputs of energy, dedication and service over several years. This realisation has been delayed for too long, and the Matrimandir must be given its true environment so that its symbol is complete and ready for the full manifestation of the consciousness it stands for.
03. The expectation that was placed on all of us to unite in a true spirit of collaboration has been, in our view, consistently betrayed by Roger A's persistent will to impose his own concept through means that have been less than ethical. In this sense we feel now free to make the choice we must make, of realising Her dream in Matter. And it may well be that, further on, we shall all meet again in the work and find all together the joy that will justify all the labour.

3 – Plan of action.

We will therefore outline here our plan of action.

- A. Finalise all the pathways in the Oval, with their percolation trenches, infrastructural routings and slopes.
- B. Prepare for the excavation of further sections of the lake, moving the soil to the landscaping of the Outer Gardens North and East of the Oval.
- C. Select one or two Inner Gardens with their corresponding elements in the Outer Gardens, lay down their structure and begin their detailing and planting work.
- D. Prepare the ground for a permanent Reception Pavilion at the Western end of the Peace Area.

Regarding the completion of the sphere, inside and outside, as well as that of the Petals, we shall be happy to proceed with all the work as per Roger A's instructions, provided that he respects and accepts the few requests which have been made to allow for better access, safety and maintenance, and to observe the proper use of symbols."

(Written by Divakar)

Note: Kusum had become over the years a most cherished member of our team, a mother and an elder sister and a friend; she had lived an exemplary life; a Jain by birth and upbringing, in a very orthodox family of Gujarat, she had run away at the age of 16 to live her life with her beloved; for that she was banned from most of her family and her social set for many years; but her husband and her were soon engaged in the fight for the freedom of the nation from the British Empire. Her husband died, just around the time of the birth of the Indian Republic, of an "accident", when their sons were only small children, and she was then alone, in a new nation, a single mother in a society where widows were still supposed to follow their spouse into death or to at least withdraw from active life altogether. She was already well acquainted with the Gandhians, and went on tours with the Acharya Vinobha Bhave; she became a manager of one of the Khadi concerns, and raised

her children single-handedly, put them through college and university, till each of them settled in their chosen life. She had already met the Mother during one of her tours in the South East, in the late 50s, and had vowed to herself that, as soon as she would have fulfilled her parental duties, she would return to the Mother for good. It was only in 1971 that she could do so. The Mother welcomed her. As Kusum still wanted to be able to attend to her grown family now and then, she chose to stay in Auroville rather than in the Ashram, and started living and working in "Promesse", as nursing help; soon, she was given by the Mother the additional, and permanent, charge of looking after the small temple to Sri Ganesh, which the Mother had accepted to care for when the land on which it had earlier been built and dedicated was bought for Auroville.

Kusum was a very fine and very generous person; she was a living example of rectitude, and yet was full of open warmth towards everybody; but she found our situation very painful and was increasingly distressed by the games that were being enacted around the Matrimandir and its destiny, and what it portended for the future of Auroville.

In October, 2002, she decided to publish a first open letter; she first wrote it down in Hindi, and got help for a proper English translation. This letter was posted, sent directly and also published in the Auroville News.

***Open letter to the Working Committee and Support Group, on Matrimandir, by Kusum. 23-10-2002:**

"Mà.

Dear Working Committee and Support Group.

Generally I offer any intention to write at the feet of the Mother with a flower-filled prayer and an entreaty, 'O Mother, show us the way, as we have strayed!'

I came to know that a few days ago there was a meeting of some residents of Auroville at SAWCHU, where they 'passed' some 'resolutions', although these were changed later to 'proposals'. What strange games are being played: today it's this, tomorrow that, what next we ask?

But now it is absolutely clear to me. It is due to our self-interest alone that we have allowed ourselves to forget the supremely important things the Mother has said about the building of Auroville. Today I wish to say something – that which is clear to my 'drishti' (my view of things). This is particularly with reference to the so-called proposal demanding transfer of Matrimandir money to Auroville Fund:

- 1- The money that people donate or offer ('arpan') to Matrimandir, all of that treasure, must go through the Central Fund, it is said! This is to say, that Matrimandir's money will now have no connection with Matrimandir any more; this is to say also that Matrimandir will have no direct relation with the money that is donated to it, for from now on the entire power should stay with the Central Fund's managers.
- 2- Do you even know or understand with what and with whom is attempted this game that is being played? Matrimandir is not only the Soul of Auroville: *'The Matrimandir wants to be the symbol of the Divine's answer to man's*

aspiration for perfection. Union with the Divine manifesting in a progressive Human Unity', She said.

- 3- You should know that for all the people of India, the word 'mandir' holds a very deep significance. In their hearts the 'bhava' of 'Bhakti' is always present. From the poorest to the most well-to-do, depending upon their 'Shakti', which may range from one rupee to thousands, all are offered ('arpan') to Matrimandir. And do you even know what 'bhava' is present in their hearts? 'Mà, it is at Your sacred feet that I offer not whole flowers, but mere petals of my offering, for You in Your Grace to accept'. This is their prayer.
- 4- Matrimandir is indeed a totally 'nirala' (interesting, different, unique) Mandir. It is wholly different to what is commonly understood from age-old times. As people come, they read and study and attempt to comprehend what Mother wants behind the creation of this shrine. And then slowly they start to understand and to experience what She has created in this Shrine. Slowly, as they understand what all this means, they begin to give bit by bit to it, always with great joy and great 'shraddha' and 'bhakti'. All this does not happen in a day. Gradually, in each heart is erected the edifice of 'bhava' and 'bhakti'. And people continue to surrender their wealth as a symbolic contribution of themselves. And as they offer it at Mother's feet, this offering creates a wondrous 'adhbhut' (bond) with Matrimandir. Their offering, of all they can give with all their heart, is always surrendered directly at Mother's feet.
- 5- They do not need go-betweens or brokers in this sacred relationship. For indeed, this brokering could cause or result in a great slight, even insult to their feelings and their 'bhavana'. Therefore such a thing SHOULD NOT BE ATTEMPTED. There hardly could be a greater fault or mistake committed than such a thing.

Therefore I say, do not for the sake of self-interest, play such a game with the 'Atman' of Auroville, and with the sacred 'bhavana' of donors who are devotees only of Mother and through Her of Her Shrine, Matrimandir – not necessarily of Auroville. Indeed, I cannot comprehend why people are so obsessed to control the donations given to Matrimandir. For there is indeed no comparable system in Auroville that may match on an equal basis the transparency of the Matrimandir financial system.

Leave then these trivial and trivialising games. Let us leave all these at the feet of Mother.

Let us rather pray together: 'Thy Will be done'.

Kusum"

Note: We did not claim to be perfect, or superior; in fact, we were most acutely aware of our own failings and, even though we were often seen as being arrogant, we shared among us such a very strong sense of ethics that we would not even consider the majority of responses that seemed to be offered to us. We kept making our stand on matters that to us were essential while refusing to even counter even the most ludicrous allegations. In that way, probably, it became easier to dismiss us...

In the same month of October, Deepti too published two papers.

They are reproduced here, as they may well remain relevant for some time...

These two texts were posted and circulated.

***What exactly is happening? Text offered by Deepti, October 28, 2002:**

'India of the ages is not dead nor has she spoken her last creative word: she lives and has still something to do for herself and the human peoples. And that which must seek now to awaken is not an Anglicised oriental people, docile pupil of the West and doomed to repeat the cycle of the occident's success and failure, but still the ancient immemorable Shakti recovering her deeper self, lifting her head towards the supreme source of light and strength and turning to discover the complete meaning and vaster form of her Dharma.'

Sri Aurobindo.

"Dear Friends,

It is sometimes hard to manage coherent explanations especially when, as is the case with the Matrimandir imbroglio, so many spirals intersect and influence each other. Indian wisdom recognises that a great deal of reflection and discernment in thought is needed to arrive at a Dharmic standard of life and action. For a collectivity, an open dialogue and debate on crucial issues and ideas is essential. Therefore this more deliberate, written note might prove useful to stimulate the much needed 'vichar' and 'viveka' to help clarify thought and further action. As long as collective spaces are used against people to destroy or replace or forcibly put them in their 'right' place little progress can actually take place. When and if the calm required is found and the necessity of seeking a commonality of approach agreed upon – some of these subjects will definitely required to be discussed.

.What exactly is happening?

There are many popular views about the Matrimandir situation. Depending upon one's way of being one may settle for one or another. Broadly, the superficial 'presentations' of the problem express themselves as: that it is merely the supposed 'power trip' of the ex MMCG from whom 'control' must finally be wrested as the time for 'change' has finally arrived; or, it is the hitherto unacknowledged godlike status of the architect which must finally be settled; or, it is two groups endlessly warring with each other while the rest of Auroville's population unfortunately suffers the consequences. Only those who have a lazy mentality can persuade themselves to settle for such silly, mechanical explanations.

Let us have no illusions. The present situation at Matrimandir is one of the most crucial tests before Auroville – one that has the power to reorient its destiny for a long time to come. And it touches almost every aspect of Auroville life: what is the relation of a soul to the body? And depending upon our answer, what is the type of city we want? What is the manner in which a city such as Auroville ought to organise its governance? How should its economics be arranged? The problem of race relations inexorably surfaces in this story, and so does the attitude to the local area. And then there is the question of what should the Dharma of an Aurovilian be. Finally, Matrimandir touches India in a manner that nothing else in Auroville does, and what we do there will have a prime impact upon what happens to Auroville in India and with India. It is as if the Time Spirit is bringing up for review everything that happens in Auroville as also the manner and motivation of its occurrence.

The architect has certainly not considered the vast implications of his action when he has brought in office bearers of the Auroville Foundation to act and interfere with what should have been kept as an internal Auroville Process. He has fundamentally altered the 'rules' of the process! Since the last year, much has accelerated; he and his friends have attempted repeatedly to make the Auroville Foundation 'take action' – of course in his favour! The Auroville Foundation cannot be a tool of some Aurovilians, however sympathetic it might appear at present. It remains always answerable to the Parliament of India. The simple truth is: if today there are persons 'sympathetic' to a particular perspective, tomorrow the opposite could be true. A door has been opened that could have unforeseen consequences for the Auroville Experiment. There is much in Auroville which could suffer ill a deeper scrutiny. Once interference begins it will automatically encompass wider areas – why has no one thought of this?

What are the underlying factors that have permitted all this to come about?

1. A vision of the soul of the 'City at the Service of Truth'.

It seems to me that the most important issue at stake is the vision of the city as Mother conceived it. The city has been gifted a soul to hold in trusteeship for all aspiring humanity. Mother's vision placed the Matrimandir at Auroville's centre as a living and vibrant spiritual symbol, a central and cohesive force with the power to radiate its dynamic peace to all of Auroville and beyond. She never spoke of a mere city centre; She speaks of a spiritual symbol, powerful, active and creative. She had its vision and She described it at length and in a manner that She elaborated for little else in Auroville. It would seem that while the humans were given much freedom to experiment with the city, the spiritual centre was to be Her Vision. And this is as it should be for only She has the Consciousness to give this Centre its universal dimension. She spoke of it as a double symbol: the Divine's response to mankind's (not merely the Aurovilians'!) aspiration for perfection; and also the expression of Auroville's aspiration for the Divine. But it is also in itself *'the symbol of the Universal Mother according to Sri Aurobindo's teaching'*. It is in this message that Mother definitively makes every single element of the Peace Area essential to Matrimandir's total truth. It creates the mandala of which one of the crucial presences is the structure that houses the Inner Room. But this sanctum, housed in the Matrimandir structure, in no way downgrades the other elements. On the contrary Mother Herself states that 'the gardens are as important as the Matrimandir itself'. In unmistakable terms, She speaks of Her repeated visions from childhood as She describes the living, pulsating and sublimely beautiful environment She wants around the Matrimandir structure. It will be a golden jewel arising from and housed in a fairytale bower of Nature.

This vision is now sought to be proven 'outdated' by some chronological sleight of hand. Why would anyone want to deprive Auroville of something so unique and precious? Something that will turn its central point into a thing of immense beauty and harmony, capturing the most sublime elements of Mother Nature's genius: flowers, shrubs, rocks, ponds, lake, trees, groves filled with birds. If the Centre loses some of its essentials not much can remain of the truth of the city and its Green Belt. (Already we observe Auroville's physical body beginning to experience all sorts of 'threats'). So what exactly is happening? Why are persons who should be familiar with all of Mother's marvellous work in the domains of material nature

not able to recognise that Matrimandir is the place where this work will be perfectly expressed in matter? There is again something to understand here. For there is a psychological stance that can allow one to arrive at the above attitude – and it is rooted in the occident’s cyclic social evolution.

2. Of city centres versus spiritual power sources.

Observing the physical location, the manner of disposition and the purposes of buildings, one can discern the true centre of a city – where is its heart. In even a slightly organised city, nothing ever finds itself placed where it is by mere chance. Each thing and its particular location is a symbol in itself. If you look at today’s western cities, almost always the most important ‘centre’ is the economic (not by chance were the World Trade Centre buildings the tallest in New York, and they were targeted last year precisely because they did symbolise the US’s economic power). Often very close to the economic centre one may find the symbols and sources of military or political might. For these remain the outer symbols by which the West measures its power.

This was not so in medieval times when Western cathedrals were the real city centres and sources of radiating energy. But the European Reformation downgraded such power sources – shifted the energy to ‘secular’ spaces. Humanism and the seeking for rational knowledge progressed through the cycle of triumphant outer sciences to end upon the rocks of Utilitarian philosophy (a philosophy Mother called a ‘disease’ with no place in the Ashram, so antithetical is it to Their Work). Today, after a hundred years of utilitarianism, it is normally the economic and the political/military symbols which represent the power centres of collective life in the West.

India’s temple cities present another picture – the spiritual centre was the true source of life and action. And even in the present day messes which are today’s Indian cities, the spiritual centres remain the sovereign sources of a unique and radiating power. Political and civic authorities hesitate greatly before choosing to intervene in such centres. For all her problems, India always remains open to perennial Truths; she never quite gives herself over to mere outward ways of being.

The differing truth of the East and West must be understood for it holds one major key that may help to explain the present situation around Matrimandir. If one looks deeper, it may also reveal why so many people have appeared to support what is by any standards an inexcusable, adharmic action. One reason certainly is that the dominant force and the dominant manner of action in Auroville yet remains inspired by Western models. India and Indian ways have had little place here in spite of all the pious lip service that is paid to Auroville’s host country.

The question before Auroville is: is the Matrimandir a city centre (as the present Master Plan conceives it), or will it be allowed to be a sovereign soul space?

3. The Town Hall and Matrimandir.

From the time that the architect placed the town hall where he did and (in an overnight commando action) Aurofuture felled the trees to create an ‘unobstructed view’ of the Matrimandir ‘monument’, it has been clear that the final denouement between these opposing Forces was approaching. The recent ‘resolutions’ to

transfer Matrimandir's financial control to managers seated in the town hall were an inevitable outcome of this line of development.

This is nothing less than an attempt to reassign the sovereign energy and authority of Auroville's spiritual centre into the hands of economic and civic authorities. It is an attempt to downgrade a vibrant, living and free spiritual presence into a mere tool in the hands of habitual power brokers. It is the Western cycle of social organisation asserting itself – reaching out to snatch control of something that must at all cost remain self-determining for the sheer spiritual well-being of this city. Again this denouement has been a long time in the developing.

One has only to study the town hall (even its architecture), consider what it represents and who will inhabit it. Town halls are generally occupied by 'mushroom groups' – that is, groups which are not rooted in life and action but are rather those that supposedly 'manage' the work and the life of others. Thus they do not often experience the regulating and self-limiting effects of handling a 'piece of matter'.

But Mother conceived of Auroville as a city with no managers – She said '*No army, no police*', and She never spoke of a judiciary, nor of legislature. On the contrary, She said '*More committees, more useless talk!*'. When asked about organisation, Her answer was that it was a '*discipline in action*' and in Auroville we '*aspired to go beyond arbitrary*' and ordinary methods and means of organisation. Clearly whatever else She meant, She NEVER recommended that Auroville settle for ordinary structures of self-organisation.

But more and more one observes in Auroville a parody and imitation of outside methods to organise governance in Auroville – of course without the solid checks and balances and/or means and recourses to justice that exist outside! Auroville does not have the ethical, social, moral, religious codes that are tools to regulate the darker side of human beings in ordinary societies. And now one hears bruited the argument justifying these methods – that human nature is ordinary! But indeed, Mother knew that already. She was wiser than the very human Aurovilians! She set targets that were achievable for ordinary humans. She never had illusions about Aurovilians being a super humanity – 'sub humanity' is an adjective She Herself once used to describe residents! So why are so many people so keen to adopt these ordinary ways? Again analysable reasons can be found.

4. Who will inhabit the town hall?

If you look at all the groups and persons who will have 'desks' at the town hall and you also observe the manner in which they function, you can immediately see that together they constitute Auroville's Establishment. These are the 'civil servants' who have controlled, oriented and directed development in Auroville for many years. The structure has worked so smoothly, has kept so many people happy, that it is only when you have occasion to run afoul of it that you notice its aberrations. And often only a certain type of person has cause to 'run afoul'. Therefore it is again only such a person who is likely to recognise how this 'entity' within the collectivity has helped prevent any real change in the three essential psychological domains of Auroville's development – namely its governance, its economics and its education. For years now there has flourished a marvellously symbiotic relationship between many groups and persons. Even when there have been disagreements these have never threatened the fundamental ideological orientation and basic axis of control in Auroville. And because these persons have had this pragmatic unity of

purpose, they have constituted an impenetrable bulwark against all movements, proposals or suggestions for a change of approach.

Unfortunately, the Matrimandir, both as a symbol and as embodied in the persons of those who have worked there, has represented a sort of 'impossibility' to this large 'melting pot' of groups. The Matrimandir group has not been allowed to be part of this dispensation. For years the Matrimandir team was kept away from collective representation even though they were responsible for the largest work force and the largest financial system in any single project in Auroville. All this is verifiable and is the reason for the sometimes startling positions/actions that 'public' figures have taken on the Matrimandir issue. This is also at least one reason for the popular success of the disinformation campaign against the Matrimandir team!

5. The Matrimandir situation.

Let us look at some objective facts.

The Auroville financial managers have never considered it necessary to contribute money to the soul of Auroville, not even from the large sums of interest that they have power to administer without any transparent collective process. It is only quite recently that some contribution towards the maintenance of Matrimandir Aurovilians has been started! This is so fundamentally shocking because it materially demonstrates the financial managers' total lack of understanding and concern for the soul of Auroville.

The stark reality is that these people see Matrimandir as a project, whose large money donations they absolutely want to control; they have never understood or accepted the spiritual dimension of this Centre. And even as late as last year they unanimously 'killed' an attempt to create a service unit (the gold tile unit) which would generate some funds within Auroville for Matrimandir. And it is such persons who can justify the present moves under the guise of creating a team to 'complete the Matrimandir as soon as possible'?

It is also such persons who have recently played the worst kind of politics with the unity of Matrimandir. Private accounts have been unilaterally opened as the first step in parcelling out the integrity of the Matrimandir whole into little politicised and warring groups. The protests of the Matrimandir team have been totally ignored; they have not even been granted the courtesy of an open discussion. This ethically questionable action has implications for the autonomy and right of decentralised functioning of working groups.

We have heard slogans such as 'Mother's bank' and 'Auroville's channel' to describe these offices and these accounts. Since when has Mother's bank been modelled upon the Swiss banking system (numbered accounts and no accountability)? This obscurantism has such popular support that few remember the repeated scandals that have occurred over the years because of the lack of rigour in money management. One needs to contrast with this how Mother and Sri Aurobindo (in his early years in Pondichéry) maintained detailed accounts of disbursements.

If the discussion about the Matrimandir Finances continues and an intervention is actually invited through the Auroville Foundation that intervention should justifiably extend to all other financial activities of Auroville.

6. What are the facts about Matrimandir's finances?

The Matrimandir accounts are already an Auroville channel. They are part and parcel of the Auroville Fund group of accounts. The Balance Sheet has always been available with the Financial Services. The CAG audit has always been pleased with the method and maintenance of Matrimandir's financial system. When you consider the number of persons who have scrutinised, searched and studied the Matrimandir financial system year after year, month after month, to find some flaw, some indiscretion, some slight irregularity which could serve to crucify the coordinators, you will quickly realise that Matrimandir does indeed have an excellent system in place! Thus the present proposal to 'shift the cheque book' has to content itself with the singularly pathetic argument: 'it's time for a change'!

The other stark reality is that almost all the donations to build Matrimandir come from outside of Auroville. We could just as easily call the Matrimandir accounts 'Mother's Bank' – after all the money comes from people who really feel they are giving to the Mother Herself and it is used to build Her Vision. Except for the few individuals and units who have understood the deeper necessity of putting financial energy into the building of Matrimandir, most Aurovilians are content only to intervene to claim ownership of Auroville's soul: 'Our place that must be reclaimed from these stupid Indian tourists and the present Matrimandir Team who deserve to be dismissed'!

The move to transfer Matrimandir's 'cheque book' is quite understandable in those who have not accepted the spiritual dimension of Matrimandir. These are also they who refuse to see the writing on the wall – namely that Matrimandir has already outstripped Auroville in the scope and dimension of its influence. As the soul is always much vaster than the body it chooses to inhabit. One sign among many is that almost all of 'official' India (and the rest too) has been flowing like a steady river to touch down upon this great and solid 'reactor' for spiritual change. Mother is working dynamically through Her great symbol upon much more than Auroville. A very eminent Indian recently remarked that 'Matrimandir is the Soul of India'! Such sentiments are to be ignored at peril. The question now is: can Auroville rise to maturity and to its spiritual dimension to hold its soul?

7. Auroville 'Elections'.

This background becomes crucial, especially today as many Aurovilians watch in disbelief Auroville's processes seemingly high jacked for the present and steered inexorably towards 'petitioning', sloganeering, voting and electioneering with all their resultant evils. Now collective meetings 'vote' even upon crucial spiritual questions and almost no voice cries 'Hold! This is not permitted in Auroville'! Auroville apparently slides down a muddy slope towards decisions based upon the mere opinions of those with the loudest voices and the least dharmic standards. Power brokers step in as 'peace makers' only to further confuse, darken or distort, seldom to genuinely lift things up. This method of organising collective life, led to its logical conclusion, could cause a destruction of all the higher truth of Auroville.

This stark choice has been made imperative after the collective descent into the pit demonstrated by the recent meetings about Matrimandir.

But in some ways such a situation was quite predictable. Auroville is about conscious choices at every step of the way. The choice before us is whether this city will be like a hundred other cities following the West's cycle of failures or whether this collectivity will have the courage and the awakened aspiration to choose a spiritual path. And whether people like it or not Auroville is in India because it has the knowledge of the spirit! A conscious choice has become urgent, even imperative in Auroville's civic life, in its governance, and most importantly, in the way it perceives the spiritual centre Mother placed at its core, not just as a symbol for Auroville itself, but as a symbol of all mankind's aspiration for the Divine. Mother has already created the domains of consciousness; these await their hour, for they require a satisfactory life mass to manifest. Auroville could be today outwardly what it is inwardly – a creation of harmony. Or it could descend into the opposite reality!

And it is precisely this opposite reality that has been demonstrated by the current round of meetings organised about Matrimandir. In fact these meetings are a text book case of how not to deal with a problem! (And if analysed as such they might still be made to serve some future purpose). But the force that has expressed itself in them can be transmuted only if another force, another way of being asserts its supremacy. It is significant to note that the meetings could NEVER have come to such a pass if the organising structures of Auroville had not only actively legitimised them but, till quite recently, tacitly encouraged the brutality they manifested. This brutality remains still unaddressed whatever euphemistic twist or justification is used to describe it.

We remain destined to such a Western cycle of development also because of the bleak truth that the Indian way has not yet asserted itself with enough purity and surety. There is not yet the critical mass that could bring the needed change. Indians remain excellent followers – they seem still so burdened by their colonial past!

8. To find a true individual position: to make it an active power for change.

Auroville's sole protection now is that it rises to a higher status where another sort of security can prevail. It should not have to endlessly circle in inane, darkly aggressive, ignorant cycles of collective behaviour. There ought to be acceleration. But this acceleration can come only if people inform themselves, develop the individuality to stand for dharmic 'rightness' even at personal cost, give birth to a sufficiently large collectivity of awakened individuals. We talk of brotherhood, but words without matching actions are mere mouthings. Brotherhood can be born only in conscious soul spaces. Unless we think deeply, unless we live widely and generously, this cannot be developed. Brotherhood is a priesthood, an austere discipline. Will, character, self-discipline and self-mastery are the backbone of Dharma. There can be NO sanction for a certain type of behaviour: brotherhood, with its spiritual laws, necessarily VANISHES the moment we 'go after' someone, for then remain merely destructive laws from the vital plane (the laws of Kali and Rudra)! 'No real peace can be till the heart of man deserves peace...'

This then is a first view of some of the issues which I offer at the feet of the soul of India; the soul of Auroville, the ancient immemorable Shakti who must discover herself in Auroville.

Deepti"

***On Matrimandir and the play of forces. Text offered by Deepti, October 30, 2002:**

"Our first necessity, if India is to survive and do her appointed work in the world, is that the youth of India should learn to think, - to think on all subjects, to think independently, fruitfully, going to the heart of things, not stopped by their surface, free of prejudgements, shearing sophism and prejudice asunder as with a sharp sword, smiting down obscurantism of all kinds as with the mace of Bhima."

Sri Aurobindo.

. The Play of Forces.

When Mother first launched the manifestation of Auroville, all the forces in the world that oppose the divine action must have arisen to prevent its coming down. From the beginning of Auroville, these contradictory forces have been in action. Unfortunately, the forces opposing Mother's work found much fertile ground in all Her human instruments, as any one who approaches the Agenda with some insight will observe.

She had arranged the circumstances for something that was to be a 'creation of harmony', but the sole condition She demanded of Her human instruments – the heroism of agreement – was never given to Her. This fundamental lack of unity crystallised after Her physical departure into the SAS imbroglio with terrible consequences for Auroville – consequences of which the present struggle around Matrimandir is a continuing manifestation. The human refusal to be in the safe inner domains of union opened the door to an inrush of vital forces: power struggles, contradictory assertions of the rights of control, mutual devouring and destruction. Instead of the laws of harmony, the laws of division become predominant.

Every single human being big or small who has been connected with Auroville has been a channel for one or other of these forces – the force of unity or the force of division. Higher forces can manifest only through one who is irrevocably centred around the psychic personality. NOBODY fulfilled this basic condition and so mostly it has been the lower vital forces which found vast scope.

Her remark that Auroville would be built in 20 years was wiped away from Auroville's present destiny and the fledgling experiment was plunged into a vortex of division.

. The Auroville Partition.

While Mother meant Auroville to be a creation of harmony, the problem of disunion was cast as if in stone when the 'divorce' from the Sri Aurobindo Society was made permanent. Today we are lectured ad nauseam about the persons Mother

'appointed'. But those thrown out were also persons Mother appointed. And they were ruthlessly removed from all contact with Auroville. It is held that they wanted to possess Auroville – and this was a prime error. But EVERY SINGLE 'mistake' the SAS made, every manipulation, every power game, every use of legal means is being repeated by currently upheld 'appointees'.

Sri Aurobindo speaks of one law of the universe – when and if you conquer something, beware: for the spirit of that which you have conquered may actually conquer you! Thus, those who 'removed' the SAS for the 'ills' it represented have themselves become the permanent representatives and repositories of those ills!

Today this force, reaching out for control and possession, is clearly active and visible. It hides behind arguments of sacred, divinely ordained appointments; and if that does not work it puts forward arguments of power trips; and if even that does not work, it is the argument of 'reclaiming' Matrimandir for Auroville. As if spiritual force ever needs belligerent political manoeuvring to assert itself! Those who dare point to the crass, subliminal political game are immediately dubbed dark forces – or the unsuspecting followers and channels of dark forces! They must be purged for their own good. And who would want the label of standing up for dark forces – all but the bravest scurry for cover before such an accusation!

This Great Possessor force and its bullies upon the ground want to 'seize' Auroville in the same manner as the SAS did; even if they use the arguments of the Abrahamic religions. It is for this reason there is such a no-holds barred vicious campaign against the Matrimandir group and anyone else who dares speak in its favour. The little David with slingshot full of honest work must confront the great and armoured Goliath of the united Empire holders who are the 'keepers of the truth' of Auroville.

. To cut to the chase!

We should not allow ourselves to be distracted – the issue is not about recognition of a 'divinely chosen or appointed' person: the issue is who or what will control Auroville's destiny, its money, its governance and, most of all, its Soul at the Centre. There is a great deal of personal ambition in the main attackers. Already there are those in the 'entourage' who are there simply because they see themselves as the next Pope. Auroville and Matrimandir remains for some that irresistible Eden, that forbidden fruit, which all such egoistic forces want to occupy, to possess or to devour. And the present rounds of actions around the Soul are merely the first step in a process that could establish for a long time this control, this power dispensation.

Therefore it has the power to distort for a long period the future of Auroville; unless a Grace intervenes!

. The continued fallout of Auroville's political past.

It is also a strange illusion and distortion of a deeper truth when people imply that the dark forces are always in the 'other'. This often translates when history is analysed as the position that the SAS was false or dark or wrong and the Aurovilians were true and right. And today around the Matrimandir situation this antediluvian ideology continues on track wanting to remove the 'dark' elements. It

is somewhat embarrassing that intelligent people can propound arguments such as these (as though they were spiritual kindergarteners) – or perhaps it is merely because they too want a piece of the cake. A cake which might just be made available if pieces of the Matrimandir are parcelled out as a reward to all those who contributed to the destruction of the present team!

To a mind centred upon the Indian way of being, all such behaviour is so incomprehensible that it finds itself slow to react to the danger. But the danger must not be minimised. It is the turbid ghost of Europe's past. The dark ominous shadow of all the crucifixions, burnings, hangings and drownings practiced upon thousands of witches and other so-called 'dark blasphemers against the One Truth'. Europe's long history of devouring its best: the supra social spiritual beings, the redeemers and liberators (Jesus, Socrates, Jeanne d'Arc) is a permanent blot upon human history. And always the tool and method used was the mock trial, the sham judicial process. And hundreds of independent minded beings were happily got rid of by this simple expedient. The legal veil, the Christian cloak, invariably disguised its proponents' egoistic self-aggrandising impulses.

It is so depressing that such wide room is found in Auroville for this obsolete force's action.

. The Bystander's dilemma.

Finally, a word about those who claim not to 'take positions' because they are supposedly 'above' things: in a situation of generalised strife such as has been created at Matrimandir, there are seldom really neutral positions. Little do people recognise but their every action or their inaction, based mostly upon their biases, preferences or mere indolence, contributes to the situation's movement up towards the light or in the other direction.

History can give a salutary lesson in this regard. The Nazi killing machine could not have flourished so smoothly if so many nameless civil servants had not kept the system in such well oiled working order: the cattle trains, the station masters, the hundred and one desk clerks who merely did their job. Or take the German judicial system which for love of the Vaterland signed orders of sterilisation and dispossession, and sent hundreds of innocents to concentration camps. Without the abetment of a mass, no large scale harm can be practiced, and yet the twentieth century can be dubbed the century of Genocide. It is not the men who wielded the knife, the gas tap or the pistol who alone made it possible – it was the hundred and one bystanders and quiet workers who stood aside and allowed this force to rampage freely over the earth!

Therefore it is necessary to act and the only safe action is one that arises from a consciously discovered inner place that is constantly guided by Mother's Force. In a time such as this there is no such thing as an innocent bystander!

Deepti"

Note: One of the weapons most used to bluntly disregard or invalidate our stand consisted of the most basic or primitive tactic: if Kusum spoke up, it was merely as a pawn, as she had been caught in our web; if Deepti spoke up, rather than having

to respond to any of the lucid points she raised, her entire person was dismissed as being under my influence; in the same fashion, many an attempt was made at "saving" Arjun from my clutches. What became in fact the main obstacle to the campaign seeking our removal was the solidarity that flowed between us, through all these years of attacks, aspersions and calumnies.

I had to travel to France again in November, to be with C, and with F.J and Ch.J, and with Auragni.

While I was away, Kusum wrote to the Governing Board members, in her personal capacity (she had already taken a public stand, speaking up openly in the presence of the entire Governing Board and many Aurovilians in their last meeting in Auroville, late September). This is her letter:

***On Matrimandir, to the Members of the Governing Board, from Kusum Shah, November 11, 2002:**

"Sadar Pranam,

Before I say anything else perhaps it is necessary for me to introduce myself. I am Kusum Shah. In my youth, during the Independence Movement, I was able to serve Bharat Mata as a freedom fighter. I am also proud to be the widow of a brave warrior of this country who was jailed during the struggle for Independence, in Gujarat.

India became free. Years passed, and on my own spiritual quest, I arrived in Pondichéry in 1970. From then till now I have been a member of Auroville. Seen in this manner, I am not only a senior citizen of India, but also a senior citizen of Auroville. In Auroville, Mother had given me the task of taking care of the temple of Sri Ganesh that formed part of one of the first pieces of land bought by Her for Auroville. Though born a Jain, Mother made me the Pujarin of this temple of Auroville Sri Ganesh and enjoined me to conduct without fail the daily prayer in a manner I saw fit. This responsibility I have carried out since 1972. I do not know if you are aware of this unique Auroville Ganesh Mandir, I would like to invite you to visit it when you are here next.

I am also a member of the Matrimandir Workers Team. My responsibilities include the reception, information and liaison work connected with receiving hundreds of visitors and donors who come to Matrimandir every day. I also do fund-raising for Matrimandir when necessary.

With this background I would now like to draw your attention very strongly to some events that are unfolding with great rapidity in Auroville. Since more than a year a group of Aurovilians are demanding 'change and replacement' at Matrimandir. This movement began after the Governing Board decided, during its meeting in August 2001, on the insistence of its Auroville member, Roger Anger, to refer the issue to the Residents Assembly of Auroville.

I am deeply offended and distressed at the way this matter has been conducted so far. I have never seen such behaviour in Auroville. This is why I feel constrained to write to you. The simple truth is that the ONLY person who has consistently refused dialogue is Shri Roger Anger. Rather than acknowledging this basic fact, the target has been turned into persons working at Matrimandir for many years, and the

movement for their 'change and replacement' is being organised through a very dubious and dark process which overrides the protests of many persons in Auroville. This demand is aimed at people in Matrimandir who have given all their shakti, loyalty, honesty and sincerity and have worked with a deep sense of Bhakti and surrender for years together. You may remember that in the recent Governing Board meeting of 21st September at Matrimandir, I had declared that than such shocking treatment, we should be welcoming and honouring the great dedication they have demonstrated.

In the present movement, the major objective is the takeover of the financial management of Matrimandir. The attempt is to snatch away the 'cheque book' from the hands of the person who is presently coordinating the work, Arjun, and to transfer this control to managers of the Central Fund. The second target is the coordination of the Work Force which is presently in the hands of Divakar and Somu. The whole conspiracy is being played out to give Roger and Frederick absolute control at Matrimandir. If the control of the money and the workers can come into the hands of Roger, Frederick and their group, then they can do what they wish to at Matrimandir.

This action was given a great impetus, through the Auroville Foundation. How? I do not know if you are aware of this, but the entire movement has had the publicly affirmed encouragement and support of the Chairman of the Auroville Foundation. He still continues to give guidance to Frederick, his main reference point in Auroville. The Chairman has also announced repeatedly in many Auroville meetings his deep devotion to Roger (I worry now that what began as 'follow Roger' might soon become 'follow Frederick!') I wonder to what point this singular devotion to Roger, now also demanded from members of Auroville, will take us?

All this is taking Auroville very far from the goal of Brotherhood. In the name of creating an organisation for Auroville, groupisme has been hardened into a completely rigid political reality. Collective meetings have been taken over by a small group led by Frederick, the main representative of Roger's faction. This group is not prepared to allow any questioning of Roger's absolute status. They claim that they have both majority and governmental backing. Collecting votes, petitioning and sloganeering are very far from what we came here to do. There can be only one truth in Auroville; 'Follow Mother'!

I am writing to you because I am deeply saddened and disturbed at what is being done to the soul of Auroville. You bear some responsibility because it was your reference last year that started this. It is now you who can remind Auroville of the path it should take in consonance with its basic aims; it is you again, as elders, guides and true friends of Auroville, who can, with the Grace of the Mother, help us out of this darkness. Can we not find a way to change the 'follow Roger' back to 'Follow Mother'?

Yours,
Kusum Shah"

Note: Two members of the Governing Board replied to Kusum. The first reply to reach Kusum was written by Jyoti Madhok. Jyoti was Arjun's eldest sister.

Our situation was quite intricate: both Deepti and Arjun had personally known Kireet Joshi, the Chairman, for many years, and met often with him in Delhi – Kireet had been largely instrumental in creating the text of the Bill of Parliament that had caused the Auroville Foundation to exist; they had a high regard for him and he had acquired an elevated stature in their psyches, until they saw and understood his ruthlessness, through his actions in Auroville.

Jyoti had also known Kireet for all these years; although she visited Auroville frequently in her personal capacity, she had remained based in Delhi, where she often was able to assist Auroville as an informal ambassadress with the Government authorities. When Kireet had at last been given the post of Chairman of the Auroville Foundation, he requested her to become a member. Jyoti, an aristocrat in all the senses of the term, with very high ethical standards, was also very devoted to Kireet and regarded him rather like a guru. On the other hand she was extremely attached to Arjun, having somewhat raised him after the passing of their mother when Arjun was still a small child. This attachment was mutual. Being formally appointed as a member of the Governing Board meant, to Jyoti's mind, that she must not yield her judgement to this attachment, and must not give any cause to anyone to doubt her impartiality. This principle of action she took very far, and was helped in that by her unconditional reverence to Kireet Joshi.

This was her reply:

***To Smt. Kusum Shah, from Jyoti Madhok, New Delhi, November 18, 2002:**

"Dear Kusumben,

It is true that the problem concerning Matrimandir has caused considerable anguish to us all and I realise only too well how imperative it is that a true and harmonious solution is found at the earliest.

In response to your letter, I would like to say that the Chairman of the Governing Board of Auroville Foundation, Kireetbhai, is someone whose commitment to the Mother and Sri Aurobindo is to my mind unquestionable. His whole life bears ample testimony to this fact and has been devoted entirely to the realisation of Their Ideals.

That he has worked for Auroville unceasingly for many years with only one aim, that of the highest welfare of Auroville, is something acknowledged by a number of Aurovilians and others I all echelons of the country. That 'the Mother gives work and not authority' finds visible expression in his method and approach to his own work, which involves numbers of people. Personally, I can tell you that he has stressed many times that he is against the exclusion of anyone. Therefore, I think that a more correct and a deeper understanding of Kireetbhai's words is called for.

I would like to add that cynicism and mistrust have to give way to understanding and goodwill. It is the first requisite for moving towards agreement, collaboration and a progressive harmony. We all have to make a great effort to overcome the obstacles that stand in the way of arriving at true Brotherhood. With the Mother's Grace all is possible.

Best wishes and regards,

Sincerely yours,

Jyoti"

Note: The second reply to Kusum was written by another member of the Governing Board, Dr Subhash Kashyap, a very eminent jurist, and a constitutional expert universally respected in the country, whose advice was frequently sought by the highest office bearers. Dr Subhash Kashyap had a high sense of fairness and justice and was a very gentle and precise person, with a great capacity for assessing the crux of any situation. He at one point volunteered to try and obtain an acceptable and meaningful compromise, or agreement, over the issue of the Park and Lake, between Roger A and our team. We had much respect for him and were comfortable with him all through. We wholeheartedly agreed to a solution that, we felt, would help manifest the truths of both approaches in a harmonious material creation; the lake would be increased in size to the East of Matrimandir, to reach almost to the city, while the Park would spread on all three other directions. Subhash Kashyap got Roger A's agreement to this solution, and we believed for a while that the way was opened. However, Roger A soon reneged on this agreement, saying that it had not been properly explained to him. Later on, Subhash Kashyap decided to resign from the Governing Board, along with another member, Smt Mirra Srivastav. Dr Subhash Kashyap had been often associated with Kireet in Delhi and they were close friends. He was therefore in a difficult position and would not publicly disagree with Kireet. Yet he would not abide with the lack of ethical standards that were displayed.

This was his reply:

***To Mrs Kusum Shah, from Dr Subhash Kashyap, New Delhi, November 25, 2002:**

"Dear Mrs Shah,

Thank you for your letter of 11 November 2002. Please forgive me the late response. I have been travelling or neck-deep meeting deadlines in several commitments foolishly made.

It is due to the sacrifices of freedom fighters like you and your husband that the country is breathing in freedom for the last half century plus. I am tempted to add that I also come from a family of freedom fighters and am proud to have been an humble 12 year old boy fighter in the 1942 Quit India Movement.

I would love to visit the Ganesh Mandir if and when I visit Auroville next. Also it would be my pleasure to meet you and talk about matters of interest to all of us.

I am deeply distressed at the unnecessary and unbecoming controversies that have cropped up at Auroville. But I am sure these would pass away and we would see more sublime dawns. The night is said to be the darkest immediately before the dawn.

I believe, Aurovilians know only too well the categorical imperatives of working together, in unity and harmony; they value freedom and can settle their matters themselves without any outside interference.

I cannot reconcile myself to the existence of any factions at Auroville. I would like to believe that there are none. Those who strongly disagree with each other at Auroville, I believe, are all devoted to the Mother and Her words. I wish they try to think what Mother would have advised them. Let them follow the Mother's voice and stand by their conscience and the inner voice. I am sure it would be for all to work together.

May I add that I see nothing wrong in our agreeing to try to 'follow', i.e. 'to understand' what each one of our colleagues may have to say. If we care to look up any English dictionary, we would find that 'follow' does not always mean 'obey', 'walk behind' or 'become a blind follower'. 'Follow' is also often used in the sense of 'understand' e.g. when I ask: 'Do you follow what I say?'

I must say, I have the highest regards for Dr Kireet Joshi and the fullest faith in his leadership. His life is a saga of sacrifice and selfless service. He is an erudite scholar and sincere and devout devotee of the Mother and Her path. He has no personal axe to grind. It saddens me to see accusing fingers raised even at him. It is a great disservice to Auroville to drag Dr Joshi's name into any controversy. He should be seen as above all mundane controversies and above all factions, if there are any. If a saintly and selfless person like him can be so misunderstood, of all places at Auroville, I do not see why I can continue to be associated with all this.

I cannot somehow accept that at Auroville and at its soul, the Matrimandir, any of the followers of the Mother would be fighting over the control of cheque books, money and the like.

To the best of my knowledge, the Auroville Foundation has tried to function as a facilitator and not to interfere with the life and work of the Aurovilians. It is in that spirit that it wanted them (the residents) to deliberate upon and themselves settle matters regarding Matrimandir. I do not think the Foundation would or should like to impose its views on the residents in matters which are not strictly germane to its domain under the statute. I am a little surprised at anybody finding fault with the Foundation honouring the freedom and the right of Aurovilians to decide their own matters themselves.

I must add that I have the greatest regards and love for all those who have been working for the Matrimandir. All – Roger, Divakar, Walter, Arjun, Frederick, yourself, Somu and others – are some of the most honourable and lovable persons. I have found all of them to be very reasonable and understanding and equally devoted to the Mother and Her Vision. All of these names have my fullest faith and confidence and I am sure all will work together in unity and harmony in the cause of the Divine and no one would try to oust the other from the Mother's path and service.

Since some other friends have also written to me and I am not in a position to reply to all separately, I am taking the liberty to send copies of this letter to them.

Warm regards,

Sincerely,

Subhash C. Kashyap.

Copies to Serge Brelín, Smt Jyoti Madhok, Shri Kireet Joshi, Christine Devin.”

Note: The above letter, written by Subhash Kashyap and sent to the names listed above, was actually an offering: Dr Subhash Kashyap was suggesting the clear line of action and position that ought to be taken by all concerned, in order to come out of the impasse and save face at the same time. But no one picked it up. And thus the drama unrolled to its logical conclusion, exclusion being the price of a showcase harmony. In the process, even Kireet was expelled, as a Chairman.

Note: While I was away, I too wrote a note, which I sent to be posted in the Auroville Intranet, through U.B.

***For the lovers of the Mother, regarding the Matrimandir and its sanctuary, written by Divakar, November 2002:**

“I. It is perfectly clear, from all the available records, that the Mother has seen as the centre of Her city a large area, secluded and silent, which would manifest the psychic and spiritual core, or foundation, of the whole work to be done. Do we realise both the essential and the dynamic significance of this, Her vision and Her wish?

II. It is perfectly clear from the Mother’s and Sri Aurobindo’s teachings that in our individual and collective work of accelerated evolution towards the new, egoless species, our central guide, reference and source of strength must be Her Shakti, Her Consciousness Force. Do we realise the importance and power of dedicating, at the centre of our lives, an entire and complete site?

III. It is perfectly clear from all of the Mother’s recorded statements, comments, messages and answers that the work to be done requires at its base an integrality of self-giving, a centeredness of all nature around the psychic presence, the offering of calm, of beauty, of harmony. Do we realise the creative force of manifesting such a place in the physical world?

IV. It is perfectly clear to anyone who has tried that, in order to establish a conscious atmosphere in the physical and material plane, a boundary must be defined within which the concentration of force must take place. The Mother has clearly indicated the extent of this boundary and the main elements that must combine in the physical world in order to manifest that central atmosphere. Do we realise and appreciate the value of Her indications?

V. It is perfectly clear from the importance the Mother has attached to Beauty in the physical, through Her naming flowers and plants, and Her statements of

experiences with Nature, that She considers material Nature in its offering to the Supreme a true channel for Her Force.

Do we realise the importance of providing Her with this channel of manifestation, in the site that is dedicated to Her?

VI. It is perfectly clear from all of mankind's known history that there has never yet been such a place, at the centre of collective life, where each person would be free at any time to enter and open oneself, concentrate within, sheltered in a field of conscious Force, that of the Supreme – beyond any exclusive power of religion, government and human authority.

Do we realise the momentous significance in today's world of manifesting such a possibility?

VII. It is perfectly clear from all of the Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's guidance that collaboration of all energies, in the individual as well as in the collectivity, is a condition for the passage to a truer and more conscious status upon earth. As regards the Matrimandir and its area, the Mother has specifically stated that by uniting our energies around it, the force of cohesion of Auroville would manifest.

Do we realise the importance of this collaboration?"

Note: For about two years I had been part of the then called "Representatives Group"; some level of balanced and mutually respectful communication had been established with a few people through that collective experiment; one of these people was Janet F. Upon my return from France, after three weeks of absence, I learned that she had been selected as one of the members of the new Auroville Council. I thought that our line of communication would still allow for me to try to express quietly a few points as regards the Matrimandir, and to be heard.

I wrote to her:

***To Janet of the Auroville Council, regarding the Matrimandir, from Divakar, November 23, 2002:**

"Janet,
Greetings.

There is at least one development I can be happy about: that, for the first time, an actual Auroville Council has at last been agreed upon, which includes the Working Committee; a notion which, you will remember, I used to promote at every chance! And that you are part of it in its first trial is only fitting; it also means that you are now feeling better in general!

I wish you all the clarity you will need.

I was out for three weeks for family matters and have just returned. I am told that, regarding the Matrimandir, a plan is being conceived for a general meeting to be devoted to 'open discussion' at the beginning of next month.

I have also heard of a proposal to form a group composed of 2 'from that side', 2 'from this side' and 3 'from no side'...

I would like here to try and clarify some basics, in preparation for the possibility of a meaningful step towards the sharing of a common direction and the commitment to it.

. There is a harmful misunderstanding which has become habitual – that of approaching the present difficulty as the result of a conflict between two groups holding mutually opposing views or striving to impose mutually exclusive designs. It is essential that we come out of this rut.

The reality is very different.

- 1) Our first question has been all along: how is it that Roger's plan for the Matrimandir/Peace area bears so little relation to the several recorded descriptions made by the Mother?
- 2) Had the Mother's expression of Her dream been such that Roger's concept would reflect it, we would have no objection whatsoever to follow its main lines, in principle.
- 3) The fact is that over the last 31 years, many individuals who may or may not be present here today, such as Narad whom the Mother instructed directly, have actively worked towards the realisation of a complete environment for the Matrimandir, which was perceived and felt to be 'as important as the Matrimandir itself', and have inwardly grown with it.

Our position is that Roger's continued attempt to dismiss, ignore or negate this fact is far too exclusive and arbitrary, and that his claim that his concept is the Mother's is untenable.

Out of this difficulty emerge several questions of a different nature.

- 1) Roger's role as the architect of Auroville is by definition limited. It must be actualised in complementarity with all other roles and functions. And, particularly as regards the Matrimandir and its sanctuary, all the necessary roles and functions must, in collaboration, seek to realise Her dream and Her wish. How do we, as a community, respond to any particular role wanting to assert itself to the detriment of the whole?
- 2) The Mother's description of the central site of this, Sri Aurobindo's and Her city, implies and contains and manifests a quality of collective centeredness, concentration and reference, an integrality of experience radiating outwards, which are of formidable import for all other activities. Roger's concept of a monumental, barren, forceful focus is partial, and exclusive as all partial truths tend to be, and is bound to affect all collective activities with the very same character of partiality and exclusiveness. Can we, as a community today, be mature enough to choose integrality over exclusiveness?
- 3) Each one's service to the Mother is as valuable and as respectable as Roger's service to the Mother. Can we, as a community, reach this state today wherein each one's service is actually respected and allowed to complement the others?
- 4) Auroville's essential dimensions reach way beyond the existence of a mere 'community'. Their universal relevance is most concrete and the most securely expressed in its 'Soul', the Matrimandir and its sanctuary. Can we, as a community, enable ourselves to become its actual servitors, recognising thus both the privilege and the duty inherent to our commitment, rather than insisting on our 'rights'?

There is a vast difference between a process of negotiation between two warring parties, and an actual, genuine dialogue, or 'multilogue' shared by seekers and researchers who all aspire to find the way together at the service of a new condition of being and a new consciousness, of an integral progress and evolution.

'Dialogue' between Roger and Paolo, between Roger and Piero, between Roger and the MMCG – to give only these few examples – has failed.

This failure was manifest in the Mother's very physical presence; it is manifest today.

It is our understanding that what has been missing all along, and what it is crucial to find today, is a true collective awareness and its capacity to open to integrating choices rather than to reductive, exclusive and fragmenting ones; its capacity to hold a space wherein all apparent contradictions can be resolved by letting all seemingly contrary elements find their secure and enriched expressions.

This briefly sums up the clarifications I wish to contribute to any positive and genuine effort that may come from the present Auroville Council's shared concern towards a creative resolution.

I forget now who the other members of this Council are, but for a few names. With Ulli I have already communicated a little.

I hope you will find the above somewhat useful.

With my regards,

Divakar"

Note: In December, Kusum wrote a note of thanks in acknowledgment of Dr Subhash Kashyap's words to her:

***To Dr Subhash Kashyap, from Kusum Shah, 12-12-2002:**

"Respected Dr Subhash Kashyapaj,
Pranam with regards.

Thank you for your e-mail.

I like to stress the word 'follow'.

It would be a great relief to me and, I am sure, to everyone in Auroville, that the Chairman himself confirm in his own words the significance you are suggesting for the term 'follow' as used by him in public meetings; for, if it does, as you say, signify 'to understand deeply what each of us may have to say', then this discipline may be of very valuable use in order to reach a harmonious, inclusive and progressive resolution.

With warm regards,

Kusum Shah.

Copies to Serge Brelin, Smt Jyoti Madhok, Shri Kireet Joshi, Christine Devin, Dr D.P. Chattopadhyaya."

- 2003 -

Note: In October of that year, 2003, Arjun and I were officially dismissed, that is, the Central Government was made to issue, through the Secretary of the Auroville Foundation, who followed instructions given him by the Chairman and the Architect, official written orders appointing other Aurovilians in our place, and naming them Executives. This was the first time in the history of Auroville that Aurovilians were appointed to a particular position and function by any outside organisation, let alone by the Government of India.

Up until that day, we each continued holding our respective responsibilities, and working on site as usual, the whole day long and day after day. Personally, I never, till the last moment, believed that such a thing could and would happen between Aurovilians.

In terms of work fulfilment, the situation we were in was stifling, and I remained there and present for two main reasons: in solidarity with Arjun, and out of a sense of responsibility for the 200 or so workers who had been with us for quite some time. I felt I belonged to Matrimandir, no matter what, but I also was fast losing interest in the general direction taken by people in Auroville, and it was increasingly obvious that we were not finding much support in this community, and that very few people even understood the difference between the orientation promoted by the "Chief Architect" and the one that we had tried to serve, although many people had really liked Paolo's proposal, and it had actually drawn more positive comments than Roger A's model had.

I once typed and posted a few basic questions, openly addressed to Roger A:

***Questions to R. January 2003:**

". How do you explain the obvious contradiction between:

- Your architectural/sculptural concept of a city centre and
- The Mother's concept of a secluded sanctuary dedicated to silence and concentration, vibrant and filled with living harmonies, at the heart of the collective/city?

. How do you intend to honour the terms and spirit of Her dream as She first described it in 1965 and later in 1969/70?

. How do you justify the decision taken by you to destroy the results of 30 years of work in the Matrimandir Gardens and at the Matrimandir Nursery, when this work was consistent with a working-plan which you had yourself confirmed after your return to Auroville in the late 1980s?

. How do you suggest that Aurovilians relate to you as regards decisions that concern them all?

. How do you suggest that Aurovilians should approach the Mother's Shrine and serve it in relation to the rest of the world?"

Note: In February, 2003, Roger A felt buoyed enough to publish a statement of his position and of the conditions he set for the realisation of the "Gardens", it being understood that the area referred to from now on was the oval island, and that the Park had simply ceased to exist – it was no longer part of any "official" plan: either it would be drowned into a vast and huge lake or, at any rate, it would be gradually absorbed by the city buildings. These conditions were also his justification for dismissing out of hand the entire work done by Paolo, terming it as a betrayal. Here is the statement published by Roger A, followed by significant excerpts of the "Proposal" he presented to the community for the realisation of the "Gardens":

***Roger A's statement on Matrimandir, 7th February 2003:**

"In the view of my certitude of the realization of Mother's Auroville, today, after so many years, I have come to the point of no return. For this reason, I would like to state my position regarding certain situations in Auroville, in which I no longer want to participate.

. I no longer want the Matrimandir plans, already completed by 90%, to be used as a tool for political manipulations.

. I no longer want Mother's words to be misused. Her directions cannot be interpreted.

. I no longer want us to forget Mother's protection against disasters or catastrophes.

What I want is simple:

I would like to be able to finish the work that has been given to me by the Mother. I don't have any other ambition, but to aspire for a proper solution towards a luminescent future.

I make a call to each Aurovilian to come forward and help in the completion of Matrimandir.

Roger Anger."

***Excerpts from Roger A's proposal for the realisation of the Matrimandir Gardens, February 2003:**

"... The proposal is based on three principles that will facilitate constant research towards greater perfection:

- a) Respect for the overall layout: the twelve gardens as a whole are an integral part of the general initial plan of Auroville. Each of them is inserted into a space created by the land movements around Matrimandir. Therefore the layout and form is already fixed in the master plan and will not be modified. The content and theme of each garden as a symbol to be expressed should evolve through successive experiments aiming at the perfection that Mother had wanted.
- b) Flexibility/Mobility: the design of the gardens will evolve from an initial prototype to progressive realisations. This will facilitate modifications without demolition. Plants and flowers coming from the nursery in containers will be moved or replaced according to the evolution of the concept of the garden. The principle of 'mobility' demands a production of plants and flowers in containers, which are different for each garden. It will make possible an ever evolving decoration. The obligation to assure year-round presence of flowers in all the gardens will require a constant renewal of the flowers. The necessity of a regular production will demand good planning from the Nursery.
- c) Collective or impersonal realisation: the realisation of the gardens should have an 'impersonal' character. This will imply from the designers the acceptation to participate in a collective work with a small team chosen by them. Each garden is a work in progress and becomes the creation of a team. Nobody will claim the ownership of a concept.

... Specifications to be followed by the participants:

- Each one of the twelve gardens is to express a state of consciousness as given by Mother. It will include the flowers designated by her.
- The gardens have to be placed in the spaces and with the forms described in the Master Plan. Overall landscape and contour levels cannot be modified. They have been planned as a whole.
- The water and electricity connections will not be modified without a serious justification.
- The height of the trees and the bushes will have to respect the allotted openings allowing interesting perspectives.
- The unity among the gardens will be looked for through the choice of materials, the harmonious selection of colours, etc.
- The works involved in the realization of the gardens will have to be done keeping in mind the respect for the cleanliness and the security of the area. The delivery of the materials will be arranged at the most convenient hours.
- The deadlines of the execution of the works and the estimated cost will have to be respected... "

Note: There is, as regards the conditions laid in this proposal, a double irony; on the one hand, we had, as a team, insisted that Paolo, in his study, must respect the existing contours, as designed by Roger A and executed over the years, and Paolo had painstakingly integrated them into his detailed studies of each of the twelve inner gardens as in his overall study of the entire Peace area. And on the other hand, as soon as we had been expelled from the work, Roger A and his group promptly set about destroying all the executed contours and remodelling the entire oval area as per a new design of his...!

On 14th February, 2003, the Governing Board met in Auroville, at the Secretary's Office in Bharat Nivas. We were given a "slot" – the Matrimandir Team had to be let into the room, and this was a larger number than had been anticipated. Arjun and I were sat at the long table, at one end. We stood our ground, without any anger, but without weakening either. Towards the end, a trap was sprung on us. As per the age-old practice to "divide and rule", the entire Governing Board requested Arjun to agree to be a member of a new group to be called the "Matrimandir Core Group", isolating him and singling him out at the same time, and forcing him to function in a loaded and heavily monitored and controlled context along with 4 others: Roger A, Frederick, Ulli B. and the Finance Officer for the Foundation, Srinivas Murthy. It meant that Arjun would be heavily outnumbered at every step, as apart from Roger A, Srinivas Murthy could only follow Roger A's lead, and Frederick was only there to provide Roger A with the "community support" that mattered and, as for Ulli B, it was unlikely that he would take a stand that would not make him popular. Despite my immediate warnings not to accept, Arjun could not see his way out of it and he obliged.

One reason that led to this new dispensation was that, as per the rules of the Foundation Act, a representative of the Finance Ministry had to be member of the Board; and this person had very sharply noted that the Central Government must not tolerate such situation where large sums of public money were perhaps being wasted (by public money he meant that donors to the Matrimandir were tax-exempted); his remarks made it all the more obligatory for the Chairman to steer the entire Board towards what would best appear to be a serious measure of control.

This is the text of the official Resolution that was passed on that day, as recorded in the official Minutes of the Governing Board, with minor changes brought in, such as the replacement of Srinivas Murthy by the Secretary himself, Mr. Sharma:

***Resolution of the Governing Board, 14th February, 2003:**

"During the meeting of the Governing Board on the 14th February 2003 at the Office of the Secretary, Auroville Foundation, Bharat Nivas, Auroville, the concerns regarding Matrimandir were considered by the Board Members in detail. Discussions were also held with the members of the Working Committee and their invitees, the Auroville Council and the Matrimandir Workers Team.

The Governing Board had studied all the papers presented in respect of Matrimandir including enclosures as 1, 2 & 3. The Board noted and appreciated the procedures which were followed by the Residents Assembly. However, it was painfully noted that there was disagreement on important issues. It was felt that these issues needed to be resolved as early as possible. It was further suggested that agreement should be arrived at by concerted effort of all concerned before the conclusion of the Governing Board Meeting.

In response a further meeting was held in order to narrow down the differences and disagreement, and even to arrive at an agreement. At this meeting Mr Fred, Mr Ulli and Mr Arjun, representatives of the Working Committee, the Auroville Council and the Matrimandir Workers Team respectively were present. Mr Roger Anger, Member of the Governing Board was also present throughout these meetings.

At this meeting, it was agreed that:

1. The total money available with Matrimandir – specified and unspecified, to be presented by Mr. Arjun Puri.
2. There will be a Matrimandir Core Group consisting of five Members:
 - (I) Mr. Roger Anger
 - (II) Mr. Arjun Puri
 - (III) Mr. Friedrich Schulze Buxloh (alias Fred)
 - (IV) Mr. Ulrich Blass (alias Ulli)
 - (V) Secretary of Auroville Foundation
3. All the designs, works to be done will be presented by Mr. Roger Anger. Wherever there are areas of agreement, the works will be carried out expeditiously. In case of disagreement, the matter will be taken up by the Core Group. Subsequently, if necessary, it will be taken up by the Finance Committee and if further necessary by the Governing Board.
4. All communication with the workers on site of the Matrimandir shall be made by the above mentioned Core Group for implementation of the decisions.
5. All the Financial information i.e. the details of receipts and expenditure will be reported to the Finance Committee/Governing Board regularly.
6. Mr. Roger Anger is the Architect of Matrimandir and Auroville, to realise Auroville according to the vision of the Mother.

On 15th February 2003, Governing Board met the representatives of the Working Committee, the Auroville Council and the Matrimandir Workers Team at 11.30 hrs. at Bharat Nivas. Apart from the members of Board, the following were present:

1. Mr. Arjun Puri
2. Mr. Ulrich Blass
3. Mr. Frederick Schulze Buxloh.

At this meeting, Mr. Arjun Puri presented the details of funds available for Matrimandir.

Apart from the agreement reached on 14th Feb, it was further agreed as follows:

1. That the Matrimandir Core Group will meet to carry out the work at the earliest.
2. With respect to the matters agreed by Matrimandir Core Group, the Core Group will take steps to implement them expeditiously. In areas of disagreement, Matrimandir Core Group will be at liberty to devise its own ways for arriving at an agreement expeditiously including various ways as outlined by the "experiment" (Note: term for the collective process being promoted at the time).

If agreement is still not reached, the matter will be referred to the Finance Committee, and if necessary, to the Governing Board.

As approved by the Chairman,

The Secretary in charge, Mr. Sharma, 18-2-2003."

Note: This Core Group was soon looked at, as the first Government-instituted apex body for the Matrimandir, as both an arbiter and a sort of basket to throw in one's various complaints and allegations, variously outrageous. One of Roger A's most fervent supporters on the site had for some time been Jean P., who had as his first priority and sacred mission the task to somehow get me out. He had sustained this determination over the years, ever since Auragni's mother, Diane, had left him to be near me. Late March, 2003, Jean P. had written one of those tirades to the Core Group, and we had been given a copy of it. I took this as an opportunity, mid-April, to write in turn to the Core Group an open letter regarding the kind of practice such as Jean P's letter propounded in Auroville – there had been by then so many awful, absurd, vicious, crazy accusations spoken and written about us, and particularly about Arjun and me, and specifically about me, that one somehow ceased to lend people the "benefit of doubt" (that they had perhaps been genuinely misinformed or confused, for instance).

This was the text of my letter:

***Open letter to the Core Group, with Copies to the Auroville Council and the Support Group, from Divakar, 14-4-2003:**

"In a general atmosphere of diffuse conflict it is easy to provide the passive audience with a few strategic lies that will go a long way, with the least effort, in feeding and justifying a specific antagonism, giving it body and shape.

It is old and lowest tactics: deliberate and purposeful defamation, well-timed and placed, will yield disproportionate results, possibly exponential.

In the world at large what we here, with all our presumption which is truly ridicule, call the 'ordinary world', societies have evolved all along their fault lines sets and series of mechanisms, processes of appeal and redress, with a view to preserve and uphold justice.

But we, under the pretext of being part of an experiment and an adventure in search of new forms and new methods to manifest the spirit of the future, claim the right to dispense from these mechanisms and processes. Further, we seek to substantiate this claim with the profession of being 'the willing servitors of the Divine consciousness', an outrageous statement at the best of times, but who are we actually cheating. Possibly our own little minds only.

So in live practical terms what we have is a free, lawless market of the worse kind where each peddler can display their dubious wares shamelessly while piously uttering Her name.

Letters filled with the cheapest venom and the grossest slander such as Paul V.'s – who has gained remarkable notoriety with this very practice over the years – and Jean P.'s are usually signed under the sacred words 'at Her service'.

Variations of the same have been so callous that these miserable diatribes will sometimes end with 'Truth', as if Truth indeed had directly inspired, nay, dictated their words.

It would all be perhaps merely comic if it did not aggravate the general tamasic, obscure, unwilling atmosphere which has no qualms in vitiating and violating, by the sheer massive weight of its self-satisfied opacity, the treasure of the Grace.

This is the situation, and each one and each part of us who still finds some pleasure in the dark easy trade is responsible for it and for the conditions it creates in Auroville.

A team – us the ‘accused’ – has in this fashion been tarred over and over by these tactics, dragging the name of the Matrimandir with their devious trail: we shall only say that we have been and we remain ready to answer any questions in a process of clear and fair inquiry towards a resolution that will honour the spirit of Auroville.

But we request the people of Auroville, those who need to be decent and care enough to value honesty above political interests, to somehow withdraw all support from such ill motivated actions.

Divakar”

Note: At about this time, I found that both my Passport and my residential visa were going to expire. The general situation in Auroville, where the ‘Foreigners’ were concerned, was in a flux and there were many uncertainties. In my own case, there was also the sense that there might well be some interference. In preparing myself to apply for a renewal of my Residential Permit and of my Visa – as I had to be able to go out of the country for C’s sake -, I wrote the following letter, which I meant to address to the Central Government authorities in Pondichéry.

***Request to be allowed to remain on Mother India’s soil; early 2003:**

“Since my early teens I was looking desperately for the centre and purpose of my life, and I felt I would only find it in India. I first came to India in 1968, for a journey that ended abruptly with a serious illness. In 1969, the call became imperative. I came to India for the second time and reached Pondichéry where I found the answer at the feet of the Mother.

In 1970 on my twentieth birthday the Mother blessed my true birth and gave me my spiritual name, the name of my soul, ‘Divakar’.

I had to return once more to France, the country of my physical birth, for military service and personal family matters.

It was only on November 13, 1973, that I was able to give myself entirely and for good to the work and service that alone could give meaning to this life.

Since that time I have been committed to the construction of the Matrimandir and through this service the awareness of Mother India has constantly grown within me, making more and more tangible and precise the significance of belonging to Her, of being Her child, Hers to use, Hers to direct, Hers to transform.

I know very concretely that, despite the tremendous difficulties India must overcome, there is no other land and no other people upon this earth where true divinity has a home in such a complete, essential and living way.

I do not renounce the understanding I have gained through my experience of being born and raised in France, for it has become one offering which I could learn to make at Her feet, towards a more integral realisation.

Auroville, the creation of the Mother based on the foundation of Sri Aurobindo's teaching, is a challenge at once terrible and formidably rewarding, as it will necessarily bring about a real change of consciousness, the very change that the Mother and Sri Aurobindo have been working for, and India alone is great enough to shelter and nurture this very difficult and very crucial endeavour.

This is the dharma that has been given me when my being turned to Her, and I pray and trust that in Her I shall always find the refuge and protection needed to undergo this change.

Divakar"

Note: It was also in April of that year, I think, that Kumar, Manikandan, Gajendran and I took a trip on two bikes to a place in Tamil Nadu called Kovakam to attend the last day of a week-long festival dedicated to the mythical godlike figure of Aravan.

In India for many centuries "hijras" or "alis", that is, transsexuals and homosexuals, have been segregated into separate communities, which have evolved their own customs and means of survival. For some years, there had been relative improvement in the tolerance shown to them, and there is a small temple in a far-off village inland of Tamil Nadu where they had been gathering in increasing numbers, year after year, during a week of open celebrations. This was the one occasion when they could be publicly what they are, meeting one another from various parts of India, and going together through the symbolic rites of formal wedding, enacting the story of the Lord Krishna who had taken the guise of a beautiful young maiden to initiate the young warrior Aravan, before he went to the final battle, to the depths of joy of sexual coupling, as His boon.

We found ourselves swept in a tide of thousands upon thousands of gentle and radiant people, and I felt entirely at home with and among them.

This experience went very deep in each of my three friends, who had never been exposed to that reality. Each of them, once we had returned to our work at Matrimandir, wrote a poem about it; I have translated two of these poems from the Tamil, while Manikandan wrote his in English.

***"Inner Perceiving", poem by Gajendran:**

"Along a rough-hewn path winding
Into a golden eve

Whatever is seen
 Partakes of Krishna's play.
 What used to be a bunch of thorns
 Is now revealed
 As garland,
 Whatever is seen
 Is a glimpse into
 Mahabharat's land.
 Just as dewdrops resting on a bloom
 Suddenly flash into prisms of light,
 So the touch of that reality
 Suddenly bursts within one's breast
 In joyful and sweet anand.
 To be complete, or incomplete,
 Is a matter
 Of individuals.
 O jasmine, how are you drawn to the touch of the Araivani?
 Just as the Lord, self-created,
 Was too drawn to their touch.
 As the Kuringi every twelve years blossoms,
 So Kovakam every year opens and beams
 Into songs.

Gajendran"

***"All creation's beauty", poem by Kumar:**

"We journeyed far
 But held in my memory is
 A new rising, the sense
 Of another, new world,
 Absorbing me.
 How many colours, I can not count,
 How many flowers, I can not say,
 A peace was within
 And I was drawn, intensely,
 Like a subtle wave shifting,
 Hardly visible,
 Till it became so clear,
 Like a translucent jar
 Of the brightest milk,
 A new creation from the hands of gods.
 The meaning of beauty
 Opened to me,
 Through them, they gave it to me,
 The "aligal",
 They, walking as
 A river flows
 Fearless and soft and blooming
 Their hands outstretched with their
 Offering

Of friendship.
 Was I dreaming?
 There were no stains and no shadows to mar
 The joy in the heart, the deep
 Contentment
 Shared by all.

Kumar"

***"A sudden awakening", poem by Manikandan:**

"Entering into a joyful world,
 The same eyes of ages
 Look at everything from a different view.
 'Why' arises, deep in the heart.

A smile, a glance, a touch,
 All simple day-to-day actions,
 Mean something especially special,
 Something that can't be limited by words.

Oh, maybe it is discovered,
 Hidden both in one and in all,
 A wider, deeper, higher understanding
 That opens a door to be.

Manikandan"

Note: During that same period – the hot spring of 2003 – Kovalan helped me to create and offer a small book, dedicated to the Matrimandir Gardens.

Kovalan had become, as for cricket games which earned him many trophies, a sort of computer champion; he sat with me at the computer every afternoon in Walter's planning office at Matrimandir for a bout six weeks, and followed my directions and turned them into actual layout, made of all the recorded texts from the Mother, scanned drawings, scanned pictures of Japanese gardens referred to by Her, scanned photographs of flowers with their names given by Her, scanned messages in Her hand. The purpose of this offering was to introduce everyone interested to the spirit of the place as the Mother had seen it, rather than dwelling on interpretations and commentaries. The materials presented would speak for themselves.

We titled this booklet, of 108 pages, "**On the Matrimandir Peace area – 2003 – An Offering**", by Divakar and Kovalan.

The result was a document that could be telecharged on anyone's computer, with a simple and clever automatic selector devised by Kovalan, or printed in hard copies on request.

This book was posted on the Net and presented individually to a few people, and a couple of copies were also made available to the Governing Board. However it seemed to be dismissed as irrelevant, although several friends commented on its beauty... It is included here as an attachment.

Note: Once again, in May 2003, I drafted a paper which tried to recapitulate the reasons for our position and to place in a perspective that would be meaningful to others.

***On the completion of the Matrimandir and its Peace area; on Roger A's role and function, May 2003:**

"Let us first acknowledge that Roger A's authority has never been unanimously recognised in Auroville. Where the Matrimandir is concerned, the Mother Herself had at some point suggested that he had enough to do with Auromodel and other projects and Paolo should be the one to look after the construction of the centre.

Roger A is not an Aurovilian, and that also has a bearing on the quality of response to and regard for his position.

For 10 crucial years of the development of Auroville and the construction of its Soul, the Matrimandir, Roger A was altogether absent.

In 1987, he was invited to participate again in the completion of the Matrimandir and make a new proposal for its finishing and cladding; he and Jacqueline then proposed the present design for the discs and the reduced height of the twelve Petals, and this proposal was the subject of a difficult vote which deeply divided the community over the following years.

Even though this proposal was thus accepted, it was not worked out and the community, through its Council, formed a coordination group and a planning group in an attempt both to speed up the work and to have the contribution of mutually balancing views to its execution.

It is only in the late 90s that, through his being appointed a member of the Governing Board, thereby acquiring a superior position in the legal hierarchy, and through the active moral influence of the present Chairman, that Roger A and his group of supporters have seemingly gained the upper hand, in the sense that their opinions have been provided with political means.

. Regarding the configuration of the Peace area, the area that surrounds the Matrimandir and extends to a radius of 300 metres from it:

This area was defined with the agreement of all concerned in the early 70s – chiefly Roger A, Narad and Piero.

- 1) The oval island containing the Matrimandir and its 12 Petals, the Banyan tree, the Urn and its amphitheatre, the 12 Inner Gardens and the Garden of Unity (later on, the Rose Garden was added to it with Roger's agreement).
- 2) The oval water channel, the width of which would on average be 12 metres.

- 3) The Outer Gardens or Park, with a flowing landscape, where various species of tall trees from all over the world would help provide the natural atmosphere of a sanctuary.

Roger A confirmed this configuration after studying again a number of alternatives and rejecting them, in the late 80s.

The Matrimandir Nursery, which was started in 1970 by Narad under the Mother's direct instructions, has worked all these years since to develop and maintain as many varieties of plants, shrubs, trees, orchids, cacti, etc. as it has been possible towards the manifestation of the Matrimandir Gardens and Park.

And to this end hundreds of individuals have contributed their efforts in labour, resources, expertise and financial means from 1970 to the present day.

Late 1999, Roger A sought to have a new, ambitious proposal for a very vast lake around the oval island to be entered into the new Master Plan which was to be legally endorsed by the Governing Board. The creation of this lake would effectively nullify the entire environment of the Matrimandir, leaving no visual 'obstacle' such as trees between the monument of the sphere with its twelve petals and the city. As for the Inner Gardens, they would be reduced to symbolic renderings utilising free-form sculptures, a few potted plants and some design elements.

This was indeed in keeping with early proposals made by Roger A to the Mother. But it was not in keeping with any of the available, recorded descriptions given by the Mother Herself of the central area of Auroville.

And it is on the basis of Her words that most everyone has aspired to serve the construction of the Matrimandir and the manifestation of Her vision and dream.

Upon hearing the objections, the Governing Board agreed to add a qualifying clause to the Master Plan.

. A situation has then developed in which apparently opposed viewpoints and arguments have been expressed with reference to the Mother's words.

Roger A's supporters base their argument on the Mother's written invitation to him, back in 1965, to be 'the man of the project', and on Her having given her written Blessings to a brochure which featured Roger A's model of a barren sculptural and monumental oval island, as also on statements reportedly made by the Mother, as noted down from memory by SSJ in his diary, as late as 1972, to the effect that 'Roger A is the best judge' and that he has been given by Her all the details; it is further argued that the Mother was 'very flexible' and turned towards the future, and had accepted and welcomed all the changes suggested by Roger A.

However there is a large body of evidence in the form of tape-recorded conversations and statements written by the Mother Herself that point to a realisation for the environment of the Matrimandir which Roger A's designs contradict, both in essence and in form.

This realisation 'of the most beautiful place from the point of view of physical, material Nature', is one of a sanctuary in which Nature's and man's efforts at beauty and harmony are joined, an area of silence and conscious experiencing, fairly secluded and self-contained, wherein the expression of the integrality of the Universal Mother's new creation is made tangible through clear and living symbols,

as well as through the various significances of the flowers identified by the Mother Herself.

In the descriptions that are on record, made by the Mother of Her visions, as well as in the references made by Her to the Golden Temple Grounds in Kyoto, the spirit of this environment and the balance between its main elements – detailed gardens nearest to the Pavilion, a water body around that and the tall trees around it – are very clearly outlined and evoked.

. Roger A's contribution to the building of Auroville's Soul has been respected; it has materialised. The golden sphere and its twelve massive reddish petals have been built. They stand in their forceful majesty for all to see. That work is done.

What of the intimacy, the nearness of the soul? Its atmosphere vibrant with fragrant mystery, discovery made conscious in the silent rhythms of its profound beauty?

What of its approach, which allows one to perceive the infinite riches of conscious existence?

What was an issue of direction with far and deep-reaching implications for the work of Auroville has become a political issue of control.

Resources, capacities, commitments are acknowledged insofar as they may serve political ends, and the 'Architect', from the only meaningful 'position' of serving the Mother's dream in life and matter, has now sought to be installed as the sole and ultimate authority over and above every other one of Her servitors, by political and legal means and not by means of a genuinely acknowledged moral and spiritual stature as a leader.

With this legal backing, his supporters have staked their claims on the actual territory, biding their time until, convinced, the Government does remove the few individuals who still remain as obstacles to the execution of his own designs.

But again, where is the space and where is the will to discern the terms of the choice, to identify a direction that would bring all these trends together?

Should not the Governing Board, whose essential role is to guard the Charter and the Spirit of the adventure called Auroville, insist on the only path of resolution, the only way worthy of Auroville, that of collaboration and mutual respect, rather than lend itself to the politicisation and personalisation of the choices to be made?

Divakar"

Note: The above text was posted and circulated.
I also wrote a short note to the "Core Group":

***Note regarding the Matrimandir and its Sanctuary of Peace, to the Core Group formed by the Governing Board of the Auroville Foundation, May 2003:**

"There are those amongst us who have been for many years striving towards a complete realisation in Matter – that realisation evoked and invoked by the Mother in several recorded descriptions of Hers – and it was but natural that, as part of the

striving, contradictions would at times manifest in order to deepen one's understanding.

For this completeness was meant to be all-inclusive, in a profoundly ordered manner, again following Her trail with the clues and keys She gave.

To excavate a bit of red soil for a lotus pond and create a hill with it on which to plant uniquely beautiful trees was as important, as necessary as to fit the bolts of a shuttering or cut a tile of white marble.

To yearn for Nature's magic was as much part of one's aspiration as to honour the Presence in Matter itself and learn to offer one's being through service.

It is through the ordinary centre of gravity that ideals eventually become subterfuges, dreams turn to illusions and the soul's knowing is made into dogmas that oppose one another, and it is through that ordinariness that we continue to pay tribute to the necessity of destruction and death rather than find the strength to uphold Love's victory.

Now again we are at this point of choice:

This ordinariness, this habitual exclusiveness of our still dominating instrumental nature demands that we adhere to a truncated realisation, dogmatised, legalised, planified, undersigned and countersigned; while the inner breath, the sense of grace, still sings within of a dream coming true, of an embrace that welcomes and contains all apparent contraries, of a living environment within which will freely move the blessings of Her fragrant Presence and the sovereignty of Her transforming hands".

(Submitted by Divakar)

Note: The Core Group soon became the occasion for Roger A to "practice" his new-found legal authority; he issued a number of written complaints claiming that we were spending funds to execute works which had not been approved by him, while works which were approved by him and ready to be implemented were kept in abeyance. He accused Arjun and me, by names, of being the main challengers to his authority and designs. (In a couple of formal, official occasions, both he and the Chairman had put forward as a condition for any resolution to arise that I, particularly - "this man!" -, must be removed)

The "idea" was floated that, if and when no consensus could be reached in the Core Group, a simple majority could be considered as acceptable: this of course meant that, from now on, every decision made by Roger A would be smoothly passed, since Arjun was from the start outnumbered by 1 to 4.

Efforts were underway to consolidate Roger A's authority on the site as well, by appointing an on-site architect and an on-site engineer, so as to effectively undercut the functioning of our team.

It was further decided that every expenditure would have to be passed by the Core Group, and that the Secretary's Office would be associated with the disbursement and utilisation of all funds destined to the Matrimandir - meaning that for every single operation and transaction, there would be the heaviest administrative rigmarole. Therefore, the Secretary was made a compulsory signatory of all cheques.

It was also decided that, "in the absence of the Architect, his duly authorised representative may represent him..."

We were continuing with our daily activities, and we were ready also with the new issue of the "Matrimandir Journal", devoted to the Divine Shakti and the Integral Yoga, for which Deepti had worked by far the hardest. She presented this issue to each of the Governing Board members, along with a letter of introduction in which she deplored the new interventionist role played by the Board, and the increasing resemblance its proceedings bore with the "Star Chamber" of old.

In this letter she quoted two messages of the Mother. The first one had been given by Her at the beginning of Auroville:

"Here no one is the exclusive leader – everybody has to learn to collaborate. It is a very good discipline for the vanity, self-love and the excessive sense of importance of personalities."

And the second one was more general:

"Heroic action fights for the beautiful and the true without fear of obstacles and opposition."

In the meantime, Walter had written directly to the President of India, Abdul Kalam, seeking his support in the creation of a desalination plant for the area of Auroville.

It is a measure of the genuine humility of this humane scientist who had suddenly been propelled at the highest echelon of the country that he took note of Walter's simple request and put him in touch with one of his friends, Sri Gopaldaswamy, an active researcher and an aerospace engineer, based in Hyderabad, who had become involved in solar energy projects along with Abdul Kalam, and their possible applications to desalination plants, much promoted by them. This first contact opened the way for further exchanges, meetings and seminars, some of which later took place in Auroville.

On June 21st, 2003, Arjun decided to write an open official letter in his own name, stating his position:

***To the Members of the Governing Board, from Arjun Puri, 21st June 2003:**

"Dear Members of the Governing Board,

Basing its action upon allegations, claims and demands made by one of its own members, Mr Roger Anger, the Governing Board appears to have resolved upon the unprecedented step of taking over the Matrimandir's finances.

The new arrangement which has not even the validation of dereliction of duty or misappropriation of funds, turns Matrimandir, the symbol of the Universal Mother, the Soul of Auroville, into a mere government department with the many consequent implications. The whims of the Architect through his representatives in government are made supreme. This is completely contrary to the spirit of self-governance and autonomy envisioned for Auroville by the Mother – for She installed no exclusive leaders in Auroville.

The Parliament of India hardly intervened in Auroville to create the rule of any small faction. It stepped in to remove political exploitation born of similar claims of exclusive control. Auroville was granted every possibility for freedom and self-governance, for only so could it grow straight and true towards its dream of a new society.

It has now been conclusively demonstrated to what Matrimandir is to be reduced. We are informed that no financial transactions may take place during the absence of the new statutory 'compulsory signatory' appointed by the Finance Committee. The work site of Matrimandir can close shop if it must! Suppliers and other working partnerships, as also workers, donors brought together in a relationship of trust through years of painstaking effort, are all to be subjected to this highly politicised condition.

By this action the Governing Board has inexorably positioned many of us in direct opposition. On 28th February 1968, the day She inaugurated Auroville, Mother declared:

'At last there is a place where nothing will have the right to impose itself as the exclusive truth'

This is Auroville. To serve this Dream we stand – for that True and Right to which our lives have been given – come what may.

At Her feet,

Arjun Puri"

Note: The Governing Board, for the first time since the creation of the Auroville Foundation, held an official meeting in Delhi, on 24th June 2003.

In this meeting, the entire operation was rounded up in one definitive statement.

This was published as part of the official Minutes: the battle was coming to a victorious close. The Chairman had effectively and efficiently gathered all the support that was and would be needed.

Here is the full text of those Minutes, as regards Matrimandir:

***Statement on Matrimandir from the Meeting of the Governing Board:**

"The Governing Board, in its twenty-eighth Meeting, held on 24th June 2003 at Delhi, has studied the Statement concerning Matrimandir in the Minutes of the Meeting of the Finance Committee, which was held on 11-12 June 2003. The Board endorses that statement.

The Governing Board has also studied the latest statements that have been received from the Working Committee and the members of the Matrimandir Core Group. The Governing Board has also been furnished with all the material relevant to the study of the Mother's vision and directions concerning Matrimandir and Auroville.

Having taken into account all the views in regard to the Mother's visions and directions, the Board has come to the conclusion that:

- (a) The Mother has appointed Mr Roger Anger as the Architect of Auroville and Matrimandir, and that his responsibilities as the Architect must be respected and supported.
- (b) Mr Roger Anger has had numerous conversations with the Mother right from 1965 up to 1973 on the subject of Matrimandir and Auroville, and his statements in regard to what the Mother has explained to him of Her vision and Her directions for Auroville and for Matrimandir and the adjoining areas (now called the Peace area) should be respected and implemented.

The Governing Board requests all the members of Auroville to come forward to contribute to the expeditious completion of the Matrimandir and the Peace Area and carry out the required activities and works in the spirit of collaboration and dedicated service.

The Governing Board regrets the aggressive negativity that has been expressed in one of the statements which have been received. The Board reiterates that it has been assigned a heavy responsibility to promote the spirit and ideals of Auroville. It finds today that despite notable achievements, Auroville has not yet succeeded in demonstrating the spirit of united endeavour vibrant with those four essential elements that the Mother has laid down in one of Her important messages to Matrimandir, viz., Harmony, Goodwill, Discipline and Truth. In this situation, the Governing Board has the sacred duty to intervene and help Auroville to be put on the road towards fulfilment of the ideals of Auroville.

It has been reported that the Matrimandir Core Group has not functioned harmoniously and fruitfully to the extent expected? It has even be reported that there is no team spirit. The Board, however, urges the Core Group to make one more effort to manifest true team spirit. The matter may be referred to the Governing Body, if any difficulties arise.

The Governing Board suggests that this year, being the Mother's 125th Birth Anniversary, should appropriately be dedicated by all the members of Auroville, individually and collectively, to unity and harmony in every field of activity on the lines indicated in the Charter of Auroville and in the directives given by the Mother. The Board also suggest that 21st February 2004 be dedicated to a meaningful event that would demonstrate the living spirit of Auroville – the spirit of collaboration and agreement, - and rededication to the realisation of the Dream that lies at the basis of the establishment of Auroville.

The Board is happy to receive from a group of residents of Auroville expressing its resolve to serve constantly with voluntary optimism that the ideals of Auroville have to be and will be realised. The Board welcomes this resolve and invites every member of Auroville to join this resolve.

26-6-03, the Secretary"

Note: With this statement, obviously authored by the Chairman, the responsibility for all the disharmony was laid neatly at our door.

The Chairman was almost at once back in Auroville and a large meeting was held, in which this statement was read out.

JYL decided to write an open letter to all:

***Open Letter to all, by Jean Yves:**

"Dear Friends,

I would like to bring a few points to your attention regarding the meeting that has happened last Sunday with the Chairman.

1. About the meaning.

The Governing Board has established some sort of official 'truth' regarding what Aurovilians have to do. Consequence: we don't need any more to make the effort of harmonising our different approaches, only to follow the official 'truth'. This is a new and qualitative change in Auroville's development. By doing so, the Governing Board deprives us of our most central guidelines in our experiment towards human unity: how to go beyond conflict by widening our initial points of view so that we can arrive at a place where not only they can be combined, but appear to be necessary to each other. The whole meaning of the Auroville experiment is thus disregarded and the search for harmonisation is replaced by an administrative imposition of one aspect of the Truth against others. This makes the position of the Governing Board very weak in terms of legitimacy, for it bases its decision on the denying of our most essential law.

2. About the method.

- a) Although the main issue was the taking over of Auroville by the Governing Board, the focus was put on Arjun's letter along with the one written by the 5 'voluntary optimistic' Aurovilians. If we look at the dates, knowing that Arjun's letter arrived on the 23rd, one day before the Governing Board meeting, and that the 'optimistic' one was sent on the same day by fax, one feels a bit uncomfortable. Presented as a spontaneous outflow of Aurovilians of goodwill who suddenly felt the need to express their faith and gratitude, it seems to be rather something asked by the Chairman, a purposeful letter with a certain aim. But maybe I am wrong... I would like to hear that I am wrong.
- b) In his presentation of Arjun's letter to the community, the Chairman 'forgot' to mention that Arjun was asked to write it by the financial committee and that therefore it could not in any case be interpreted as an attempt to present the Community's point of view, unless one chooses to see it and present it like this. Still the Chairman very heavily gave this interpretation. Thanks to Abha, the truth was restored.
- c) During the meeting the Chairman got a 'spontaneous' feedback from the 'Community' to be conveyed to the Governing Board. What this feedback is, I and many others don't know exactly because all of Sanjeev's words could not be heard, but something has been proposed and a 'yes' that could appear unanimous was uttered. Those who couldn't hear or didn't say 'yes' were not counted. But the result is that the Chairman can go back to the Governing Board with what seems to be a unanimous, although undefined, support from the Residents Assembly to its Chairman and to the Governing Board's decision or attitude (it isn't clear which).

If all this is not pure politician manipulation, I don't know anymore what the words mean. It gives ground to Arjun's letter when he speaks about a faction operating politician manoeuvres. It is sad to see how happily Aurovilians get manipulated under the name of goodwill and collaboration (and I don't doubt one minute the sincerity of their aspiration).

I thank Arjun for the flame I found in his letter, a flame I would like to see burning in each Aurovilian.

Jean Yves"

Note: Several other individuals in Auroville, such as Kosha, who could not be seen as 'partisans', had the courage to speak up and to write up their minds, questioning the ethical grounds of letting Roger A continue as a member of the Governing Board, of the Chairman thus interpreting Arjun's letter, and of the Board's interventionist course.

While several of us also protested individually, such as Deepti, Jithendra, John H, the entire Matrimandir Team put out a short statement:

***Food for Thought. 30-6-2003:**

"Much has been made of Arjun's letter. Here are some points that rectify a few subtle and not so subtle 'impressions' created in the General Meeting!

1. Arjun sent his letter dated 21st June 2003 in response to a 'most urgent' official request dated 13th June 2003 from the Secretary-in-charge to send his 'views' on the Matrimandir situation in his capacity as member of the Core Group. This letter from the Secretary-in-charge and Arjun's reply are posted alongside this note.
2. More people wished to sign along with him but he insisted that it was easier for him to take the consequences that might arise.

What happened yesterday is a mere diversionary tactic, false fire to distract everyone's attention from the Government takeover of the finances of Matrimandir.

Matrimandir Workers Team"

Note: At the time, the BJP was in power at the Centre. The Ministry directly responsible for the Auroville Foundation from its inception has been the Ministry for Human Resources. The Minister was Sri Murali Manohar Joshi, who had recently visited Matrimandir and had had a very deep experience while in the Chamber. His daughter had also visited Auroville independently and become a close friend of Arjun and Deepti.

Kusum decided to write two letters, one open letter to the Governing Board and to the Working Committee, and one directly to the Minister.

***To the Members of the Governing Board and the Working Committee, by Kusum, 2-7-2003:**

"Dear Members,

To welcome the Government in the Soul of Auroville, Matrimandir, is a great shock. It is painful and shameful for me and should be for Auroville. It is very dangerous. It is completely wrong. Why is nobody speaking?

What is spirituality? Today this is a great question-mark in front of me! Especially now as it seems if I speak out frankly or write about an issue I could be branded a 'criminal' as happened on Sunday 29th when the Chairman termed Arjun 'criminal'. In spiritual life does not one have the freedom to express one's views? What kind of spirituality is this? I thought we lived in a free country where right of speech is a fundamental right!

I am remembering my past days when we were fighting the British for the freedom of India. If anybody spoke against them, the British would first resort to 'lathi-charge' and then throw you into jail. Are we going to repeat the same thing here in Mother and Sri Aurobindo's Auroville?

Does our Chairman have the right to play this type of role and are we all to keep quiet? My friends, today it is Arjun, tomorrow it may be anyone. It seems to have become a habit of the Chairman's – first he does 'Pranam' and then he 'points' at the person an accusing finger. According to my understanding, in spirituality one should be honest and fearless. This is what Sri Aurobindo wanted from India and Indians.

I stand by all the points that Arjun has made in his letter. Already the daily 'lathi-charge' of the office babus has begun. Letters come every day. Cheques are returned unsigned – so many questions are asked. What is official? What is legal? What has approval? Even the workers' daily wages have been put under these petty politics. Sincere people always find it hard to get help from those who sit in government offices with the power to block development. Is this what we have brought into the daily work at Matrimandir? Is this answering the good faith of thousands of friends who give money to build Mother's Matrimandir? Will they be happy to know that Matrimandir is now a government department controlled by small people in far away offices with no sympathy or understanding of the daily difficulties of the work on site?

Where are we going? We seem to have lost our aim and spiritual path. Let me tell you that I have a deep pain in my heart. I could never think the Chairman could do what he did on Sunday. It is a shameful act. He has brought only dishonour to his office.

It seems now we must obey ONLY the Chairman and his friend the Architect. Spirituality has been converted into politics and religion.

Oh! Mother, save us!

Kusum"

***To the Minister for Human Resources, Sri Murali Manohar Joshi, from Kusum Shah, July 2003:**

"I write this letter to you because the issues I raised in previous letters written to the Governing Board (attached) have now come to a most dangerous flash-point. It is time for you to look into this situation.

When the Government of India first intervened in the experiment of Auroville it was with the avowed purpose of protecting it, of keeping it safe from any ambitious individual. India also wished through its actions to expressly demonstrate her deepest respect and appreciation for the legacy of Sri Aurobindo.

Every single one of the Government of India's actions in and upon this unique laboratory must be measured against the highest norm and ought to withstand the most critical scrutiny. By her manner of nurturing Auroville, India makes a living demonstration of her transcending gifts for manifesting harmony, synthesis and unity – gifts that are unique amongst the nations of the world.

Yet today the Government has shown the greatest unwisdom. The actions of its present representatives have brought to an abrupt end what has been so far an otherwise impeccable record of good trusteeship. This wonderful, precious gift of Sri Aurobindo to humanity is being warped and twisted away from the truth and beauty of its ideals, and that will bring grave consequences.

Today, under the present Chairman of the Governing Board of the Auroville Foundation, India's intervention has been brought to disrepute. Statutory decisions have been made that have caused only divisions, have given rise to the crassest politics, and have victimised sincere and dedicated persons. These decisions are not only inexcusable; their sole purpose is to favour a single faction (personal friends of the Chairman). These actions will prove to be grossly harmful for both the Government of India and Auroville.

I ask you therefore:

1. What are the limits of power, rules and regulatory mechanisms to control a person who by his very appointment is called upon to be impartial and who instead behaves as a faction leader, backed by and having at his disposal all his statutory authority?
2. What are the rules and regulations by which a body such as the Governing Board can be regulated when it begins to commit gross injustices solely to favour one of its members?
3. What court of appeal is available for us to address our call for fairness and justice? Do we turn to you? Or to the Courts of Law? Or to the Parliament of India which first created the Auroville Act?
4. The Matrimandir HAS to be protected from such heavy-handed manipulation. There is NO validation for the present arbitrary takeover of its finances. The Matrimandir has been built from the beginning solely by the dedicated efforts of those who serve the Mother. Its monies have come from the contributions of individual donors in the public at large. It receives no Government money. The Shrine of the Mother must remain necessarily independent and self-managing if it has to keep its spirit and its nature.

As the Minister under whose responsibility the Auroville project is placed I ask you for answers to my questions.

Kusum Shah”

Note: Major General KK Tewari (Retd), Deepti’s father, the senior Indian-born resident of Auroville, respected by all, K.T here, also wrote to the Governing Board:

***To the Members of the Governing Board, by Krishna Tewari, 2nd July 2003:**

“Dear Members of the Governing Board,

I write as an old time resident of Auroville as also an elder Indian. I am deeply disturbed.

I have served our Motherland for the best part of my life. I have also served Auroville for almost three decades – even representing Auroville residents in the Supreme Court of India in 1980-82 when there was an attempt to convert Sri Aurobindo’s teaching into a religion.

It seems to me that the very basis on which the Supreme Court case was won by the Government of India for Auroville, is being violated by the Governing Board’s decision to take over the finances of Matrimandir, the Soul of Auroville.

Also, at a meeting called by the Chairman of the Auroville Foundation in Auroville on Sunday, 29th June, there was more than an hour long monologue by the Chairman aimed against one individual, based solely upon a line by line interpretation of the words of his letter. I have read this letter and have, on the contrary, admired the frankness, honesty, bold and forthright expression of views written as a member of the Core Group in response to the Governing Board’s own urgent request, via the Secretary.

In my view this letter embodies the strength and courage of a young person belonging to that resurgent India to which Sri Aurobindo addressed his call. To call this person’s action ‘criminal’ in an open meeting is not only deplorable, it asks for us as elders to reflect more deeply on how much we are the very cause for the lack of leadership in this country today.

What makes the matter even more absurd is that all this is being done for the sake of one member of the Governing Board who is being projected as the sole and unquestioned representative of the Mother. This is an insult and betrayal of Mother and Auroville for She never nominated any exclusive leaders in Auroville. She also told the Architect (on record) to collaborate with others. He has yet to learn this simple lesson.

I request you, as brothers and sisters, to reflect deeply on the long term implications of the present hasty action which might shake the very foundations the Mother gave Auroville and which contravenes the purpose for which you have been appointed.

With regards and all good wishes,

Krishna Tewari"

Note: Both Kusum's and K.T's letters became quite an embarrassment for the Chairman, who tried later on, on several occasions, to meet with K.T and persuade him of his having misunderstood his intentions. It is likely that such letters served, eventually, to hasten the Chairman's removal from his post.

John H too made a last attempt to awaken a clearer response from the Aurovilians in the Auroville Council:

***To the Auroville Council members, from John Harper, 6-7-2003:**

"Dear members of the Auroville Council,

I think none of you has to be told that we have collectively come to a very serious turn in the Matrimandir game, with the direct intervention of the Government into the daily affairs of the Matrimandir.

We all know that we have opened the door to this intrusion because we did not persist in trying to solve the problem of Matrimandir internally, within Auroville.

A year ago the Chairman himself, in a general meeting, said to us that the way the situation would be resolved at Matrimandir would set off the precedent for the way other problems in Auroville would in future be resolved. It is ironic and sad that he himself has now set that precedent by moving forward with the takeover of the Matrimandir.

The Auroville Council has now, as never before, a critical role to play.

Now as never before can your actions affect the course for all that is to follow.

What Mother wants for the Matrimandir is clear to me: She wants first that harmony and collaboration are established amongst all those concerned with the building of Matrimandir – there should be no exclusion -; and secondly, She certainly wants the soul of Auroville to be free from the shackles of any government.

If you agree with me that these are the goals then you must put all your effort to fight for them.

Do not, in the brief satisfaction of apparently getting the best of an old enemy (the MMCG), be lulled into complacency in the present situation. If you believe that this action by the Government is any kind of victory or progress for Auroville, then Auroville will have fallen asleep and will stand defeated at a very fundamental level – the level of the basic guidelines that Mother gave for our lives here.

The most extreme opposites MUST be united here at the Centre, a true unity of all our energies MUST be forged – otherwise it will just go on and on. The path of elimination will lead us ultimately nowhere except to a field of unending discord and conflict.

The world wants more of us. The world needs a true solution to be found.

Let us all have the courage to say 'YES, we too need to find that True solution'.
No effort should be spared to move towards this goal.

It is very late in the game, but perhaps it is not too late.

Sincerely,

John"

Note: Another "elder" of the community also decided to write up; for the first time in her many years in Auroville. On the 8th of July, 2003, Shantidi wrote:

***To the Members of the Governing Board, from Shanti Niogi, 8th July 2003:**

"Dear Friends,

I am Shanti Niogi. I have lived in Auroville from the very beginning as I along with my late husband were among the first batch of persons accepted by Mother for Auroville in the year 1967. I am 81 years old and I am writing this letter to you as an elder sister.

My experience is from more than 30 years in Auroville, but today I feel Auroville is being taken very far away from its ideals.

I had great hopes from the present Chairman, but I think now that I did not understand him. He covers himself with the show of spirituality but beneath there is only politics. He has brought politics and more politics to Auroville. His behaviour on Sunday, 29th June '03 (in a meeting of Auroville residents called by him) has broken my heart and taken away my hope in the future as long as he is there. In India elders are supposed to respect and cherish the views of their 'anuj' especially in times of disagreement but Arjun was treated in a small and vindictive way.

I would like to know if there is a limit to the power of the Chairman; is he permitted to do anything? As an elder Indian I wish to state to all that I am deeply disappointed in the action of the Governing Board and the conduct of the Chairman who is using his position to bring wrong things to Auroville.

It seems now that the only way out for me is to somehow be able to stand with the strength and courage that Mother's Grace can give so that I can continue to be truly at the service of Sri Aurobindo's work.

At Mother's feet,

Shanti Niogi"

Note: Trying to cut short to the daily flurry of official letters and demands regarding this cheque and that disbursement and this expenditure and that justification of approval, we prepared a series of documents, which we introduced with a short

letter to the Secretary in-charge; this letter was signed by John H on our behalf – it illustrates well the climate then prevailing at work:

***To the Secretary in-charge, from John H, authorised signatory, 15-7-2003:**

“Ref: Your letter N° AF/M/13-1233 dated 2/7/03.

We would like to state at the outset that the true and most productive way forward for us all will be to adhere to Mother’s often repeated guidelines for working together at Matrimandir.

It was Her fervent request that all contrary tendencies should be united in their effort to build Matrimandir, that none should be excluded. *‘All of you must agree’* was Her constant refrain. *‘This is the only way to do good work’ ‘None has the right to impose himself as the exclusive authority’*, She said.

In this spirit we give below our responses to the questions you have raised in your letter.

01. With regard to the expenses incurred during the financial year 2002-2003, please find enclosed relevant extracts from the balance sheet for the past financial year.
02. With regard to the projected expenses for the coming year, please find attached our estimate for the completion of the Matrimandir and the Peace Area. It is our policy to advance the work in all aspects simultaneously according to the funds available.
03. With regard to the current labour force and the activities being carried out, please find enclosed our report which is the updated version of the work report submitted to the Finance Committee on June 6th, 2003. Details of the monthly labour cost for each work area are included.
04. Ref: Letter N° AF/M/13-1233 dt. 02.07.03, Letter N° AF/M-54-1306 dt. 10.07.03 § Letter N° AF/AC-41/1319 dt. 15.07.03. Work at Matrimandir since 1970 has been going on according to a generally agreed plan. Therefore what is now according to you ‘legal’ and what is ‘illegal’ is difficult to understand. We would be grateful if you could clarify this by delineating which works fall into those categories.

To sum up, we would call again for all involved in the Matrimandir project to try to accomplish the unique and most challenging goal that Mother has set before us: the working out of an actual human unity.

Sincerely,

For Matrimandir,

John Harper, Authorised Signatory”

Note: At this time, Roger A was back in his own house in the South of France. From there he wrote his appreciation of the new developments that had taken place to the Governing Board:

***To the Members of the Governing Board, Auroville Foundation, from Roger Anger, 16 July 2003:**

"Dear Co-Members, dear Friends,

I am very grateful for your invaluable contribution towards the resolution of the difficult problems at Matrimandir. The stand you have taken will bring new energy to the Matrimandir workers and will allow them to find again the harmony and serenity indispensable to achieve the completion of Matrimandir. This resolution is also a recognition of the tremendous work of our Chairman who spares no efforts in promoting harmony and unity within Auroville.

I am pleased to inform you that Pashi Kapur, a key member of the Aurofuture team and connected with Auroville from its early years, has accepted to represent me in the Matrimandir Core Group.

The Working Committee had recommended the appointment of a Site Engineer and Site Architect to the Finance Committee in their letter of 10 May 2003. I am glad to inform you that Mr. S. Ramanathan has consented to take up this work on a part time basis. Ramanathan has been involved with Auroville in its pioneering stages as a member of my team at Aurofuture and I am very happy that he has agreed to help us at this crucial hour. He will be assisted by Jean Pougault who is already involved with engineering work at Matrimandir.

Anupama Kundoo, an architect who has already worked on several important Auroville projects will assist me as a Site Architect.

I trust that with the resolutions of the Governing Board and the contribution of the persons mentioned above, people in Auroville will feel to participate in the work of Matrimandir and surrounding area and I am sure that Matrimandir and surrounding area will be completed without undue delay.

With warm regards,

Roger Anger"

Note: Soon after that, Ramanathan was officially appointed by the Auroville Foundation as "a part time consultant to Auroville Foundation, to assist and advise the Secretary with regard to the responsibility of signing the Cheques of Matrimandir as compulsory/additional signatory".

We had not expected Ramanathan to lend himself to this. He had been known to us over the years and we had respected him, and particularly had the highest regard for his mother, who has recently passed away, a lady of fine insight and great inner strength, who had often donated, unconditionally, to the Matrimandir work. But it was somehow our fate to meet with such surprises at every step.

We often had formidable bouts of hilarity at the perfectly cohesive manner in which so many people scurried to join ranks and assume new positions and acquire new status.

Shantidi, her letter to the Governing Board having remained unacknowledged, decided to write directly to the Minister for Human Resources in Delhi, asking him whether his office gave the Chairman "unlimited power to attack and destroy the work and reputations of sincere sadhaks..."

The Secretary was very unhappy with our answers. The goal was to make us yield and grovel and accept to seek permission from the "Architect" for every single work at Matrimandir. He demanded that we attach to every cheque a "certificate of approval" duly endorsed by the "Architect".

Instead, on 24th July 2003, we sent, very officially, this statement:

***Certificate, by John Harper, Walter Wagner and Arjun Puri, Authorised Signatories, 24th July '03:**

"Invoking Her Force and Protection we hereby certify in all sincerity that all works, projects, activities and wage payments undertaken by the Matrimandir Workers Team, attempt to fulfil/implement in action HER express wishes and instructions (written or recorded) for the Matrimandir Peace area.

Our WORK and our commitment continue to be offered at the Feet of HER whom we seek to serve"

Note: On July 29, 2003, I wrote an Open Letter to the Auroville Council, to all Aurovilians and to all well-wishers of Auroville, which was posted and circulated:

***Open Letter to the AV Council, to all – by Divakar – July 29, 2003:**

"Today a choice is being made that actually requires the awareness of every Aurovilian, every friend of Auroville and every donor to Auroville.

The choice is between two directions, each having profound implications in terms of growth, progress, commitment, and it must manifest at the very centre of Auroville, the core of its adventure, nearest to its Soul.

One direction is to work all-inclusively towards the realisation of an integral environment for the Matrimandir, a sanctuary to contain, in their harmonious relationship, all the elements the Mother has seen and described in Her recorded or written statements – a privileged area of natural beauty and quiet wherein Her Force could manifest the conscious atmosphere that must surround the Soul and radiate into the whole of Auroville and beyond.

Another direction is to surrender to the architect's vision of a monumental statement at the centre of the city, focusing and dominating the urbanscape, and to accept his exclusive authority as his claim at being the sole channel for the Mother's will.

There is, deep within oneself, 'something' that is most reticent to enter controversies, to 'take sides', to narrow itself to either this or that. It is this 'something' that begins to breathe and sing in Sri Aurobindo's wideness and vast unifying perception of the complexity of the manifestation, that begins to experience the certainty of delight when the Mother forcefully indicates that it is exclusivism that brings humanity's defeat, that there must instead be this AND that AND that again.

So, this is indeed the challenge before us: to work for the gradual advent of an all integrating living Truth within which all truths will find their harmonious purpose.

However, this is not what is trying to happen today, and this is why each one must be aware and consciously affirm the necessary choice.

The victory of consciousness is not that one 'side' wins over the other, but that all 'sides' discover the living reality that can alone reconcile them.

But the current and most unfortunate trend is defined in that the present Chairman of the AV Foundation Governing Board as well as of its International Advisory Council, has not only repeatedly made his own choice known in unconditional favour of the architect (who has himself been the only permanent member of the Governing Board under three successive Chairmen), he has also caused the present Governing Board to intervene directly, putting all the weight of the Central Government's powers at the service of this choice.

It is thus that, by means of political and legal powers, the Central Government appointed Secretary has been instructed to take over the finances of the Matrimandir on behalf of the architect whose authority is now held supreme.

That this authority could not be freely recognised by all concerned over a period of more than thirty years, that the architect's actual capacity to lead and harmonise was not by its own merits made evident, is disregarded entirely.

Instead, the blame for this disharmony is squarely attributed on those who have been tenacious enough to resist this arbitrariness where it hurts the most, at the centre. The 'culprits' are designated: these are the criminals, named and labelled.

The present Chairman happens to have also been the author and the prime mover of the very Act of Parliament that has given birth to the Auroville Foundation, and has earlier in his present tenure been most expansive in assuring every Aurovilian that the constitution of the AV Foundation has only one purpose, to aid and serve the free growth of Auroville according to its Charter, and would not ever be used to coerce, nor to impose any specific direction other than those implied by the Charter.

Yet by now he has himself turned this instrument of protection and safeguard into one of refined coercion.

Perhaps he believes that he can lead Auroville on its correct course?

Be that as it may, the fact is that today Auroville has taken a step backwards. Clashes there were, but these, all of these, were in effect honest clashes, clashes of

growth and questioning and striving and stumbling towards a wider and deeper commitment.

Now this is corrupted. Power is being exercised from outside, pressure is exerted by outer means, rulings are arbitrary, a breach has been torn open in Auroville's evolutionary integrity. Auroville's formal representatives have bowed to that rule. Residents of Auroville are quiescent: to speak up may be punished, visas may be cancelled, ostracism may be applied, and public disapproval may be called (although this law of retribution does not seem to apply to outright defamation as long as it serves the interests of the ruling party).

But the choice is still there. It cannot be wished away, it cannot be stilled, it cannot be neutralised.

The choice is not for one 'side' against the other.

The choice is for integrality, for wholeness, for evolving completeness, for plenitude.

The choice is to cease from exclusivism, to rise and widen and deepen so that no part of the Truth will be excluded, so that Auroville can really exist.

Divakar"

Note: A few days later I wrote to the Governing Board, the AV Council and the Working Committee:

***On the Status of Allegations, by Divakar, August 1st, 2003:**

"To the Honourable Members of the AV Foundation Governing Board; to the Members of the AV Council/Working Committee; August 1st, 2003:

Note on the Status of allegations.

- I. On the basis of written allegations of mismanagement of funds made by one of its members – who is himself party to a long-standing conflict in Auroville, particularly at Matrimandir – the Governing Board has instructed the Central Government appointed Secretary to take control of the finances of the Matrimandir.
- II. The Governing Board has further instructed the Secretary to hold this control on behalf of the author of these allegations.
- III. The author of these allegations, Roger Anger, architect, in his official letter dated 9-6-2003 addressed to the members of the Governing Board and to its Finance Committee, has indicated that 'I am told that an amount of 60 lakhs...'; thus the allegations he is making are resting on 'information' provided by unidentified sources and not based on any verified facts. (A simple and straight question would have obtained a clarifying answer).
- IV. Moreover Roger Anger states at the onset of his letter of accusation that 'I do not consider it part of my work to be involved with the financial aspects of Matrimandir...'

- V. This letter then, in and of itself, may constitute what is termed as an act of defamation, and remains so to this day as it has not been substantiated and cannot be substantiated.
- VI. Yet this act of defamation by one member of the Governing Board appears to have been considered by all its other members, under the chairmanship of Dr. Kireet Joshi, as sufficient evidence to take the unprecedented step of direct intervention.
- VII. Since all the other members of the Governing Board are highly respected individuals one may wonder how they could consent to this very dubious process.
- VIII. Could one then assume that it is also our right to call attention to the various cases of wastage that have been the direct responsibility of the architect over the years?

Conclusion: The point here being that the means elected to 'resolve' a crucial difference of approaches rich with a potential for real collective progress, may not be, in effect and in spirit, the correct ones.

Submitted by Divakar"

Note: On the 2nd of August, 2003, four of us were served each a legal notice called a "Caveat": Arjun, John H, Walter and I each received by Registered Post the same legal document containing the text of a Caveat filed in the Court of the Hon'ble Principal Sub Judge at Tindivanam by the Secretary of the Auroville Foundation, through its chosen Advocate, a Mr. P. Krishnamurthy, M.A., B.L.

It said that "The Caveator apprehend that the Expected Applicants may file a suit and petition against the Caveator and get some interim orders. LET NOTHING BE DONE WITHOUT NOTICE TO THE CAVEATOR in the proceedings. The Caveator undertakes to serve the notice of this caveat on the Expected Applicants and file proof of service before this Hon'ble Court..."

In short, the Chairman had expected and feared that we would take him to Court for his recent actions, knowing full well that we did have grounds for such recourse. Yet, unknown to him – and this made us to reflect with some amount of awe on the individual destinies concerned -, we had not ever even considered such an option, let alone discussed it; in fact, it never even crossed my own mind! We did lodge articulate protests where we could, that is, to the known players of this game, directly and as fairly as we could; but it would never have occurred to us to seek redress in the ordinary courts of law. While the Chairman, on his part, had in fact a long history of court cases, some of them still unresolved, since his leaving the Ashram.

On the 4th of August, 2003, the Chairman wrote a long formal letter to the AV council and Working Committee, in which he wielded both the carrot and the stick with shrewdness, so as to ensure the tacit support of the majority in Auroville – large funding for a wide range of activities and projects under the umbrella of education in Auroville being the carrot dangling before so many people who had been promised contracting, teaching, building, or documenting jobs. Eventually this large funding was blocked at the Centre.

Here is his letter in full:

***To the Members of the Working Committee, the Members of the Auroville Council, Auroville; 04 August 2003, from Kireet Joshi, Chairman; N° AV/CH/43/03:**

"Dear Friends,

I write this letter, first of all, to thank you for your letter addressed to the Members of the Governing Board in which you have expressed your appreciation of the work and support that has been extended by the Governing Board to various activities of Auroville. I should like to assure you that the Governing Board will continue its support and extend and seek collaboration in all tasks that are devoted to the promotion of the ideals contained in the Charter of Auroville.

During the last few weeks, the Members of the Governing Board have received numerous letters of support from a number of residents of Auroville, and we feel that a climate is being increasingly created under which all the residents of Auroville can be united for united service to the Matrimandir and to the Future of Auroville. In creating this climate, the Members of the Working Committee and the Council have played a significant role, which deserves to be greatly appreciated.

In this background, it is to be ensured that harmony in Auroville comes to be established and stabilised more and more securely. Nothing should, therefore, happen or be allowed to happen that would come in the way of solving the problems, not only in regard to Matrimandir, but also in regard to various other fields of Auroville.

At this stage, I should like to inform you that the Union Government's Secretary for Secondary and Higher Education, Shri S.K. Tripathi, has decided to visit Auroville on an official visit soon after the Monsoon Session of the Parliament, i.e. soon after the 22nd August 2003. As you know, Shri Tripathi had been warmly supporting Auroville. He had recently taken the trouble to make a trip to Paris from Delhi, particularly to take part in the celebration at UNESCO of the 35th Anniversary of Auroville. He, along with Dr. L.M. Singhvi and myself, had called on the Director General of UNESCO. He participated in the programme of the Inauguration of the Exhibition in Auroville. His addresses on these occasions were full of appreciation of Auroville and its multifarious activities.

I should also like to mention that it was under his Chairmanship that the programme of development of SAIIER was approved, as a result of which the allocation of the sum of Rs. 15 crores has been made for SAIIER and other development activities of Auroville for the 10th Five Year Plan. Again, it was under his Chairmanship that the Grant-in-Aid Committee sanctioned Rs. 45 lakhs for the year 2002-03 exclusively towards the maintenance of the Research Team of SAIIER.

I should also like to mention that towards the end of August, a Committee is going to visit SAIIER in order to assess the work being done by SAIIER in the context of the evaluation of the scheme under which SAIIER has been receiving financial assistance since 1984. This visit is also very important, and we all need to prepare ourselves adequately, both in terms of our team spirit and of the quality of our educational research work.

As you know, I have been pleading with the Government for years to extend full support for the development of Auroville, and I have constantly been presenting to them the ideals of Auroville and notable achievements of Auroville.

In the meeting of the Governing Board, which was held on the 24th June, it was suggested that a special event should be organised for 21st February 2004 as a mark of Auroville's rededication to the ideals laid down in the Mother's Charter. This event will require a united effort of all the Residents of Auroville; it will also be an opportunity to demonstrate harmony, goodwill, discipline and quest for the Truth.

While all these positive prospects are unfolding before us, it is necessary that the Residents work together in the spirit of collaboration and happy understanding filled with unflinching goodwill.

Permit me, however, to express my genuine apprehension that there is one fact that might cause a great danger to any successful demonstration of team spirit. This factor is related to the fact that some Residents of Auroville have been feeling and expressing resentment in regard to the decisions that have recently been taken by the Finance Committee and the Governing Board in regard to Matrimandir. Letters that have been issued by some of them are regrettably aggressive and indicate also a sense of misunderstanding. I should like to appeal to them all to realise that the Governing Board is fully committed to the freedom of the residents carrying out the activities of Auroville for purposes of the promotion of the ideals contained in the Mother's Charter and of the directions that have been given by her for the work of Auroville. I should also like to request them not to take any step or measure that would jeopardise the process of understanding, agreement and lasting harmony between Auroville Residents, Governing Board and the Government of India. Collaboration among the residents of Auroville and their harmonious relationship with the Governing Board are extremely important.

In this connection, I have been feeling and I have shared this feeling of apprehension with many Members of the Governing Board to whom I have been able to speak personally, that under the pressure of misunderstanding and aggressiveness, some of our friends in the Matrimandir Workers' Team might think of resorting to the process of the Court of Law. We would like to think and believe that such a course of action must be far from their minds. But we would like to ensure that measures must be taken to prevent any action which would place the Governing Board in opposition to any Residents of Auroville.

One of the courses that might be contemplated would be to secure an ex-parte stay order on the operation of the decision of the Governing Board. With all my earnestness, I should like to make this appeal to kindly ensure that such a course of action is prevented, and, in this regard, I seek the cooperation of all the Residents of Auroville. On the part of the Foundation, I have instructed the Acting Secretary to file a Caveat in the concerned courts, so that the unlikely action in this direction is effectively prevented. I have done this most reluctantly. The only motive is to avoid confrontation, the consequences of which would be extremely injurious to the ideals for which we are all working together. I do trust that the Caveat that has been filed remains simply on paper, without the need of its operation.

May I, in the end, assure everyone of our earnest wish to serve the highest welfare of Auroville.

With regards,

Yours sincerely,

Kireet Joshi"

Note: Once again, the Chairman designated us for the collective, and active opprobrium; this time, however, he was very nearly asking the community to silence us one way or another, or else...!

The other members of the Governing Board who were not representatives of the Central Government's direct hierarchy were: Smt Mirra Srivastav, who later offered her resignation, and passed away in 2004; The Maharajah of Puri, who later refused to be re-appointed; Sri Subhash Kashyap, who later asked to be allowed to resign; Sri Chattopadhyaya, a reputed philosopher, who always insisted that no other way than dialogue and more dialogue was to be contemplated; Sri L.M. Singhvi, a very eminent jurist of the highest class, an elderly and conservative man extremely sharp and cutting, who perhaps was the main support for the Chairman in this series of episodes; and Roger A.

I soon wrote another Open Letter to all:

***On Kings and Caveats for the Matrimandir and Auroville, by Divakar, August 2003:**

"What a wonderful construction! All preparations are underway, at all levels of the scaffold the right people rush in the right elements, vox populi included. It is well crafted, a great rallying of energies to make everything ready: the king must be properly installed, there must be no hiccups, and no sorry show of opposition; even the least perplexity must not be allowed. Everything is legitimised, justified, everyone must answer to the call of duty, lest disaster strikes!

The only problem is: the king is naked!

There is a void at the centre.

And the same absence is to be found in every argument.

(I). What are the instructions the Mother is said to have given the architect alone, instructions which are purported to express her Will for such a complete change of concept and Her agreement to the architect's proposals?

Were they not recorded then?

Why?

The architect's proposals and designs are known. They cannot ever be considered as a reflection or an expression of the Mother's recorded descriptions of Her visions. So it is said that the Mother has 'changed' after January 1970, and changed so much that She would have found the architect's designs to be of an inspiration superior to Her own.

Why was such a momentous change not recorded?

Since this hypothesis is hardly tenable, one had then to throw all the emphasis on the architect's anointment – he the chosen instrument, the messenger, the single spokesman and executor, divinely elected, therefore divine himself, or at least vested with divine rights that are not to be scrutinised as human rights are. The ultimate sanction is to have been given once and for all and for ever to whatever would be his future actions and decisions.

Now, this thesis by itself was not going to be swallowed easily by all and sundry.

Some politicisation was required, some acquisition of ordinary powers – hierarchical, legal, financial if possible.

This acquisition has been made possible by our Chairman.

Yet, even those two trends associated by all available means of persuasion were not quite convincing.

Some remnants of lucidity, of mere alertness, might have seen through it.

An enemy had to be found, a resistance, an obstacle, 'ill-will' had to be attributed, named, given a face, be made the receptacle of unpopularity.

This too was provided.

In such freedom as Auroville's there is, don't we all know it, the risk of our infra-rational nature gaining expression more easily than in an ordinary society where a number of corrective mechanisms have been set.

Speak ill of someone, pass on a juicy piece of gossip, suggest a tinge, insinuate an intent, evoke some dark purpose, and the thing is let loose. A few defamatory pronouncements will then go a long way in the fabrication of a collective scapegoat. And soon enough the stage is set for the issuing of positive accusations – 'they have misused at least 60 lakhs', 'they were going to take legal action against the Governing Board', etc.

Self-righteous indignation is fuelled in all the right places, so that even the idea of verifying the value of these accusations is quashed. No question is asked – there is no need. Everyone 'knows'.

Yet the king is naked.

In every argument there is the same void.

What to do with that void?

(II). It is said that the entire erection of this big, big scaffold, the whole effort of setting the architect as a king and the Chairman as his moral and legal guarantor, has been at the service of all fundamental laws of Auroville.

How?

Here the void, the absence, gapes even wider.

The individuals who constitute the collectivity of Auroville at any point in time must become conscious of the Truth and able to serve it; each one of them must arrive directly at a perception of the Truth, in full freedom, for Truth is a Reality, Truth is objective. Such is the programme the Mother has given to Auroville.

What is being tried presently is to impose a truth on everybody – no need for everyone to arrive at the perception of it, it is done for them.

Here it is: serve it, serve the architect, serve the Master Plan, collaborate, nothing else is asked of you, nothing else is wanted from you; you must simply contribute your happy goodwill and be satisfied you are guided unerringly towards the goal!

But then what of the very purpose of Auroville?
Has it been 'absorbed'?

This is an unworthy farce.

I think everyone ought to urgently regain some self-respect and do a thorough check-up of one's assumptions and turn full centre, with one's very own question and one's very own little fire of need – and love.

Divakar"

Note: JYL also posted an Open Letter, on 7-8-2003:

***"Finally", by Jean Yves, 7/8/03:**

"Finally...

The takeover of Matrimandir by the Governing Board presents several interesting features to be studied and reflected upon.

It transforms the Governing Board into a sort of court of appeal for final decision-making in Auroville's matters, a new organ in our collective body. There is a direct psychological consequence for our experiment: why should anyone now make the effort of going beyond one's views and include the other's in a higher synthesis (the only path to human unity) if it is always possible to win by having the Governing Board on one's side?

It appears that here the Governing Board's intervention becomes dysfunctional in relation to the law of development of Auroville. Their action merely proves that power games are necessary and sufficient to make 'the truth' win. At last we are free from the effort of widening ourselves in an attempt to surrender our cherished exclusive approaches for a most integral one. What a victory!

But even a court of appeal must base its decision on some law. Here the commentators of Mother's words come in. They obligingly make 'enlightened' selections of Her words and transform Her exploration into the Unknown into an explicit and limited orthodox 'truth' to be enforced, a 'Reader's Digest' form of Her too vast and too demanding experience. On this dubious basis, the Governing Board assumes a new function: it becomes the place where the legitimate truth of Auroville is enunciated – the Mount Sinai of our collectivity in the making, as it were...

From this basis also comes the call to show our goodwill by following the official line with enthusiasm and gratitude; which makes implicitly (for the moment) of those who are reluctant to it people of bad will. What are we going to do with these ones?

But a court must make its decision effective. Here is still a missing element, but no doubt the next step will be to set up some sort of internal exit process, where Aurovilians of 'goodwill' with a high sense of duty will obligingly get rid of their undesirable brothers; otherwise, how can 'the truth' (it's a pity to see how this beautiful word which should be a liberating and enlarging one becomes an enslaving one) be victorious against 'falsehood'? Yes, Aurovilians will do this...!

Then what has worked so well, so 'expeditiously', in the Matrimandir question can be applied to other domains like economy, education and collective organisation. It is so efficient. We only have to be carried towards our aims by some sort of Big Brother (BBGB?)!

All this can happen because of a fundamental weakness of ours: we have never accepted to put into practice one of Mother's indications which She formulated several times under several forms: do not insist on your point of view but widen it so that it can include the others in a higher harmony where they become complementary to each other... We forget that if we refuse this path, Auroville is impossible. We never had the courage to believe in it, stand for it and try it out sincerely and firmly. This is our common comfortable little cowardice which we prefer to cover with big words of self-justification. Something in our human nature refuses to make this step, to surrender to Her vast integrality. Instead of challenging the Mother, we would better accept to be challenged by Her. 'Will you accept the vast freedom of my all-inclusive Truth as the law of your progress?'

I don't use exact quotations since in these days exact quotations are used to consolidate exclusivism. I find it therefore healthier, almost as an act of spiritual hygiene, to start from whatever understanding of Her we have treasured in ourselves over the years, and to present it as a contribution to some emerging common and living understanding we finally must arrive at. I believe that each Aurovillian should be able to stand for whatever truth he can seize in his relation to Auroville and to the Mother – She the Supreme, She the Consciousness, She the Delight – and be firmly faithful to it. Not to cling stupidly to this truth's exclusive partiality, but make it an indispensable starting point for a final 'complex unity', so that we can accept our diversity and explore our unity, progressively learning how to grow together out of our limitations into something vast and all-reconciling: a true totality.

And as a starting point to stand for, I feel closer to the flame I find in Arjun's letter than to the rather ambiguous and too skilful sweetness of our Chairman: to me such a position is more reliable if we are at all to build finally this Auroville Mother put in our groping but aspiring hands.

Jean Yves"

Note: The Aurovilians of the Auroville Council and Working Committee sent a note of dismissal to Arjun and me; they thanked us for our many years of excellent work and trusted that we understood it was now time to make room for others. I have misplaced this note.

Note: We did not budge and went on with our work on site.

Perhaps the Working Committee did not feel entirely comfortable going ahead on such a course of elimination without some wider formal support; perhaps they were advised by the Chairman that precautions must be taken to ensure that a semblance of community support was ensured.

On the 7th of August, they had already convened a general meeting; now they made an appeal to every resident of Auroville to formally answer a series of loaded questions by "yes" or "no". This appeal was carefully worded and underlined their good-willed innocence:

***From the AV Council/Working Committee to all Aurovilians, August 12, 2003:**

"Dear Aurovilians,

Following the recent decisions of the Governing Board and its Finance Committee in relation to the management of the Matrimandir Construction, there has been a rapidly deteriorating situation at the Matrimandir site. Recently several letters have been written by the individuals in control at Matrimandir to members of the Governing Board criticising the actions taken by them. The Governing Board felt it was necessary to protect itself from possible legal action by the Matrimandir Executives, and therefore filed a Caveat in court so that no adverse action can be taken without prior notice. The main sufferer in this state of affairs is the community of Auroville as the situation has been draining the energy of the community for so long and is so contrary to the ideals given to us by the Mother.

The Auroville Council/Working Committee believes that the actions taken by the Governing Board (the appointment of a Core Group for the Matrimandir) and the Finance Committee (the co-signing of cheques by the Secretary-in-Charge) were made necessary because the Residents Assembly and the Auroville Council/Working Committee have been unable to resolve the conflict at the Matrimandir site between those people controlling the management of the site and the Architect of the Matrimandir. We believe that these actions of the Governing Board and Finance Committee are in the best interests of Auroville, at least as a temporary measure, until we are able to bring harmony and a spirit of collaboration to the day-to-day functioning of the site by ourselves.

The Auroville Council/Working Committee believes that the community of Auroville should no longer be a helpless spectator to what is happening at the Matrimandir. We believe that it is urgent and necessary that the community asserts itself in relation to the progress and development of Matrimandir so that a situation can be created which re-establishes the deep links that we all have to the Matrimandir.

The Auroville Council/Working Committee presented a proposal for a change of management at Matrimandir to a General Meeting called for that purpose on Thursday, August 7th. At the meeting it was made clear that the proposals were not in opposition to the decisions of the Governing Board and the position of the Architect. The meeting further agreed with the Auroville Council/Working Committee that feedback should be taken from the entire community. We request you to give us your feedback to the following proposals, which are on the reverse page.

Thanking you,

Auroville Council/Working Committee"

. Proposals for the consideration of the members of the Residents Assembly, i.e. all Aurovilians.

1. A new site management be constituted for Matrimandir composed of competent people who are accountable to the community and are willing to collaborate with the Architect.

(I agree: . I do not agree: .)

2. The new site management team be chosen in consultation with the Residents Assembly at the earliest.

(I agree: . I do not agree: .)

3. Those persons presently in charge of the finances and the work-force be asked to step back from their positions until such time as a new atmosphere of harmony, collaboration and goodwill can be established at the site.

(I agree: . I do not agree: .)

4. Preliminary specific studies, research and experiments concerning the gardens and the lake be undertaken in collaboration with the Architect, consultants and the Residents of Auroville.

(I agree: . I do not agree;)

Name: . Community: . Signature: .

Note: I do not recall how much feed-back was actually said to have been received. But there was no doubt that it would be sufficient for their purposes.

In another General Meeting that was then held, Abha tried to speak up, but felt too stifled by the atmosphere of it. So she decided to write up her mind, as clearly as she could, and posted an Open letter the same day:

***To the Working Committee/AV Council, from Abha, 11th August, 2003:**

"I was unfortunately too emotional at your meeting this morning – I ill expressed my thoughts. It was difficult to speak in a roomful of opposite thinking people, many of whom so obviously showed impatience, hostility, or just that they were humouring me in allowing a few minutes disruption in the unanimous direction of thought.

I will now put my thoughts more clearly in writing.

1. Your reaction to the governing board's action (based on nothing more substantial than a 'reasonable suspicion'!) of filing a caveat in 4 district courts against 4 fellow Aurovilians is shocking. Instead of strongly condemning this action, your reaction is smug and complacent acceptance. You appal me. You say that the action is not serious. Please! At least do not

kid yourself. How can you, the body representing the residents of Auroville, take such a view? Of course it is serious – at so many levels. The court caveat should have been strongly condemned and refused in no uncertain terms. Especially in light of the recent drama of visas not renewed.

2. You say that the Matrimandir accounts have not been 'taken over'? When each and every payment for Matrimandir is questioned about its 'legality' by the secretary and each and every cheque has to be countersigned by him? This is not to be defined as 'taking over' the accounts? Ask any unit holder what this means for the day to day running of a unit. Come on, at least face facts up front and do not mask actions with deceiving words to make them acceptable.
3. You also shock me with your statement that the WC is an 'organ' of the governing body. Indeed you are acting by that. But the WC is supposed to be the voice of Auroville, to liaise with the GB. When an action which is inimical to the very ideals of Auroville is taken (such as the caveats in court), then it is your voice which should be raised in protest first.

'Auroville will be a site of material and spiritual researches for a living embodiment of an actual human unity.'

This is the 4th point of Auroville's Charter. Surely at the very soul of Auroville, only those actions should be taken which call for this. It is your role to ensure this.

I find that the present actions which are being taken by you as the instrument of the GB are as 'off' from the very fundamental principles of Auroville as the GB's action itself. But considering the mantle which you have consciously donned as their instrument, I suppose it is only to be accepted.

4. About your draft for a new management team at Matrimandir. This can only lead to still greater confusion than anything we have seen so far. The differing viewpoints HAVE TO BE harmonised for a true solution to come about – no matter how long this takes. You are not going to wipe out those differing views by government intervention and court caveats and management changes. Time will prove this.
5. To end: I do not have the answer to the present impasse; except this – in 'Savitri', during the debate between Death and Savitri, she replies to him at one point: *'O Death, thou speakest Truth but Truth that slays; I answer to thee with the Truth that saves.'*

What is presently being sought to be implemented is, at best, a Truth that slays, because it ignores the very basis of Auroville.

We HAVE TO FIND TOGETHER THE Truth that saves. No matter how long it takes. Surely even you can see that?

Abha"

Note: On August 15, JYL wrote another Open Letter, this time addressed to the Governing Board:

***Open Letter to the Governing Board, by Jean Yves, August 15, 2003:**

“Dear Members of the Governing Board,

Arjun’s letter of June 21st raised important points which have not yet been taken into consideration, the style of the letter having distracted the readers from its contents. But we can always go to the quieter enquiries of reason and dig up more deeply and precisely the issues that are at stake; since Auroville is a place for research, it is as a researcher that I would like to invite you, by this open letter, to some fundamental questioning.

Auroville being a society in the making and not only a legal body, the central question of its polity lies in the process of legitimation: how do you make decisions legitimate? Throughout history, two ways have been tried out and combined: the transcendent authority of the word of God (or of Science) and the general will of the people. The key to unite the people lies in the transcendent, this stock of living values they agree to believe in, to implement in their collective life or, better, to become in their inner and outer nature. The sensitive point has always been to determine who possesses this transcendent word, or how it has to be interpreted. Auroville has a unique feature, which makes of it a real beginning for a new way of making a society: the Truth the Mother refers to as its foundation is to be discovered experimentally and not imposed from above by the mind. And this Truth is not exclusive but all-inclusive, synthetic and capable therefore to harmonise what seems to be divergent or antagonist. Therefore our capacity to harmonise and synthesise our antagonisms will give us the exact measure of our realisation of Auroville’s ideals. It is this feature which makes Auroville a unique experiment in Human Unity, for if all the conflicting values cannot be reconciled in a comprehensive view, if one has to win over and suppress the others, then human unity is impossible, at least in a progressive and harmonious way. The process of harmonisation by mutual inclusion is therefore one of our most central guidelines, I would say a strategic value in our development policies.

In the Matrimandir issue, the Governing Board has decided to invalidate it. Even the very precise and relevant statement of the Mother about Matrimandir work, saying that Paolo and Roger should work together and why (Mother’s Agenda, 31-12-69) has been ignored. Incapable therefore of including the Matrimandir Workers Team’ views and to combine them with Roger’s approach, or to invite Aurovilians to do so in fidelity to their law of development, it had to go for legal means in order to impose a unilateral exclusive view, far more simple to deal with. But all the legal means of the world cannot abrogate the Mother’s guidelines that are available to every Aurovilian and which make Auroville so unique, and the Governing Board’s decisions will appear more and more as based on an illegitimate ground, therefore undermine at the outset, which is not a healthy situation. Moreover, we will have the issue of the Matrimandir Gardens for years on our table, because no true solution has been found. If you doubt it, just imagine the situation once it has been settled that a huge lake will be there: its realisation will be stuck in its financial dimensions and technical incertitude, and will only leave an empty space around Matrimandir, as also time for endless discussions without prospect of practical solutions, and without any method of reconciliation, since the only one that was given to us by the Mother had been rejected.

But this is not all: the Governing Board has expressed an official interpretation about the Mother's words, an orthodox one, so to say, as a Church would do. And Aurovilians are officially invited to follow and implement the Governing Board's line with 'Harmony, Goodwill, Discipline and a quest for Truth'. To follow... From Mother's indication to find the truth in ourselves and discover it experimentally together, we are now invited to follow those who have found it and explained it for us. The loss of meaning is immense and the poorness of the proposal obvious according to any serious philosophical criteria. Is this what remains of Her adventure in the Unknown of Tomorrow? Is this the final outcome of Sri Aurobindo's vast synthetic and reconciling thought? Who will believe this?

But this is not all: since Aurovilians of 'goodwill' are invited to follow, what about those who will not feel like following this line? If they are not of goodwill, what are they? What is their place in Auroville's development? Have they still a place? Aren't they virtually out? How can the question not arise? In this context, what are we supposed to understand of our Chairman's insistence in having an Exit Group constituted? How does it relate to the situation of the foreign Aurovilians, once free men and women from free countries, who may now be exposed to arbitrary administrative measures without any protection, as if they were citizens of nowhere? Was it necessary to point so nominatively at those who do not show the correct sort of goodwill?

Thus, in the name of Harmony, the process of harmonisation has been denied, and in the name of goodwill, bad will suggests itself. And this is not due to the malignancy of any of the Governing Board Members, of course, who only try to be as helpful as they can to Auroville in the little time they can give to it; it is more serious than that, it belongs to the type of approach and mode of action that have been chosen to deal with Auroville's issues: the pretence of one truth to win over the others with its inevitable consequences, which all the goodwill of the members of the Governing Board together will not be able to counterbalance.

But this is not all: in its haste to find 'expeditious' solutions – and let's recognise the discomfort of your situation of having to solve an Aurovilian problem the Aurovilians do not seem keen to solve by themselves – the Governing Board has founded some of its decisions on a very precarious basis, on pure allegations. When Roger states that 60 lakhs have been wasted in the gardens, one could expect the Finance Committee to enquire and take advantage of the sophisticated cost accounting system of Matrimandir to know what the truth is; but by some inexplicable phenomenon, this didn't happen. Result: a false statement is now officially recorded in the Finance Committee's minutes, echoed in the Governing Board's ones, both of which having been abundantly distributed by the Chairman to a Residents Assembly under his moral authority. The false has become recognised truth... How fragile a basis for decision making! Its legality may be perfect, its legitimacy and credibility are quite hazardous, and I would not bet on them in the long term.

But there is more: some members of the Governing Board thought that some Aurovilians might have envisaged to put a stay order to counteract the Governing Board's decisions. The fact is that for these Aurovilians, as for many others who have been protesting against the use of legal means to manage Auroville, the use of courts and lawyers is out of question. But does it matter any more? What people really think and believe in, what they stand for, their faithful commitment to

Auroville, does all this still have any relevance? The 'might have done' replaces what is, the unreal the real, and the accusation produces retroactively its own justification: many people in Auroville are now convinced that the Caveat was put because the four Aurovilians pointed at really meant to put a stay order: the Caveat proves the stay order. The unreal has become a believed-in imaginary reality, against which no defence is possible, as Socrates pointed out long ago in his own case. A more prudent use could have been made of the Chairman's position. The passage from the field of knowledge where his contribution has been so inspiring, to the field of influence, then of legal control, is a very delicate one, which touches very centrally at all the mechanisms of power at work in any society and the commerce they have with spiritual truths to reinforce themselves. I understand his wish to make Auroville move ahead, and certainly his action will make it move in some ways, by churning it deeply I hope, but his action falls within our field of research and you can understand that it becomes then an object of direct questioning and scrutiny.

When the false becomes official truth and object of collective belief, when the unreal becomes recognised reality, when the meaning men give to their action is not listened to anymore, doesn't count anymore, we are already drifting away from Auroville's ideals, from any possible ideal. As a son of Europe, I would summarise my point in a nutshell by saying that we have to choose between the faithful constant questioning of Socrates, who knows he doesn't know, and Plato's geometrical order of certitudes, where philosophers dream of becoming kings. Socrates had a bad destiny in Europe; does he have a chance in India?

I invite you to consider seriously the above mentioned points, for they touch at what is fundamental to Auroville and at our fidelity to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, far beyond the reach of any court of law.

With my best regards,

Jean Yves"

Note: All arguments seeking to establish the legitimacy of the Chairman's actions were derived from his initial choice to install the "Chief Architect" as the supreme authority over all matters at Matrimandir; therefore, what was not approved by him now was to be deemed 'illegal', and thus our spending funds on works not wanted by him now constituted dereliction of duty; in the same fashion, our negative protest and rebellion against this new dispensation pointed inevitably to the possible danger of wreckage for this new established hierarchical structure.

We went on with our daily work. The Workers Team continued to meet regularly, once or twice a week. The atmosphere on site was often very taut with tensions, as a number of determined supporters of "the architect" were positioning themselves, seeking to influence the workers, and generally making it clear to me particularly – as I was the most exposed on site – that every day was counted. But somehow, it was not overwhelming, and there was calm and peace in me. I did not try to convince anyone, I did not like to argue for or against; I stayed on because it was my place, the place of my heart, and because I didn't want to let Arjun down, and because I was too bound to the workers, and because I still had faith that this could

not be the way Auroville would go – there would be a Grace saving us from such a narrowing of meaning in our lives here.

On September 17, 2003, Arjun and I received an official letter, on Auroville Foundation Letterhead, from the Working Committee:

***To Mr. Arjun and Mr. Divakar, from the Working Committee of the Residents Assembly, Auroville Foundation, Wednesday, September 17, 2003:**

“Dear Arjun and Divakar:

You have done a tremendous work for Auroville at the Matrimandir over the past twenty or so years, and on behalf of the community we thank you. However we have decided after consulting the community that in the best interest of the community the time has come for you to step back from your positions as coordinators of finances and workers.

Therefore we request you to resign voluntarily, effective before the end of September.

Again thank you for your service,

Fraternally,

The Working Committee/Auroville Council,
Signed by Sanjeev, Renu, Selvraj, Jaya, Ulli, Peter, Janet, Mauna, Swadha, Jyothi, Joy, Ashatit”

Note: The Matrimandir Workers Team met the next day or so; by that time, several people had shied away from the escalating drama – perhaps aiming at being able to remain in position, whatever the outcome might turn out to be, or simply out of a wish not to become unpopular. The buzzing in the market seemed to indicate that the ship was sinking, and one had to be rather independent and well-poised in one’s own understanding of things not to waver and seek the safety of shore. But others stayed on and didn’t think too much of the consequences; to them, whatever the outcome, this was a worthy stand, more meaningful and vibrant.

The Team together drafted and finalised a statement, which was then posted and circulated:

***A Note to the Community, from the Matrimandir Workers Team, 20 September 2003:**

“Auroville Council’s attempt to remove individuals from the management who question Roger’s design of the Matrimandir Peace Area is actually an attempt to side-step the issue of disagreement over the vision and building of the Matrimandir. The use of legal means to try to achieve this removal is to be condemned. This kind of politics is in direct contradiction to the spirit of Auroville. Nor does it bode well when a single individual, such as Roger, is put upon a pedestal of absolute power

over the Matrimandir, the soul of Auroville. This definitely rules out all dialogue and rather creates an environment of intolerance and fanaticism. Whereas, regarding the Matrimandir, the Mother repeatedly stressed the need to rise to a level of harmony where the most opposite tendencies meet.

'... Now for me, things are no longer exclusive, not at all. I very clearly see the possibility of using the most opposite tendencies AT THE SAME TIME... with some slight deftness, that's all. It's not exclusive. I don't say 'Ah, no, not his!' No, no, no: everything, all of it together. That's what I want, to succeed in creating a place where all contraries can be united. That... Unless we can do that... (gesture in circle) it just goes on and on, we go on and on...' (Mother's Agenda, 31st December 1969).

The legitimacy of the claim made by the Auroville Council that it represents the wishes of the entire community, through a game of votes and numbers, is questionable. In reality, most of the community refuses to participate in such a false process of voting and numbers.

Rather than resorting to such falsehood, the Auroville Council should instead genuinely attempt to make the entire community aware of the issue at hand – the disagreement over the vision of how Matrimandir must be built.

We aspire to realise the Mother's vision of the Matrimandir as the soul of Auroville with its sanctuary and soul-space of Gardens, Lake and Park. Roger's design which seeks instead to reduce the Matrimandir into a mere monumental City Centre is in direct contradiction to the Mother's recorded statements.

We choose to stand by the firm decision to address the issue at hand through dialogue and refuse to give way to the strong-armed tactics of the Auroville Council. We hope that the entire community will join us in this endeavour to realise the Matrimandir and its Peace Area (Gardens, Lake and Park).

As Mother has so emphatically stated:

'You must all agree. That is THE ONLY way to do good work' (2nd April 1970 – Mother on Auroville).

The Matrimandir Workers Team,

20 September 2003"

Note: In the meantime, a growing number of people had questioned the project of building a huge lake in the centre of Auroville, such as Roger A and Harald Kraft had promoted. Several Aurovilians had got their expertises together and drafted a very comprehensive study and assessment of the entire project as presented by Harald Kraft and questioned every part of it, and its implications in sociological, ecological, ethical, financial terms as well as in terms of the spirit of Auroville. Even financially, the project had been deemed by the Governing Board itself as unacceptable and rather insane.

On September 20th 2003, this team of Aurovilians, some of whom had been engaged for many years into water conservation works in the entire bio-region and obtained very tangible results and gained much understanding, published a voluminous study, including 11 Annexures, with diagrams and a large body of relevant data. As a castle of sand, the whole edifice which the "Architect" had used

for the timely destruction of the Outer Gardens/Park of Matrimandir was collapsing. But it did not really matter any longer. The deed was virtually done. The future destiny of the area between the Oval Island and the city could wait as a no man's land. What mattered to the "Architect" was then, and is now, that his authority was established and no obstruction would be left between his concept of the city and physical reality.

I was certain that the Aurovilians themselves, whether they were temporarily members of this or that group, would never have the shakti to carry out these orders on their own; until that day, not one Aurovilian had ever been able to come straight out and tell me any of this; only a couple of newcomers had ventured to let me know what they had gathered was the general trend or mood. Unless and until the same Aurovilians would be armed with some actual legal, official order, they would not find it in themselves to come and tell us physically to move out of Matrimandir. I was right, too!

But I felt, those days just after receiving their letter of "thanks", that I wanted at least this time to let them know what I thought! So I wrote another, unpopular, letter! This too was posted and circulated.

***Open Communication – 21-9-2003 – from Divakar:**

"To those who have put their names to the shameful act of ordering two of their brothers to quit from their life-service to the Mother.

You are in deep trouble, not Arjun, not me.

I choose to trust that this 'community' of which you have become the voice is NOT Auroville, for it is not worthy of Auroville.

Its methods and processes are a-dharmic.

And all those who wit pretty and wrinkle their nose in distaste at the 'conflict of egos' over Matrimandir would do well to think more deeply.

For, what is this 'community' (180 in the last count?) on behalf of which you speak and act?

A temporary coalition of vested interests.

And what has it nurtured and supported?

Vicious slander, hysterical build-up of the most negative formations, groupisme and division, manipulation of opinion, corrupting influences – and, more seriously, the misuse of the provisions of the Auroville Foundation Act for the sake of personal ambition, revenge and spite.

Thus what was meant as a protection for the adventure of Auroville has now been turned, with your servile and self-serving support, into a tool of arbitrary rule, exposing Auroville to hostility.

You have deemed it acceptable to spearhead this vendetta of sorts against two of us while assuming a posture of righteousness.

But, pray, what exactly are you accusing us of?

What principle, what law of Auroville have we, according to you, betrayed?

Which written or unwritten agreement have we, according to you, broken?

The truth of the matter is that you have no grounds, no ethical grounds, on which you may justifiably 'request us to voluntarily resign'.

And I will tell you, and I want it to be on record, that what you are doing is more damaging to Auroville than whatever 'outside' forces have tried to do so far.

'The Matrimandir wants to be the symbol of the Universal Mother according to Sri Aurobindo's teaching'.

Is this not the expression of a reality infinitely more potent than all time-bound political alignments may ever conjure?

Divakar"

Note: The puzzling question was, all through, that none of this – neither that nor this position – ever seemed to evoke any response in the 'silent majority' of Auroville (about 2000 people by then); either they couldn't be bothered or, for some reason that eluded us, the points any one was making lacked the clarity or the import to elicit this response. It left us with the impression of enacting some drama in a void, even though the intensity and essentiality of the issue was perfectly tangible to us.

Once again, Deepti wrote out, K.T wrote out, a few others wrote out, who had that perhaps silly and old-fashioned courage to expose themselves and to stand fearlessly for what they felt and believed mattered more than the comfort of popularity and quiescent agreement.

Deepti's first response went out at the same time as mine:

***Snakes and ladders – Reflections upon the Auroville Council's recent gratuitous action -, by Deepti, 21-9-2003:**

"The Auroville Council has arrogated to itself the presumptuous right to decide who, when, where, and how (yet to be unveiled) is to be 'removed'!

They know the truth and the right and plan to act upon their 'mandate'?

This 'force', that ever wants to DICTATE to Auroville, seems never in dearth of pigmy natures falling over themselves to be its instruments. Fatuity is indeed the worst human folly for it seldom recognises its own insanity, and the AVC has doggedly cornered the current monopoly. As a result, Auroville is once more tumbled helter-skelter down that descending ladder to stare agape into the snake-pit!

The Supreme, unfortunately, forgot to consult the present Auroville Council while setting the timeless conditions for Auroville's way of being: no 'element' necessary for a particular situation can be 'removed' – this is a law of the Divine. And Matrimandir is the place where ALL ELEMENTS must meet – for only so will it BE Matrimandir. Auroville's battle-scarred history ought to have taught people something; but it seems the lesson remains yet unlearned and human imbecility continues to assume that Auroville's affairs can be run on the engine power of the lower vital! However, it's not hatred and jealousy, personal agendas and uncontrolled ambitions, or, for that matter, the desire to destroy what is incomprehensible, that can decide the future of Auroville. Still, such attitudes do needlessly complicate Auroville's present actuality!

Only nincompoops would presume that this letter of 'dismissal' and the moving in of the 4 new 'pretenders', are the last word on the Matrimandir muddle! Shakespeare speaks of a Divinity which shapes our ends to make them quite other than we intend. You may act, certainly – and even be applauded by your assorted 'rah rah' boys and girls – but surely even you don't imagine that you will be able to control where this action takes Auroville whose present aspect recalls forcefully the Gita's yantrarudhani maya.

You 12, very late comers in a 34 years mess, who presume to paint the Matrimandir story in your own particular ego shades, may rest assured: your colours can hardly take! For: *'The power of division is unsteady and impermanent; union works for a steady power and a harmonious future'*.

You might have done better choosing the up-ladder: worked genuinely for Union by remaining even-handed. The usual guttersnipes would have attacked you, but you would at least have 'lifted' the standards of your office! The wisdom that ought to have suggested silence and restraint and which might have behoved a group meant to represent all of Auroville (not just its favourite viewpoint) is of course missing. Even your foolish, manipulative 'opinion poll' got less than 15% feedback. This in itself should have been the message: Aurovilians are largely still not responsive to such disreputable means (and perhaps therein alone lies the seed for restoring health to diseased collective processes).

You 12 signatories: Sanjeev, Ulli, Renu, Joy, Janet, Mauna, Jaya, Ashatit, Jyothi, Selvraj, Swadha, Peter – should know that your action says more about you than about the situation! What a spiteful, unnecessary little addition to what is already a horrible mess! *'The world is full of pitiable miseries but they are most to be pitied who are so small and so weak that they cannot avoid being nasty'* – Mother.

It is most unfortunate that such protests are called for; but your determination to bring down upon Auroville that which will be much worse than the present needs some dissent, even if it will be sneeringly put aside!

Deepti"

***To the Working Committee & Auroville Council, from Krishna Tewari, 23-9-2003:**

"Dear Members,

I am really shocked to read the letter you have written to Divakar and Arjun asking them to stop their work at Matrimandir. You have volunteered (not been chosen, mind you!) to be a member of the WC/AC. I trust you are conscious of the fact that you are meant to represent the totality of Auroville and bear a special responsibility to live up to the Ideals at the service of Truth. You have issued the 'order' on behalf of the Community. Which community are you representing? Less than 15% of the adult members who responded to your politically motivated opinion poll? Do you realise that more than 85% of the Aurovilians including myself deliberately ignored your opinion poll – rejecting the approach adopted by you? And you have done this at the very Soul of Auroville, at Matrimandir which is meant to embody that New

Consciousness which, as the Mother said, *'insists'* upon harmonising all contraries! I wish you had insisted on cooperation and harmony as I have been pleading.

Your action is based on falsehood and to claim a mandate to pronounce a judgement on two dedicated and devoted Aurovilians is intolerable, to say the least. It seems that you have learnt nothing from Auroville's couple of decades old history. Mother has given no 'right' to anyone to exclude or expel.

Have you given any thought to the idea of the cost that Auroville as a whole will have to pay for your ill advised, ill considered and arrogant action? I can only advise you to reflect again on the course of action you have chosen. I am sending copies of this letter to the members of the Governing Board.

Love,

Krishna T"

Note: Walter and Kusum also lodged their open protests!

***To the Auroville Council, from Walter, 24 September 2003:**

"Don't you think that you are taking yourselves far too seriously?

You have the arrogance to thank two Aurovilians for their dedicated work? They have never worked for you! They work at Matrimandir – you don't. You and those backing you up politically play no role in their relationship with Matrimandir. I have learned in life that we all come on earth to fulfil our contract with the Divine in us, as it were, and you have never been asked to be brokers in the matter. So the question of asking Arjun and Divakar to resign or the idea of removing them by political/legal means does not even come up. You can go on playing God and show yourselves to everybody in utter ridiculousness. But you need to understand that the price that Auroville has to pay for your action is high.

There are at least two ways to deflate the ego. One is surrender. The other is to keep pumping the ego up until it bursts automatically. The choice is yours!

Your line of action – exclusiveness, removal and so on – in the past, now and in the future stands rejected.

Regards,

Walter"

***To the Auroville Council/Working Committee, from Kusum, 24-09-2003:**

"You are it seems in a greater hurry than the Divine: remove Arjun and Divakar from Matrimandir! You are now even a step ahead of Mother – She who never wanted to 'remove' anybody.

I must salute your self-belief!

As you are so busy taking Auroville away from Mother's directions you may not have the time for self-analysis.

Every single action you have taken since June has been harmful for Auroville and simply nasty towards those who are your brother Aurovilians. You have even 'supported' the court action. Shame on you!

Auroville is to be pitied that it is led by such falsehood.
May Mother protect Auroville!

Kusum Shah"

Note: The Aurovilians involved with the 'movement of change' at Matrimandir must have been promised a legal order of some sort, even though it was a little slow in coming.

Personally, up until the very last day, I did not "feel" that it would come to such a turn and a drop; what was constantly up in my consciousness was the significance there was in the choice before everyone, a significance that was incommensurate with our very small persons, for it was a matter of orientation that could but have incalculable consequences in future – perhaps not in the very long term, for the truth of this world is bound to triumph, but in the near future. It was as if Auroville was to become a showcase instead of the site of an actual adventure and becoming – as if effectively the fourth dimension was cut off from our experience together and we would be forced to continue in the ordinary physical consciousness...

On October 8, 2003, we received the following e-mail, just like a dance step; this time the orchestra was ready:

***From the Working Committee to Arjun and Divakar, 8-10-2003:**

"Dear Arjun and Divakar,

Following our note to you to voluntarily step back from your respective positions at Matrimandir, and the fact that there was no response from your side, we have now officially requested the Secretary of the AV Foundation to formally appoint the four Aurovilians - Andy Martens, Divya Kapur, Gilles Guigan and Michael Tait – as executives and any two of them as bank signatories.

Yours sincerely,

Valli for WC/AC"

Note: The next day, I wrote out to all:

***Why it is that I do not wish to obey... By Divakar, October 9, 2003:**

"This (the e-mailed intimation) is only the latest in a series of steps taken in the name of the 'community' heralding a whole other understanding of the adventure of Auroville.

It is for instance interesting to note that while by and large in the history of Auroville until recently such terms as 'executives' were seen and felt as mere conventions, required as tools of communication with the 'outside world' but devoid of any substance in the context of shared commitment and service to the Mother and to Auroville, a shift of perspective has crept in so effectively that there is now hardly any protest at the shameless use of legalities to remove 'opposition'.

I shall say here why I still resist the rulings of the AC/WC as well as of the Chairman of the GB.

It is because they are mere screens to cover and/or disguise the shift that is being operated, by all means available, in the direction of Auroville.

Instead of these many loaded agendas and these pretences at opinion polls that have been aimed at the people of Auroville, here are the questions that ought to have been presented to all, the proposed directions on which everyone ought to have been asked to pronounce:

- 1- Can the person of the 'Architect' be recognised by all as having absolute authority?
- 2- Can the 'Architect's decisions' overrule all inner laws given by the Mother to serve the advent of unity and true agreement?
- 3- Are the 'Architect's statements' to take precedence over all recorded and written statements issued by the Mother, on the sole basis of Her having appointed him?

When these questions have been answered by all members of the present Auroville and a consensus has been obtained, then one can begin to sort out individual positions.

I choose to continue in the trust that:

- A. The Mother's own stated wish for the Matrimandir is to be realised in its entirety.
- B. The Mother's directions for true agreement and genuine collaboration are the key to the only viable future.

It does seem today that the spoken majority has not only yielded and/or welcomed the advent of an exclusive rule but also agreed that just about all means are acceptable to achieve this rule, regardless of the precedents it creates for the future of Auroville.

But if that is allowed to become a fact, it may also mean that the people of Auroville have not been worthy of the autonomy they have been granted.

Divakar"

Note: On October 10, the following note was addressed to "the Matrimandir Workers"; it was not clear whether that term covered all employees and paid

workers or only the Aurovilians working there. This was written on the AV Foundation letterhead, for the Working Committee of the Residents Assembly:

***To the Matrimandir Workers, from the AV Council/Working Committee, Friday, October 10, 2003:**

"Dear Friends,

As you are probably aware many changes have been taking place in the management structure of the Matrimandir. We, the Working Committee and the Auroville Council would like to meet all of you to explain what is happening at the workshop on Monday, October 13th at 3.00 PM. We request all of you to be present.

Fraternally,

Valli"

Note: On that Monday, the 13th of October 2003, I went to work as usual, and so did Arjun, he in his upstairs office by the small entrance to the area, and I rounding the site and sitting with my registers and working papers in the open office overlooking the sphere, which everyone called "50", after its intercom phone number. The atmosphere was bizarre. I came to know the weirdest stories had been floated, to feed the support for my removal – one of the latest concoctions being buzzed abroad by none other than my friend and sister of another life, Jacqueline, was that I had been, as a routine practice, slipping extra monies in separate envelopes to the workers on wages distribution days, so as to ensure their support; another one was that I was the one to screen new employees and workers, particularly among the "security guards" so as to obtain only those who would be willing to go to bed with me! There seemed to be no actual limit other than one's imagination to the range of stories that could be told about, or rather against, Arjun or I...

That morning, I drafted two notes at my table, which never had a chance to go out. One was a last-ditch effort at veering away from this ugly little victory; the other was a demand for decency to the Secretary:

***A Collective statement of Intent – suggested by Divakar, October 13, 2003 (unused draft):**

"There is only one solution: you must all agree." The Mother.

"Recognising the higher value of true agreement and its essential necessity for the true and harmonious growth of Auroville, the Community of Auroville chooses, rather than the harmful path of one viewpoint imposing its rule, to give time for the all-inclusive solution to emerge.

A moratorium of 2 years is decreed during which period only those parts of the work that have the agreement of all concerned will be completed, while all the rest will only be maintained as per the present state of development.

The Community of Auroville commits itself to assisting the emergence of the necessary solution."

Note: This note was partly inspired by a very gentle Aurovilian, Yehuda, a fine psychologist who actually plied his trade in Auroville as a psychotherapist along with his wife; we had never had much contact, but he had just come up with a sort of plea that perhaps it was not too late for all to agree on a moratorium that would give time for another direction to emerge. As I write this in September 2005, Yehuda has now left his body, just two weeks back; alone in his house in Auroville, he was only found a day later!

The other note to the Secretary was inspired by a kind of delayed shock at the cavalier, callous and basically grossly stupid manner in which the then Secretary, a Mr. Sharma whom I had never even met (but who went very far, later on, to harm me, till he was removed from his post even before the end of his term, just as the Chairman was removed from his before his term), had acted in this recent period. It would have taken more work on it, and a little extra time for Arjun and I to agree on the exact wording: a time which we were not to have!

***To the Secretary, 13-10-03 (unused draft):**

"We are told that you have complied with the request made to you by the members of the Working Committee/AV Council to remove us from our respective functions of Executive and Bank signatory as well as of in-charge of Labour and Finances at the Matrimandir.

You must be aware that no due and fair process of verification has taken place for whatever charges may have been laid, either officiously or officially, against us.

It is therefore our right to demand that you formally and officially discharge us of all and any responsibility towards all users of the Matrimandir, towards the labour of Matrimandir, towards all donors to the Matrimandir, towards all visitors to the Matrimandir, towards all suppliers to the Matrimandir, as well as of the responsibility to see that the Matrimandir is completed according to the Mother's stated wishes.

At the service of Truth,

Divakar"

Note: This last was also dictated by the sense of outrage at the clever way this was all being done: for in fact there was no order issued to "dismiss" us; no charges were levelled against us; it was all very smooth: the actual orders were merely appointing new executives and installing them in our seats! Thus, Michael T and Divya K were to take over Arjun's work, who was supposed to have simply vanished; while Andy was to take my job – he was careful not to show his face ever to me while I was still there! As for G.G, my old friend, I cannot recall what was to be his official function!

Was it on the 13th, or on the 14th, I cannot now remember, that in the afternoon I saw, from my table at "50", moving across the inner gardens area like a regiment, about 20 or so Aurovilians: the entire Auroville Council and some of their friends! They had their paper: that official, legal order was in their hands; it was done! They walked over; they now had the shakti to come to me and tell me my fate.

Only Kumar was with me – an employee, who therefore could only watch in silence; they crowded into that small space, and those who would not fit in just stood out by the many openings, not about to miss any of the show. In front of them all I picked up the interphone and dialled Arjun's number, to verify that they had already gone to him; just as if they couldn't hear me I gave him a vivid description of the scene: we had to laugh; as so often in our many years of solidarity humour was the one sure refuge and dignity. One of them, Sanjeev, had assumed the role of spokesman, but the others were not too thrilled with his performance; they wanted more punch; another, I do not recall who, made to say that of course I could remain at Matrimandir, join the work somewhere and somehow, provided that I would not obstruct the progress of collaboration... I declined, and said that as they had built their mansion they could now live in it.

I also said to them that I could not feel respect for their 'process' which had to make use of legalities to obtain the desired results, and turn Aurovilians into Government servants, appointed by its machinery to rule its behalf...

John H had by then entered the room and managed to sit by me; in some measure it was for my sake, as he was concerned there could be some physical violence from some of them; but I saw too that there was equally in him a measure of adopting the new order of things, of making his own adaptable stand known to them.

I had taken my decision, silently. I would not pick a fight with them; I would not give them the pleasure of having to use more of their new-found stamina, simply because for me to remain a day longer would put the workers in a miserable embarrassment.

But I said nothing of this to the group of Aurovilians. I only stated that I would see what I would do.

They had to leave and move on to the rest of their round; they went over to the workshops, to "explain" to the workers there their intentions, and the goodwill and harmony which would soon be established, and how they would be taken care of...

This was my last day at Matrimandir.

There was nothing for me to take away; everything was in order. There was nothing for me to hand over: all registers and records were there, open, accessible, and updated.

I came home. It was evening.

Pnina was there. She had been visiting from Benares, postponing since weeks her return there, as she felt worried and too concerned to turn away from what was happening to me.

At night, Manikandan came, to tell me he had also quit.

Arjun would not let go; for two or three weeks he made it a point not to make it too easy for them; I understood, but I also did not understand; there was nothing to be gained in remaining in such a wilful alienation, it would only confirm their own opinion of him.

I thought for a while that we could all move to the Nursery and make our stand there by declaring our intent in continuing with the work of the Gardens, and having our base of operations shifted there. But this was too much to ask from the others, and it would in any case have been just a sort of war of attrition.

Antagonism corrodes when it is lived day after day with no respite.

From the next morning on I directed all my energies on cleaning and tending the garden at "Sincerity"; it had been for too long that I had not had the time for it,

and it needed care. I worked this way for several weeks, pruning and clearing. M got into a fight at work and was given time off as a punishment, and so he joined me and we did enormous work together and the entire garden looked refreshed and reenergised when we were done.

Those who now had a chance to grab at some position at Matrimandir, and had to somehow share the "spoils" between them, had one urge in common; to undo whatever we had done. In particular, there was a sort of rage in systematically destroying whatever I had personally cared for.

So it was for the Banyan tree, the King of the area. For years I had tended it, and had to hollow out most of the original trunk so it would not rot away from age and vermin, and to train new roots to share the weight of the expanding canopy while pruning and directing the growth away from the sphere; this was a work that needed long term tending, and a quiet planning and much observation and attention.

But now the main original actors of the play – Roger A and Narad – had for all intents and purposes fused their differences in a new-found realisation, and were of one mind as to the need to regain the upper hand; Narad had resurrected from many years spent in the US away from it all, and made a grand and timely re-entry filled with spiritual panache – a dosed mix of excellent humility and soulful, well-matured aspiration.

Soon they had a plan of 'execution' as regards the Banyan tree, the reasons for which even the press was invited to hear and record in print and image: the Banyan, they said, had suffered for too long; it had been "forced" to develop too many roots and had all but lost its original character; it was crying for proper attention and strong measures had to be taken for its sake... They would chop off most of the roots, and control the growth so that it would be contained... And they would remove the grass from under its shade and remodel its immediate surroundings. This was to be a symbolic act, invoking the Mother's Force. (I am merely quoting them!)

I must say that more than any other action, this one gave me intense pain. I knew, absolutely, that we were in different realities altogether. The one in which these people functioned at the time was NOT aware of the tree, but only of its own terms.

For many years, whoever happened to be my friend was submitted to either some malicious advice as to the misleading and treacherous character of any relationship with me, or a punishing and relentless disapproval.

Kovalan, who was born in the village of Edayachavadi, had been educated in Udavi school before he went on to college in a nearby town and proceeded to get trained in informatics; he had been wanting to formally join Auroville for years, but had only entered the process two years previously, when he got the opportunity to start working at the Auro-net service for Auroville. We had met at Matrimandir, where he had volunteered to take up regular duties receiving visitors. I had then offered him to stay in C's house, so he could say to the "Entry Group" that he had a place to live in Auroville. But his association with me was a mixed blessing.

End of October, he was called in to an "interview"; he returned from it rather shocked and told me what had been said.

I wrote to the "Entry Group" – this is just an illustrating example of the kind of "dynamics" that somehow, for some reasons yet unclear to me, I have elicited throughout my life in Auroville:

***To the Entry Group - Regarding Kovalan's status – From Divakar, October 31, 2003:**

"Greetings,

Kovalan has informed me of a second, unexpected meeting to which you have summoned him yesterday, to apprise him of a new policy whereby he must obtain from me 'stewardship' of the house in which he has been staying since August 2002 in 'Sincerity'.

He has also related to me that at least 2 members of your team have declared: 'We do not trust Divakar; he might change his mind anytime and ask you to leave...'

This is a new situation, which raises several points that require clarification:

- 1) As far as I am concerned, this statement of yours is totally unwarranted; I am not in the habit of 'changing my mind'. Shivaya had asked me, some 3 weeks back, whether it was alright for me that Kovalan stays on, and I had clearly answered that it was entirely up to him. Whether some members of your team 'trust' me or not can only be a personal question, which has no relevance in the context of their membership and commitment to the task at hand.
- 2) In August 2002 Kovalan had been told by your team that he would go into his second year of probation only if he could find a house in Auroville to stay. I had therefore written to you stating my offer to him to stay in the then vacant unit I had built years ago for my mother. You had written back appreciating this offer and informed Kovalan that his Newcomer period would end this August 15, 2003.
- 3) This new policy that you now suddenly bring up has certainly not been discussed in the community. On what basis then do you seek to enforce it? Is it for Kovalan only, or do you intend to enforce it for every other newcomer whose probation period comes to an end? Has every other newcomer then been able to obtain such a stewardship of an Auroville house?
- 4) You had mentioned to Kovalan that the alternative for him would be to build his own house... You must no doubt realise the absurdity of the situation, as Kovalan has been working for the last 2 years as part of the Auro-net team on 'Maintenance' only!
- 5) A clear answer was to be given Kovalan on August 15. Yesterday was October 30. One cannot help but wonder: is there some discrimination at play here, either against Kovalan, or against me? Is this a sign of integrity?

Awaiting for your clarifying answer,

Divakar"

Note: I do not recall whether any answer reached me; but eventually, soon after that, Kovalan was accepted as Aurovilian.

John H, A and Walter, who had all three been, with Arjun and me, members of the now infamous MMCG, had remained at Matrimandir; John H was continuing with his usual work and had rather friendly contacts with the new management; he was choosing to place his trust and his faith in the inner process of evolution which, no matter what our opinions and views came to, was sure to bring us all to some truer condition. A was determined to try and keep the Nursery aligned to its original

purpose and he thought that the new dispensation would be bound to leave the Nursery be, at least for some time – during which things might possibly change for the better; he had also become very weary of conflict of any sort and any nature and distrusted any group formation, whatever its purpose.

As for Walter, he wanted to remain as a token of resistance: this was not an easy proposition and it meant much isolation. Later on, he and M.B decided, when it was found that the German company which had supplied the waterproofing membrane for the sphere, had made a mistake in its selection of one basic component and was willing to cover the costs of redoing the entire membrane, that they would remain to take care of that unexpected work till it was completed, which could mean over two years. The new management was only relieved that it did not have to shoulder that responsibility.

But in the aftermath of our ousting, Walter was there like a vigilante and he, who knew very well how much care we had given to the Banyan tree and all we had hoped to be able to bring into matter with the gardens and the study of their completion by Paolo, with whom Walter had worked closely for 3 years – he was very worried for the fate of the Banyan tree.

Along with Paolo, in our orientation and approach to the environment of the Matrimandir, we had studied some options for a graceful, subdued lighting, strategically and unobtrusively placed along pathways and just a little above ground, so as to distribute enough light for people to move easily but to leave the night undisturbed.

Now that everyone had a “free hand”, reverse and opposite experiments were afoot; when in December of that year powerful floodlights were installed under the Banyan tree illuminating the Petals and the flashing golden sphere, Walter began to stage a one-man protest! Where we had all felt that the mystery and the sense of inviolate individual discovery, ever renewed, of the Matrimandir and its surroundings was a necessary and essential part of the experience of its Power and Grace, the attitude of this group was to make of it a vigorous, overwhelming statement of strength and glory, by night or by day.

Walter posted and circulated an open letter about it:

***Torturing the Banyan tree: a so called experiment. Open letter by Walter, 18-12-2003:**

“Since more than a week now a soulless and spiritless, insensitive and useless ‘experiment’ is being done at night with the Banyan tree at Matrimandir by a technician. Mother Nature is tortured and raped by two halogen flood lights of 500 watts each, which blast their cold, glaring light from ground level up on to the magnificent structure of the tree between 6pm and 10 pm.

The Banyan tree is a sensitive micro environment providing the life space and shelter for numerous animals like squirrels, the hundreds of fire flies often dancing through the dark foliage at this time of the year, the beautiful small owls with their lovely round faces and wide eyes who glide through the night without the slightest sound but also noisily giggle at times, and many others, and all of them live there in a natural harmony.

When these strong flood lights were switched on the first night, the whole tree was in an uproar at 9pm, because the animals were deprived of their sleep and the tree itself stood in shock. The Aurovilians and people from the Ashram who came down

from cleaning the Inner Chamber felt that. By now birds have moved out under protest to find undisturbed sleep somewhere else but the tree, unable to escape human insensitivity, receives the shock every night. This unconscious experiment, if continued; will destroy the balanced environmental niche right in the centre of Auroville.

Looking at it squarely, the whole thing cannot even be called an 'experiment'. Every Tom, Dick and Harry can place lights somewhere, switch them on and not care for the consequences. This action has no concept, no options, no choices, and no considerations, and of course the technician is his own judge: it's just one person doing something totally egoistic with the result that Mother Nature at the Banyan tree suffers heavily every night.

This soulless and aggressive 'experiment', which says so much about the experimenter and the managers who allow it, is sanctioned and carried out in the name of the Mother because 'Auroville is for experiments and X (the technician) has to be given his experiment', I was told by one of the managers appointed by the Auroville Foundation. But this experiment is NOT according to the Mother's wishes, however much anyone tries to justify it. Mother was so particular about the Banyan tree, the spirit of which was in close connection with Her and came to Her when it was hurt. Once She sent a note to the person in charge, when workers had driven nails into the tree, to get the nails immediately removed. The ring of the day of the inauguration of Auroville is right around the main trunk of the Banyan tree with the Mother's words on it: 'AUROVILLE? THE CITY AT THE SERVICE OF TRUTH'

My request to one of the managers to stop this lighting experiment was politely listened to, but of course the lights are still on at night, wasting energy and money since no one is there at Matrimandir after 8pm anyhow to see the show.

Now I fear for the Banyan tree; the technician's action shows the trend: Nature has no priority in the architect's concept of the Centre of Auroville, which the present management has to follow. Is this the preparation for a heavy pruning of the Banyan tree to shape it to the architect's view of 'a one trunk with no aerial roots banyan tree'?

I strongly protest against all this and request the managers to stop the torture!

Walter"

Note: Kusum too had left her work of service at Matrimandir. She was very distressed by the entire situation. I could now spend more time tending the temple of Sri Ganesh and its garden, and Kusum wanted and needed me to visit with her more often, as we would not meet at Matrimandir as before. She felt very sorry for both Arjun and me, and dejected at not being able to do anything to correct the course of things in Auroville.

In France, C was waiting for me.

In the summer, R had passed away. It had been a hellish experience, for him, for her, and for their few close friends.

C only told me about it all by instalments, and I came to know the whole story of his passing only much later.

But now she was grieving, and struggling to adjust to this solitary life – she who, in her entire life, had somehow never spent a single day alone! She was determined to see herself through the stages of mourning and grieving, but she had most trouble with the guilt part of it – she was assailed by misgivings about her own conduct, her own severity, her own indifference to what she now saw must have been a dreadful torment for R; this was quite absurd, of course, as she had been giving of herself way beyond what one could ever expect of any life-companion, and her own strength and love for life had carried him despite himself for many years; every one around them had come in time to the same conclusion: that it was she who needed protection and support from the manic, possessive, ever darker cycle of depression and euphoria that R had clamped onto her, day after day, night after night, doing nothing but waiting for her, sucking on her, living off her and wanting her to yield and let go and die with him...

I would soon have to go again and be with her a little while.

The year 2003 ended.

- 2004 -

Note: While the year before, my feeling or perception of the year opening on that 1st of January had been very troubled and unsettled, this year, I had a sense of silence and of a sort of special protection.

A sweet little incident happened to Kumar, which strangely touched me; I noted it down: Kumar had gone to Pondy, on the insistence of some friends of his that he must have dinner with them; but he first needed to be in the atmosphere of the Ashram a little while, as was his wont. As it was late already he simply parked near the Ashram building and walked over to a side street that had been recently "beautified", with small stone parapets and patches of lawn; there was no one around, so he used the chance to pee, near one of the planted bushes; in the dark (there were no street lamps there) he heard a sound as of someone calling from a deep well; after a moment of puzzlement he realised that the sound was coming from very close, and he turned and saw, lying in the grass, a tiny infant, a newborn babe, crying softly; it had been abandoned there! Kumar is quite shaken and doesn't for a moment know what to do; there is a police constable posted near to the Ashram main compound and he goes to him, but that proves useless; then he goes to the phone booth right there and searches and finds the number of a Christian orphanage, and calls them; very shortly a car arrives with a couple in it, who ask him his name; but he refuses to give it and they part, the couple taking the baby along.

On the 10th of January, Bhaskar and Anand take me to the airport in Chennai.

In the airport in Paris, C and Auragni, accompanied by Odile, are waiting for me.

Auragni is preparing to go for a year of university in Melbourne, Australia, so as to complement her higher studies completed in France.

The three of us soon drove down to Claouey to be with Ch.J and F.J for a few days – as it happened, our last reunion, where Auragni could be with both her grandparents and me at the same time.

Later we spent time in Brittany, a happy time, C, Auragni and me.

And, about midway through my stay there, C and I took Auragni to her flight to Australia. She would live with her elder half-sister there at the beginning – Aurassi had been living in Melbourne for many years with her husband Mani.

This was an important time for C and me together. She could work through many things in my presence; I also began to clear up her flat, put things in order, dispose of some paintings for the money that she needed.

I returned to Chennai and to Auroville on the 6th of February. Bhaskar picked me up at the airport.

There was increasingly, in the collective climate, a shadowy flow of rumours and suspicions and gossip, with the added element of apprehension or even fear, due to the threat of visas being suspended for the Aurovilians of foreign origin.

I learnt that there was now an attempt to list down the residents of Auroville who were known to be homosexuals; in one particular case, some anonymous letters had, it seemed, resulted in that person not being allowed back into the country after a visit abroad.

I had found, over the years, that this – homosexuality – was a topic that most sharply revealed the narrow-mindedness and cowardly, hypocritical avoidance of one's "lower nature" to which most people succumbed in their half-deluded eagerness to become "Aurovilians" – and the segregation I had seen at play in most people's minds and particularly in their subconscious expressions I found particularly revolting. Yet there might well have been some abuse committed by some residents of Auroville, or some of their guests and, in India, even though no one could honestly pretend it did not exist, homosexuality was still legally considered as criminal.

In my case I had provoked the ire of many people in the past for being obviously bisexual; in the more recent years, as no woman seemed to be related to me in any intimate way, I had entered the category of the reviled "homosexuals"; there had been some wild guesses circulated about my practices and I had once been summoned by the "Auroville Council" of the time to answer to some written "report" they had received of my having homosexual activities under the Banyan tree; although they had heard me out and offered some kind of apology, I had been refused access to this "report", and only told it had been sent by an Indian woman. I never found out what exactly it was saying, or who was the author, and did not really bother about it.

But now it was fairly certain that if such a list was actually drawn, my name would be on it; that fact alone wouldn't have troubled me, but it was the attitude behind it, and the righteous justifications aiding it, that I could not accept; and I knew well enough the kind of pain such hunt could give to those individuals who would fall under its judgement.

I decided – probably one of my many imprudent and unwise decisions – to write to the present Auroville Council:

***Regarding exclusivism, segregation and fear – An Open Letter to the Auroville Council, by Divakar – February 12, 2004:**

"Greetings,

It has several times now come to my notice that the present AV Council, through some of its members, is drawing a list of 'homosexuals' in Auroville.

Why should such a thing happen among Aurovilians?

One cannot but be reminded of certain techniques to lay the ground for 'purification' through delation and self-serving informing.

Perhaps this intent may partly be in response to some loaded enquiry from 'local authorities', fuelled by the obscure practice of anonymous letters; perhaps it is meant as a warning, in a 'brotherly manner', to all concerned individuals?

However, in reality, to accept and shelter this mentality within our society is to yield to a backward spiralling into a substratum of dark fear and judgements, inhabited with lies.

If it was an isolated erring caused by the persistence of some narrow-mindedness or social conditioning, one could simply shrug it off with laughter.

But as it comes close on the heels of a definite and determined will to align every participant in Auroville to a one-goal/one-doctrine/one master-plan/one-vision/one-collaboration line, it cannot be treated as merely the expression of an old reflex.

Regarding 'homosexuality' per se, I believe everything has been said in today's world. In general, one has learnt to rid oneself of this noxious ignorance that judges and condemns and to make way for respect and acceptance.

Why not in Auroville then?

There may still be those who, able to convince themselves that they have never really been attracted towards a person of the same sex, wish to enjoy a little longer a sense of self-righteousness.

It is only comical, for any keen observer of human nature.

But here in Auroville, to belittle and cheapen the ideal with such low moralistic hypocritical notions is to betray the light that has offered itself to Auroville's work of transition.

I would like to suggest that, towards ourselves as towards every person and every agency of this world and of any world, we stand by the basics of Auroville's ideal and draw our code of conduct from these only:

- Not to ever lie.
- Not to ever yield to any form of violence.
- To respect every being.
- Service.
- Living aspiration.

Indeed the question cannot ever be whether one is so inclined, emotionally or physically, towards individuals of the same sex or of the 'opposite' sex.

The question can only be whether relationships develop from truthfulness, trust, mutual respect, are free from violence and open to aspiration. Any relationships.

Differences and diversity are meant for delight.

Thank you,

Divakar"

Note: The Management at Matrimandir was inching closer to take their axes at the Banyan tree, bathed in the aura of "spiritualised botany" which Narad contributed to the movement...

On the 13th of February I posted an Open Letter:

***On the Banyan tree at the centre of Auroville – by Divakar, 13-2-2004:**

“The purpose of this open letter is not to further the atmosphere of polemics now prevailing, nor to aggravate the sense of disparity now undermining the basis of mutual respect we should work from in Auroville.

The purpose of this letter is to complement and complete the picture that has emerged in the last few weeks regarding the Banyan tree, and to help restore the balance.

Observers of Nature and lovers of trees who have lived here long enough will have noted the several characteristics that are unique to banyan trees, such as:

- A banyan tree has the ability to fuse its limbs, and to wrap itself around another tree or any support it finds secure.
- A banyan tree will sprout aerial roots with more or less proficiency according to its needs for growth and the conditions surrounding it.
- Over a long period of time a banyan tree ‘moves’: its original trunk usually dies out while the stronger roots it has sent down become new centres of gravity for further growth of limbs.
- A banyan tree will expand over and around any ‘obstacle’ so as to retain and acquire both exposure to light and access to moisture...

We do not know clearly the age of this Banyan tree; how old was it when the Mother indicated it was to be the geographical centre of Her city-to-be, of Her dream? Twenty, fifty years old?

Its trunk was sizeable but as it was prey to constant plunder – by goats or for fire-wood – its development had been heavily stunted.

Amma’s determined dedication to it allowed for some measure of respect, but it is only when we all began to organise our life around it and responded to the care the Mother extended towards it and the inner significance She accorded it that its natural life-power could begin to fully manifest.

A number of roots – I think it was perhaps twelve? – were encouraged to develop; the largest roots one can see today are among those.

Fairly soon, in the mid-70s, while cleaning the dead wood, several cavities were found in the original limbs and trunk.

I do not remember all the techniques or remedies that were tried at the time, but eventually one method was elected: those cavities were cleaned and filled with lime.

Over the years new limbs grew from the stronger roots, so that the tree began to develop not one but two or three structures, each having slight variations in their growth pattern: one could observe for instance that new leaves would appear in one distinct canopy, then another.

A few more roots were encouraged to provide supports for new limbs extending so far that they were in danger of breaking.

I think grass was first planted in the early 80s, when the ring of stone benches was placed and someone brought a prototype of a set of sprinklers, for which the kids were the happiest!

This was, I think, Korean grass at the time.

Later we found that St Augustine grass was much preferable as it was much sturdier and required much less water, a definite plus both in terms of water-conservation and for the health of the tree.

I think that what guided us in planting grass was the sense of that heavenly peace and delight expressed in the painting Huta had done under the Mother's direction, named by her 'The Spirit of Auroville', with squirrels, birds and rabbits frolicking and wild flowers singing from a verdant floor...

The Banyan tree kept growing and extending and, as the construction of the twelve large and twelve small petals around the sphere proceeded, there was a concern that somehow one ought to exercise some control, perhaps try to guide the growth away from Matrimandir, or at least prevent it from reaching closer and interfering in the constructed parts.

The extent of the shade obviously increased as well and that might jeopardise the possibility for such flowering shrubs as hibiscuses to be planted in the inner gardens adjacent to the tree.

This was how it was decided to shift the garden of Unity westwards and to construct the Unity pond as its new centre.

At the end of the 90s we observed several facts:

- We found a large increase of rot in the main trunk and in some of the original limbs.
- The canopies, loaded with un-pruned branches, were reaching the ground almost all around and some branches were now lying on outer slope of the nearest of the small petals.

Making a thorough inspection we found that the lime fillings had prevented us from seeing the rot continuing underneath, and that there were many crevices and cracks retaining moisture, havens for all kinds of insects, besides termites.

We also found that several of the original limbs, thus weakened, threatened to break apart or fall off.

These phenomena had occurred in other banyan trees that were familiar to many of us: one at 'Promesse', which was struck down and collapsed, the other one at the reception area, eaten away by termites and severely damaged in a storm.

We proceeded to:

- Remove all the lime fillings.
- Thoroughly clean every cavity and, in the process we had to hollow out much of the main trunk which had become a spongy mass of red soil mixed with decomposed organic matter, and home to a wide variety of bugs.
- Cleanse the hollow parts from all fungi and mushrooms.

- Remove the grass from the foot of the main trunk and build a black clay slope instead.
- Clip back all the branches by a few metres, leaving a good clearance all around.
- Check each and every limb in terms of weight and direction and stimulate the growth of additional roots so they would be safe from the effects of a storm (we had several violent wind storms).
- Discourage further growth in the direction of Matrimandir by pruning at joints where ulterior growth could be directed away from it.

We wanted to 'save' the main trunk, that is, preserve life in it, and keep the sap flowing; that is why a couple of roots were encouraged very near to it so that eventually they would fuse, while regular check-ups and applications of neem oil on the inner part of the original trunk would keep it clean and prevent any further intrusion by termites or fungi.

In this way the overall canopy has since then gained in height, but been reduced in span, and it is quite feasible to monitor further growth without violating the integrity of this tree, sacred to all of us and beloved by all.

With gratitude to the Banyan tree,

Divakar"

Note: This letter was entirely ignored. They were all agreed. It was too late.

Early morning on the 16th of February, Kumar came to tell me that they were getting ready to cut the first roots.

I went over at once.

This was the first time I entered the area after many weeks.

On my way past the offices I asked Walter whether he wanted to come along; he declined, saying he'd join me there later... So when I reached the Banyan tree I was the only person there likely to raise any protest: three of the new "executives" were standing with some of their friends; Narad was with them as the leader and guide for the "operation" and a newcomer, a fellow who had some professional experience of pruning trees and had brought a whole equipment with him from abroad, renting his services in Auroville, was there to follow instructions; there were also a couple of Aurovilians who were there solely to make sure no disturbance would be allowed: one of them particularly was obviously spoiling for an occasion to have it out with me.

They were set to cut the first root, one that run down the main trunk, still tender; I stood there and asked them to explain the reasons for this action. Narad, with his deep dramatic bass voice, slightly atremble with the "solemnity of the moment" declared, looking into my eyes for the others' benefit, that they were here to try and repair the damage I had been inflicting on the tree, and they were calling the Mother's Force.

I did not find the inner movement that would enable me to stop the charade without exposing myself to the violence hovering right by my shoulder - VI had

inched closer to me, tall, much taller than me, almost wanting me to oblige him, to give him that chance... Even Jacq had to tell him to please calm down...

Right then Walter walked in – I asked him openly whether he was ready to stand with me; he wasn't; rather, he turned to me and said he had called Arjun, and we should just keep quiet – he was perhaps imagining that Arjun could give some magic phone call to the Lord of all actions...

I didn't want to watch it happening; I turned and left.

This was a very bad time indeed.

The next day, Walter posted and circulated another Open Letter:

***The outcry of the Banyan tree – A witness's report, by Walter – 17, February 2004:**

"The physical reality at the Banyan tree at the Centre of Auroville since yesterday morning: under the orders of Narad, Roger and the four executives two handfuls of people – non-Aurovilians and Aurovilians – are happily hacking away at the Banyan tree in front of Matrimandir. I didn't want to believe that this would happen. There is fun, jokes, laughter, an insane eagerness to chop off the next aerial root, to hack the saw blade into the next minor or major branch or to use the power chain saw; everybody gets his/her chance to cripple and mutilate the Banyan a little more. It's a butcher's feast. Done in Mother's name as part of the celebration of Her birthday and the "Golden Day".

By now six substantial aerial roots and two major branches have been cut off. Two of these aerial roots were especially encouraged to grow near the main hollow trunk, to give it support. Narad has done irreparable damage to the future of the tree in only 1 1/2 days. He tries to shape a designer Banyan tree according to his and the architect's ideas of the 1970s.

But he does not feel the pain and the shock which he is causing the tree. If he did, he could not continue to hurt and damage the Banyan. But those of us who feel the pain of the tree and express protest are laughed at, told not to disturb the harmony, and the group tried to remove us from the Banyan through violence. Also Ashram people and guests of Auroville have expressed the horror and pain they felt seeing the Banyan tree now.

The Mother calls the Banyan tree 'the Inner Life' and 'Unity' and it is the geographical centre of Auroville. She said that She is in living contact with the tree and that the tree should not be disturbed in any way. She even objected to drawing pins put into its bark at the inauguration on 28 February 1968. The chopping and cutting is very symbolic. Who can give the permission to butcher the centre of Auroville like that?

What should I think of a man, appointed by the Mother, who is supposed to be a gardener and tree expert, who, after being absent for 23 years from Auroville, complains in his write-up about the Banyan having grown in diameter? What is the tree supposed to do but grow? How can a gardener even have the idea that a Banyan tree, whose very nature is to spread and grow in all directions, has to be kept at the same proportion throughout time as the static concrete Matrimandir structure and the static Amphitheatre?

We have cared for the Banyan tree for the last 17 or so years. The hollow main trunk was there already. Narad had stuffed lime brick jelly into the hollow main trunk, which had only encouraged the process of rot to go on unseen, until we removed the lime and carefully cleaned out the rot, termites, bugs and the fungus, cleared the openings for air ventilation and painted the inside with amounts of neem oil to protect it.

Narad had announced in his write-up on the AV Net that he 'was not an expert on banyan trees' and that 'an expert should be called' to assess the tree. Therefore several people had approached him, and I had written to him an e-mail:

'... I believe that it would be simple common sense and it would be horticulturally sound to have the expert's opinion FIRST, before you do anything to the tree. You are saying that you yourself are not an expert on banyan trees and I'm sure you wouldn't want to make any mistakes. I would kindly like to request you to wait with any treatment of the Banyan tree. Let the expert be found. Then the next right step can be taken...'

No reply of course.

The Banyan tree is an entity, a presence, a being much vaster than a little human being. The barbaric nature of the action of this group against a Great Soul like the Banyan tree has definitely repercussions on all of us in Auroville. There is fun and laughter now, but the Universe is responding.

Walter"

Note: I remembered how, not so very long ago, one afternoon, as I was inside the Banyan tree's main trunk, cleaning and applying oil on the inner surfaces, Kireet, visiting Auroville, had come walking by on his way to the Matrimandir, accompanied by Arjun, holding hands; Arjun had heard me inside the tree, or else he had known I was there beforehand, and he stopped and called me out, asking Kireet to watch at the same time; so, when I moved up from where I was crouching and looked out through the southwards opening the tree had formed with new bark, Kireet saw me, as if rising out of the tree and he was enchanted; this was a genuine surprise to him; he had never imagined a person could be inside a tree! And he went on exclaiming about the psychic being, and was filled with affection and delighted laughter... This small event now seemed as if from another world, or another life. Now was serious business! And Kireet had brought it, or helped to bring it about...

A week later, Jithendra too wrote an Open Letter, which he addressed to the official groups concerned:

***Our Sacred Banyan Tree – Auroville, 24th February 2004 – to Matrimandir Steering Committee, AV Working Committee, Auroville Council – from Jithendu Kumar, Matrimandir Nursery:**

'Be joyful, you plants that bear flowers and those who bear fruit. Like mares that win the race together, the growing plants will carry us across.' (Rig Veda, 10.97.3)

"Why is our banyan tree sacred?

Because it is the symbol of immortality, because it is the source and centre of Auroville.

Because traditionally in India the banyan tree is believed to be inhabited by a divine force and thus venerated as a holy presence. Since olden times women have painted its trunk with white chalk and tied a red thread around it to worship the sacred banyan tree. Because it is the seed of the banyan tree that contains the nature of creation, says an old Hindu story. The story goes that the sage Uddalaka once asked his young son to break open a fruit of the banyan and find out what was within. The boy saw only tiny seeds. The father asked the boy to break open the seeds and see what was within. 'There is nothing at all', said the boy. 'My son, that unseen subtle essence within the seed contains the huge Nyagrodha banyan', said Uddalaka. 'In that unseen essence all things exist. It is the Truth. It is the Self. And thou art that.'

That is why traditionally, before cutting any branch, or root, or trunk, of a banyan tree, one should perform a special puja in order to appease the wounded spirit of the tree, to ask for permission from the earth which sustains the tree and from the beings that under and among its branches find shelter. Mother knew this very well, so well that She asked the workers at Matrimandir's site not to hammer any nails into the trunk of 'our' banyan tree. Since then, so many years have passed and our banyan tree has grown in size and strength, secondary trunks have developed beside the main original one, and many aerial roots have found their way down to the ground to support the growth of the most outreaching branches.

Or at least this was true before last February 15th.

On that day a group of people approached the banyan tree armed with long ladders and electric saws and different kinds of blades and axes, and started to energetically cut aerial roots and branches and secondary trunks.

On that day I tried to ask these people if they were conscious of what they were doing. I tried to ask them why they were cutting the aerial roots (four of them were chopped in the end) around the main trunk, the very roots which might have given the trunk the support it needed in the future because of the fungal infection which is making it hollow and die. I am repeatedly writing 'I tried' because I was not even allowed to give full expression to these questions.

Those people kicked me away without listening to me and aggressively proclaiming: 'You are nothing. Go away from here. You are nothing.' The only question of mine which got an answer was a desperate 'Who gave you permission for this, since no expert has been called yet to give a final evaluation about what should be done?' The architect answered this question. And his answer was: 'I gave permission.'

Well, I thought that in Auroville everybody was 'something', that decisions were taken collectively, questions answered, promises kept. I was wrong.

Not only our sacred banyan tree has been brutally treated and more than 30 aerial roots, small and big, have been cut, and long, big branches have been 'pruned', but the way this has been done shows that the people who did the job (who are doing the job, as they have not stopped yet, as they have brought their electric saws and blades and axes under the banyan tree again after the recent celebrations) do not know much of the life of banyan trees. They do not seem to know that very often the main trunk after a number of years dies and is replaced by the aerial roots which reaching the ground have grown into new trunks for the support and life of the tree. They do not seem to know that to live and prosper a banyan tree needs aerial roots to reach the ground and support the branches which otherwise will crack under the weight of their length or the force of a storm; they do not seem to know that one of the oldest banyan trees in India has more than 230 supporting roots and 3000 secondary trunks, or that O.T. Ravindran, one of India's best known

experts of banyan trees, has said: 'After inspecting some of the better known specimen of ficus bengalensis, I feel that only if we stop interfering in their lives can many of these flag bearers of our country's ancient and deep rooted culture and philosophy be revived and made to carry on forever.' (The Hindu, Sunday, May 13, 2001)

What they seem to know, and care, is only something which has to do with the architect's aesthetic views, as it is the architect who gave the permission for chopping many roots which took more than eight years to reach the ground (some of them even more than twenty), the roots which the future life of a banyan tree depends on.

That day, after having been kicked away from under the Banyan tree, I then decided to sit down on one of the benches around its edge and start fasting. I wanted to share the feeling of helplessness of the tree, so cruelly harmed and abused. I also became helpless, so helpless that after one day and one night there, when the electric blades started their job again the next day, I could not bear the scene any longer, and got up and turned my back to the tree, knowing that its living spirit had been wounded, and a terrible sin had been committed.

I am kindly requesting you that no further destruction should be allowed and this inconsiderate cutting of the Banyan tree stopped. Now, please.

'The movement of love is not limited to human beings and is perhaps less distorted in other worlds than in the human. Look at the flowers and trees. When the sun sets and all becomes silent, sit down for a moment and put yourself into communion with Nature: you will feel rising from the earth, from below the roots of the trees and mounting upward and coursing through their fibres up to the highest outreaching branches, the aspiration of an intense love and longing – a longing for something that brings light and gives happiness, for the light that is gone and they wish to have back again. There is a yearning so pure and intense that if you can feel the movement in the trees your own being too will go up in an ardent prayer for the peace and light and love that are unmanifested here.' The Mother.

At Her feet,

Jithendu Kumar"

Note: In a matter of weeks, the Chairman convinced the Auroville Council and other Aurovilians involved in "communication" that the "Auroville News" should cease from printing any statements, letters or notes that carried any controversial contents or made any personal accusations or disparaging comments about any one, or included any pronouncement that could offend the public sentiments. This decision was somewhat justified by the fact that the "Auroville News" were printed in many hundreds of copies every week and inevitably some of them would find their way to some Government offices, to the Press and to possibly ill intentioned members of the public who could use the "knowledge" against Auroville. One of the first speeches Kireet Joshi had delivered to the community upon his being nominated as Chairman was devoted to the negative image that was abroad, particularly in official circles in Delhi, and how hard it was for him to persuade people there that Auroville was worth supporting.

But in effect this decision to "sanitise" the News only served the new establishment in neutralising any dissent, any questioning, any hint of there being other views

that the now official one as regards the needs and the experiences and the orientation of this collective development called Auroville. Kireet even gave the new "News" their motto: the same truncated message of the Mother's – Harmony, Goodwill, Discipline and a quest for the Truth – while the Mother's original message had been: "Harmony – Goodwill – Discipline – Truth – I can work with you only if you do not say a lie and are at the service of Truth – Blessings"

So with this motto, every future issue of the News was bound to present the do-gooders' new image to the world, while it became simply impossible to express any matter of importance with candid words anywhere, since even the Auroville Intranet forum was strictly censored, basically by the same people and for the same reasons.

Note: Our Kusum became ill in April.

She had gradually lost interest in this life. She had tried everything she could to help us, she had even gone to meet the Minister in Delhi on our behalf, and she felt that she had failed to make any difference and she could not come to terms with the realisation that Auroville was rejecting from itself those beings she had trusted and cherished most, and in whom she had full faith.

Kusum would give her good-willed solid and sober affection to everyone she met, almost as a matter of discipline, just as she would sing every morning of her life, and at every meals, the mantras for the welfare of all beings.

She had had to lead her life with the lonely strength and dignified resilience of a single mother, and in India this is most difficult and requires heroism.

For many years in Auroville she had stood alone too, doing her daily service, being firm and gentle with everyone she met, but keeping her thoughts to herself and offering everything to the Mother as best she could.

When she met us, around 1990, she met a team of friends and she opened up and began to expand and breathe and share. To each of us she could turn with confidence and each of us could find her at any moment. With each of us she developed a unique relationship, with varying degrees of closeness.

Her strongest ties formed with Arjun and with me.

With Arjun, she was also some of the mother he had not had since his early childhood, besides being a real friend who could tell him more than most about himself; and they shared many deep-rooted loves, such as the love for the pure Hindi language, and they had magical conversations, and a lot of humour was playing in it.

With me, over time, she found what she had been missing, or keeping sealed within herself, for the largest part of her life; she would feel like a mother to me, like a sister, like a friend, and I would also fill the hollow that had been left in her by the early demise of her husband, so many years ago. She would be open to me as she could not have been open to anyone as yet, and I became her closest friend, her confidant, and her days would be the happier for it; she began to remember so many songs from her youth, classical tunes and wonderful words of such poetry, such spiritual longing, and she would want to sing them again; she began to wear colours, pale pastels, or deep ochre tones, she who had wore only khadi cotton white clothes ever since she had become a young widow. She would be happiest to have to think of the dishes she would prepare that I would consent to enjoy (as I usually had no particular interest for food).

Kusum had two sons: the elder one, Madho, had been a businessman in Ahmedabad, Gujarat; the younger one, Vipul, had immigrated to the US and settled there, I think as a kind of free-lance stocks market advisor. The two were seldom of a mind, but kept in touch. One or the other would occasionally come over to see her. Sometimes she had also visited each of them. But she was not fulfilled in them and could not communicate well in any of the terms which had become parts of her experience at the Mother and Sri Aurobindo's feet.

Only very recently had she begun to entertain some hope that the elder son, Madho, might open to the Mother's presence and to some understanding of Hers and Sri Aurobindo's Yoga; and she made every effort to encourage him, quietly, and she associated me to this, asking me to let him talk with me, ask me questions, confide in me.

She had made it a point to talk to them about me and the role I had in her life, perhaps counting on their devotion to her to extend to her choices as to the persons who mattered in her life here. And as over the years we knew each other I came to do for her many of the things that a son would have done – such as remodelling her house, or taking care of her whenever she was ill, or building around the temple to Sri Ganesh for her, or simply being there for her – they both had to not only accept but appreciate the fact of my existence, insofar as she was concerned.

As Indians will often do, they each expressed profuse affection and respect for me, but I cannot say that I felt there was as yet a genuine, truly-born bond between us, although, even for her sake alone, I was willing to find it.

Kusum had a robust build, a strong voice, a deep and frank laughter and caring hands and a luminous skin; but she had troubles too: for years she had been bothered with recurring pains in her abdomen, and lately she'd had endless bothers with acidity in her throat, which made her cough and cough. Several doctors had diagnosed tuberculosis of the intestines; a couple of them had recommended surgery. She had thought and thought and meditated and offered it to the Mother and asked for guidance, and she had decided every time not to go for any intervention. She tried various treatments: some did nothing for her, some helped for a while. She went on. This had been a nearly constant worry ever since we had come to know her.

For a good ten years she had lived on with this formation of tuberculosis in her body, and overcome every crisis of it and gone on with her work. She would be 79 soon.

But this year, she had lost some of her will to serve here.

She would tease me that I'd better taste her dishes now. She would remind me that I was to continue taking care of the temple. She would force me, with her insistence, to sign "Fixed Deposits" along with her, so there would be some reserves for Sri Ganesh... I would not like her tone and would say so, and we would laugh, and I would tease her back – after all I was the one who had nearly gone, two years before, not her!

Late March or beginning of April, Vipul, who would phone regularly from the US, told her he was thinking of taking his own son to France for the summer vacations, and would she meet them there? She thought about it: this could coincide with my being there visiting C, whom she had met several times here and loved very much; I phoned C about it, and saw with her how to let Vipul and his son live in the house in Brittany for some weeks, until Kusum and I would come. Vipul was happy with the idea. But soon Kusum became silent about it. As if she had seen that, for some reason, it could not work. I also kept quiet.

Mid-April, one morning, as she got up from her chair with her empty cup in her hand, she got dizzy and fell to the floor. She had been pacing the compound of "Promesse" earlier, in full sun, trying to arrange for the proper disposal of all the plastic waste. When I came to see her, a little later, I thought it was because of the exposure to the strong sunrays that she had thus fainted.

She rested that day. She complained later of some pain in her abdomen.

The next day it became worse. She made me touch the swelling in her right side.

She did not want her sons to be informed. She wanted to try and regain her balance.

She was vomiting. Then she seemed to stabilise: she would tease me before Shantidi or Bittiben that when I gave her myself some fruit to eat, she would already be 50% recovered, and so I had to come twice a day without fail if she had to get the other 50%.

Then one day she called me: she informed me that she had called our doctor friend Vijay Oza, and taken an appointment with him that same evening, so he could take a scan and decide.

I arranged for a car. We went late afternoon. We had to wait, as night fell, by the laboratory in a crowded street, while all the electricity had failed in that part of the city. It was very hot; she sat there with me in the car, curled up, quiet; she had pain, but it was bearable.

Then Vijay called us, and told us to drive to a private hospital where he had an office as well, and there he took the scan. He found a very large swelling on the lower intestines, which was agonisingly painful to the touch.

He couldn't say what it was yet. He said we must admit Kusum in the Ashram Nursing Home at once, so he could get other doctors' opinions and run some tests under Datta's direction.

So we were back in the Ashram clinic, and it was like coming home too.

Kusum slept there.

Vijay is from Gujarat too. He had met Kusum's elder son a number of times. He must have persuaded Kusum that Madho must be informed. He himself talked to Madho on the phone.

Vijay told us there was one surgeon he trusted, who would normally do surgery at Cluny Hospital, and had his own private cabinet besides. This surgeon was a gruff man, who perhaps had some dislike for any foreigners; he examined Kusum and declared she must be operated at once. But Madho apparently could not come so fast, and asked for the operation to be postponed until his arrival.

Much of the communication was taking place in a language I did not know, Gujarati, and under the "normal" assumption of family ties.

On the 24th, the operation took place: we were all there to see her in and to wait for her to come out. When the swelling had been removed – one and a half foot of intestine was cut off – Vijay came out into the corridor where we were standing, as he had done during my operation, and showed us the contents of a small bucket, while explaining to us that this was actually a case of appendicitis, infecting the neighbouring parts of the intestines, and not at all a case of tuberculosis as had been diagnosed for the past ten years or so! This meant that Kusum had lived for more than ten years with an inflamed, chronic appendicitis, which could have been fixed with minor surgery a long time ago!

The chief surgeon and Vijay seemed to be happy with the "procedure" when it was over.

Kusum was then kept in an isolation ward in Cluny. Madho was with us since the previous day. He was impatient, and worried about the lack of sophisticated equipment and facilities.

Our approaches were divergent. We here placed our trust first in the Mother's Grace, then in doctors, medical science, proper care, and genuine attention. Madho had no experience of the Mother's Grace and was intent on showing what a devoted son ought to do and could do for his mother, for whom the very best was due, even if that meant taking her away by helicopter...

We diverged in another deep way as well: in our experience, the priority was not in wanting one to live; it was on uniting to and surrendering to the movement of the soul and the Divine's fiat, whatever it may be, in peace and harmony.

In Madho's experience it was indispensable to deploy all the means needed to "save" his mother, to keep her alive, to make her continue to live. We would also strive to get all the means at the disposal of healing, but not at the cost of peace and clarity and inner protection.

In those days of waiting, both Arjun and I took care of Madho, in our respective ways; he would be extremely emotional, and would turn to me for comfort and encouragement.

Two days later, the nursing staff decided to shift Kusum to a single room; this was too early; she at once felt very poorly, and complained to us that she wanted to leave her body.

For me there was one overriding sense of necessity: that she should not be swallowed by this experience; that she should not be pulled by this medicalised world; even if the time had come for her to leave, it should happen in peace and in surroundings permeated with Her presence – not in Cluny Hospital, and certainly not away from Pondichéry.

That day, we were all there in the evening, to see her or be near her; I was struck by the expression on Kamala's face, when she said to me she did not find Kusum in a good condition: it was as if we were overtaken, trapped, overwhelmed, cheated – as if Kusum had been grabbed, seized; I went in to see her, and Madhu came with me, and we were alone with her; she kept saying "margaya, margaya..." , meaning, that's enough, let it be over with, that's enough of this life... And Madhu could not bear it; and neither could I. I talked to her strongly; I said that no matter what was the inner choice or decision, to leave or to recover, it had to take place in the Mother's arms, in a truer atmosphere, and she must somehow get herself healed enough so we could leave this place. She listened, and she understood what I meant, and she agreed, and she became quiet. Madhu too was a little relieved.

That day, I was so uptight that I had a small accident on my way back: I had to veer off the road crossing the village as a bus had suddenly swerved, and I fell off the bike and the bike fell on my foot; there was only a small wound, but I was shaken out of this helpless upset and had to regain some balance.

The staff took her back up to the isolation ward. She was examined again. The diagnosis was bad: a septicaemia had taken hold.

Oddly the surgeon had not left a drain in her abdomen; we had questions, and some doubts regarding the chief surgeon; Madhu was very worried, almost frantically so. But Kusum fought the infection. She remained conscious and calm and kept her sense of humour. The nurses were impressed with her.

After a couple of days, on our nagging insistence, she was fed especially nutritious fluids; and the chief surgeon, along with Vijay, agreed that a drain had to be inserted and a small operation was scheduled for that evening. They did it, and were satisfied. Kusum felt a little improvement.

Madhu's son, Akshay, whom I had never met before, had also come by now, from Ahmedabad.

A couple of days later I realised, too late, that they had plotted to have Kusum removed from this hospital and transported all the way across the country to a

special clinic in Ahmedabad. They had, without letting me know of it, prepared and arranged it all. The chief surgeon had declared that Kusum would now be recovering – he then said, perhaps persuaded to by Kusum’s son, that she could be shifted anytime.

To us, this was insane. She was not fit to be forced to travel by car and plane – two changes of planes – and by car again.

But Madhu had the blood rights, and Vijay had obviously agreed to it, and had further agreed to accompany them.

I asked that Kusum herself must confirm directly to me that such was her own decision; in this condition, to be moved all the way to Ahmedabad. Madhu agreed that she would speak to me the same evening.

I went to her with Anand; Anand had prepared a huge bouquet and we had arranged it together; through the small inner window opening onto her bed we both leaned in and laid the flowers in her arms; she said that it was her decision, that she would return full of health and strength, and that I was coming with her. It was strange. She was herself and yet not herself. She seemed to mean two different levels of meaning at once. She greeted Anand clearly; she took my hands and pressed them deeply and long on her chest, as if to take me in, within, within.

They took her the next morning.

Later I learnt that Madhu and Akshay had been so worried that I would try to stop them that they had devised two convoys, one as a decoy, in case I would plan to ambush the ambulance on the road with “my friends”.

However we were agreed that we would remain in constant phone contact.

Kusum was admitted in a clinic in Ahmedabad. She was examined.

Vipul, her younger son, had flown from the US to meet them there.

The doctors decided she must be operated again, immediately.

The surgery took several hours.

We had Vijay on the phone, at the end of it, and he said there was only the Grace which could now save her.

The surgeons had to leave her abdomen open, and part of the intestines out of it.

The next day was her birthday.

I had Vipul on the phone, several times: I kept telling him that we must put everything on the side of recovery, that it was her birthday, and that it was possible; and he should give her my message.

She picked up. Her birthday passed, and everyone there was astonished.

The next day too she kept improving.

The day after, it became stationary.

And the following day, the kidneys collapsed, and she had to be connected to an artificial system; then other organs began to collapse too.

The doctors declared that there was nothing more that could be done.

Vipul asked us whether we agreed that she’d taken home – to their house in Ahmedabad – so she may leave in peace and among her people. We agreed, of course.

On the 14th of May she was finally taken away from the clinic and transported to Madhu’s house.

They reached the house; Kusum gave two deep breaths, and she was gone.

Her body had to be cremated the next day.

Madhu and Vipul brought her ashes back here.

We prepared a silent time of gathering at the temple to Sri Ganesh, and poured half of the ashes in the soil of a new hibiscus shrub.

The rest of the ashes, Madhu and Vipul wanted to pour into the sea; they asked that I alone should come, but that I could bring a friend along.

Manikandan came. They had hired a boat out at the old harbour; we went over and around the old bay and sailed northwards, not too far from the shore, till we could see, directly facing us, the shape of the main Ashram building. There and then the 4 of us poured the rest of her ashes.

They went back to Ahmedabad, and would return after a few weeks.

And, during those few weeks, in that distance, somehow, it began to go very wrong.

There was the matter of her house, which, at my insistence, everyone concerned tentatively agreed to keep undisturbed for months, perhaps for a year; there was the matter of her journals and diaries and personal papers; the matter of her other belongings, few as they were; the matter of the stewardship of the temple.

Mistakenly I continued to act as if Kusum and I had remained together in the same way: to look after all her things the way she had always wanted me to, to sort and order her papers the way she had asked me to, to tend the temple as she wished me to.

She had clearly written in her diaries, and in a specific letter addressed to all, what she wished regarding the temple and that I must be the one to continue with its service.

Every day I would first go to the temple and do the work there; then I would go to her house – every inch of which I had remodelled for her – and clean and air and light incense and sort out a few things and be quiet so as to accompany her in the best possible ways.

Little by little I cleared out all the accumulated bits and pieces that no one would use in any way; ordered the things that I was sure her sons would wish to have and those that ought to remain in Auroville, such as her accounts of her sadhana here, her letters to the Mother in her diaries, her papers regarding Matrimandir, and all the things she had treasured for Sri Ganesh and for the Mother and Sri Aurobindo. I had told the sons that I thought her personal diaries ought to be kept at the Auroville Archives, preserved there and accessible; they had agreed.

However, the sons' attitudes took a turn; I felt it gradually; we had e-mail communication, many times, and over the weeks crept in a sense of suspicion, of resentment, of grudging and questioning on their part; from an open pouring of one's distress and sense of inadequacy and guilt at not having done more for their mother, it shifted to veiled accusations of neglect and carelessness on my part, and it came to a point when I was held responsible for her sufferings.

From the status of first brother which they had seemingly accorded me, each confiding in me and seeking some understanding if not guidance from me, they each took me, or the image they each had of me, to the status of a kind of monster who had abused their mother, taken advantage of her, mistreated her, and was now bent on profiting from her passing.

It was as if they were losing all sense and all appreciation and were now about to vent on me all the jealousies and frustrations they may have experienced in their past.

In the months that followed, it became plain ugly.

They began with police complaints, accusing me first of having stolen her personal documents; when the Working Committee got involved, and I handed to them all

the documents I had kept for the Archives, they went berserk and accused me further, through a second police complaint, of having stolen money and valuables. They wrote terrible harangues to the Secretary, and to Government authorities, now accusing me of acting like the British rulers did, "bossing the natives", and of having even stolen the very gifts they had insisted I must receive from them over the years (a bath towel, a brass leaf, cigars, lighters and the like).

And it became perfectly clear that in this campaign, like two enraged bulls, they had been given full support and "understanding" by a number of interested Aurovilians. They were seen as the perfect, unexpected occasion to run an effective vendetta and to blacken my name for good.

As of today, September the 23rd of 2005, more than a year later, my visa is still held up on the basis of their inflammatory letters to the Ministry in Delhi, and I have just received an official letter stating that as a non-Hindu person, I may not qualify as the caretaker of the Auroville temple to Sri Ganesh.

Here are two of the statements which Kusum had written regarding the temple to Sri Ganesh and her wish that I should continue after her passing; the first one she wrote "to Mother" in her personal diary, as she used to write to Mother in this way regarding any matter of concern to her, any experience of importance in her outer or inner life, any point that she needed to be sure to offer at the Mother's feet:

***To Mother, from Kusum, 6-4-98, 5 pm:**

"MA – My dear Mother,

Lots of love – Last few days a thought is there about our Sri Ganesh Temple.

You have given me this work 1972 and it is going on. I like to continue this service at the end of my life with your blessings.

But, my M^a, I am not feeling physically so strong and I am thinking in my absence somebody will do this service. Only You may know who will be! But which You provided in advance Divakar to help me, to offer his service to Shri Ganesh Temple; I have a great hope about him.

His devotion, his dedication, his perfection of the work, his skilfulness, his ability, it indicates he is the proper person who can take the full charge of the Ganesh Temple and premises.

It is also a deep feeling in me, M^a, You have provided me Divakar for this service now and after.

My humble prayer to You, please bless him and grant my prayer.

Love,

Yours,

Kusum"

Note: The second statement is addressed to all. Kusum had left it in a separate envelope, easy to find, in the special little cupboard I had built for her to keep in safely all the things connected to Shri Ganesh, as well as to the Mother and Sri Aurobindo. In this statement I think that she perhaps mixed up some dates, as I think it is certain that I helped her first with the repair of the bronze bell of the temple sometime in 1990; but each of us will remember some particular events more than others.

***My wish for Ganesh Temple in future, by Kusum, 26.3.2002:**

"Aum Shri Ganeshay Namah –

My friends,

I like to tell you about our Ganesh Temple in Auroville. Today I am in inner pressure to say something for the future work of Ganesh Temple.

I like to clear that in my absence Divakar will be in charge of the Ganesh Temple. He has full right to take, to make any decision about Ganesh Temple.

Why?! You know. When I really need someone to help for Ganesh Temple work I would say that time nearly ten years before our Mother sent him to me. How?! I did not know him at all. Our first meeting 1993 by chance for the marble work inside the Ganesh Temple. It was the beginning of our joint effort, & he continues till today.

He became a dedicated worker of the Ganesh Temple. Now what you seeing the scenery & shape of the premises (Riddhi Room, black stone wall, Avirbhav Pond, garden, etc.) it is offering service of our Divakar to Ganesh Temple. Till today mostly each Saturday 3 or 4 hours he is working at Ganesh Temple taking great care of the premises. Without him I cannot think about the present beauty of the Ganesh Temple, he who gave the shape.

Mother provides him for Ganesh Temple & our Ganeshaji welcomes him with great joy. Ganeshaji looks so happy with him. I am so much relaxed now Divakar is faithful, honest, sincere, dedicated his time and work to the Ganesh Temple.

So after me Divakar, only Divakar, will be the in-charge of the Auroville Ganesh Temple.

I hope you fulfil my wish.

Love to all,

Yours,

Kusum"

Note : Dans le courant de l'été, une jeune femme, Française établie à Bordeaux, libraire de profession, qui avait lu mon livre et avait cherché à me rencontrer plusieurs fois lors de mes visites en France, est venue à Auroville pour préparer une thèse sur l'émergence d'une nouvelle société, afin d'obtenir un Masters d'Anthropologie. Elle avait déjà pu établir une communication avec mon frère, JYL. Pendant son séjour à Auroville elle a pu rencontrer un certain nombre d'Auroviliens et enregistrer la plupart de ses conversations avec eux. Par la suite, elle est restée

en contact assidu avec moi et a commencé d'étudier en profondeur les œuvres de Sri Aurobindo, et « Savitri » en particulier.

Voici le texte de ce premier entretien qu'elle avait eu avec moi, à « Sincérité » :

***Entretien de MHB avec Divakar – Eté 2004, « Sincérité », Auroville :**

. D : « Ce n'est pas comme cela pour chacun mais, dans mon cas, je ne suis pas venu particulièrement pour Auroville ; je suis venu pour Mère et je suis resté pour Elle. Après... Auroville offre des conditions qui ne sont nulle part ailleurs présentes... D'abord, c'est un travail qui se fait, nécessairement, là où l'homme – enfin, l'être humain – est humain avant d'être chinois ou français, noir ou blanc : c'est là que cela se passe. C'est là que tu peux en être sûr, parce que tu es projeté dans un brassage de toutes les origines et de toutes les cultures. C'est une garantie que le petit peu de progrès qu'on va faire, ça va être un progrès qui sera central à l'être humain. Ce ne sera pas un truc dépendant de ton bagage.

Ensuite – c'est la deuxième condition – tu as le fait, en tous cas jusqu'à présent, que c'est un lieu qui n'appartient à personne, et quoi qu'il s'y fasse, s'y construise, s'y réalise, n'appartient à personne ; personne ne peut le revendiquer – enfin, jusqu'à présent. Comment c'est encore comme cela après plus de 30 ans de... sur cette planète aujourd'hui... cela n'est pas explicable ! Je ne peux pas te l'expliquer, mais c'est encore comme cela. Quelquefois on se demande si cela va rester comme cela. Il y a toutes sortes de risques, toutes sortes d'impositions qui cherchent à se...

Donc, tout cela fait un ensemble de garanties que les progrès ne sont certainement pas des progrès que l'on peut faire en étant en retrait ; ce n'est pas cela, parce qu'on est constamment confronté à toutes les contradictions que l'on peut absorber, qu'on peut endurer – parce que c'est toujours un peu au maximum... En tous les cas, je ne peux te parler que subjectivement !

Pour en revenir à Mère : avec Mère, en présence de Mère, c'est ce qu'on appelle en Inde la Conscience-Force – c'est Ca le moyen sans lequel rien ne se passera. C'est la Shakti, c'est la force de la conscience qui travaille, qui brasse, qui laboure, qui transforme – et on n'y arrive pas par ses propres moyens d'animal évolutif : on n'a pas les moyens ! Donc, il faut laisser, et puis appeler, et puis s'ouvrir et trouver la présence de Ca. Et quand on a trouvé la présence de Ca, après il y a le reste. C'est là qu'il faut apprendre à se donner, parce que l'on est identifié à toutes les résistances.

Donc, c'est cela le travail, c'est du petit pointillé, c'est pas des grandes choses. Alors, je ne sais pas dans quelle mesure ton exploration d'Auroville peut te servir pour ce que tu peux appeler la 'spiritualité hindoue'... Je ne sais pas... Mais dans les grands principes, c'est ce que Sri Aurobindo a apporté à la fin d'un cycle et au début d'un autre cycle : c'est la résolution d'une certaine impasse de l'Inde, du fait que ce que l'on appelle la vie spirituelle tendait à s'éloigner du monde, et lui, il a tout ramené dans le monde pour que le monde devienne vraiment ce qu'il doit être.

Ca, c'est une sorte de rétablissement.

Si tu prends la vie spirituelle de l'Inde par Sri Aurobindo, oui.

Si tu la prends par toutes sortes d'expériences spirituelles qui sont réelles, mais qui ont précédé, à moins que tu remontes très loin dans les temps, jusqu'aux Védas, cela va toujours avoir tendance à t'éloigner du monde.

Donc, ce n'est pas là où se situe Auroville.

Auroville se situe après le rétablissement que Sri Aurobindo a fait.

Au tout début, c'est quelque chose d'entièrement nouveau, même pour les spiritualités... Et la vie spirituelle en Occident, elle aussi est basée sur une certaine méfiance de ce que le monde peut offrir.

Donc, avec Sri Aurobindo et Mère, on doit apprendre à balayer tout cela. Pas seulement à balayer, mais à déraciner, à dissoudre, parce que cela nous empêche de se donner à la vérité du monde...

. MHB : « Ce lieu ?... »

. D : « Ce lieu est fait pour cela, du fait qu'il appelle, qu'il invite des êtres de tous les bords ; en principe, parce que ce n'est pas encore entièrement effectif, tu ne peux pas rêver d'une condition plus sûre. Si on ne travaille pas là (au niveau) où l'homme est un, qu'est-ce qu'on va faire ?

Il y a des solutions, il y a l'adage 'travailler localement et penser globalement'... Je ne sais plus... Mais ici aussi, c'est comme cela ici aussi... »

. MHB : « Travailler à l'unité du genre humain, ne peut-il pas se faire ailleurs qu'à Auroville ? »

. D : « Si, si, mais... »

. MHB : « C'est présent partout, dans l'ignorance, ou voilé, mais c'est là... ? »

. D : « Oui, oui ; il est présent partout (ce travail) ; mais ici, tu es obligé de vérifier constamment que tu n'es pas en train de t'installer dans une manière par exemple occidentale de considérer ce que peut être l'unité humaine : c'est une manière très limitée ! Il lui manque un énorme vécu, formidable, de plus en plus.

Parce que si tu vois le positionnement de la pensée par rapport au monde en Occident... il est encore très centré sur lui-même... La carte du monde est encore représentée avec l'Occident au centre ; tout est pensé comme cela, alors que c'est une imbécillité ! Cela ne se passe pas comme cela ! Ca ne peut pas se passer comme cela !

Ici, on a un peu plus de chance de ne pas perdre cela de vue ! Parce que l'on est constamment, dans les... Si tu veux, bien qu'apparemment, tu vois, tu peux observer une sorte de surimposition d'un modèle plus ou moins occidental sur la vie de chaque jour, mais si tu grattes un peu, ça peut pas vraiment, parce qu'il y a une telle dynamique, qui pense, qui sent, qui perçoit, qui vit les choses autrement...

Et ça, c'est essentiel. Si tu n'es pas baigné là-dedans, tu te fais avoir, c'est sûr !

Donc, si ça, tu l'as acquis par quelque manière, tu peux trouver partout... D'autant plus que maintenant... Quand je suis allé récemment – depuis 3 ans, je retourne : pendant presque 30 ans, je n'avais pas bougé – j'ai vu : dans les villes, dans les grandes villes, c'est bien, maintenant, t'as le mélange, non ? Peut-être pas Bordeaux, mais dans Paris c'est... tu te promènes dans le monde et pas seulement dans le milieu français... Et je vois bien que dans mon enfance aussi c'était un peu

comme cela, on habitait, et puis j'i toujours habité ensuite avec des gens de toutes sortes... Mais maintenant, c'est plus général... Mais tout de même, comme tu dis, l'atmosphère générale, collective, est telle... »

. MHB : « Il y a une tension, une pression sociale... »

. D : « Oui ; et puis l'argent, qui domine tout... Donc, là, où bien il faut se déplacer, ou bien il faut avoir une telle ouverture en restant en contact avec les points de vue d'autres parties du monde, qui ont d'autres expériences...

Donc, ici, je te dis, on est un peu... on a cette sécurité : qu'on est, qu'on travaille, enfin, un travail qui est un travail de la terre, pas seulement d'une culture... »

. MHB : « Un travail de la terre ? Qu'est-ce que... ?

. D : « Dans la terre, enfin, de la terre évolutive, de la terre humaine !... »

. MHB : « D'accord : de la matière... ? »

. D : « Oui, de la terre : au point de vue terrestre... »

. MHB : « Comment avez-vous découvert les écrits de Mère ? Par les écrits de Sri Aurobindo ? OU simplement vous êtes arrivé à l'Ashram et... Est-ce qu'il y a eu un cheminement, ou... ? Certainement ? »

. D : « Oui, mais je n'avais rien lu. Enfin, je n'avais rien lu de Sri Aurobindo. »

. MHB : « Tu connaissais ? »

. D : « Non. »

. MHB : « Alors, cela a été une pure rencontre ? »

. D : « Non, non ! (Rires) Mais ce n'est pas tellement intéressant... je ne crois pas ! »

. MHB : « Non, peut-être pas. Si ce n'est qu'il y a quelque chose qui vous lie tous, à mon impression ; c'est vraiment d'être allé ici, à l'Ashram pour les plus anciens, ou d'avoir découvert le lieu ; d'être passé par ici, après des lectures – pas toujours ; le lieu aime l'individu ; le lieu : pas forcément Auroville. J'ai rencontré des personnes qui sont là depuis très longtemps et qui ont connu l'Ashram avant de connaître Auroville. C'est cette rencontre qui a été décisive dans leur vie et qui a complètement porté leur vie vers tout autre chose. K.T qui était un militaire de carrière, a changé de chemin...

C'est très difficile de parler de... ces choses-là. Vous êtes quand même... Je ne sais pas si c'est continu ou en ce moment, mais je trouve qu'il y a beaucoup de déception actuellement, tout en croyant très fort à ce que chacun essaye de vivre et même de partager avec les autres. Mais c'est comme si vous étiez à une étape de déception. Il y a des choses qui arrivent et qui ne devraient pas arriver ; des contradictions qui naissent dans un lieu où normalement ce genre de tension ne devrait pas être là... »

. D : « Ce n'est pas tellement ça... C'est que les tensions et les contradictions ont toujours été là ; heureusement, parce qu'on a tendance à s'endormir. Mais c'est que les choix pour les résoudre ont diminué en qualité...

Les moyens employés pour arriver au but auquel on croit sont très appauvris pour le moment. Je crois que l'on n'a pas collectivement suffisamment compris qu'il n'y a pas d'autre chemin que celui d'intégrer. On est encore dominé par l'exclusivisme, le rejet, la réduction ; et tant que l'on n'a pas compris cela, on est sur... au bord de l'échec, constamment... Alors évidemment, je ne sais pas si l'on doit dire que cela vient des.... On est tous responsables ! »

. MHB : Est-ce que le rejet ne forme pas des limites qui permettent de rassurer, qui les encadre ? »

. D : « Oui, oui ; c'est beaucoup plus rassurant ! Quand on est fanatique, on se sent beaucoup mieux parce qu'on est encadré, parce qu'on n'a pas besoin de penser, on n'a pas besoin de réfléchir, on n'a pas besoin de rien remettre en question : on a la ligne, on a les mots, on a la certitude, on a aussi le tracé et, bon, tout va bien !

C'est justement ce qui tend à se produire : il y a une réduction de toute cette expérience qui tend à prendre le dessus, et qui utilise pour s'affirmer des moyens qui sont... euh... qui, il y a quelques temps encore on n'aurait pas pu concevoir, et qui sont utilisés ici !... Dans ce sens-là c'est... Auroville n'est pas dans une... enfin la condition de la chose, de l'expérience humaine d'Auroville, n'est pas dans une phase très... très encourageante...

Maintenant, s'il y a assez d'individus qui sont, qui sentent, qui peuvent retracer... la faiblesse, alors peut-être c'est une leçon qui va être vraiment utile ; mais si on n'en a pas assez, je ne sais pas ce qui va se passer... C'est toujours une question du nombre critique... »

. MHB : « Mais pour moi, le nombre penche plutôt en général du côté... »

. D : « De la facilité... »

. MHB : « Oui »

. D : « Oui, en général. Mais disons que le seuil critique de ce qui fait qu'une chose ne s'écroule pas, enfin ne se dissout pas, mais continue une progression, ce n'est pas... je ne sais pas si le 'nombre' est un bon mot... Mais c'est tout de même, il y a tout de même un seuil critique. Il faut quand même un certain poids d'expérience authentique répartie dans des individus... Le nombre, je ne sais pas... Pour la balance, pour l'équilibre : pour pas que ça s'enfonce dans le marécage.

Mais je ne sais pas si on va, si on l'a, si on va l'atteindre... Jusqu'à présent on a passé des périodes très, très... pas sombres, mais, oui, dures, à Auroville ; il y a eu des années... quelquefois on ne voyait pas, cela ne semblait pas possible ; mais c'est toujours là ! Alors, je ne sais pas !

Mais là, c'est retors, parce que c'est beaucoup plus... justement, les mots ont été tellement marchandés que le sens... quand tu dis 'vérité', tu te dis 'à quoi ça sert de le dire', ce n'est plus un mot qui est porté avec sa... avec son pouvoir : c'est un mot qui a été trahi... »

. MHB : « Oui, parce qu'il est utilisé dans tous les domaines. Il est bradé. »

. D : « Oui. Alors, tu te demandes... il y a quelques personnes qui me sont proches et qui... on a plutôt envie de rester tranquilles pour le moment, d'attendre... Ce n'est pas qu'on attende sans... comme un poisson mort... Mais on attend... »

. MHB : « C'est la position adoptée... »

. D : « Il n'y a pas... et puis, tu ne veux pas devenir cynique : tu ne peux pas, ce n'est même plus possible de devenir cynique ; si tu es en chemin, tu ne peux pas en vouloir aux autres, ça aussi, c'est fini !

Mais en même temps, tu ne vois pas comment partager avec, comme cela, sous prétexte qu'untel et untel sont 'Auroviliens'... Avant, tu pouvais peut-être te dire que, oui, s'ils sont vraiment Auroviliens, tu peux apprendre un peu avec eux ; maintenant, c'est incertain. On en est tous là... enfin, je suppose ! »

. MHB : « Auroville a peut-être été aussi toujours comme cela, mais est ce que le fait de s'ouvrir par des entreprises à dimension économique et commerciale, qui vous permettent tout simplement d'exister en tant que structure, est ce que ça n'a pas été le lien ? »

. D : « Avec une atmosphère ordinaire ? Non, mais tu sais, c'est parce que l'on n'a pas bien compris... ! Parce qu'il n'y a aucune raison... la réalisation qui nous est demandée est de mettre au service du progrès essentiel tous les moyens d'action – tous les moyens : et le commerce en est un.

Donc, c'est encore une fois par manque d'exigence que tu te laisses te justifier à toi-même, parce que tu es en contact avec l'atmosphère ordinaire du monde, que tu cèdes du terrain. Mais ce n'est pas vrai, ce sont des faiblesses que nous-mêmes... dont on est nous-mêmes responsables. Sinon, tu n'as aucune raison. Tu peux très bien faire, avoir une activité commerciale, et avoir toute la joie de transformer l'énergie acquise en énergie constructive, d'être tout simplement un canal. Il y a une joie formidable à cela. Tu te sens accompli, tu te sens utilisé de façon fonctionnelle et pour quelque chose qui a tant de possibilités... Au lieu de cela, tu te trouves en train d'avoir ton... ta petite affaire, et d'y tenir parce que cela te demande beaucoup d'efforts et beaucoup d'attention et tu n'as pas envie qu'on te dérange, et puis tu sais mieux que les autres... »

. MHB : « D'en faire une chose à soi... ? »

. D : « Oui ; et puis tu sais mieux que les autres comment... c'est toi qui l'as fait ! Alors, c'est tout cela, c'est tous ces trucs, mais dont on est responsable... »

. MHB : « Ca ne sert à rien, d'inscrire ici cette expérience comme une tentative d'expérience libertaire ? »

. D : « Je ne sais pas ce que ça veut dire, 'libertaire'... Cela a une connotation un peu... qui ne me... »

. MHB : « Politique ? »

. D : « Oui. »

. MHB : « Là je te coupe lamentablement, excuse-moi ! Discussion sur l'anthropologie : tu cites un livre, dont le titre serait sur un certain Ismaël, sur la

naissance de la division et sur la naissance de la civilisation – sur la création d’une valeur basée sur l’accumulation de la production de l’agriculture... Je te parle d’une approche que je veux avoir sur la réponse : remonter en amont de la réponse pour en comprendre le sens ; se demander si la réponse est la bonne ; se dire que cette réponse peut comporter des éléments de vérité, mais qu’elle n’est pas pour autant une vérité... ? »

. D : « On doit quand on parle se baser sur une expérience réelle. Autrement, on ferait mieux de se taire. Les mots sont ceux qui, sur le moment, font partie du... magasin : ce que l’on peut trouver pour essayer de faire passer un peu cette expérience, disons, intérieure – réelle ; si tu ne l’as pas, le sujet devrait être clos ! Donc ne devrait pas être ouvert ; il faut quand même voir les choses comme cela ; il ne faut pas que tout soit subjectif à tel point que tout s’explique en amont... ! Donc, si tu es attentive, la réponse peut changer de forme, mais l’expérience est la même ; et je pense qu’il faut voir les choses un peu comme cela – parce que tout est subjectif alors... Tout ne s’explique pas en amont, parce que là, là, c’est linéaire... Je crois que cela dépend de la disponibilité de chacun... Si tu rencontres des gens qui te parlent comme cela, juste parce que ça marche, c’est à toi de voir ! Si tu n’es pas fatiguée tout de suite, c’est que tu aimes cela !... »

. MHB : « Mais je crois que, quand on est dans une position de recherche, c’est intéressant de rencontrer des gens qui sont dans cette dimension-là, c’est-à-dire, qui se foutent des implications telles qu’on les entend dans la société – et qui soient des implications différentes et, justement, par cette différence, amener peut-être le monde à lentement évoluer... Est-ce que tu penses au monde quand tu es là, comment va le monde, la certaine déroute de ce monde ?

. D : « Quelle est ton impression ? »

. MHB : « Je ne sais pas. Je te sens en retrait. S’en foutre serait excessif... et en même temps, j’accepte tout à fait que tu me dises que je n’ai pas de discernement... »

. D : « Là, un petit moment : je me suis demandé si tu n’avais pas compris exactement à l’envers de ce que je t’avais dit ? Je disais tout à l’heure que l’on n’a à parler qu’à partir d’une expérience réelle, pas personnelle, mais d’une expérience qui soit assez solide et vérifiée pour ne plus avoir à revenir au processus dont tu parles... Ce que j’essaie de te dire, c’est que je ferais mieux de me taire si je ne peux pas parler en référence à une expérience solide, et j’attends un peu cela des autres. C’est la moindre des choses. Je ne vois pas le sens de ton truc de remonter en amont, en amont... Cela ne s’applique pas... C’est plutôt le mouvement d’essayer d’avoir accès à cette expérience à travers les mots de quelqu’un, les mots de cet instant-là... »

. MHB : « Est-ce que ta parole est celle d’une personne en rupture avec le monde, ou au contraire... ? Et j’ai l’impression que tu es en retrait... C’est peut-être parce que c’est moi qui suis en retrait, comme étrangère à ce monde d’Auroville, car je n’y suis pas depuis longtemps... Déjà en 8 jours mon impression a changé, tout cela fait sa route quand même... ! »

. D : « Alors, tu me vois en rupture, c’est curieux...

Cela revient à ce que j'essayais de te dire au début, c'est que c'est une condition, quand on vit ici, qu'on peut être sûr que les petits pas que l'on fait sont des petits pas qui comptent en tant qu'humains, pas en tant que membres d'une culture ou d'une race ou d'un pays ou de je ne sais quoi... »

. MHB : « Oui, et cela est du ressenti... Cette implication que j'ai face à vous tous fait que moi, je me sens en retrait... »

. D : « Non, écoute, je ne peux pas te dire qu'il n'y a pas le risque de se retrancher : c'est possible que le risque soit là, du moins provisoirement. Mais, dans l'expérience même, c'est plutôt le mouvement de plonger, avec la compréhension et la confiance qu'on ne va pas s'éloigner, mais au contraire qu'on va s'unir avec quelque chose qui est présent partout. On peut dire 'universel' et tout cela, mais c'est un adjectif – concrètement, c'est le fait de plonger qui peut sembler comme cela (comme un éloignement) ; du fait que tu aies à plonger, et par ce qui fait que tu plonges, ou que tu es dans ton chemin de plongeon depuis longtemps, tu n'utilises plus les moyens de communication (habituels), parce que tu n'en as plus besoin... Ca ne te vient plus – donc cela peut te donner l'impression... Mais je ne peux pas te promettre qu'il n'y ait pas des cas, entre nous tous, d'un certain retranchement ; mais ça ne doit pas durer beaucoup, à mon avis, parce que la vie ici ne te laisse pas – telle que je l'ai observée – ne te laisse pas t'installer... »

. MHB : « En quoi cela ne te permet pas de te laisser t'installer ? »

. D : « C'est en entendant plein, plein de petites histoires, comme ça, que tu pourras saisir la variété, et l'efficacité de quelque chose qui travaille ici : si tu en as vraiment besoin, ça te laisse tranquille – mais vraiment besoin ; sinon, cela vient te chercher, dans tes retranchements, ça te secoue un peu, et puis cela te fait rencontrer des choses comme ça tout le temps, mais à ta mesure... Mais les choses ne sont pas encore concluantes en aucune manière... donc, il doit bien y avoir des échappatoires : on est rusés !!! »

. MHB : « Il y a 30 ans que tu es ici ? »

. D : « IL y a plus de 30 ans que je suis venu à Mère... Le sens de bouger ne me vient pas... Parfois je me dis qu'il faut peut-être que je fasse un pas – un autre pas ; mais c'est dans la tête seulement... 30 ans, ce n'est pas beaucoup, quand tu considères les racines de ce qui fait qu'on est encore incapables de manifester autre chose que cette condition-là : tu te dis que, vraiment, 30 ans, c'est rien ! Travailler là-dessus pour offrir cela... c'est rien, c'est ridicule, c'est honteux ! C'est une mauvaise farce ! Parce qu'on a besoin de temps, du temps continu, pour faire de tout petits progrès. On ne parle pas d'une réalisation spirituelle, parce que cela, relativement, tu y arrives – mais c'est pour rester ici, dans cette vie-là, ici, dans le physique, dans la matière, dans le corps, que ce soit là : que cela devienne son fruit !... »

. MHB : « Une action ? »

. D : « Non, non... que cela devienne plein, radieux, habité enfin, et non plus cette absurdité qu'on est la plupart du temps... »

Donc, on a besoin de travailler et de travailler, et cela prend du temps. C'est comme cela. Alors que tu peux avoir le temps de réalisations – tout d'un coup, en une seconde -, et tu peux y rester aussi, et tu peux t'en aller avec. Mais changer ici, se transformer ici, c'est tout à fait autre chose... ! »

. MHB : « Est-ce que quelque chose a changé dans son ensemble à Auroville depuis 30 ans ? Est-ce que vous êtes toujours à vous battre, enfin, à chercher ? Y a-t-il une notion de temps à tout cela ? »

. D : « Ce n'est pas cela... en même temps tu te dis – tu aimerais, ce serait vraiment bien -, tu te dis, 'si on pouvait maintenant être au premier jour d'Auroville, avec le petit peu qu'on a compris'... ! Comme on éviterait du gaspillage, avec le petit peu que l'on a maintenant, qui s'est intégré, qui s'est réalisé si tu veux, et qui est là, sûr, à présent... et que ce soit le premier jour... Voilà, on efface, puis on commence... il y aurait moins de conneries – 'conneries', il faut le dire bien vite !

Et d'un autre côté, je pourrais te dire quelque chose – comme tout a été tellement, comme on le disait avant, tellement colporté, frelaté... Il y a une innocence, une candeur, une flamme qui est un peu corrompue... Je peux dire l'un et l'autre... L'un et l'autre sot ensemble, peut-être un peu de l'un et de l'autre, et c'est une expérience en soi... Mais cela, c'est individuel, c'est à chacun de... »

. MHB : « Est-ce que l'individu n'a pas finalement... l'étape où tu en es, est-ce que ce n'est pas cela ? Est-ce que tu penses qu'il peut y avoir évolution ? »

. D : « Oui, cela est sûr. Mais il y a des passages qui sont tellement étroits... 'Étroit' n'est pas le mot... des culbutes, des renversements, des... ou bien parfois, c'est la masse des contradictions...

Il n'y a pas de doute, l'évolution est une chose certaine : c'est la seule chose certaine, il n'y en a pas d'autre qui soit aussi sûre... ! Mais je te dis, 30 ans, ce n'est rien... !

Alors... encore la destruction, et on recommence, la destruction et recommencer... Il faut trouver une solution plus pratique ! »

. MHB : « Plus pratique, avec toute la contingence historique... »

. D : « Il y a un tout qui doit évoluer en même temps... Tu sais, il y a des signes, il y a toutes sortes de signes, des choses... qui sont comme juste au bord d'une simplicité, comme dans la science... De temps en temps, il y a des percées, comme cela, et tu te dis : 'ah !' Comme si tout d'un coup tu as respiré un air, presque d'une simplicité radicale... qui va tout... on est là à porter le poids de nos soucis, la contrainte et le gaspillage et l'horreur qu'on crée autour de nous constamment, et puis il y a des moments... Il y a comme une maturité qui manque encore : une maturité, pas dans le sens de vieillir, mais dans le sens d'être prêt à éclore, tout entier dans cette... pas en tension, non plus... comme dans une gestation : tu ne peux pas le presser... »

. MHB : « Il faut un lieu pour cela. Ce n'est pas possible autrement. »

. D : « Oui. Il faut un lieu protégé. »

. MHB : « C'est une ascèse ? »

. D : « Non, mais... c'est pourquoi, je suppose, certains d'entre nous sont restés ici : il y a quand même une certaine forme de protection ; il faut reconnaître qu'on est quand même très, très privilégiés, extraordinairement protégés ; cela peut être un privilège injuste – non mérité –, et en même temps cela peut être la protection indispensable qu'il faut pour être nu... »

Note :