

The Mother

Notebook On Evolution

*Can one peer desperately enough
into the future
to compel it into the present?*



Biographical Note

As a young girl growing up in Paris, where she was born in 1878 as Mirra Alfassa, Mother had a natural contact with and access to an invisible reality. Despite a very materialistic background, going out of her body, reliving scenes from past lives, or knowing things without ever having learned them before was as natural as breathing. Her studies of mathematics, music and painting did not offer any explanation for the strange experiences she was having, but they allowed her to know and befriend some of the great minds and artists of the time. In 1897, she married Henri Morisset, a pupil of Gustave Moreau.

The first practical clues to her inner life were given to her by Max Théon, a strange character and master occultist who, recognizing her gifts, invited her to his property of Tlemcen in Algeria to explore occultism. In 1914, a chance trip to the then French colony of Pondicherry in India led her to Sri Aurobindo, in whom she found not only the answers to all the experiences she had been having since her childhood, but also their deep significance for her future life. After a five-year stay in Japan, she returned to India and to Sri Aurobindo in 1920, never to leave again.

As disciples began gathering around Sri Aurobindo and Mother, the “Ashram” was formed and, in 1926, when Sri Aurobindo withdrew from public view to pursue the “Integral Yoga,” he put her in charge of the material and spiritual needs of a growing population of sadhaks. After Sri Aurobindo’s passing in 1950, she decided to continue his work at the roots of the human condition and, from 1962 to 1973, painstakingly uncovered subtle mechanisms of the consciousness of the cells that may be the key to understanding the finiteness of our physical state and to unlocking a new way of being.

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Introduction

Evolution remains a mystery, even after the Bible, even after Darwin. One sees the creature “being evolved” as the object of many random mutations whose sum adds up to a new coherence in matter, while the other sees it as the exquisite recipient of a new, ready-made Order.

Neither gives the creature the time of day.

What if these “models” were a bit . . . patriarchal and mechanistic in their approach, the product of a dual ignorance of God and of matter? What if the creature mattered? What if she had *always* mattered, from the plant to the amoeba to the archaeopteryx and finally to the human? What if she were, in fact, a subject, and maybe even a partner in her own evolution?

This is what this “Notebook on Evolution” is about.

But right away, a problem of language arises: Language can never describe or explain evolution, because it can never be more intelligent than we are, since it comes *after* the being. Explanations and communications will wait until a fully developed new status in matter has emerged.

Therefore there is nothing easier than to laugh away the stuttered communications attempts of a future species. It must not have been easy, one and a half million years ago, for a first hominid in East Africa to sit among his contemporaries while strange new mental vibrations stirred in his small brain. For sure, something was happening, but how could he possibly convey in ape language the beginnings of the mental tidal wave that would produce Einstein? He must have looked rather foolish and weird sitting there, wondering.

Mother wondered a lot. She spent years wondering about the strange new vibrations stirring in, and sometimes overwhelming, her body. She too could not find the words to “describe” or “explain” what was going on in and around her. And since God is always the first and last refuge of the unknown, the natural repository of what we cannot put into an equation, she spoke of a “Supreme Consciousness,” of “Supramental Force,” or just “That,” to try to circumscribe and tame the unnamable – which, nevertheless, would remain a mystery until the very end.

In 1961, at the age of 83, after a lifetime devoted to the Spirit and to spiritual actions, she repudiated the whole spiritual reference as a “total illusion”: “The feeling that *all* one has lived, *all* one has known, *all* one has done is a total illusion. It’s one thing to have the spiritual experience of the illusion of material life (I found it marvelous and so beautiful, it was one of the loveliest experiences of my life); but now it is the whole spiritual construction as one has lived it that is becoming a total illusion!

Not the same illusion, but a far more serious illusion.”

What is there beyond the spiritual illusion, at the end of all metaphors, when “God” Himself seems to fail?

“Call it anything you like, it doesn’t matter,” she said. “It’s the Perfection, the Power, the Knowledge we must become.”

“Something – a new way of being.”

This *Notebook* is about that “something,” a communication attempt – perhaps from the next species after man – each person will have to make sense of, or not.

The evolution of the species is everywhere around us. It is the most current and ongoing and unstoppable phenomenon in the world. Yet no one seems to pay very much attention to it, except for a few scholarly specialists who report their findings about *other* species at international conferences or in remote scientific journals. Paradoxically, the human species never studies or observes itself as a part of the evolutionary

movement. The one inexorable process that determines our fate on earth far more significantly than any other and far transcends our petty differences of race-religion is left out of all human preoccupations. We investigate every phenomenon in the universe, from the galactic bombardment of elusive neutrino particles in vast pools of water beneath the earth's surface to the speed of the Continental Drift, but strangely we never so much as glance at ourselves as an evolving species. No external endeavor is too great, no outward exploration too remote for our ingeniousness, but we become thunderstruck at the mere notion of turning the microscopes on ourselves.

Mother never used a microscope, either.

The first dramatic change of the next species is a new set of eyes, a strikingly different way of looking at reality. Like the modern high-altitude telescopes, built far away from the interference of city lights in order to peer into the origin of the universe, we learn to look past the pre-imposed meaning of our immediate senses in order to capture the twinkling lights of the next reality. We learn to see and feel the future in the present.

What happens when the lights of the city are left far behind and only the immense blue-black night shines overhead? Is there "something" out there in the darkness? Is it possible that dreaming hard enough, yearning long enough, burning intensely enough will make that future something appear by force, as it were, through the sheer intensity of a flame of aspiration? *Can one peer desperately enough into the future to compel it into the present?*

The next species – the species after man – is not found at the end of a mental microscope any more than the feathered bird was found in the coils of the reptile; it is found at the end of all human artifices and conceptions:

"The anguish had reached its peak: the sense of the futility of all human efforts to embrace and understand what is beyond the human. What is truly *true* besides all our concep-

tions? And it ended in a slight little movement, just as a child would have who knows nothing, tries nothing, understands nothing – but who abandons himself. A little movement of such simplicity, such ingenuousness, such an extraordinary sweetness. . . . And instantaneously came *the* Certitude – the lived Certitude.”

Will we be wise enough to become children again? Will we trade some of our ingenuity for more ingenuousness? Will we be able to let go of our mental shackles and stare down the future with the gaze of purity and innocence?

The future of our species is already there, wholly formed beyond the horizon of our mental night. Our task is to bring it here by bridging that obscure gulf, by piercing the engulfing night by dint of a relentless innocence.

“It seems that the main question was to create a physical being capable of bearing the Power that wants to manifest. And so this body is being accustomed to it. It’s as if it had suddenly caught a glimpse of such a marvelous horizon ahead – overwhelmingly marvelous! Yet it is allowed to receive only as much of this as it can bear. It’s very much a matter of plasticity: to be able to withstand and to offer no resistance to the Power that wants to manifest.”

Nevertheless, isn’t this is an untenable position to be in? How can a reptile manifest the future winged bird? How long can a human body, with its needs, its natural functions, bear the appearance of a totally new way of being without breaking or exploding? Mother’s last years on this earth testify to an excruciating and impossible contradiction: “If it were a question of ending something and beginning something *else*, it might be possible to do. But to keep a body alive while *at the same time* allowing for a new functioning and a transformation – that makes for a very difficult combination to realize.”

But she never once looked back. Instead, she wore down the contradiction bit by bit, abandoning herself more and more to “the Power that wants to manifest.” In the end, her body had become infused with such overpowering energy that

her unsuspecting visitors found themselves either transfixed and mesmerized, or else fleeing in fright. “There isn’t any ‘I.’ It’s almost like an empty shell. Yet there is this formidable, all-embracing Force. . . . As if a superhuman Power were trying to manifest through thousands of years of impotence.”

Can one human body alone transform itself enough to escape the laws of *Homo sapiens*? Then what about the rest of humanity?

Yet discovering the code of the next species in one body is to discover it in all bodies and for the entire species. Is it possible that this code has already been discovered but that we don’t know it?

“Why the hurry?” some might say. “Wait for Nature to do it.”

“Yes,” Mother replied, “Nature will do it in a few million years, wasting countless lives and things in the process.”

At a time when one species – ours – seems to have exceeded the entire “carrying capacity” of the Earth, when 27,000 species a year are lost due in great part to the 500,000 trees that are cut *every hour* in tropical forests around the world; when every natural system on the planet is disintegrating and the land, water, air and sea have been transformed from life-supporting systems into repositories for waste; when the immune system of every unborn child may soon be adversely and irrevocably affected by the persistent toxins in our food, air and water – we may no longer have the time to take our time.

In the following text, Mother relates her own experiences.

Sri Aurobindo

He whom we saw yesterday is on earth. . .

The Vision

When I first began to work, in France, at the turn of the century, I had a series of visions. I knew nothing about India, just as most Europeans know nothing about it: "It's a country whose people have certain customs and religions, a confused history, where a lot of 'incredible' things are said to have happened."

In several of these visions, I saw Sri Aurobindo just as he looked physically, but glorified; that is, the same man I would see on my first visit to Pondicherry, almost thin, with that golden-bronze hue and rather sharp profile, an unruly beard and long hair, dressed in a dhoti with one end of it thrown over his shoulder, the arms and chest bare, and bare feet. At the time, I thought it was a "dress of vision"! That's how much I knew about India.

These were at once symbolic visions and spiritual facts.

In these visions I did something I had never done physically: I prostrated myself in the Hindu manner. All this without any comprehension in the little brain. I really had no idea of what I was doing or how I was doing it. I did it, and while doing it the outer person was wondering, "What on earth?!"

The Meeting

I came to Pondicherry in 1914.

Something in me wanted to meet Sri Aurobindo alone the first time. I had an appointment for the afternoon.

I climbed the stairs, and there he was, standing, waiting for me at the top of the staircase. Exactly my vision! Dressed in the same way, standing in the same position, in profile. He turned his head toward me . . . and I saw in his eyes that it was He. In a flash, the inner recognition merged with the outer, and there was a fusion, the decisive illumination.

But this was only the beginning of my vision.

It's only after a ten months' stay in Pondicherry and a series of experiences, a five-year separation to Japan, then my return to Pondicherry in 1920 and another meeting in the same house and in the same way, that the end of the vision took place.

I was standing beside him. My head wasn't exactly on his shoulder but where his shoulder was (I don't know how to explain it; physically there was hardly any contact). We were standing side by side like that, gazing out through the open window, and then *together*, at exactly the same moment, we felt: "Now the Realization will be accomplished."

I felt a massive descent within me, the certitude, that same certitude I had felt in my vision.

From that moment on, there was nothing to say, no words, nothing. We knew that was *it*.

The Silence

He saw me the next day for half an hour on the Guest-house verandah.

I sat down. And when I got up half an hour later, he had put the silence into my head, just like that, without my even asking him – perhaps even without trying.

Before meeting Sri Aurobindo, I had achieved everything necessary to begin his yoga. It was all ready, organized, systemized – a superb mental construction . . . which he demolished in exactly five minutes.

I had tried to achieve complete mental silence – the kind of mental stillness Sri Aurobindo speaks of; when you have it anything can pass through your head without causing the least ripple – but I had never succeeded. I had tried, but I couldn't do it. I could be silent when I wanted to, but the moment I stopped my concentration, the clatter returned and everything had to be started over again.

That's all I had told him (not in great details, just in a few words).

Then I sat down beside him and he began talking with the person accompanying me. They talked about the war (he already knew, five months ahead, that the first World War would break out), yoga, the future, and all kinds of things. They talked and talked and talked – great speculations.

I wasn't in the least interested. I was simply sitting beside him on the floor, with a table in front of me, at eye level, as a sort of little protection.

I don't know how long it went on, but suddenly I felt a great Force come into me – a peace, a silence, something massive! It came in, swept everything blank in my head, descended, and stopped here in the chest.

When they finished talking, I got up and left.

Then I noticed that my mind was completely blank of thoughts. I no longer knew anything or understood anything. I was absolutely *blank*.

So I gave thanks to the Lord and thanked Sri Aurobindo in my heart.

All the mental constructions, all the mental, speculative organizations were completely gone.

A big void. And such a peaceful, such a luminous void!

Afterward, for at least eight or ten days, I kept very still, not to disturb it. I didn't speak, and I especially refrained from thinking, holding this silence close to me and saying to myself, "Oh, make it last, make it last, make it last. . . ." From the outside, it must have looked like total lunacy.

But I was living in my inner joy. I spoke as little as possible, just mechanically.

Then gradually, as if drop by drop, something else began to emerge. But it had no limits. It was as vast as the universe, wonderfully still and luminous.

There was nothing left in the head, but everything began to be seen from *above the head*.

And that has never left me. I went to Japan; I did all sorts of things, had all possible kinds of adventures, even unpleasant ones, but it never left me.

As a proof of Sri Aurobindo's power, it's incomparable!

Thirty Years

[Sri Aurobindo passes away on December 5, 1950]

During the past few days, memories of the thirty years I lived with Sri Aurobindo all came back.

Psychologically, there was no struggle, no tension, and no effort – not once. I lived in total and confident serenity.

On the material plane, there were attacks, but even these he took upon himself.

When I look back at these thirty years, I see that not for a second did I have any sense of personal responsibility, despite all the work I was doing, all the organizing and everything. He had supposedly passed on the responsibility to me, but he was standing behind – *he* was actually doing everything!

For the first seven years he was actively working, not me. He saw people, while I looked after his personal affairs, his housekeeping, his food, his clothes, and so forth. I kept myself quietly busy with that, doing nothing else, simply looking after his material life – like a child at play. It was seven years of perfect peace.

Later on, in 1926, when he withdrew and put me in front, there was naturally a bit more activity, as well as the semblance of responsibility – but it was only a semblance. What security! There was just one setback, so to speak, when he had that accident and broke his leg in 1938.

There was a formation, an adverse force, and he wasn't taking sufficient precautions for himself, because it was directed against both of us, specially against me (it had tried once or twice to fracture my skull, things like that). He was so concentrated on keeping it from seriously touching my body that it managed to sneak in and break his leg. That was a shock.

But once again he straightened things out almost immediately. Everything fell back into place and continued like that till the end.

Not once did I have to make an effort of transformation. Whenever there was the slightest difficulty, I simply repeated, *My Lord, my Lord, my Lord . . .* I just thought of him and it went away. Physical pain – he annulled it. As to troubles hampering the body, old recurrent habits, I only had to tell him – off they went. And through me, he did the same for others. He always said that he and I were doing the Work (in fact, it was he who did it), and all that was asked of others were faith and surrender, nothing more. If they gave themselves in total trust, the Work was done automatically in them.

As for my body, it felt one in consciousness with Sri Aurobindo's presence, depending on it without the least worry. It felt that its life depended on it; its progress, its consciousness, its action, its power, all depended on it. And there were no questions.

For the body, it was absolutely impossible that things be otherwise.

The idea that Sri Aurobindo might leave his body, that that particular way of being might come to an end was simply unthinkable. They had to put him into a box and put the box into the Samadhi for my body to realize that it had really happened. I didn't want to believe it when the doctor said, "It's over."

Nothing, no words can describe what a collapse it was for my body when Sri Aurobindo left.

It's only because his conscious will entered my body, left one body and entered the other . . . I was standing facing his body and I felt – materially felt – the friction of his will and knowledge enter into me. "*You* will continue and accomplish my work. One of us had to leave, but you will continue the work," he said to this body.

That's what kept me alive.

But the entire physical consciousness had its certainty and security pulled from under. The Base of absoluteness and certainty with which I carried out my work had collapsed.

Later on, I understood that this need for certainty is one of the means to spur human beings toward another condition. These needs are the seeds, the germs of evolution, as it were. They compel us to progress.

The real truth is that it projected me *directly* toward the Supreme, without intermediary. As long as I lived with Sri Aurobindo, I felt the Absolute through him. Essentially, from my experience of the Supreme through Sri Aurobindo's manifestation, I was thrust into a direct experience, without intermediary.

Indeed, all these imperative "needs" I call the seeds of evolution are there to make us realize that the *only* absolute is the Supreme, the *only* security is the Supreme, the *only* immortality is the Supreme. And the sole purpose of manifestation is to lead us *there*.

And this became such an absorbing and absolute experience.

I felt so strongly, so intensely that there was *only* one thing to lean on, *only* one thing sure and unfailing: the Supreme.

Everything else comes and goes and disappears. The uncertainty, instability, the fleeting, inconstant character of all things – everything collapses, except the Supreme.

Only one thing does not fail: the absolute All.

The Issue

The boon that we have asked from the Supreme is the greatest that the Earth can ask from the Highest, the change that is most difficult to realise, the most exacting in its conditions. It is nothing less than the descent of the supreme Truth and Power into matter, the supramental established in the material plane and consciousness and the material world and an integral transformation down to the very principle of matter.

Only a supreme Grace can effect this miracle.

The supreme Power has descended into the most material consciousness, but it has stood there behind the density of the physical veil, demanding before manifestation, before its great open workings can begin, that the conditions of the supreme Grace shall be there, real and effective.

A total surrender, an exclusive self-opening to the divine influence, a constant and integral choice of the Truth and rejection of the falsehood, these are the only conditions made. But these must be fulfilled entirely, without reserve, without any evasion or pretence, simply and sincerely down to the most physical consciousness and its workings.

* * *

A manifestation of the Supermind and its truth-consciousness is inevitable; it must happen in this world sooner or later. But it has two aspects, a descent from above, an ascent from below, a self-revelation of the Spirit, an evolution in Nature.

The ascent is necessarily an effort, a working of nature, an urge or nîsus on her side to raise her lower parts by an

evolutionary change, conversion or transformation into the divine reality and it may happen by a process or progress or by a rapid miracle.

The descent or self-revelation of the Spirit is an act of the supreme Reality from above which makes the realisation possible and it can appear either as the divine aid which brings about the fulfilment of the progress and process or as the sanction of the miracle.

* * *

The supramental change is a thing decreed and inevitable in the evolution of the earth-consciousness; for its upward ascent is not ended and mind is not its last summit. But that the change may arrive, take form and endure, there is needed the call from below with a will to recognise and not deny the Light when it comes, and there is needed the sanction of the Supreme from above.

The power that mediates between the sanction and the call is the presence and power of the Divine Mother. The Mother's power and not any human endeavour and tapasya can alone rend the lid and tear the covering and shape the vessel and bring down into this world of obscurity and falsehood and death and suffering Truth and Light and Life divine and the immortal's Ananda.

– Sri Aurobindo

The Challenge

I am only realizing what He has conceived.

*I am the protagonist
and the continuator of His work.*

An Apprentice

This morning, I suddenly looked at my body and said to myself, "Let's see, what would a witness say about this body?"

Nothing very remarkable.

So this is how I expressed it: "This body has neither the uncontested authority of a god nor the imperturbable calm of the sage."

So what, then?

"It is merely an apprentice in superhumanhood."

That's all it is trying to do.

I saw that, through concentration, I could have imparted to this body the attitude of absolute authority of the eternal Mother. When Sri Aurobindo told me, "You are She," he bestowed upon my body this attitude of absolute authority. But since I had the inner vision of that truth, I concerned myself very little with the imperfections of the physical body; I didn't bother about it, only using the body as an instrument. Sri Aurobindo did the sadhana for this body, which only had to remain constantly open to his action.

After he left and I had to do the yoga myself, to fill his physical place I could have adopted the attitude of the sage,

which is what I did at that moment, since I was in an unparalleled state of calm when he left. And I could have remained like that.

But, in a way, absolute calm implies withdrawal from action, so a choice had to be made between the two. And actually, to do Sri Aurobindo's work is to realize the Supramental on earth. So when I began the work, I told my body, "You must now repair everything that's out of order and gradually reach the intermediary state of superhumanhood between the human and the supramental being."

And this is what I have been doing for the past eight years since he left. Now it is the work of each day, each minute.

That's where I am. I have renounced the uncontested authority of a god and the unshakable calm of the sage in order to become the superhuman. I have put everything into it.

We shall see.

I am only an apprentice, a simple apprentice. I am learning the trade!

The Descending Path

When one follows the ascending path, the work is relatively easy. I had already covered that path by the beginning of the century and had established a permanent relationship with the Supreme – That which is beyond the Personal and the gods and all the outward expressions of the Divine, but also beyond the Absolute Impersonal. It's something one cannot describe; it has to be experienced.

And this is what must be brought down into matter.

Such is the descending path, the one I began with Sri Aurobindo; and there, the work is immense.

With Sri Aurobindo, we went down below matter, into the Subconscient and even into the Inconscient.

But after the descent comes the transformation, and when it comes to the body and one tries to make it progress ever so slightly – oh, just a little step forward – everything starts grating.

It's like stepping on an anthill.

Yet the presence and the help of the supreme Mother are there constantly.

In truth, unless it extends over millions of lifetimes, this is an impossible task for ordinary humanity. Unless the work is done for them and the sadhana of the body is done for the entire earth consciousness, human beings will never achieve the physical transformation, or else so remotely in time that it is not even worth mentioning.

But if they open themselves, give themselves in an integral surrender, the work can be done for them – they need only let it be done.

Taking Stock

Day and night, I am investigating all that needs to be transformed.

Once you set out to do this work, you realize what a formidable task it is!

So far as the mind is concerned, the whole yoga has been done. And since it has been done, the landmarks are there and one follows them. But here in the body, nothing has been done! One doesn't know which path to follow – no one has ever done it! One meets every obstacle before which others have said, "It's impossible." Sri Aurobindo explains that it's not impossible, but nothing more. And he himself hadn't done it.

For the least thing, the whole procedure has to be discovered in a realm of the most total ignorance, where, really,

unconsciousness is the most unconscious and ignorance the most ignorant.

Nor can one expect miracles.

To be really satisfied, the human mind always needs some kind of miracle. In its thought, the miraculous is associated with the Divine.

I know, because I was born like that. I felt like that when I was very young. And only because life has dealt me some extremely brutal denials have I come to a more . . . sober and reasonable attitude. I was born with the feeling that, yes, Truth is something miraculous, which has only to show itself to prevail.

It would be like that – without the adverse forces.

The universe would be like that, if it had not been for the distortion brought about by the adverse forces. The perversion, the cold-blooded and cruel perversion of sheer malevolent will keeps it from being like that. They all call it an “accident,” but a lot of good that does us! The fact is there.

And when the hostile forces want to attack those around me, but do not succeed in making them overtly hostile to Sri Aurobindo’s work or turn them against me personally, they always use the same tactic and the same argument: “You may have all the inner realizations you like,” they say “the most beautiful experiences within your four walls, but as far as the outer world is concerned, your life is wasted, lost. There is a gulf you will never bridge between your inner experience and a concrete realization in the world.”

This is the main argument of the hostile forces.

I know it well. For millions of years, I have heard them say the same thing over and over again, and I unmask them every time.

It is a lie – it is *the* Lie.

All that seeks to set up a divorce between the Earth and the Spirit, all that severs the inner experience from the divine realization in the world is good for their purpose. But just the opposite is true! It is the inner realization that is the key to the

outer realization. How can you know the true thing you must realize in the world if you do not know the truth of your being?

I know for a fact that whenever matter is not under the influence of this adverse will, it blossoms immediately. And everything in the human heart, in human consciousness, in human thought that is slightly sheltered from this adverse influence – sheltered by the psychic, the divine Presence – blossoms, becomes immediately marvelous, without any obstacle.

We are told it will be all the more beautiful later – I am absolutely sure of this – I don't doubt it for a minute, but . . .

The world as it is, even upon the most perfect heights, is woeful.

There have been moments, in supreme experiences of perfect union in a wondrous Love, when I have turned toward the world – simply turned the consciousness for a second toward the world as it is . . . and in that state of ecstasy, there came tears of burning sorrow.

That is my experience.

So the indispensable foundation is an indomitable courage and unflinching endurance – from the most material cells of the body to the highest consciousness, from top to bottom, entirely.

The Secret

At times, one senses there's an extraordinary secret to discover, just at one's fingertips.

Sometimes, for a second, one catches a glimpse of the Secret; there is an opening and it closes again. Then, again, it is unveiled for a second, and one knows a little more.

Yesterday, the Secret was there, completely clear, wide open. But it isn't something one can explain – words are silly – it must be experienced.

Well, I saw this Secret. I saw that it is in *terrestrial matter* – on earth – that the Supreme becomes perfect.

“Becomes” is just a manner of speaking, of course, for everything already is, and the Supreme is what He is. But we live in time, in a gradual unfolding, and it would be absurd to say that presently matter is the expression of a perfect Divine.

I saw this Secret. I saw it in the everyday outer life, in the very physical life that all spirituality rejects – a kind of accuracy, of exactitude down to the atom.

1956-1958:

The Supramental Manifestation

*Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute:
A new light breaks upon the earth,
A new world is born.
The things that were promised are fulfilled.*

First Supramental Manifestation

[Ashram Playground, February 29, 1956.]

This evening the Divine Presence, concrete and material, was there present amongst you. I had a form of living gold, as big as the universe, and I was facing a huge and massive golden door which separated the world from the Divine.

As I looked at the door, I knew and willed, in a single movement of consciousness, that “*the time has come,*” and lifting with both hands a mighty golden hammer I struck one blow, one single blow, on the door, and the door was shattered to pieces.

Then the supramental Light and Force and Consciousness rushed down upon earth in an uninterrupted flow.

A Supramental Entity

[Notation of a personal experience, 7 months later.]

A supramental entity had taken possession of me entirely.

Something a little taller than myself: its feet extended below my feet and its head went a little beyond my head.

A solid block with a rectangular base – a rectangle with a square base – one single piece.

A light, not like the golden light of the Supramental: rather a kind of phosphorescence. I felt that had it been night, it would have been *physically* visible.

And it was denser than my physical body; the physical body seemed to me almost unreal, as if crumbly, like sand.

I would have been incapable of speaking. Words seemed so petty, narrow, ignorant.

I could see (how shall I put it?) the successive preparations that had taken place in *anterior* beings in order to arrive at this.

The experience of February 29 was general; but this was intended for me.

An experience I had never had.

I am beginning to see what the supramental body will be.

I had had a somewhat similar experience at the time of the union of the supreme creative principle with the physical consciousness. But that was a subtle experience, while this was material – in the body.

I did not have the experience; I did not watch it – I was it.

And it radiated from me: myriad of little sparks penetrating everybody. I saw them enter into each one of those present.

One more step.

The New Freedom of the Body

There are all sorts of freedoms – mental freedom, vital freedom, and spiritual freedom – which are the result of successive masteries. But there is a new freedom that has become possible with the Supramental Manifestation – the freedom of the body. I am talking about a new phenomenon in the body, in the cells of the body. For the first time, the cells themselves have felt that they were free, that they had the power to decide.

In its normal state, the body lives with an impression of not being its own master. Diseases invade it without its really being able to prevent their entry, and a thousand factors exert their influence on it, bear on it. Once the disease has entered, it can struggle and overcome the disease. But this is a defensive power, a reactive power against an enemy that is already inside. It isn't real freedom.

During the flu epidemic, for instance, I spent every day in the midst of people who carried germs. And one day I distinctly felt that the body was making the decision not to catch this flu. It was asserting its autonomy. This was not a higher Will making the decision, nor did it have anything to do with the highest consciousness; it was the body itself deciding. Up above, in the higher consciousness, one can see and know things, but the moment one goes back down into matter, it's like water disappearing into sand.

Well, things have changed. The body has now a direct power, free of any outside interference.

I consider this a very important event, even if barely visible.

This new vibration in the body enabled me to understand the process of the transformation. It isn't something that comes from a higher Will, not a higher consciousness imposing itself on the body; it's the *body itself* awakening in its cells. It is a freedom of the cells themselves, a brand new vibration that sets all disorders aright.

The Supramental Ship

While I have had individual, subjective contacts with the supramental world, recently I went walking there concretely, as concretely as I used to walk in Paris – in a world that *exists in itself*, beyond all subjectivity. My earthly consciousness went there and consciously remained there between two and three o'clock in the afternoon.

I found myself on a great ship, the symbolic representation of the place where the supramental world is being prepared. The ship, as big as an entire city, must have been in operation for quite some time, because its organization was complete. This is the place where people destined for the supramental life are being trained. These people, or at least a part of their being, had already undergone some supramental transformation, because the ship itself and all that was aboard was neither material nor subtle-physical, neither vital nor mental; it was made of a supramental substance. This substance was of the most material supramental, the supramental substance nearest the physical world. The light was a mixture of red and gold, forming a uniform blend of luminous orange. Everything, including the people, was that color in varying shades, which enabled things to be distinguished. The overall impression was one of a shadowless world; there were different shades, but no shadows. The atmosphere was filled with joy, calm, order; everything went on smoothly and silently.

The ship had just arrived on the shore of the supramental world, and a first group of people destined to become the future inhabitants of the supramental world were about to land. A number of very tall beings were posted on the wharf. They were not human beings, and they had never been human beings, nor were they permanent inhabitants of the supramental world. They had been delegated from above and posted there to control and supervise the landing. I was in charge of all this preparation since the beginning and throughout. I had prepared all the groups. I was standing on

the bridge, calling the groups one by one. The tall beings on the shore allowed those who were ready to step ashore, sending back those who were not ready for more training aboard the ship.

It went on like this until, suddenly, the clock here began striking three, abruptly pulling me back into this world with the sensation of an abrupt fall into my body. I came back with a jolt, but with all my memory intact. I remained quiet, immobile, until I was able to bring back the whole experience and preserve it.

The nature of the objects aboard the ship was different from what we know on earth. For example, the clothes were not made of cloth, and this fabric resembling cloth was not manufactured but part of the body, made of the same substance that took on different forms. There was a kind of plasticity to it. When a change had to take place, it was not made by artificial and outer means, but by an inner operation, an operation of consciousness that imparted a form and appearance to the substance. Life created its own forms. There was *one single* substance in all things, which altered the nature of its vibration according to its needs or practices.

I can say that the criterion, the standard for landing was based *exclusively* on the substance constituting the people – whether they belonged completely to the supramental world or not, whether they were made of this very special substance. The standard of judgment was neither moral nor psychological. There was nothing mental about it, giving the feeling that so many things we consider good or bad are not really so. It was so completely different, at times even so opposite to our ordinary way of looking at things!

I recall one little thing we usually consider negative; how funny it was to see that it's actually something excellent! While other things we consider important were really quite unimportant there.

What is clear is that our appreciation of what is divine or not divine is incorrect. I even laughed at certain things. In

regard to people, too, I saw that what helps them or prevents them from becoming supramental is very different from what our ordinary moral notions imagine. I felt just how . . . ridiculous we are.

The whole time the experience lasted (one hour of *that* time is long!), I was in an extraordinarily mirthful, almost inebriated state. The difference between the two consciousnesses is such that when you are in one, the other seems unreal, like a dream.

When I came back, I was first struck by the futility of life here; our petty conceptions seemed so comical, so laughable. Everything here, except for what takes place deep within, seemed absolutely artificial. Not *one* of the values of ordinary physical life is based on truth. Just as we have to buy cloth, sew it together, and put it on our backs in order to cover ourselves, likewise we have to take things from outside and put them inside our bodies to feed ourselves. Our life is artificial in every respect.

The absurdity here is all the artificial means that must be used. Any idiot has power if he has the means to acquire the necessary artifice. While in the supramental world, the more one is conscious and in contact with the truth of things, the more authority the will has over the substance. Authority is a true authority. If you want clothes, you have to have the power to make them, a real power. If you do not have this power, why, you remain naked! There are no artificial means to make up for the lack of power. Here, not once in a million times is authority the expression of something true. Everything is enormously stupid.

When I came back, along with the memory of the experience, I knew that the supramental world is permanent, that my presence there is permanent, and that only a missing link is needed for the connection to take place in the consciousness and the substance – and it is this link that is being built. When I am on this side, in the realm of the physical consciousness, and I see the supramental power, the supramental light and

substance constantly permeating matter, I am seeing and participating in the construction of that link.

1958-1959: The Opening of the Body

*The Lord has obviously a secret,
and He is keeping it.
Well, I want His secret.*

The Divine as Matter

These days I am having every possible experience in the body, one after another.

Yesterday and this morning . . . oh, this morning! I saw here in the heart center the Master of the Yoga. He was not separate from me, yet I could see him, and he even seemed slightly imbued with color.

He does everything, decides and organizes everything in the smallest detail with almost mathematical precision.

It was not just the experience of the divine Presence, but that the Divine *alone* is acting in the body, that He has *become* the body. During the experience it was absolutely impossible to have the *least* disorder in the body, and not only in the body, but also *in all surrounding matter*. It took place in my bathroom upstairs, certainly to show it exists in the most trivial things. It was as if every object obeyed automatically, without even needing to decide to obey. There was a divine harmony in *everything*, constantly.

If that is established in a permanent way, there can no longer be any illnesses, any accidents, any disorder. All things should become gradually harmonized just as they were harmonized.

All the objects in the bathroom were full of a joyful enthusiasm. It was delightful to see the water running from the tap, the mouthwash in the bottle, the glass, the sponge – it all had such an air of joy and assent!

I have known an absolute identity of the will with the divine Will since 1910, which has never left me. But this is something else. This is *matter becoming the Divine*.

Also, it came with the feeling that it was something happening for the first time on earth.

It is truly a state of absolute omniscience and omnipotence in the body, which modifies all the vibrations around.

This is the result of the descent of the supramental substance into matter. Only that substance – what it has put into physical matter – could have made it possible. It is a new ferment. From a material standpoint, it removes from matter its *tamas*, the heaviness of its unconsciousness; and from a psychological standpoint, its ignorance and its falsehood. Matter is subtilized.

No doubt, it has come as a first experience only to show how it will work.

The Laws

The moment the body becomes conscious, it becomes conscious of its own falsehood!

There is this law, that law, that third law, that fourth law, that tenth law – everything is “law.” “If you do this, such and such result will ensue, and so on and so forth.” It reeks! All this reeks of falsehood.

In the body, we have no faith in the divine Grace, none, none whatever! Unless we have gone through a yogic discipline, as I have, we say: "All these inner feelings and this psychology are all very good, but material facts are material facts – they have a *concrete* reality – an illness is an illness, food is food, and each thing you do has a consequence, and on and on and on!"

We must understand that this just isn't true. It isn't true. It's a falsehood.

If only we would accept the Supreme inside our bodies, if we had the experience I had a few days ago [The Divine as Matter]: the supreme Knowledge in action, with complete abolition of all past and future consequences. Each second has its own eternity and its own law of absolute truth.

One of the greatest obstacles to overcome is the sense of legitimacy the ordinary consciousness confers to all the so-called physical laws, all that science has discovered physically. It all seems like unquestionable reality to the consciousness, a reality that stands independent and absolute in the face of the eternal divine Reality.

When dealing with movements of anger, desire, etc., one sees they are wrong and must disappear, but when material laws are involved – the body's needs and health, for example – they have such a solid, established, and concrete reality that they appear absolutely undeniable.

Well, in order to stop putting spiritual life on one side and material life on the other, one must make the resolution never to legitimize any of these movements, under any circumstances.

And the proof (I have the proof because I experienced it myself) is that the moment you are in the other consciousness, the true consciousness, all the things that seemed so real, so concrete change instantly. There are certain *material* conditions of my body that have changed instantly. It did not last long enough for everything to change, but certain things changed and never reverted.

In other words, if that state of consciousness could be kept constantly, it would be a perpetual miracle (what we call a miracle from our ordinary point of view). But from the supramental point of view, it would not be a miracle at all, just the most normal of things.

The Almighty Spring

Yesterday evening, at the Playground, I realized that the children, who had had a whole week to prepare their questions about the text I am reading, had not found a single question. A terrible lethargy! A total lack of interest. So after I finished speaking, I thought to myself, “But what *is* in these people who are interested in nothing except their little personal affairs?” And I began going down into their mental atmosphere, in search of the little light, of something that would respond.

I was literally sucked as if into a hole, in such a material way that my hand began slipping down the armrest, my other hand went down toward the ground, and my head, too! I thought I was going to touch my knees!

The impression – I actually saw it – was of falling into a crevasse between two steep rocks, which seem to be made of something harder than basalt, black, but metallic at the same time, with extremely sharp edges. A mere touch and you would be lacerated.

It seemed endless and bottomless, becoming narrower and narrower and narrower like a funnel. So narrow that there was almost no more room – not even for consciousness – to get through. The bottom was invisible – a black hole. It went down and down and down, like that, without air, without light, except for a sort of glimmer that enabled me to make out the edges. Finally, as my head began touching my knees, I asked myself, “But what *is* at the bottom of this hole?”

As I uttered these words, it's as if I hit a spring hidden at the very bottom – a spring I had not seen, but which reacted instantly, with incredible power – and I was cast up, hurled out of this crevasse into . . . a formless, limitless expanse, infinitely comfortable – not exactly warm, but giving a feeling of ease and intimate warmth.

It was all-powerful, endowed with infinite richness. It didn't have any form, and it had no limits. It was as if made of countless imperceptible dots of a deep warm gold (this is only a feeling, a translation). All this was absolutely *alive* – alive with a power that seemed infinite. And yet motionless.

It lasted for quite some time, for the rest of the meditation.

This was not a willed experience. I had decided nothing, simply to be passive.

The spring means exactly this: in the deepest depths of the Inconscient lies the supreme spring that propels us to the Supreme. When we touch the very bottom of the Inconscient, we touch the Supreme.

This hole was the *mental* Inconscient, because the starting point was mental. A special Inconscient made rigid, hard, and resistant by all that the mind has brought into our consciousness. It is far worse than a purely material Inconscient! A “mentalized” Inconscient, one might say. All this rigidity, this hardness, this narrowness come from the mental presence in the creation.

It is a terrible image of the mental action in the Inconscient.

The mental Inconscient *refuses* to change, which is not the case of the original inconscient. The original inconscient is not organized in any way and has no particular way of being. Whereas this one is an *organized* Inconscient – organized by a beginning of mental influence.

A hundred times worse!

But this almighty spring is the perfect image of what must happen and will happen for everyone: One is suddenly cast forth into the vastness.

A New Life of Gold

The experience of the Almighty Spring was a new step in building the link between the two worlds. Where I was cast was clearly into the origin of the supramental creation – all this warm gold, this tremendous living power, and this sovereign peace. And once again, I saw that the values governing the supramental world have nothing in common with our values here, even the values of the highest wisdom, even those we consider the most divine when we live constantly in the divine Presence.

It is entirely different.

Not only in our state of adoration and surrender to the Supreme, but even in our state of identification, the *quality* of the identification is different depending on whether we are on this side, moving in this hemisphere, or have passed to the other side and have emerged in the other world, the higher hemisphere.

The character or the type of relation I had with the Supreme at that moment was entirely different from the one we have here – even the identification had a different quality to it. One does conceive that all the lower movements would be different, but this identification through which the Supreme governs and lives in us has been the summit of our experience here on earth – well, the way He governs and lives is different depending on whether we are in this hemisphere here or in the supramental life. And what made the experience so intense was that I was able to perceive vaguely both states of consciousness at once.

It was almost as if the Supreme Himself, the way in which we experience Him, were different. In the higher hemisphere, there is an intensity and a plenitude that translate into a power different from the one here.

How to express this?

I could say it this way: it's as if our entire spiritual life were made of silver, while the supramental life is made of gold. This

whole spiritual life of the psychic being and of all our present consciousness, which appears so warm, so full, so wonderful, so luminous to the ordinary consciousness – well, all this splendor seems poor in comparison to the splendor of the new world.

It isn't something higher than the summit we can attain here; it is not one more rung. We have reached the end here, the summit, but . . . it's the character that is different. The character, in the sense that there is fullness, richness, and a power, a "something" that . . . eludes us.

It is truly an inversion of consciousness.

When we begin living the spiritual life, an inversion of consciousness takes place, which for us is the proof that we have entered the spiritual life. Well, yet another one occurs when we enter the supramental world.

It's a feeling that is repeated with each new conquest. With each new conquest, we feel that until then we had lived only on the surface of the realization, on the surface of "surrender," on the surface of power – the surface of the experience. Behind the surface, there is a depth, and only when we penetrate that depth do we touch the Real Thing. Each time, what seemed a depth becomes the surface – a surface that feels not really alive, like a copy, an imitation, an image, but not *the* Thing itself. When we break through it, we feel we have uncovered the Source, the Power, and the Truth of things; then this source, power, and truth in turn become an appearance, an imitation, a mere transcription in comparison to something concrete – the new realization.

Meanwhile, we must admit we still don't have the key. Or rather, we know quite well where it is, and there is only one thing to do to get it: the perfect surrender Sri Aurobindo speaks of, the total surrender to the divine Will, whatever happens, even in the darkest night.

There is night and sunshine, night and sunshine, and night again, many nights, but one must cling to this will for

surrender – cling as through a storm – and put everything into the hands of the Supreme Lord.

Until the day when the Sun will shine forever, the day of total Victory.

Sri Aurobindo's Home

Shortly before Sri Aurobindo's birthday [August 15, 1959], I had a unique experience showing that the two worlds – the physical world and the world of Truth – are not far from one another. The world of Truth is very close, as a lining of the other.

The supramental light penetrated directly into my body, without going through the inner beings.

It was the first time.

Of a red and gold color, marvelously warm and intense, it came in through the feet and went up and up. And as it went up, the fever, too, went up, because the body was not accustomed to such intensity.

As all that light gathered near the head, I thought I would burst and the experience would have to be interrupted. But then, I distinctly received the indication to bring down the Peace and the Calm and to widen all this body-consciousness and all these cells so they could bear the supramental light. So as the light went up, I brought down vastness and unshakable peace.

Suddenly, there was a split second of fainting.

I found myself in another world, but not far (I was not in a total trance).

That world was almost as substantial as the physical world. There were rooms, Sri Aurobindo's room with the bed where he rests. And he lived there; he was there all the time. It was his home. There was even my room, with a large mirror like the one I have here, combs, and all kinds of things. All the

objects were of a substance almost as dense as in the physical world, but they had their own light, which was not translucent, not transparent, not radiant, but self-luminous. The objects and the substance of the rooms did not have the same opacity as the physical objects here; they were not harsh and hard as in the physical world.

And Sri Aurobindo was there, majestically, a magnificent beauty. He had all his beautiful hair as before. It was all so concrete, so substantial – he was even being served some kind of food.

I remained there for one full hour (I looked at my watch before and after). I spoke to Sri Aurobindo, because I had some important questions about the direction of certain things. He said nothing. He listened quietly and looked at me as if all my words were unnecessary. He understood everything instantaneously.

And he answered with a gesture and two expressions on his face – an unexpected gesture that had nothing to do with any thought of mine. He picked up three combs lying near the mirror and he put them into his own hair. He planted one comb in the middle and one on each side of his head, gathering all his hair over his temples. He was literally coifed with these combs, making a kind of crown. And I immediately understood that by doing this he meant he adopted my conception: “You see, I embrace your conception of things, and I coif myself with it; it is my will.”

When I woke up, I didn’t have the usual feeling of returning from afar and of having to reenter my body. No, it was simply like being in that other world and taking a step back, and I found myself here again. It took me a good half an hour to understand that this world here existed as much as the other and that I was no longer on the other side but here, in the world of falsehood. I had forgotten everything – people, things, what I had to do. Everything had gone, as if it had no reality at all.

So it's not that this world of Truth has to be created from scratch; it is already there, completely ready, like a lining of our own world. Everything is *already* there.

I remained in that state for two full days, two days of absolute felicity. And Sri Aurobindo was with me the whole time – when I walked, he walked with me; when I sat down, he sat next to me.

I showed all these people, all this field of work to Sri Aurobindo and asked him *when* that other world, the real one, would come to take the place of our world of falsehood.

All he replied was: *Not ready*.

By the end of the second day I realized I could not continue to stay like that because the work was not progressing. The work has to be done in the body; the realization must be gained here in the physical world; otherwise something isn't complete. So I withdrew and set to work here again.

Immortality vs. the Deathless State

There is a difference between immortality and the deathless state. Sri Aurobindo has described it very well in *Savitri*.

The deathless state is what can be envisaged for the human physical body in the future. It is constant rebirth. Instead of foundering and falling apart by lack of plasticity and incapacity to follow the universal movement, the body is constantly being undone forward, as it were.

What persists through all the outer changes is the particular way each individual has of organizing the cells of his body. All the rest is undone and redone, but it is undone in a thrust toward the new instead of collapsing backward into death. And it is redone in a constant aspiration to follow the progressive movement of the divine Truth.

But for that, the body – the body-consciousness – must first learn to widen itself. It is indispensable, for otherwise all

the cells become a kind of boiling porridge under the pressure of the supramental light.

What usually happens is that when the body reaches its maximum intensity of aspiration or of ecstasy of Love, it is unable to contain it. It shrinks back, becomes inert. Things settle down, and one is enriched with a new vibration, but then everything resumes its normal course.

So one must widen oneself in order to learn to bear unflinchingly the intensities of the supramental force, to go forward always, always with the ascending movement of the divine Truth, without falling backward into the decrepitude of the body.

That is what Sri Aurobindo means when he speaks of an intolerable ecstasy. It is not an intolerable ecstasy; it is an unflinching ecstasy.

1960: **Probing the Body**

*A kind of certitude that the solution
lies deep down in matter.*

The Mantra

I have come to realize that for this sadhana of the body, a mantra is essential. Sri Aurobindo gave none. He said one should be able to do all the work without resorting to external means. Though had he reached the point where we are now, he would have found that the purely psychological method is inadequate and that a mantra is necessary, because only a mantra has a direct action on the body. Of all the formulas or mantras, the one that has the most direct effect on this body is the Sanskrit mantra:

OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH

The first word, OM, represents
the supreme invocation, the invocation to the Supreme.

The second word, NAMO, represents
total self-giving, perfect surrender.

The third word, BHAGAVATEH, represents
*the aspiration,
what the manifestation must become – Divine.*

When I sit in meditation or I have a minute of quiet for concentration, this mantra arises from the solar plexus, and there is a response in the cells of the body: they all start vibrating. Everything gets filled with Light!

The other day, in my bathroom, it came and took hold of the entire body. It rose and rose and all the cells were trembling. So I remained still and let the movement develop by itself. The vibration kept mounting and mounting, expanding as the sound itself mounted, and all the cells of the body were seized with an intensity of aspiration . . . as if the entire body was swelling. It became so overwhelming I felt the body was about to burst.

Had I continued, something might have happened, in the sense that the cells' balance would have been affected.

Unfortunately, I was unable to continue because . . . I didn't have time; I was going to be late. So I slowly withdrew. I put on the brakes and the effect was interrupted. But since then, whenever I repeat this mantra everything starts vibrating.

* * *

I repeat my mantra constantly, when I am awake and even when I sleep. I say it when I get dressed, when I eat, when I work, when I speak with people. It is there all the time, in the background of everything.

That is the normal state. It creates an atmosphere of intensity almost more material than the subtle physical. And it has a great effect: it can prevent an accident.

Sometimes, one can go from a state of more or less mechanical and efficient repetition to a state of true repetition, full of power and light. For example, the other day I came down with a cold. Each time I opened my mouth, there was a spasm in my throat and I coughed and coughed. Then came the fever. I looked at it, saw where it came from, and decided it had to stop.

So I got up as usual and started to walk back and forth in my room while repeating my mantra. I had to apply a certain willpower. Naturally, I could have walked in trance while repeating the mantra, because then one feels nothing, none of the body's troubles. But the work has to be done in the body! Well, each word uttered brought in the Light, the full Power, a power that cures everything. I began tired, ill, and came out refreshed, rested, and cured.

I understand why some tantrics advise saying the mantra in the heart center. When one applies a certain enthusiasm, when each word is uttered with a certain warmth of aspiration, it changes everything. I could feel the difference in myself. Perhaps for the mantra to become true, it needs to be repeated with a kind of joy, of elation, of warmth – especially joy.

The Little Things

The major difficulty in this physical yoga stems from very small things, which may seem quite commonplace, totally insignificant, yet they block the way. They come for no earthly reason – a detail, a word grating on a sensitive spot, an ailment in someone close to me, anything at all – and suddenly something inside contracts. And all the work has to be started again as if nothing had been done before.

Sri Aurobindo had made it clear to me that this yoga in matter is the most difficult of all. For the other yogas, the paths are well traveled. You know where to walk, how to proceed, what to do in such-and-such a case. But in the yoga of matter, nothing has ever been done, so you must make up everything as you proceed.

Of course, things are better since Sri Aurobindo has settled in the subtle physical world. But there are still plenty of question marks. The Enemy's opposition is nothing,

because I see it comes from outside, that it's hostile, so I do what's necessary. But the difficulty lies in all the little things of daily material life.

The body is a wonderful instrument, supple, capable of widening, of becoming vast; and then the slightest gesture, the least task is accomplished with extraordinary harmony and plasticity. But suddenly, for some trifle, a draft, almost nothing, it forgets, it no longer understands. It shrinks back onto itself, afraid of disappearing, afraid of not being, and everything has to be started again from scratch.

Yet it's happy. It loves doing the work. It lives only for that. To change, to transform itself is its *raison d'être*. And it is such a docile instrument, so full of good will! Once it even started to wail like a baby: "O Lord, give me the time, the time to transform myself!"

It has such a simple fervor for the work, but it needs time. It wants to live only to conquer, to live in order to win the Lord's Victory.

In the Flood

Last night, for about three hours – and for the first time in such a total way – the physical ego had disintegrated.

Not just in the consciousness, but in the physical sensation, there was nothing left but the Force, nothing left but the divine Satchidananda endlessly flooding the universe.

When these experiences come, they are always absolute. Then, through certain signs I have learned to recognize, I notice the body-consciousness coming back again. Or rather, "something" – evidently a Supreme Wisdom – decides that the body has had enough for this time.

This transition comes in several small stages that I know quite well. The final one is always a bit unpleasant because my body gets into rather peculiar positions as a result of the work,

and I have some difficulty straightening my knees, for example, or opening my fingers.

But during approximately three hours, the consciousness was completely different.

However, it was here on earth, not beyond the earth. But it was completely different – even the body-consciousness was different. All the power of consciousness that for more than seventy years I have gradually pushed into every cell of this body – all that seemed to be gone. There only remained an almost lifeless object.

I was able to raise myself from my bed and even drink a glass of water, but it all felt so . . . bizarre. And when I went back to bed, it took nearly forty-five minutes for the body to regain its normal condition. Only after I had entered another kind of trance and come out of it did my consciousness fully return. It is the first time I have had an experience of this kind.

During those three hours, there was nothing but the Supreme manifesting through the eternal Mother.

But there was no awareness of being the Mother; there was the continuous and all-powerful flood, and so incredibly varied, of the Lord manifesting Himself.

It was as vast as the universe and in a continuous motion, the movement of manifestation of something that was *everything* at once and without division. And with an incredible variety of colors, vibrations and power.

It was one single movement containing everything.

It moved and it didn't move. How can you explain that? It was in motion, a constant, unceasing motion, yet there was no movement. I had the perception, or rather there was the perception, of something that *was* forever, that never repeated itself, that neither began nor ended, that didn't move yet was always in motion.

Words cannot express it. No translation, not even the subtlest mental translation can express this. Even now, the memory I have of it is inexpressible.

Yet, to the consciousness, it was very, very clear. It was neither mysterious nor incomprehensible, though untranslatable through our mental consciousness.

When I went back to bed, the transitional period lasted for about forty-five minutes, during which I tried to place the role of the individual consciousness on the earth. Indeed, as long as the experience lasted, there was no feeling that individuality was at all necessary for this supreme flood to manifest. But in a flash, I understood that the purpose of the individuality is to put into contact, in that flood, what is called "I," this individualized representation of the Divine, so it can receive help and support from it. I did not say "put into contact *with* that flood," but "*in* that flood," because nothing is outside that flood, nothing exists outside it.

What was really lovely was the accuracy and power with which the forces were aimed. I watched it for three quarters of an hour: for each thing happening (it could have been someone thinking, something taking place, anything at all), a specific little concentration of that flood went precisely toward that point with a special insistence.

And all this was absolutely free of ego, free of any personal reaction. There was nothing but the awareness of the Supreme Activity.

During the time the experience lasted, I had no feeling of anything exceptional, just the realization that after all its preparation the body-consciousness was now ready for a total identification with *That*.

Toward the end of the night, at about two in the morning, all that was left was a vague suggestion: How can this state – a state I have known in trance, which necessitates lying down – become permanent in a living physical body? And what form will it take?

That's where something needs to be found.

That perpetual, constant and eternal state is always present in my consciousness, but the problem is in the *body*.

Fate and the Power of Control

I saw the realm that is under the influence of thought – the power of thought over the body – it is enormous! One cannot imagine how enormous it is. Even a subconscious or sometimes unconscious thought has an effect and produces incredible results! I've been studying this in detail for the last two years. It is incredible!

Even the tiniest mental or vital reactions – so infinitesimal that to our ordinary consciousness they don't seem to have the least importance – have an effect on the cells of the body and can create disorders. When we watch very carefully, we may become aware of a slight uneasiness, and by tracking down its origin, we realize it stems from something that to our active consciousness is quite imperceptible and “insignificant” – yet it's enough to create a disorder in the body.

One is under the impression that certain circumstances in the body are independent, not only of our will, but of our consciousness – but it isn't true.

Then there is everything that comes from outside, and that's the most dangerous. It's constant – even when you eat, you catch something – oh, what a mishmash of vibrations! The vibrations of what you eat when it was alive (they always remain), the vibrations of the person who cooked the food, and so on. When you talk to another person or mix with people, of course you are a bit more conscious of what comes in; but even when you sit still, minding your own business, it comes in!

There is almost complete interdependence, and isolation is an illusion. By reinforcing your own atmosphere, you can hold things off to some extent, but the very effort to keep them at a distance creates disturbances.

Yet I know in an absolute way that once this whole mass of the physical mind is brought under control and the highest consciousness is brought into it in a continuous way, one *can* have control over one's health.

This is why I tell people that this is not a matter of fate, not something that escapes our control altogether, not some “Law of Nature” over which we have no power. We are truly the masters of everything that has been brought together to create our transitory individuality; we have been given the power of control, provided we know how to use it.

It is a tremendous discipline.

But it's worth remembering if only to escape this sense of fatality and subjugation that things are outside our control. “We're born, we live, we die; Nature is bearing down on us and we are the playthings of something much bigger and stronger than we are.”

That is the Falsehood.

In my yoga, only after I knew that I *am* the Master of everything (provided I know how to *be* this Master and *let* myself be this Master, provided the outer stupidity accepts to stay in its place) did I know that one could gain control over Nature.

Whatever the effort involved, whatever the difficulty, whatever time it takes, you know you are the Master, that the Master and you are one and the same. All that's necessary is to know it *integrally* with nothing denying it.

This is why I tell people that their health depends on their inner life.

The Roots of Illness

I went down into a place in the human consciousness, hence necessarily in my body – I have never seen anything more shaky, fearful, weak, and small! It must be a part of the cellular consciousness, something that lives in apprehension, dread, anxiety. It was really, really terrifying.

And we all carry that within us! We are unaware of it; it's almost subconscious, because the consciousness is there to

prevent us from yielding to it. It is so cowardly, it can make you fall sick in a minute. I saw it. I saw things that had been cured and overcome in myself (cured in the true manner, not in an external way), and then they return!

So I went in search of the cause.

It is something in the subconscious, in the cells' subconscious. That's where the roots are. And it is very, very ingrained.

For example, you can be feeling very good, the body can feel perfectly harmonious; suddenly the clock strikes or someone utters a word, and you have just a faint impression: "Oh, it's late; I'm going to be late" – a split second and the whole harmony of the body falls apart. Suddenly you feel uneasy, weak, drained.

It's really terrible to be at the mercy of such things!

To change that, one has to go down at that level, which is what I am in the process of doing.

In the Quagmire

The situation remains the same.

Right in the subconscious – a subconscious, oh, hopelessly weak and dull and enslaved to *everything*. It unfolds before me night after night, night after night.

Last night, it was indescribable! It seems to have no limits!

Of course, the body is affected by all this, poor thing! It is its subconscious, yet it isn't personal. It is personal and not personal: it becomes personal when it affects the body.

The accumulation of impressions recorded and stored on top of one another in the subconscious is unbelievable. Outwardly, it isn't even noticeable; the waking consciousness is unaware of them. But they keep on coming and coming, piling up on top of one another.

Horrifying!

So I understand why people have never tried to change that. Stir up that quagmire? No thanks! It takes a lot, a lot of courage! Oh, it's so much easier to escape, to say, "This isn't my problem. I belong to higher spheres."

Anyway, so far it's obvious that no one, not a single person has succeeded.

And I understand why!

When you find yourself confronted to that, you wonder how anything could withstand it.

My body was strong, solid, full of endurance and energy, and it's beginning to feel a bit uneasy.

Of course, by acting from above, from a higher consciousness, one can keep these things somewhat under control, hold them in place, as it were, prevent them from taking unpleasant initiatives. I have been acting from above for more than thirty years! But it changes nothing – or if it changes, it doesn't transform anything. It remains in the air, ethereal. It isn't the real thing, the new creation, the next step of terrestrial evolution.

For the transformation, one must descend at that level, and that *is* the terrible thing. Otherwise, the subconscious will remain as it is, unaltered

Some will say, "Why the hurry? Wait for Nature to do it." Yes, Nature will do it in a few million years, wasting countless lives and things in the process. To her, a few million years are nothing, a passing breeze.

Anyhow, I was sent here to do it, so I am trying to do it. That's all. If it hadn't been for this, I would have left with Sri Aurobindo. This is the only reason I stayed on – because it had to be done and he told me to do it. So I am doing it.

1961:

The First Breakthrough

*There is only one solution,
and that's the direct contact
of the physical with the Supreme.*

The Supramental Force in the Body

In the middle of the night before last, I woke up with the feeling of having a much more voluminous and powerful being in my body than usual. It was as if it could scarcely be held inside me and tended to spill over. It felt so compactly powerful as to be almost uncomfortable.

It lasted the rest of the night, and the next day I had considerable trouble containing an overwhelming power that caused spontaneous reactions disproportionate to a human body and made me speak in such strong terms that it sounded like anger. I found it difficult to control myself. "That last attack must have weakened me terribly!" I said to myself, "I don't have the strength to contain this Power." So I insisted on calm.

Then, yesterday afternoon, after I went upstairs to walk, a Force suddenly began manifesting, which was the same as what I had felt within me, but even greater. It began whirling upon the earth and within circumstances like a cyclone of

compact power moving in with the intent of changing everything! Things had to change at all costs!

I looked at that and thought, "Hmm, this is getting dangerous. If it continues like this, it'll start a war or a revolution or some natural catastrophe." More importantly, this consciousness has been missioned to transform the earth through the supramental Force by avoiding, as much as possible, all catastrophes. The work is to be done as luminously and harmoniously as the earth will allow, even if it means going slower.

So I tried to counteract that whirlwind of power by applying the highest consciousness to it, that of perfect serenity.

This Force wanted to attack all darkness: ideas, people, movements, events, whatever was stained or shadowy. And it kept on going, a power so formidable that I had to keep a strong concentration, with both hands clenched.

The remainder of the evening passed as usual. I went to bed and at exactly a quarter to twelve I got up with the feeling that this "presence" in me had increased even further and had become formidable. My body had difficulty bearing it and I had to instill a great deal of peace and confidence into it. I concentrated and I told my body to be calm and let go completely.

From midnight until one o'clock I lay in bed fully awake. I was *not in trance* (I could hear all the noises, the clocks, and so on). And my entire body became one single extremely rapid and intense but immobile vibration. I don't know how to explain it, because it did not move in space, but it was a vibration (it had movement). The exact form of my body became the most brilliant white Light of the supreme Consciousness.

All this was taking place *in* the body, as if each cell had its own vibration, thus forming a single block of vibrations. I was absolutely still in my bed.

Then this consciousness began to rise consciously. In total stillness this body-consciousness began to rise toward the supreme Consciousness.

For a quarter of an hour, the consciousness rose, rose, rose. It kept rising and rising until the junction took place. A conscious junction, absolutely awake, *not in trance*.

And then this consciousness became the one Consciousness, perfect, eternal, beyond time, beyond space, beyond movement, beyond everything . . . I don't know . . . in an ecstasy, a beatitude, something ineffable.

It was the consciousness of *the body*.

I have had this experience while outside my body, in trance, but this time it was *the body*, the consciousness of the body.

It remained like that for about a quarter of an hour, but it was completely beyond time. It was an eternity.

Then, with the same precision, the same calm, the same deliberate and clear concentration (absolutely nothing mental), I began to come back down. And as I came down, I realized that all the difficulties I was battling the other day, which had caused an illness, were absolutely gone, canceled, mastered. In fact, not even "mastered," because there was nothing left to be mastered; there was only *the* vibration from top to bottom. (Let me say parenthetically that this had nothing to do with the ascent of a force such as the Kundalini! It wasn't that at all.)

Slowly, still without moving, everything returned into the different centers of the being.

It was as if, without leaving that state, which remained conscious the whole time, that supreme Consciousness began reactivating each center on its way down. First above the head, then the crown of the head, the forehead, the throat, the chest, etc. There was a pause at each center to allow the new realization to organize what was there. It organized and made all the necessary decisions, sometimes down to minute details: what had to be done in this case or said in that case –

all that at once and *together*, not one after the other. It kept going down and down, right to bottom.

Each awakened center was added on to the rest, as it were, taking away nothing from what had come before. So at the end all was simultaneous – a kind of global awareness of everything.

This descending reorganization ended exactly when the clock struck one.

Then I knew I had to go into trance for the work to be complete, though until then I had been wide awake.

So I slipped into trance.

I came out of the trance two hours later, at 3 a.m.

During these two hours I saw with a new consciousness, a new vision, and above all a *new power*. I had a vision of the entire work: the people, the things, and the systems. It was different in appearance, but mainly different *in power* – a considerable difference. The power was no longer the same.

A truly essential change has occurred in the body.

I see that the body will have to – how can I express it? – accustom itself to this new Power. But essentially the change has occurred.

It's far, very far from being the final change; there's much more to accomplish. But we may say it's the conscious and total presence of the supramental Force in the body.

The Backlash

I've understood a great deal since that last experience.

It has brought in such turmoil, such strong jolts that even physically I might have wondered, "Was I dreaming or was it real?"

In the past several months this body has been subjected to every possible difficulty one after another, sometimes all together, with relentless violence. Yet I am coming to under-

stand more and more how this is the *indispensable preparation* so the experience can become established in a permanent way in the most material world.

If the experience stayed permanently, it would be something very close to omnipotence. At the time, I felt there was no such thing as impossibility – truly a sensation of omnipotence. It is not omnipotence, because there is always a greater omnipotence. But in terms of the material world, it was clearly very different from all that has ever been seen or heard or told in every known tradition. At that moment there was the “something” that sees, decides – and it is done.

It did not stay.

It stayed above, but not here.

Yet it has imparted the physical consciousness with some measure of self-confidence in the sense that when I see something now, I am sure of it; there are no more hesitations: “Is this right or not? Is this true or not?” When I see, there is certitude. In other words, there is really a great change in the material consciousness.

But that prodigious power is no longer there. If it had stayed the way it was during that night, obviously many things would now be different.

Evidently, the body needed a very severe test, because from a personal standpoint, it’s the only explanation I can find for all the current physical disorders.

Yet, for more than a year now, this body hasn’t felt its limits. It is not at all its former self, no longer a body in a sack of skin. It is scarcely more than a concentration, an agglomeration of vibrations.

Even the functional disorders don’t have the same meaning for the body as they do for doctors, for instance, or for ordinary people. The body feels them rather as a kind of difficulty in adjusting to a new vibratory need.

And it has a kind of extraordinary smile toward everything.

To each blow it receives, it responds with in an attitude of total surrender. It's a state of perpetual adoration where all the cells vibrate with the joy of Love.

At the end of the day, after the accumulation of things I receive from people and all the work I do, when I have to push and to pull myself up the stairs because my legs feel like two iron rods and do not respond to willpower – even then, the body doesn't protest. It starts walking back and forth while repeating the mantra, and after half an hour it is infinitely better.

Pain does not prevent this body from doing anything at all. Pain isn't a factor, or rather it's a factor that can be easily dealt with.

Yesterday, to make it happy, I wrote down (it's the body speaking): "If this latest difficulty is useful for Your Work, so be it. But if it is an effect of my own stupidity, then I beseech You to cure me of this stupidity as quickly as possible."

It didn't ask to be cured of the illness. "All right," it said, "as long as I can keep going, I will keep going. All I am asking is to be cured of my stupidity."

Yet from a psychological standpoint there is not the slightest shadow in the picture. Even from the material standpoint, the body is bathed in a tremendous accumulation of force and power.

Even though this Presence is felt, perceived and experienced, there is still the physical disorder. The problem is matter, probably cellular matter, not responding to willpower. Each time I climb the stairs, I try to find the way of infusing the Will to counteract that lack of response – but I still haven't found it.

It is a great mystery.

What Sri Aurobindo calls "the Great Secret."

It is so clear that even our highest, most luminous intelligence cannot understand anything. It is even foolish to try.

All our aspirations, our seekings, our ascents feel like flowers to me – quivering, luminous, delicate, lovely, ethereal

– but that’s not *it*. It is the very nature of things that must change.

Whereas when that feeling of absoluteness comes, it carries *everything* with it. Even “absolute” is not strong enough a word. I don’t know how to express it. Nothing but that Absolute exists. There is only *that*.

And there is no individual participation; it’s a decision coming straight from the Supreme. There is only one thing you can do: annul yourself as much as possible. If you can annul yourself totally, then the experience is total. And if this “self-annulment” could be permanent, the experience would be permanently there. But that’s still far away.

So all this must be a preparation. Lots of things need to be cleared away before that Absolute can settle for good. That makes sense.

What also makes sense – annoyingly so – is that people, including those who see me all the time, understand nothing. During the last episode, they thought I was on my way out! This spoils the atmosphere terribly. Their faith is not sufficiently enlightened for them to keep calm without questioning.

If I were thirty or forty years old, they wouldn’t be affected. [Mother is 83]. But unfortunately they think about my age all the time and that creates a negative atmosphere. “After all,” they think, “Mother is old.”

All the usual nonsense.

If I were alone somewhere and didn’t have to look after all these people and things, it would be easier. But that would not be the true thing, either. Because when I had this last experience of the Supramental Force in the body, all that is normally in my care was present in the experience. There was no sense of individuality. In fact, I can’t even find any individuality in my own body. What I find in this body are the subconscious vibrations of a world of things.

So this work can *only* be done on a large scale, otherwise it’s the same old story.

Indeed, all substance is *one*. We constantly forget that! We always have a sense of separation, but that is total falsehood. It's because we keep relying on our senses. But it's not true at all. The moment one's consciousness changes, all this separation, all this division completely vanishes.

It would seem that if one wants to use his individuality, his body, to transform the whole, that is, to use his bodily presence to act upon the universal corporeal substance, there's no end to it. No end to the difficulties, no end to the battle!

A World of Obstacles

Oh, that subconscious!

Every night there's an invasion of things coming up from the subconscious – not just mine, but everybody's. There seems to be no end to it.

Now I have the knack of forgetting. I just forget, because when I used to remember, I had to fight for days on end. So as soon as I wake up, I erase it right away.

But all night long, I am fully conscious of so many things that seem to tell me: "You think there will be a supramental transformation? Well, just look at this thing, and this one, and this other one; look at this circumstance, at the world, at people . . ."

A deluge!

In the evening, before going to sleep, I read the Vedas, which further aggravates the situation, in the sense that those people had the memory of a supramental realization; and they describe it so beautifully and strikingly that it makes you feel so very far from the goal.

Afterward, I spend hours concentrated in prayer, beseeching.

I have reached a condition where I feel absolutely detached from *everything*, beginning with my body and including the work, ideas, conceptions, and even the people. Everything seems to me utterly dull and nonexistent. Before, I used to find joy in a beautiful idea or a beautiful experience. All that is finished.

I am in a state where absolutely nothing has any value except *one thing*.

This is obviously an indispensable condition.

What seems to have gone is all this illusory enthusiasm Sri Aurobindo speaks of so often. Each time I read that sentence of his it feels like an icy shower. I no longer remember the exact wording, but he uses two words: *illusory hopes* – all the human illusory hopes. Well, that has entirely disappeared.

I live with the constant feeling of *pushing* against a world of tremendous obstacles, with the certitude that, suddenly, all that resistance will give way.

The Flame

How I have been plagued all my life by morality! Everything was immediately placed on a scale of moral values – what helped or hampered progress. Everything, all circumstances, reactions, movements were seen from the perspective of this will to progress.

Now I realize that all these notions of progress are based on illusions.

Things are *not* what they seem; they don't have the effects they appear to have, or the results that are observed!

Now I know that none of these notions of what is good or bad for our progress are necessary.

Simply, the aspiration must be constantly like a flame. Aspiration – that is, we know what we want, and we want it. But it cannot be given any specific form. Sri Aurobindo has

used certain words; we use other words, and others use still other words, but these are nothing but words. There is something beyond all words, which I express simply as "The Will of the Supreme."

And it's: The Will of the Supreme *for the earth*.

Well, the movement toward *That* must be constant. The rest is none of our business, and the less we interfere with it mentally, the better.

But *that* Flame is indispensable.

When it goes out, light it again. When it falters, rekindle it – all the time, all the time, *all the time* – when sleeping, walking, reading, moving around, speaking.

All the time.

The rest doesn't matter. The important is the flame.

And this aspiration is absolutely independent of all circumstances. I have felt this aspiration in the cells of my body at the very moment when things were at their most critical, when from a medical standpoint the illness was serious. The cells themselves aspire. This aspiration has to extend everywhere in the being.

When one is in this state, there is no need to worry.

Nothing else matters.

The Illusion of Spiritual Life

Since the experience of the Supramental Force in the body, I feel an acute detachment with respect to certain aspects of the work, as if links between my body, the whole physical consciousness, and its environment and entourage were dissolving.

It is getting more and more pronounced.

During these last days, difficulties have been piling up on top of one another. Formerly, I had the power to get a grip on

them, but with this new detachment, things simply drift away everywhere.

What has been affected is a certain confidence in the *reality* of the Power, the *reality* of spiritual action.

It's as if there were no communication between above and below.

I don't know what is happening exactly. It seems that the *nature* of the contact is becoming very different, because, in proportion to this detachment, the reality of the Vibration – and especially the vibration of divine Love – keeps growing and growing in a formidable manner, out of all proportion to the body, which is beginning to feel nothing but that.

Is this detachment necessary, then, in order to establish divine Love? I don't know.

Despite all the illnesses and attacks and ill wills besetting the body, it's as if it were living in a bath of the divine vibration – something immense, limitless, and incredibly stable!

The body floats in it, and despite what we call physical pain or blows to the morale (like having a cashier ask for money when you have none to give him), despite all possible complications that keep coming up all at the same time, *everything* that happens, even those things that are extremely unpleasant to our mental conceptions, everything is felt as a bath of the vibration of divine Love.

So much so that if I didn't control my body, I would be smiling at everything all the time like an idiot. A beatific smile for everything, which I don't show because I control myself!

This transformation is no joke!

Yesterday, I was overcome with the feeling that all constructions, all habit, all ways of seeing, all ordinary reactions are completely disintegrating. I felt suspended in something entirely different, something . . . I don't know.

The feeling that *all* one has lived, *all* one has known, *all* one has done is a total illusion.

It's one thing to have the spiritual experience of the illusion of material life (I found it marvelous and so beautiful,

it was one of the loveliest experiences of my life); but now it is the whole spiritual construction as one has lived it that is becoming a total illusion!

Not the same illusion, but a far more serious illusion.

So this experience of the vibration of divine Love is like a mattress so you don't break your neck when falling! That's exactly the feeling.

Yet I am not exactly a baby. It has been some sixty years since I began doing a conscious yoga, with all that memories of an immortal life can bring.

And here I am.

When Sri Aurobindo talks about the need for endurance, I think he is right!

This path is not for the weak, for sure.

I believe this body has suffered as much as a body can bear without falling to pieces, and it keeps going. Not once did it ask for mercy; not once has it said, "This is too much." It says, "As You will, Lord. Here I am."

And it keeps going.

The absolute certainty of the Victory is unquestionable, but I am not speaking at the scale of our bounded mind.

It's up to us to *change tack*. That's what is expected of us: to stop going in circles.

It's a process where one gets tempered.

And there's no point in giving up, because it would just have to be started all over again next time. What I always say is: "Here's the opportunity – go right to the end with it!"

Every Absolute Second

Our habitual state of consciousness is to do something *for* something. For example, the Rishis composed their hymns with an end in view; life had a purpose, and for them, the end was to find Immortality or the Truth. At any level, there is

always a goal. Even we speak of the “supramental realization” as the goal.

Just recently, though, I don’t know what happened, but something took hold of me: the perception of the Supreme who is everything, everywhere, who does everything – what has been, what is, what will be, what is being done. I was overcome, not by a thought or a feeling, but by a kind of condition: the unreality of the goal. Not unreality, but uselessness. Not even uselessness, but the nonexistence of the goal.

In the past, there was a motive or driving force behind every action: do this to achieve that, this will lead to that. But this driving force seems to have been abolished as it became useless.

Now, there is a kind of absoluteness in every second, in every movement, from the subtlest, the most spiritual, to the most material. The sense of connection has disappeared: that isn’t the “cause” of this; this isn’t done “for” that; one is not heading toward that “goal.”

Is this, perhaps, how the Supreme sees?

An innumerable, perpetual, and simultaneous absolute.

Each “movement,” each second carries in itself its own absolute law.

It is the total absence of cause and effect, of goal, of intention – of purpose. In other words, the horizontal connection among things has gone, only the vertical, all-encompassing connection exists.

It came in last night. It came slowly, but it became very strong: a kind of Absolute that does not exclude the creation.

This condition has nothing to do with Nirvana, which I know very well and experienced countless times. It is beyond Nirvana and embraces the manifested world as well as everything else – all the appearances and “disappearances” are contained in it.

What is very interesting is that everything stays the same.

My problem begins when I ask myself how things are going to change!

Mental Static

Nothing sensational or interesting to report.

It is a minuscule labor, moment after moment, almost like laying stones to build a road. Every day and all the time, night and day, there are lots of tiny little things – not very interesting. The work follows successive curves, so to speak, each second of which would have to be noted down, and in the course of one of these curves, something is suddenly found.

For example, in *The Synthesis of Yoga* Sri Aurobindo reviews the other yogas, beginning with Hatha Yoga. I had just translated this passage when I remembered Sri Aurobindo saying that Hatha Yoga was very effective, but it required spending one's entire life training the body, which is an enormous time and effort spent on something not essentially very interesting. And I said to myself, "But after all, even in ordinary life, one spends at least ninety percent of one's lifetime merely to *preserve* one's body, to keep it functioning! All this attention and concentration to look after an instrument that is put to hardly any use."

I was reflecting upon this, when suddenly all the cells of my body responded so spontaneously, with such *warmth*: "But it's the Lord who is looking after Himself in us!" Each cell was saying: "But it's the Lord who is looking after Himself in us!"

It was truly lovely. So I gave my reason a good poke: "How stupid can you be! You always forget the essential!"

It was very spontaneous and lovely.

Things like that happen, but it's nothing. It is evidently the proof that something is taking place within this whole cluster of cells, but . . .

Ultimately, we want something *else*.

What we want is . . . something like an absolute in the presence, in the action, in the consciousness, something that annuls this present sense of separateness. In my case, I can hardly call it a "duality" anymore, but there is still "something that sees and feels." And that's what is irritating.

I sense that everything in me is reaching toward *one* thing: "You, You alone; let there be only You."

There is always some terrible misunderstanding with the pronoun "You" or "I."

Let *That* be, and nothing else.

As long as *That* does not prevail, we are still paving the road.

When I am alone, it is wonderful! The moment this body is left alone, oh, it melts! It melts. There are no more limits. It is happy: "Oh, at last I can cease to be!" Truly, it forgets itself; it goes into something else.

And whenever I grumble or grouse, it says, "Don't forget, it's for Me. It's Me; it's Me bringing in the people; it's Me making them ask things; it's Me organizing everything." So I tweak my ears or pull my hair and say to myself, "How stupid!"

The body is obviously being prepared for something.

But it still much too open to people's mental formations, and so it has to struggle against a world of things! That's my reproach to it – why the struggle? Why, suddenly, do I feel this terrible fatigue falling over me and I have to brace myself? The body reacts naturally by repeating the mantra; then all falls quiet. But why is this effort necessary? Why the need to remember and put up a struggle?

I think this body is doing its best, but it is hindered by the interference of that mental-like activity in matter.

It is really sordid.

I haven't yet been able to eliminate it completely.

There are moments when it's brought to a dead halt. Sometimes, while I walk with the mantra, everything is held still, as if subdued inflexibly.

But the difficulty is that for the ordinary consciousness – and unfortunately I am surrounded by many people who have a very ordinary consciousness – I seem to be in a stupor, a coma, a state of imbecility. It appears to be paralysis or

dullness: no more thinking, observing, reacting, or doing anything.

And that mental-like activity keeps coming from outside and trying to interrupt this state, but if I manage to preserve it, then after a while it becomes so massively concrete in its power and its immobility! It must lead somewhere.

Unfortunately, because of those constant interruptions, I can never manage to remain in this state long enough (it would have to go on for hours). And when the body is abruptly pulled out, it seems to lose its balance and experiences some difficult moments.

How I understand people who choose to leave!

But that's not what is wanted of me. I should achieve enough flexibility so the two conditions can exist together.

Matter's Protest

Recently I read a passage where Sri Aurobindo speaks of his own work and explains what he means by the "supramental transformation."

It made me understand the reactions I had to the experience of the supramental force in the body. Immediately afterward, according to the ordinary consciousness, I fell ill. But I did not fall ill! All possible difficulties in the body's subconscious rose up en masse.

It had to happen, as it surely happened to Sri Aurobindo, too. How well I understood! I had always wondered why these difficulties had hounded him so ferociously – now I know, because I am being attacked in the same relentless manner.

Actually, it springs from everything in the material consciousness that can still be touched by the adverse forces; that is, not exactly in the body-consciousness itself, but in the material substance as it has been organized by the mind – the

initial mentalization of matter. Well, something in there protests, and that protest creates disorders.

For the past two days I've had the feeling of knowing nothing whatsoever. I've had this feeling for a very long time, but recently it has become extremely acute, as it always does at times of crisis, when things are on the verge of changing, or getting clarified, or exploding.

Indeed, no one has ever followed this path! Sri Aurobindo was the first, and he left without telling us what he was doing. I am literally cutting a path through a jungle – worse than a jungle.

Yogically speaking, it's very easy to become a saint or a sage! I feel I was born like that. One knows all that needs to be done, and doing it is as easy as knowing it. It's nothing.

But this transformation of matter! What has to be done? How is it to be done? What is the path? Is there a path? A procedure? Probably not.

To live in a constant, immutable state where all is the Supreme, all is marvelous love and profound Joy; and to have the substance of the body contradict this state through every possible stupidity: loss of sight, failing strength, a pain here, an ache there, disorders and weaknesses of every kind. And at the *same time*, the response in the body, no matter what happens to it: "O Lord, Your Grace is infinite."

The contradiction is *very* disconcerting.

From experience, I know that when one is satisfied with being a saint or a sage and constantly maintains the right attitude, all goes well – the body doesn't get sick, and even if there are attacks it recovers easily. All goes very well *as long as there is no will of transformation*.

All the difficulties arise in protest against the will of transformation. Whereas if one says, "All right, let things be as they may. I don't care; I am perfectly happy and blissful," then the body begins to feel content!

That's the problem – something totally new is being introduced into matter and the body is protesting.

Clearly, it comes from the subconscious and the inconscient, which rise up with disgusting persistence!

Of course, it comes with all the usual suggestions: "Sri Aurobindo himself didn't do it! How do *you* expect to succeed where he didn't!" But my answer is always the same: "When the Lord says it's over, I will know it's over."

That stops them short.

As for Sri Aurobindo, he refuses to acknowledge that anything has stopped with his physical departure. That's the point – nothing has stopped. He came for that, and he arranged things to give the maximum chance to success, to put the winning cards on our side.

Obviously, if I were to leave now, I can say there would be a stop, because at the moment I don't see anyone who could continue.

Indeed, the way the body has been built is very important for this supramental work, not so much in relation to spiritual elements or even to mental power, as in the capacity to endure, to last.

I have never been told, either through Sri Aurobindo or directly, if I would go to the end. I have never been told the contrary, either. I have been told nothing. And when I turn toward *That* – not to question, but simply to know – the answer is always the same: "Carry on; it's not your problem. Don't worry about it." So now I have learned not to worry about it; I am consciously not worried about it.

In the final analysis, everything depends upon the Supreme's Will, because even physical laws and resistances are nothing for Him. But if His Will expresses itself in complete opposition of the whole set of laws governing the manifestation – well, a direct intervention of this kind can only happen at the extreme limit, at the very last second, as it were. Sri Aurobindo has expressed this so well in Savitri! At least three times in the book he has mentioned this Will that abolishes all established laws and all their consequences – the

whole formidable colossus of the Manifestation. And this takes place at the very last “second.”

Oh, the awareness of the incredible difficulty of the “challenge” is given to me drop by drop, so I won’t be overwhelmed. It’s measured out with such wisdom! Though evidently there must be some considerable progress, because lately the enormity of the task has been shown to me far more concretely! So much so that all spiritual life, all the peoples and races who have tried since the beginning of the earth, who have made so many efforts to realize something – all of it seems like child’s play. You smile and you’re happy. It’s nothing at all!

To put things in ordinary terms, this work is without glory whatsoever! You get no results, no experiences filling you with ecstasy or joy or wonder. It is a hideous labor.

If there weren’t this clear vision and constant aspiration within – oh, it’s so dreary and dull and gray!

And I can’t say that my experiences are the result of a mental aspiration or will or knowledge – I don’t know anything. I don’t know how it should be, or what it should be; I don’t know what should be done, or what should not be done. It’s truly a blind march in a desert riddled with all possible traps and difficulties and obstacles.

The only thing to do is to be in a state of total surrender – provided one doesn’t fall asleep!

Between Two Worlds

The subtlety of the problem is truly bewildering.

If I take absolutely identical situations with the same outer circumstances, the same inner circumstances, the same inner “mood,” the same events, the same people – just a few hours apart. In one case, the body – the cellular consciousness – feels a sort of eurhythmy and overall harmony in which everything dovetails marvelously, without the least friction.

It's peace and joy in a physical sense. All is so harmonious one has a feeling of a divine organization in all the cells, in everything.

In the other case, everything is the same, the consciousness is the same, yet something is missing – the harmony is gone. Why? One doesn't know. And the body begins to feel uneasy and to malfunction.

Yet everything is absolutely identical – mental condition, vital conditions, physical conditions.

Suddenly everything seems meaningless.

The full consciousness of the divine Presence is there, yet something is missing. It's like searching for something that keeps eluding you. Things become meaningless. Even the body's functional movements may be identical, but they are felt to be disharmonious, meaningless. What is missing? One doesn't know.

How can it be explained?

A question of vibrations in matter.

It's incomprehensible, completely eluding all mental or psychological laws.

The more detailed it becomes, the more mysterious it becomes. Talking about it is one thing; putting it into practice is another!

It's almost like being on the border between two worlds. It's the same world – is it two aspects of this world?

I can't even say that. Yet it's the *same* world. All is the Lord, He and nothing but He. But in one position all is perfect harmony; in the other all is absurd, meaningless, laborious and painful.

And all is the same!

It makes you feel so clearly that things in themselves don't count. What we call "things in themselves" are of no real importance! What really counts is the relation of consciousness with these things.

It's the sense of facing something that completely escapes reason, intelligence, and even the most elevated mental or

intellectual comprehension. Using big words, one could say, “All the first position is Truth and all the second is Falsehood” – but it’s the *same* thing!

What is it?

If we found that, perhaps we would have it all – the total Secret.

That must be how Truth became Falsehood.

I am up against this fact: how did Truth become Falsehood? I am not interested in some intellectual answer; I am interested in the *mechanism itself*, the concrete fact.

And with a sort of prescience I see that only the body can find the answer – that’s the extraordinary thing!

That is a true Secret. How splendid it will be when it is found.

Dealing with the Deluge

It has come to the point where the more concentrated the Force, the more things happen at the very moment they are supposed to. People turn up just when they should and do just what they ought to do; things around me fall into place naturally, and this goes for the least little detail. Simultaneously they bring with them a sense of harmony and rhythm, a smiling joy in organization, as if everything were joyously participating in this arrangement.

For example, I want to tell something to someone and he shows up; I need someone to do a specific work and he appears; something has to be organized and all the necessary elements are at hand. All happens with a kind of miraculous harmony, but there is nothing miraculous about it! It’s simply the inner force meeting with a minimum of obstacles, and its action molds things.

This happens to me very, very often; and sometimes it goes on for hours.

But it's a rather delicate mechanism, a fine clockwork, and the least little thing throws everything out of gear. If someone has a bad reaction, for instance, or an ill thought, or an agitated vibration, or some anxiety, it is enough to dissolve all the harmony. For me, it translates immediately by a physical malaise, a very special type of malaise.

Then disorder sets in, and the ordinary routine of life returns. Again I have to gather up, as it were, the Presence of the Lord and to start infusing it everywhere. Sometimes it goes fast, but when the disorganization is more radical, it takes a while longer.

For instance, my eye hemorrhage resulted from such a disorder, a very dark force that someone allowed into the atmosphere, not deliberately, not knowingly, but through weakness and ignorance, always mingled with desire and ego and all the rest. (Without desire and ego, these things would never find any access.) At any rate, that was plainly the cause and I felt it immediately. Half an hour later I had this eye hemorrhage.

But it's so lovely when this Harmony comes! Puttering about, arranging papers, putting order in a drawer – it all sings. It's so lovely and joyous and luminous! When this harmony is here, all material circumstances and activities, such as eating or dressing, become delightful. Everything works smoothly, harmoniously, without any friction. There is this joyous, luminous Grace manifesting in *all* things, even in those we normally regard as unimportant.

In one instance, we touch something and we drop or mishandle it, while in the other everything works so smoothly that even the most difficult movements are accomplished without difficulty. It's an incredible power! We don't give it any importance because it has no grandiose or spectacular effects.

I would begin to be satisfied if this condition of Harmony were constant and total, active in all circumstances and at

every moment, day and night. But is it possible with this *deluge* pouring in from outside?

While walking this morning, I was as if a witness watching what was coming from outside. What a mixture! From all sides, from everyone and everything and everywhere. And not only from here, but from far, far away on the earth, and sometimes from far back in time – things out of the past presenting themselves to the new Light to be put in their proper place.

And this work has to be done constantly.

The Malentendu

I am investigating the consequences of a truly interesting experience.

It was the concrete experience of something I already “knew,” but what is knowledge compared to living the experience!

The story began with an entirely concrete incident. Someone was complaining of suffering from a serious psychological illness: the possession, recurring at periodic intervals, by a spirit of falsehood.

This person came to see me and the moment she entered the room there was an upwelling of that profound compassion of Love, along with a concentration of Power to drive away the possession. All this was accompanied by quite an affectionate outward gesture toward her.

Then the person left and within half an hour I received a note from her: “Now I know you hate me. You want me to be ill and to die because I disgust you.”

It was interesting because it was *so* concrete.

I had been conscious of my movement of compassion and love and of what it had become in this other person’s consciousness.

Her reaction is very easy to explain: she was already more than half-possessed, and naturally that spirit of falsehood inside her hardly felt comfortable! The identifications with that entity was not only mental, but also vital, and it was so complete that she felt love as a movement of hatred.

I must add that this came after I had been concentrating for three days on finding an explanation for why this world has become the way it is. Of course, it is impossible to find the “why” as long as the reason is asking, for it goes much beyond reason, but what is the *mechanism* of the Falsehood? Finding the mechanism – having the experience of the mechanism – would already be something.

Then came this concrete juxtaposition of the vibration of Love and its reception as hatred. “Why, this is exactly what happens all the time!” I thought. “The Lord is *constantly* All-Love, All-Truth, All-Bliss, All-Delight – and the world, especially the human world, *constantly* receives Him in the other way.”

An Indispensable Foundation

When we do something, generally we can perceive in ourselves a will to do it. This is the usual sequence in which things happen. This is when the mind intervenes.

But the supramental action takes place directly, without going through the mind. Something comes directly in contact with the vital centers and drives them without the mind’s intervention – yet in full consciousness. The consciousness doesn’t function in the usual order; it goes straight from the center of spiritual will to matter. And so long as the mind can be kept absolute immobile, the action is unmixed and the inspiration absolutely pure. For example, if we can hold on to this mental immobility while speaking or writing, whatever comes to us remains pure.

It is an extremely delicate balance, probably because we're not used to it, and the slightest movement or mental vibration disrupts everything. Indeed, in a supramentalized life this state of utter immobility must be *constant*; mentalized will can longer intervene.

A person's life may be the expression of a spiritual will (that's what happens to all those who feel guided by the Divine within), but as long as it comes via a mental transcription, it is not the supramental life. The supramental life *no longer* uses the mind, which then becomes an immobile zone of transmission.

Thus we can say that the Supramental can express itself in a terrestrial consciousness only when there exists a state of perfect equality, which develops from a spiritual identification with the Supreme: all becomes the Supreme in perfect equality. This state must be spontaneous and automatic, not obtained through conscious will or intellectual effort. There is no longer any reaction to what comes from outside as an "outside" event. That pattern of reaction and reception is replaced by a state of perception completely free from all rebound, so to speak.

It's the difference between something coming from outside and striking us, making us react, and something moving freely and naturally while generating the vibrations needed for the overall action. It's the difference between a vibratory movement within an *identical* field of action and a movement from an outside source, touching us and eliciting a reaction. Once the consciousness is identified with the Supreme, all movements become inner, as it were – inner in the sense that nothing emanates from the outside.

This state is very familiar, because I am now living in it constantly. I never have the feeling of things coming from outside and bumping into me. Rather, there's the sense of multiple, and sometimes contradictory, inner movements: a continuous flow eliciting the inner changes necessary to the progression.

This state is an indispensable foundation.

Expanding the Body

The whole period of life given over to self-individualization is a time of conscious, willed crystallization, as it were. To become a conscious, individualized being, we need to crystallize everything.

Whereas now, again constantly, the opposite movement has to be made – with an even greater willpower. That crystallization has to be undone and replaced by a sort of suppleness and expansion in everything. Yet the consciousness must not lose the benefit of what has been acquired through individualization.

It isn't easy.

It is elementary for thought. It isn't too difficult for feelings; for the heart, the emotional being, to expand to the dimension of the Supreme is relatively easy.

But this body!

It is extremely difficult to do it without the body losing its center of coagulation, as it were, without dissolving into surrounding matter. In a naturally beautiful environment, with lots of space, with mountains and forests and rivers, it might be pleasant. But it is physically impossible to take a single step outside one's body without meeting unpleasant, painful things. From time to time, one meets a pleasant substance, something harmonious, warm, vibrating with a higher light, but it's rare. Yes, sometimes flowers.

But this material world! One gets clawed and battered and mauled from all sides, by all sorts of things that just don't blossom. How hard it all is! How closed human life is! How shriveled-up, intractable, lacking light and warmth, let alone joy.

I never spoke of this with Sri Aurobindo, because at the time I didn't have these experiences. I had all the psychological experiences, in the mind, even the most material mind, and in the vital and the physical consciousness – but not in the body.

This is something new. And it started only three or four years ago.

Yet I don't think I have wasted any time. One might think that if I had known forty years ago – at the age of forty instead of eighty – what I know now, there would be much more time to work with. But I haven't wasted any time. All that time was necessary to get me where I am today.

Weakness and Glory

I have noticed that if I spontaneously say something the way I see it, without trying to adapt myself to people, they don't understand what I am talking about. My vision of things – of the *same* things – has become extraordinarily different.

Before, I had a sense of a “higher way of living.” Now this so-called higher way of living seems so miserable, petty, narrow that I very often find myself in the same position as those who ask, “But is there really something to that ‘spiritual’ life?” I understand them. I understand the feeling of those who come in contact with spiritual life and ask, “What's the point?”

In that former illusion, there were noble, generous, heroic actions, which added color to life and could give some interesting moments.

Now I see it all as childishness.

People with a spiritual life live their spiritual life on one side, and let this “life in the body” take care of itself on the other, without attaching any importance to it.

But what a relief to live the Truth at each instant!

I haven't yet found the way.

Yes, it's like a no-man's-land. There is nothing to hold on to.

So the tendency is to step back and go within. But that's not the way! It's a natural movement, but I clearly see that it's false.

This morning both "sides" were there together. There was a keen sense of the absolute pettiness, stupidity and dullness of all outer circumstances, of this whole bodily life in its external form, and *at the same time* a great symphony of divine joy. And both states were together: a feeling of physical weakness, almost physical decrepitude, and simultaneously a glory of divine splendor.

I can't express it. The minute I try to express something, most of it evaporates.

I always have the most acute experiences when I am in the very midst of physical life, while taking my bath, for example.

It was odd, because on one side the body was unwell, most inharmonious, and simultaneously, in the *same physical sensation*, there was the sense of such glory! A marvelous glory of bliss, joy, splendor!

How could the two exist together?

My sense is that one consciousness is to replace the other.

Ultimately, it implies a change in the functioning of the body's organs.

But what is the process?

Already the two "modes" are beginning to exist simultaneously. But what does it take for one to disappear and the other to remain on its own, changed? Changed, because as it is now it wouldn't be adequate for the body to function. The body wouldn't perform all the things it needs to perform; it would settle down in a state of bliss, delighting in its condition, but not for long, for it still has a lot of needs! A stomach still needs to digest, for example.

Sometimes I wonder if it's not sheer folly to attempt this!

I don't know. No one has ever done it before, so there's no one to tell me.

That's what I expected of Sri Aurobindo. But he himself was searching. Had he continued, he probably would have found it. But obviously it wasn't possible.

He never said he didn't know.

But if I am given the time, I will know. I am convinced of it. Because despite growing difficulties, there is also growing knowledge and continued progress. And the Presence is becoming so concrete and so helpful, so concrete in its help, that I *cannot* be mistaken.

But it will take time.

A Tiny Beginning

This body-consciousness, this dull consciousness in matter, gives the feeling of something so inert, so invariable, so incapable of response that even millions and millions of years would not budge it.

It takes catastrophes to get it to move.

Oddly enough, the wisp of imagination it does have is invariably catastrophic. Whatever it anticipates is always for the worst – the pettiest, meanest, nastiest kind of worst.

It's the most sickening condition human consciousness and matter can be in.

Well, I have been in it for months now, and my way of being in it is to go through every possible illness and be subjected to every possible physical discomfort one after another.

Recently, things became really a bit critical, dangerous, and for about an hour I had to keep hold of this body with clenched fists. And the whole time the Force was at work in here – it was like kneading a very tough dough – something

was saying to this body-consciousness, "Look, you can no longer deny miracles; miracles do happen."

Wide-eyed, it was compelled to see, because the result was right under its nose and it could not be denied.

But the minute I let go of the pressure, it was completely forgotten! I, of course, remember the experience, but the body-consciousness has forgotten.

So we have to keep trying.

What's bothersome, though, is that I go through some pretty difficult moments physically.

Yet this body is so willing. The poor thing, sometimes I find it crying out, imploring like a child: "How do I get out of this mess?"

This is precisely why people who achieved the inner realization have called this work "impossible." It's their own impossibility! I know it's not impossible, but how long will it take? I have no idea.

I sense that if I try to hurry, to speed things up, it jams and becomes like stone – it returns to stone. I don't want that. So one can't be too impatient, or even apply too much pressure. Beyond a certain pressure, it turns to stone.

I well understand people who have attained the realization and remain in the bliss of their realization, casting out this whole external manifestation: "I'll do without!"

That's what has always happened.

But I can't do that.

Although sometimes, yes, there's a sudden glimmer of conscious control over a bodily function, suggesting a time when everything will function by the action of a conscious will.

It's a tiny, tiny beginning, but it has begun. And the slightest mental intrusion from the old movement spoils everything. I mean, the old way of behaving with our body: we want this or that and we want it to behave this way or that way. The minute that starts up, everything stops. Progress comes to a stand still, and one has to wait until the ordinary

functioning consents to stop, which means meditation, contemplation, starting all over again.

One must be in a state of beatific union to feel the new functioning appear.

And the only way to do it is in a sort of passivity: not to *want* the result. Wanting a result brings in an ego movement, which spoils everything.

What has become constant, though, is *discrimination*, a sense of instant discrimination: seeing all circumstances, vibrations, and relations and putting each in its proper place. I know where things come from, why they come, their effect, where they're going to lead me, and so on.

But impatience and irritation – well, some people need it as a safety valve, but it's a big waste of time.

1962: The Second Breakthrough

*As for me, I want love
to be victorious RIGHT NOW.*

I Adore You

A day or two ago, while walking in my room, I suddenly went through a moment of complete nonexistence: the absolute certitude that I knew nothing, that one *couldn't* know anything. It was totally hopeless and completely *impossible* to understand anything, even by going beyond the mind, and no formulation was possible.

It was such an absolute feeling that helping others, making the world progress, spiritual life, seeking the Divine – all that seemed idle talk, empty words! There was nothing to understand. It was impossible to BE.

A feeling of total incapacity.

The experience was like a solvent. Everything seemed to dissolve: the world, the earth, people, life, intelligence.

An absolutely negative condition.

And my solution was the same as always. When the experience was total and complete, when nothing was left, then: “Who cares! I adore You!” That “I” was something utterly insubstantial. There was no form, no being, and no quality to it, just “I adore You.”

There was just enough “I” to adore You with.

From that moment on an inexpressible Sweetness dawned, and in that Sweetness, a Voice . . . so sweet and harmonious, too! There was sound, but no words – yet it held a perfectly clear meaning for me, like very precise words: “You have just had your most creative moment”!

The Great Pulsations

[After a month-long physical ordeal.

Notation of an experience in night of April 12-13, 1962]

Suddenly in the night I woke up with the full awareness of what we could call the Yoga of the world. The Supreme Love was manifesting through big pulsations, and each pulsation was bringing the world further in its manifestation. It was the formidable pulsations of the eternal, stupendous love, only love: each pulsation of the love was carrying the universe further in its manifestation.

And the certitude that what is to be done is done and the Supramental Manifestation is realized.

Everything was Personal, nothing was individual.

This was going on and on and on and on.

The certitude that what is to be done is *done*.

All the results of the Falsehood had disappeared: Death was an illusion, Sickness was an illusion, and Ignorance was an illusion – something that had no reality, no existence. Only love, and love, and love, and love – immense, formidable, stupendous, carrying everything.

And how, how to express in the world? It was like an impossibility, because of the contradiction. But then it came: “You have accepted that this world should know the Supramental Truth . . . and it will be expressed totally, integrally.” Yes, yes.

And the thing is *done*.

* * *

[A few days later:]

I was at the Origin – I *was* the Origin. For more than two hours, consciously, here on this bed, I was the Origin. It was like gusts – great gusts winding up in bursts. And each of these gusts was a period of the universe.

It was stupendous. I lived more than two hours like that, consciously.

It was love in its supreme essence, something that has nothing to do with what people normally understand by this word.

And each gust of this essence of Love was spreading out while separating and dividing itself.

These weren't forces; it was far beyond the realm of forces. The universe as we know it no longer existed; it was a sort of strange illusion without any relation to *That*.

There was only the truth of the universe, with those great colored gusts – they were colored with something that is the essence of color. Just as I became conscious of the last one – the one organized outwardly by Sri Aurobindo, one could say – came the absolute certitude that the it was accomplished, that it was decreed.

As the experience unfolded, a Voice explained everything to me. It explained each gust, each period of the universe. And it explained how it all became this, the distortion of the universe.

At some point, I wondered how it was possible for that Consciousness – that supreme Consciousness – to relate to the present distorted universe. How to make the connection without losing that Consciousness? A relation between the two seemed impossible. And that's when the Voice reminded me of my promise: I had promised to do the Work on earth and it

would be done. "I promised to do the Work and it will be done."

Then began the process of transition between that true Consciousness and the individual consciousness, as if I were being sent back here to do the work. I was sent back into the body because that last creative gust had to be realized through this body.

The Voice kept explaining everything to me, as I went through each phase in detail. It wasn't pleasant. It took an hour and a half to go from that true Consciousness to the individual consciousness.

For during the experience, this present individuality and this body no longer existed. There were no more limits. I was no longer there – what was there was *the Person*. And an hour and a half were needed to return to the individual body-consciousness.

The first sign of the return to individuality was a prick of pain. Yes, because I have a sore in a rather awkward place, and it hurts. So I felt the pain. It was the sign of the individuality returning.

Otherwise there was nothing left anymore – no body, no individual, no limits.

And I made a curious discovery: I used to think the individual, the body, felt the pain and disabilities and misfortunes of human life, and I realized it's not my body that feels life's misfortunes, but each misfortune, each pain, each disability has its own individuality, as it were, and each represents a battle.

This may not be true for all bodies, but it is true for mine. My body is a world of battles.

It is the battlefield.

A New Functioning

More and more, this body gives me the feeling of something being entrusted to me for a definite purpose in the universal organization.

The *only* sensation that remains in the old way is physical pain. Those points of pain seem like the symbolic points of what remains of the old consciousness.

Pain is the only thing that feels the way it used to. Food, taste, smell, vision, hearing – all that's completely changed. They belong to another rhythm.

This new condition has come progressively, like a crystallization of something that's beyond the senses.

But pain is the old world.

Although three or four times, in a flash, even pain disappeared into something else. The pain suddenly became something completely different – another state of consciousness.

If that state remained, I would truly be free of the world as it is.

The whole way the organs function has changed. Have the organs themselves changed, or just the way they function? I don't know. But they all obey another law.

I can still see, but in a very special way. At times, I see with greater precision than ever before. I hear things that way, too.

And I have the definite impression that the last physical ordeal – that so-called illness – was the external and illusory form of an indispensable process of transformation. Without so-called illness there could be no transformation.

But the only concrete thing left in this world – this world of illusion – is pain. It seems to me the very essence of Falsehood. And whatever feels it feels it very concretely! I clearly see it's false, but that doesn't stop my body from feeling it.

And there is a reason: it is the battlefield.

I have even been forbidden to utilize my knowledge, power and force to annul the pain as I used to. That has been totally forbidden.

Yet, I see that something else is in the making. I can't call it a miracle because it isn't miracle, but it's something wonderful – the unknown. When will it come? How will it come? I don't know.

The old way of relating to things no longer exists.

The Wave

The art of letting oneself be carried by the Supreme in the Infinite. . . .

Yes, the Infinite of Becoming, but with none of the harshness, the friction and clashes one ordinarily encounters in life.

That's what we must capture – a sort of rhythm, a wave movement, of such vastness, such power!

It's really stupendous.

It doesn't disrupt or displace or clash with anything. Yet it carries the universe in its undulatory movement. So smoothly!

Whatever comes from up here, from the mind, is constricted, harsh, and dry. It's violent, aggressive. Even goodwill is aggressive. Even affection, tenderness, attachment – all that is terribly aggressive.

I don't know if it is the same for others, but I feel that the only truly effective method is this sense of not existing, and that what we customarily call ourselves is something that grates and resists. Yet with a very simple movement, we can easily eliminate that from the consciousness. This movement can be formulated in an almost childlike way: "You alone, Lord; You alone can do."

One simply lets oneself melt, keeping the mind still, without any movement, wholly focused on the sensation of

melting, with a feeling of limitlessness. And no more distinctions.

Even physically, no more sense of boundaries and time limits. It's like relaxing in an infinite past.

I am speaking of a *bodily* sensation.

As I am telling it now, it seems to take time, but actually a minute or two of silence is enough to capture it.

Dead or Alive?

I realize that people really panicked this time. They thought I was going to die.

I could have died, had the Lord willed it.

In fact, it *has* been a kind of death, but I don't say it, because, well, one must have some regard for people's common sense!

One more line and I would say that I was dead and have come back to life. But I don't say it.

Lots of people have been praying for me and even taking vows that if I didn't die they would go here or there on a pilgrimage. It's very touching.

This greatly objectifies my situation, which has nothing to do with a curable disease! I can't be cured!

This is a work of transformation.

At any moment, if the Lord decides it's hopeless, it will be hopeless and over with. But if the Lord has decided I'll go to the end of the experience, then, no matter what happens, I'll go to the end.

The regular way of seeing, feeling and reacting to things really belongs to another world.

For me, the contrast is so great that if I had no regard for people's peace of mind I would say, "I don't know whether I am dead or alive."

Indeed, the way people ordinarily feel life, feel they are alive, is intimately linked to a certain sensation they have of their bodies and of themselves. But if that sensation, the kind of relation people call “I am alive” is completely removed, then how can one say, “I am alive” or “I am not alive”? The distinction *no longer exists*.

For me, it has been completely removed. It was definitively swept out of me during the night of April 12-13. And it has never come back.

So I can't say, “I am alive” the way they do – it's something else entirely.

“It Pleases Him”

Apropos a recent encounter with the scientific way of thinking, which needs to postulates certain hypotheses in order to reach the truth, once again I realized that the last experience of the Great Pulsations may have come to free me from *all* past knowledge; for to live the truth none of it is needed.

I need neither all this “scientific” terminology nor Sri Aurobindo's terminology nor, of course, anyone else's. I need none of this classification about planes of consciousness and inner realms. And I don't need all sorts of experiences.

I need *one* experience: the one I have.

I have it in all things and all circumstances – the experience of eternal, infinite, absolute Oneness manifesting in the finite, the relative, and the temporal.

And the process of change I am pursuing seems less and less of a problem. After looking like the ultimate problem, it doesn't seem to be so anymore, because . . . – it can't be uttered – it pleases Him to be this way.

The secret is simply to be in this “it pleases Him.”

To be not merely in what is objectified, but also in That which objectifies.

That's all. With that, I need no other hypothesis or theory.

Taken to the extreme, if the identification is perfect, it *necessarily* means omnipotence.

Ultimately, nothing but omnipotence could convert, and convince, the world. The world isn't ready to experience supreme Love. Supreme Love eliminates all problems, even the problem of creation.

I know it since that last experience.

But the world isn't yet ready; it may take a few thousand years. But it is beginning to be ready for the manifestation of supreme Power, which would result from a *constant* identification.

But this "constancy" isn't yet there. One is identified and then one isn't, on again and off again. One winds up with one foot here and one foot there! It just won't do.

There must be certain laws that stem from a Wisdom far beyond us, because the experience I have seems to follow quite a definite trajectory, which, because I am in it, I don't understand, and which won't be understood till the end is reached.

I could say some elegant things, but they don't explain anything. For example, this feeling I have that one must die unto death to be born to immortality.

It doesn't mean anything, but it corresponds to something.

To die unto death, that is, to become incapable of dying because death has no more reality.

Dying Unto Death

The sense of an individual position, of being a particular being in a particular place, watching and feeling oneself

being, really disappeared with the last experience of the Great Pulsations. Before, this sense of individuality used to bother me a lot. I was forever wondering how to get rid of it.

Curiously enough, I always see that experience of the Great Pulsations at a horizontal distance to my left, as if the experience took place somewhere very far away to the left, in the physical consciousness, and I had to return along a level path from there back into my body.

There, I no longer had a body! I existed in *full* consciousness, feeling much more alive than here, but I no longer had my body.

That's what made me say that my body was dead. And after I had traveled back here along that level path, I noticed there was still a body.

But this body is no longer *my* body; it is *a* body.

Even now, whenever I want to recapture my experience and feel that power and intensity of life, I always go off there, to the left.

Oddly enough, when I tried to understand this feeling of "dying unto death," I found myself over there again! And I seemed to be told, "That was your experience."

The Body's Magic

Now the body – the body itself – feels it is *within* things or *within* people or *within* an action. There are no more physical limits.

For example, if someone accidentally bumps me with an object or a part of his body, it is *never* felt as something external; it happens *inside*. The body's consciousness is much larger than my physical body.

Yesterday, the table leg knocked my foot. There was the ordinary outward reaction: the body jumped. Then the body-consciousness noticed that an unexpected and involuntary

collision of two objects had taken place *inside itself*. And it saw that if it made a certain movement of concentration on that particular spot, inside itself, some pain or damage would result. But if it made the other movement of union, of abolishing all separation (which it can do very well), then the results of the knock would be canceled.

So that's what happened. I let my body cope with the whole thing (while I watched with keen interest).

Someone with the sense of separation had moved the table, so the sense of separation came along with the knock, as well as all that person's regrets. Well, the body simply went into its usual mode, in which there's no sense of separation, and the effect vanished instantaneously.

Had I been asked, "Where were you hit?" I couldn't have said. All I know, because of what I heard, is that the table leg bumped into my foot. But where? I couldn't have said even five minutes after the incident. It had utterly disappeared, and disappeared through a *voluntary* movement.

The knock had come from something that had slipped in through an unconscious element. This person's state of consciousness entered the body along with the knock. Of course the regrets for having caused the blow were an ego movement.

All these vibrations came along with the knock and that's what the body had to annul in order to annul the result. The body simply absorbed, digested this unconsciousness – and it all vanished without a trace!

When I try to see life as most people see it (it is increasingly difficult), it becomes a mishmash! I understand nothing, and nothing makes sense. For the sake of the action, I have been warned that nobody can understand.

Nobody can comprehend to what extent the Lord is intermingled and present and active in all things.

The Fire in the Body

From time to time, one touches the vibration of Supreme Love, the Love that creates, supports, maintains, fuels progress and is the Manifestation's very purpose (of which those great pulsations were an expression).

That is something so stupendous and marvelous for the material frame, for the body to hold, that it seems to be dosed out. Now and then, you are given a trickle of it to make you realize that the end is *That*.

Above all, no desire. Be very calm. The calmer you are, the longer it lasts. If you're in a hurry, it goes away.

I can see it takes an extraordinary capacity and solidity to bear *That* without exploding, for it causes such immediate intensity of joy in all the cells, in the heart and all the organs that they seem on the verge of exploding. Matter needs quite a preparation to be able to hold these vibrations. So this capacity is slowly being prepared and the body is given a trickle at the time to see how much it can bear.

I can bring it on at will, simply by putting myself in a certain state. But I notice it is dosed out; the contact is kept for a short period or in a certain amount. And there's nothing to be done about it; it's an Order from above. A mere hint of impatience would spoil everything and the power to establish the contact would probably be lost. I have never done that and I don't intent to.

It's not unlike those experiments conducted on animals. There's the body stretched out here on the chaise longue as the "subject." Then there's my consciousness, the part focused on the earthly experience and the present transformation (what I call "I"). And then there's the Lord, which is the best and easiest way of my putting it, though I never, ever think of a being.

"I" ask that the body may have the experience, or at least an initial taste, even a touch of the experience of this Love. Each time I ask, it comes *instantly*. Then I see that this Love is

dosed out and maintained in exact proportion to what the body can bear.

The body is aware of this limitation and is a little sad about it. But immediately comes something so soothing, so calming and vast that the body instantly feels the immensity and regains its calm.

This experience I am describing is exactly what happened yesterday. And it's still here. Actually it is always here, though it's more striking when the body is lying down, motionless in the Yoga. The experience is slightly different when walking because that involves activity. But when it is stretched out and asks the Lord to take possession of it, it really asks with all its aspiration.

The intensity of these vibrations is above and beyond anything we are used to feeling.

And what a Wisdom! It knows how to make use of time – it actually changes itself into time – so as to minimize the possibilities of damage.

It's quite evident that, left to itself in its full power of transformation and progress, this flame of aspiration, this flame of Agni would have scant consideration for the result of the process – the result of the process is a burning fire. And there could be mishaps in the functioning of the organs. All the organs must undergo a transformation, but if it is too rapid and sudden, everything could go awry. The machine would simply explode.

The Body's "Karma"

I am making interesting discoveries.

Moreover, none of these things are in the least bit theoretical or mental; they're essentially practical. And they take unexpected forms.

The other day, as I was walking, an old formation suddenly showed its face, something that had already tried to materialize when Sri Aurobindo was here, but which he had stopped. It was one of the saddest things that could manifest physically in association with a spiritual life. I had said absolutely nothing, but Sri Aurobindo knew, and he simply did what had to be done, brushed it aside. I hadn't thought about it for more than ten years.

Now it has come back.

"Well, well, why has this returned?" I wondered. And then I saw that this body has been built in such a way as to instinctively *attract* ordeals, painful experiences. In the face of such formations, it is always passive, consenting, accepting, and totally confident in the ultimate outcome. It has an ingrained certitude that even in the moment of greatest difficulty it will be helped and saved, that the purpose behind all these ordeals is to speed things up, to save time, and to exhaust all the difficulties that seem to negate the goal so that they no longer hinder progress.

Once I saw that, the formation went away.

It had come just to show me that.

And once again the body gave its eternal assent: no matter what it's burdened with, it will always be ready to bear it.

Superficially, this body's temperament could be called a karma, but that's not what it is. It's actually one of the pivots of the body's invisible action, of its consciousness. And it is expressed by attracting certain circumstances.

Intellectually, I don't at all believe in taking others' problems upon oneself; that's childish. But certain vibrations in the world must be accepted, exhausted, and transformed. Inwardly, that's the work I have been doing all my life, consciously, gloriously.

But now it's on a purely physical level, independent of all the realities of other worlds. It's in the body. And this has given me a key to the Work.

It has been quite revealing, like a door opening up.

The body used to be like a little child, complaining when things weren't right. It wouldn't revolt, but it moaned.

But this time its only reaction was, "Why am I not transformed? Why am I not transformed? I want to be transformed. I want to be transformed." Not with words, because this is nothing mental, but through a kind of tension: pushing, pushing, pushing.

Toward what? I don't know.

We call it "the transformation" because we don't know what it is. There's a faint impression of what that new state could be, though it's very, very faint.

But there's this sense of tension, of pushing, of pleading, imploring.

That was the body's only reaction, nothing else, not even sorrow.

At one time – something like fifty years ago – it used to say, "Why do I deserve this?" and similar stupidities; that's been gone for more than fifty years. Then for a long while afterward, something inharmonious or nasty could bring me sorrow; that's gone too. It disappeared with the last experience of April 13.

And now: transformation, transformation, and transformation. That's the only idea left, the only will.

Soap Bubbles

All those spiritual realizations, powers, talents, manifestations seem to me more and more like the feats of a traveling juggler! It may be shocking to hear, but it's true!

The more I go, the more sober it gets.

It's quiet, peaceful, with no fanfare and no make-believe.

And it's not done with the idea that if you keep on this way for some time, there'll be something dazzling at the other end.

Because the other end is the new creation, and how *many* steps will it take, how many incomplete or imperfect things, approximations, and attempts – how many *minute* realizations – will it take simply to be able to say, “Now, we’re on the way”?

How many centuries before the glorious body of a supramental being appears?

Yesterday evening came a power of creative imagination that was trying to visualize supramental forms, beings living in other worlds and all sorts of similar things. I saw many things. But they seemed like champagne bubbles! “That’s all very nice,” I thought, “but it’s unnecessary!”

There was a time when I considered this a great creative power (and many things I saw in those moments of supercreativity, super-imagination were actually realized years later on the earth), and perhaps it came this time again to give me a little amusement.

It originated in supramental light and had to do with how beings from other worlds would relate with the future beings and similar things.

Bedtime stories.

There was something so tranquil here, so calm and unhurried, not interested in showing anything off, but capable of living in an eternity of quiet effort and progress. It was here, immobile, watching all these things, which lasted all evening.

Finally, when I lay down in bed for the night, I said to the Lord, “I don’t need diversions. I don’t need to see encouraging things. I only want to work calmly, quietly, *in* You. *You* are the worker. You are here and You alone exist. You are the realizer.”

Then all grew silent, still, motionless, and the excitement waned.

I am not saying it’s impossible to see some sudden mutations and changes. But more and more, the life allotted to this body is to do things without knowledge, to change the world

without seeing it, and to be absolutely unconcerned with the results.

As a matter of fact, I have a feeling that to reach the highest and purest Power the very notion of “result” must disappear all together – the Supreme Power has no sense of result *at all*. The sense of result is yet another rift between the essential, supreme Power and the Consciousness. It’s because the Consciousness begins to separate slightly from its oneness with the Supreme Power that the sense of result is created, but otherwise it doesn’t exist.

For me it is translated by: “I do things, and the results are none of my business.” That’s how it’s expressed here in the body.

It’s a kind of liberation – I don’t mean from worry or preoccupation; there’s no question of that – but from the very *idea* of a consequence. It’s this way because it has to be this way.

Second after second, *That* repeats itself eternally, and it is this eternal Pulsation that is expressed in time by those gusts. I feel this very strongly. It’s a constant, spontaneous and very natural experience for me. The notion of a Something behind or ahead of things is a Truth changing from immutable Eternity to Eternity of manifestation. And it changes exactly like pulsating gusts – puff, puff, puff.

Irresponsible gusts, like a child’s soap bubbles, one might say. No sense of consequences whatsoever. Puff, puff, puff.

So when people come to tell me their problems and ask my advice about what to do next, I almost invariably answer, “Do whatever you like; it doesn’t matter!”

Back and Forth

There’s a curious sensation, a peculiar perception of both the true functioning and the functioning distorted by the

sense of being an individual body. They're almost simultaneous, and that's why it is so hard to explain.

There are a number of disorders in the body. I don't know if they can be called illnesses, but they're organ disorders: the heart, the stomach, the intestines, the lungs, and so on.

Yet, simultaneously, there's the true state, which can't really be called a "functioning."

When the consciousness is pulled or pushed or poised in a certain position, these disorders appear *instantly*; I mean the consciousness becomes aware of their existence. And if the consciousness stays in that position long enough, there are what we conventionally call consequences: physical discomforts, for instance.

But if through yogic discipline – or the Lord's intervention? – the consciousness regains its true position, the consequences stop *immediately*.

Sometimes, though, it's goes this way, that way, back and forth between this position and that position. The back-and-forth movement takes only a few seconds, so I can almost perceive the two functionings simultaneously.

That's what gave me the knowledge of the process, otherwise I wouldn't understand. I would simply think I am falling from one state into another.

That's not it.

The substance, the vibrations, everything is probably following its normal course, and all that is really changing is the way consciousness perceives things.

So taking this knowledge to its extreme limits, life – what we usually call "life," the physical life of the body – and death are *one and the same thing*. It's just consciousness shifting back and forth.

I don't know if I am making myself clear, but this is fantastic.

This experience comes with examples just as concrete and banal as can be, leaving no room for imagination or fantasy. For instance, this sudden shift of consciousness takes place,

and you feel on the verge of fainting: all the blood rushes from the head to the feet; but if the consciousness is caught *in time*, you don't faint.

I don't know if one can generalize, but there's a distinct impression that what ordinary human consciousness perceives as death might simply be that the consciousness hasn't been brought back to its true position fast enough.

I am quite aware that all this must seem confusing.

I can feel how inadequate words are for describing the experience. In literary terms, one might speak of an "inversion of consciousness." But that's not it. That's just literature.

Perhaps this means we are getting closer to the knowledge of the process. By knowledge, I mean the power to create it, change it, and make it last or cease to be. That's what "knowing" means. All the rest is explanations the mind gives to itself. And I can feel that something (what Sri Aurobindo calls "the Lord of Yoga": the part of the Supreme concerned with terrestrial evolution) is leading me toward the discovery of that Power or Knowledge through the only possible way: experience.

And it's going as fast as possible.

The Diversion

I learned what I know about the gods before coming here, through the Chaldean tradition. I've had conscious contacts with all the beings of that tradition as well as with all the beings described in Indian tradition. In fact, as far as I know I've had contacts with deities of all the religions.

There's a gradation, levels where these beings stand, from the vital to the mental realm and above. Humans have deified many things, making gods out of whatever didn't seem exactly like them. And one can have contacts with all these deities on their own plane of existence.

In the overmental world stand the gods with the power to rule the universe and, *partially*, the earth. The Vedic forefathers used this world, so do occultists, and so do Tantrics. But there's another path which, distrusting the gods and wary of forms and images, bypasses them all through a kind of intellectual asceticism and rises straight as an arrow, proud and pure, towards the supramental Light. That is a living experience.

Sri Aurobindo preached the integral yoga, which embraces everything, so one can have all the experiences. And the universe was clearly created as a field of experience. Some people prefer the straight and narrow path; others like to dawdle along the way; and still others are drawn to have all the experiences, and they often wander for a long time through the overmental world.

Actually, the world of the gods belongs to our side of things, although on a godlike scale, i.e., with the gods' power, their capacities, their consciousness and freedom, not to mention their immortality. In other words, a godlike life, which most human beings would more than envy.

To me, the overmental consciousness is a magnified consciousness – far lovelier, far loftier, far more powerful and happier, but . . .

For one thing, the gods don't have the sense of Oneness, of being various expressions of the one Divine. They are still part of the realm of diversity, though free from Ignorance. They have no Ignorance, no Unconsciousness, but they have the sense of diversity and of separation. And in their own way, they sometimes quarrel among themselves. So they are still on this side, but with magnified forms. And powers beyond our comprehension: for example, the power to change form at will or to be in many places at once – all sorts of things that poor human beings can only dream of. The gods have it all. They live a divine life!

But it is not supramental.

The true sign of the Supramental is Oneness. Not a sum of many different things, but a Oneness at play with Itself.

When I say "Oneness," I don't merely mean having the "sense" that all is one and that everything takes place within that One. What I mean by Oneness is that one cannot distinguish between conceiving an action, the will to act, the action itself, and the result. It's all one and simultaneous.

But how? It can't be explained! We can get a glimpse of the experience, but ultimately, it's inexpressible; we have no means to express it.

If we say, "all is simultaneous," we're talking in platitudes. As I have often said, other words would be needed, another way of formulating things.

At their best, at the height of their possibilities, human conceptions can express something or other of the overmental experience. For me, it is very vivid and familiar because I have often been in that world. Even so, I consider words too awkward to describe it, although "poetic" metaphors can sometimes convey an impression of it.

As for speaking of the Other Thing, even while having the experience, the only thing one feels like doing is . . . to keep quiet. As soon as one utters a word, it all clouds over.

But the experience of the gods has never been more than a distraction for me – an amusement, a pleasant diversion; none of it seems essential or indispensable. One can treat oneself to the luxury of these experiences, and they increase one's knowledge and power and this and that, but it's not particularly important.

We can have access to the Supramental without any of these experiences. But if someone wants to know and experience the universe, wants to be identified with the Supreme in His expression, well, all this is part of His expression in varying degrees and with varying powers.

I think that once we are identified with the Supreme and He has chosen us to do a work on earth, then He quite

naturally grants us all these things, because it increases our power of action.

But *the* Thing is altogether different.

The Way of the Lord

Is there such thing as error?

There are only things that seem impossible to us because we don't know that the Lord is all possibility and can do whatever He wants any way He wants. Error is one of the infinite possibilities – "infinite" in the sense that absolutely nothing is outside the possibility of being.

So where is room for error in this?

It's *we* who call it "error," but it's totally arbitrary.

"This is an error," we say. But in relation to what? To our judgment of what is true, but certainly not in relation to the Lord's judgment, since it is part of Him!

We just can't get it through our heads: "This can be, but that cannot be," we keep saying. But that's not so! Everything is possible, and only our own stupidity says that something "cannot be."

The only One who's not worried is He who watches the show, because He knows everything that's going to happen. He has absolute knowledge of everything that is happening, has happened, or will happen.

For Him, it's all *one* presence.

And then, there are the actors, the poor actors who don't even quite know their roles. They worry and fret because they're being made to play something they know nothing about.

I've just had a very strong sense of this: we're all playing parts in the comedy, but we don't know what the comedy is all about, where it's heading, or where it's coming from. We barely know what we're supposed to do at any given moment.

But when One knows everything, He can't worry anymore; He smiles. He must be having great fun.

Yet we are given the *full capacity* to have just as much fun as He does.

But few people can bear this widening of their understanding.

When I close my eyes and look inward, I see this Smile, this Joy, and this Laughter. And this peace! Oh, such peace! Such a luminous and *total* peace: no more struggle, no more contradictions. A single luminous harmony encompassing everything. What we call error, suffering, misery is all there. Nothing is left out.

It is another way of seeing.

There's nothing to say.

If we sincerely want to find a way, it isn't really so difficult. There's nothing to do but leave everything to the Lord.

And He does it all.

He takes anything, even what we call a quite ordinary intelligence, and He simply shows how to leave that intelligence aside: "Here, keep still now. Don't stir; don't interfere; I don't need you."

And then a door opens, and we're led through to the other side.

Oh, all that frightful toil and effort of the mind to try to understand! Struggling, giving itself headaches! Absolutely useless! It leads nowhere, except to more confusion and headaches.

A so-called problem arises: "What am I to say? What am I to do?" There is nothing to do! Nothing but to say to the Lord, "You see, here's the situation." That's all.

Then keep very still.

And spontaneously, without thinking, without calculating or doing anything whatsoever, without the slightest effort, we do what must be done. But it's the Lord who does it; it's no longer a particular person. He does it, arranges the circumstances, arranges the people. He puts the words in our mouth

or under our pen. He does it all, all, all. And all we have to do is to let ourselves live in bliss.

Under certain conditions some people may feel powerful, wonderful, luminous, competent, but as far as I am concerned, that's because they have no idea what they're really like! When one really sees what one is made of . . . it's really nothing.

Yet it is capable of anything . . . provided one lets the Lord do it.

Personally, I have come to feel Him everywhere, all the time, to the point of actual physical contact (it's subtle physical, but physical): in things, in the air, in people. So I don't have far to go! I just have to do a slight movement inward, one second of concentration – and there He is!

He is far only if we think He's far.

Of course, if we start thinking of all the worlds, all the universal planes of consciousness, and He's way, way, way up there at the end of all that, then it does become very far indeed!

But if we think of Him as being everywhere, in everything, that He *is* everything, that only our way of perceiving things keeps us from seeing and feeling Him, and all we have to do is this slight movement inward, then it gets very concrete. In one position everything seems artificial, hard, dry, false; and just with this slight inward movement all becomes vast, tranquil, luminous, peaceful, joyous.

How? Where? It can't be described, for it is solely a movement of consciousness.

The difference between the true and the false consciousness becomes increasingly sharp and precise, and at the same time *slight*. Nothing "great" is required to go from one position to the other.

In the past, there was this feeling of being *confined* in something and a huge effort of concentration, interiorization, absorption was needed to get out of this confinement; whereas now I feel it's something one accepts as a sort of

mask, something like a very thin and very hard little rind – and with that slight movement inward, it vanishes.

I foresee a time when it will no longer be necessary to be aware of the mask. The mask will be so thin that we can see and feel and act through it – and it won't be necessary to hide behind it.

That's what is beginning to happen.

But this Presence . . . is a Vibration embracing everything. A Vibration encompassing infinite power, infinite joy, infinite peace.

Yet it is just a Vibration.

Oh, Lord! It cannot be thought out, so it can't be described. As soon as one starts thinking, it's the same old mess again. That's why one can't say anything about it.

There was a time when I curled up into a ball inwardly. For the least difficulty I became just like a sphere!

Then I could feel Him everywhere, everywhere, everywhere: within, without, everywhere. Him, nothing but Him.

There is a form and there is no form.

One feels a gaze, too, yet there are no eyes.

One feels a smile, and there's no mouth, no face! Yet there is a smile and a gaze and . . . one can't help saying, "Yes, Lord, I am stupid!"

But He laughs – and one laughs, happy.

1963: The Call of the Cells

*The closer one gets to the cell itself,
the more the cell says,
“Why, I am immortal!”*

Undoing Cellular Habit

It's very hard for the body to change, because it lives only out of its habit of living.

Every time something of the true way of living slips in, without thought, without reasoning, practically without sensation, almost automatically, the cells start panicking at the strangeness of it.

For *everything* has to change. It's no longer the heart that has to pump the blood and receive the Force, no longer the stomach that has to digest – it all needs to work differently.

A new base must be found and the functioning completely altered.

Yet all these cells are so anxious that everything should work “as usual”!

When the inner being, the true being rules, the body works automatically, through the power of the inner being. But then it doesn't become conscious of its own change, nor does it collaborate in its change. And it would take probably thousands of years before any transformation could occur. Hence

the true being must remain in the background, so to speak, while the body does everything *by itself*, that is, receive the Lord, hold the Lord, give itself to the Lord, *be* the Lord.

Oh, it does aspire intensely, but then the Lord doesn't conform to the usual habit! The moment He tries to take possession of one function or another, even partially, all the relations, all the movements are instantly altered – panic. Panic on that particular spot.

The result is a faint, or just about, or some excruciating pain, or an apparent breakdown in the functioning of an organ.

So what's to be done? Wait patiently until a small number or a large number of cells, that little corner of consciousness has learned its lesson. It takes one day, two days, three days, then the chaotic, upsetting "big" event calms down, is explained, and the cells in question say to themselves, "Gosh, are we stupid!"

It takes a little while, then they understand.

But there are thousands and thousands and thousands of them!

Meanwhile, from above, something watches all this and finds it terribly amusing, because it's exceedingly ridiculous, and at the same time so sad! It's so sad to see that *everything* is like that – the whole earth! This body is the object of a special concentration, a special effort, a special care, but the whole earth is in this state!

How far we are from those romantic transformations where people emerge from their meditation rejuvenated, transfigured, luminous!

At the end, a mere snap of the fingers will be enough to get a result.

It's the rest that is difficult.

Cellular Panic

This work gives me the impression of a miniature painting done with a magnifying glass and tiny dots. Miniatures are painted with a very fine and pointed brush, and you make tiny dots with a big magnifying glass. It takes many, many, many tiny dots to paint just a bit of cheek.

And it's so dull, so lackluster, so unchanging, so uninteresting that the slightest light shines like a bright star! The smallest, slightest, tiniest progress seems like an extraordinary achievement.

For example, the attitude of certain cells towards a specific physical disorder which, like all physical disorders, tends to recur. The disorder recurs with clockwork regularity; that's its job. It is only the way it is received by the cells – their reaction to it – that can bring a change.

There is now a difference in the cells' reaction.

According to my observation, there are two types of change in their reaction. On the one hand, the cells are less affected and are becoming not only more conscious, but more *in control* of their reaction (and that brings about the cure); on the other hand, under unrelenting attack, the cells can panic and become increasingly afraid, which eventually results in a terrible mess and a catastrophe.

The whole episode is experienced, observed, studied – something ordinary medicine explains away in two sentences.

What I observe now is the cellular process itself, whereas they don't know the process, only the result. And I notice that, as the consciousness grows, the cells panic less and less and a sort of mastery develops.

But the proportion is such that to get a really visible result, it would take years and years and years!

Oh, how slow things are!

The Sun of Divine Laughter

We only have to go deep enough into ourselves to find the inner Sun and let ourselves be bathed in that delight, that wonderful Laughter, which dissolves all shadows, all pain, all suffering. Then everything becomes but a cascade of harmonious, luminous, sun-filled laughter, which leaves no room for shadow or pain.

Even the greatest difficulty, the greatest grief, the greatest physical pain become completely unreal if one can look at them from *that* position, from *that* stand. Then everything becomes but a joyful and luminous vibration.

This is ultimately the most powerful means of dissolving difficulties, overcoming grief and getting rid of pain. The first two, difficulties and grief, are relatively easy; the last one, pain, is more difficult because of our habit of regarding the body and its sensations as extremely concrete and definite. But actually it is the same thing.

It's just that we haven't been taught and accustomed to seeing our body as something fluid, plastic, uncertain, and malleable. We haven't learned to permeate it with this luminous Laughter, which dissolves all shadows and difficulties, all discords and disharmonies, all that grates and cries.

This Sun of divine laughter is at the core of everything. It is the truth of everything. What we need is to learn to see it, feel it, live it.

The other day, I was mentioning certain cellular difficulties. I noticed that as soon as they start, I start laughing! But if someone is here and I talk of the difficulties solemnly, they become worse. If I start laughing and talk about them laughingly, they vanish.

It's dreadful to take life seriously!

Those who have given me the most difficult time have always been the people who take life seriously. All those people who have dedicated their lives to "spirituality," who follow a traditional yoga, who are very solemn and see adver-

saries, obstacles, taboos, and prohibitions everywhere – oh, how they complicate life, and how far they are from the Divine!

It's the very opposite of what I feel now: no matter what happens – something wrong in the body, something wrong with people, something wrong in circumstances – instantly, my first movement is: "O my sweet Lord, my Beloved!" And I laugh!

Then all becomes well.

I did it the other day (I don't recall the details, but it was over a circumstance that seemed hardly sacred): I saw myself and I started to laugh. I said, "Why, I don't need to be serious about this; I don't need to be solemn!"

As soon as this solemn attitude pokes its face, I get suspicious. I say to myself, "Something is wrong; some influence or other must have entered the atmosphere that shouldn't be there."

All that remorse, that regret, the sense of indignity and fault, and even the sense of sin – oh, it all seems to me to belong to the Dark Ages.

The Movement of Terrestrial Evolution

This morning I had an experience, which I noted down:

"The Lord is peaceful resignation,
but the Lord is also the struggle and the Victory.
He is the joyous acceptance of all that is,
but also the constant effort
toward a more total and perfect harmony.
He is perpetual movement
in absolute immobility."

This isn't an intellectual reflection, but an actual experience: the constant dual movement of total acceptance of all

that is (as an absolute condition to participate in all that will be), and at the same time, the perpetual effort toward a greater perfection.

This was the experience of all the cells.

It lasted more than an hour.

This is where the sharp split in the spiritual thought or spiritual will of mankind lies. The point doesn't seem to have been well understood.

Some, like Buddha and his whole lineage, have declared that the world is incorrigible and the only thing to do is to get out of it because it can never change – it changes, but really remains the same. The result is an attitude of perfect acceptance. And the goal is to get out, that is, to escape the world as it is.

Then there are the others, who sense that mankind is striving toward a progressively realized perfection.

I see more and more that the two movements complement each other, and not only complement each other, but are almost indispensable to each other.

In other words, the change that arises from a refusal to accept the world as it is has no force, no power in itself. What is needed is an acceptance not only total, but comprehensive and joyous: to find supreme joy in things in order to make it possible for them to change.

Putting it differently, one must become the Supreme in order to help in His action, in the changing of the world. One must have the supreme Vibration in order to participate in that Movement, which I am beginning to feel in the cells of the body.

It is a Movement which is like an eternal Vibration, without beginning or end, existing from all eternity, for all eternity, and without any division of time – it's only when it is projected onto a screen that it begins to assume the division of time.

It's hard to explain.

No sooner does one begin to feel it than it's gone: a Movement so total and encompassing – and constant – that it is perceived as complete immobility.

It's absolutely indescribable.

Yet this is the Origin and Support of the whole terrestrial evolution.

In the Mental Subconscious

I spent all of last night in a world where activities take place in a semi darkness, which the people living there regard as light, and where everyone attends to his affairs with his own ideas and what he considers to be his "knowledge." There prevails a great confusion and a most oppressive sense of powerlessness.

It went on for hours.

Finally, I decided I absolutely wanted to get out of there and return to the Light (the real one) and the open space. But it was literally impossible: whatever path I took to get out suddenly collapsed or disappeared, as if swallowed up in a maze of incoherent things, or else it came to an abrupt stop, plunging straight into an abyss.

I said to myself, "What am I going to do?"

Just then, I saw a man, dressed symbolically as a mountain climber, with all the equipment needed to climb down a sheer cliff. With the help of his ice ax he fastened himself to the cliff and climbed down. But I said, "This is *pretending* to find the way, but it's not finding the way."

I stood there concentrating, and as I concentrated, I suddenly was able to find a path leading up to a terrace.

Everything was taking place in a half-night, and outside it was complete night. But when I reached the terrace, one of those big electric street lights was turned on, giving off the white semilight of an electric lamp in the night – which is

nothing. The terrace was very long, closed off on one side by some kind of house, with every other side plunging straight into a black hole.

I felt that pervasive sense of powerlessness, of knowing nothing, neither where to turn nor what to do.

And this was *the ordinary state of human consciousness*.

But in my consciousness, stuck as I was, it was almost a torture. It was frightful.

I kept saying to myself, "What's the way out of here?" I concentrated, became conscious again of the divine Presence, but something kept telling me, "Nothing is responding; it will not work." It was horrible. "Nothing is responding. It can't change. It's not working."

I sat down on a ledge, intensely questioning within, "What can I do? What can I do? What's the way? What can I do? Where's the lever?" I was struggling to find the lever for changing this condition, but I could not find any.

Suddenly, from the house emerged a little old man, who gave the impression of someone attached to old things. As he came out, I asked him, "Well, now that you are here, can you tell me the way out of this place? How do I get out of here?"

That started him laughing: "There's no way out. You must be content with what you have." Then he looked up at that poor light above, which really didn't give off much light at all, and he said: "But first, I came to tell you that you must put out that sun! I don't want that dazzling sun up here." Ah! I thought, "That's what he calls a sun!"

I was so disgusted that I finally woke up. But with such an anguished impression: "What can be done to change that? My own experience is inadequate; it has no effect *there*. So what can be done?"

It stayed with me for hours this morning: "What's the way? What's the way to change that darkness into light?"

I am not giving all the details, but there were all sorts of people present, with all their plans, their ideas. One would come and say, "Look how cleverly I've organized this!" Then

another would come with yet another plan, and then they would confer among themselves. . . . Just like in real life!

The whole mental spectrum of life.

And my experience could not *reach* there; there was no contact. I was powerless. What little light was turned on because of my presence was considered a dazzling sun, when to me it was a mere street lamp.

It was so painful.

I wondered, "Why am I not happy and at peace here, too?" And something answered, "Because I want to change that." If I accepted it, I wouldn't even notice it. It's because I want to change that darkness. And only once we have found the way will there be joy.

But how to find it?

All the methods I use for the yoga and the transformation were ineffective, useless. They had no effect whatsoever. I've never seen a place so unreceptive! Yet everybody was very content with what he knew!

It is evidently a mental subconscious. But it's horrible.

In the morning, I asked myself, "Are there still a lot of things like that?" A world! A whole world of things.

That funny little old man almost made me angry, indignant. "So you want to get out of here? And why would you want to get out? Can't you see there's no getting out!"

Those are my nights.

One gets the feeling it will take centuries to change!

Or else a catastrophe.

It is getting increasingly concrete. As if the problem were drawing closer and closer, growing more and more tight and stifling.

It's perfectly obvious that people can live and exist *because* they are unconscious. If they were conscious, really conscious of the state they live in, it would be intolerable.

There is a very difficult period when one goes from that unconsciousness to a conscious vision of the state one lives in. It's almost intolerable to become conscious of things as they

are – of one's condition – and yet not have the power to get out, like last night.

And death is no help

There was a very clear and precise awareness that this has nothing to do with life and death. People who are unhappy think, "A day will come when I'll die and all my difficulties will be over." They're simpletons! It won't be over at all. It will go on until they find the real way out, in other words, when they emerge from Ignorance into Knowledge. The *only* way out is to emerge from Ignorance into Knowledge. One can die a thousand times and still not find any way out. Sometimes, on the contrary, it drags one even further down.

During a whole hour this morning, I was absolutely conscious of one single thing: the powerlessness to get out of the Ignorance. There was the will to get out of the Ignorance and the powerlessness to do so. It gave me a whole hour of tension.

When I woke up, the tension was so great that my head felt like a boiling kettle. Immediately, I said, "Lord, it's Your concern, not mine. It's not my business." And naturally, everything calmed down instantly.

It's excruciating for those who do not have that experience, but who do have the half-knowledge that we live in Ignorance and that human wisdom is just like that little old man who said, "Why would you want a way out? This is just the way things are." It's terrifying.

Matter's Direct Power

Usually I feel the Power above the head; the Consciousness is there and the Power acts from there. But recently, I was thinking to myself, "A *direct* power would be needed to change all that needs to be changed! A power that would act directly,

that is, from cell to cell, by the propagation of vibrations of the same quality.”

It’s beginning to come. But I was wondering why it didn’t come faster, though I know it all too well: it’s because we distort everything. We are so used to living in a mentalized consciousness that we distort everything, and naturally the Power cannot come if it is to end up distorted.

This is how it works at present: when the Power comes for a specific purpose, for instance, to act on someone, I am given the opportunity to see how the distortion sets in, gets automatically added on to the Power, and spoils everything. So the Power stops short; everything goes back to square one . . . and one starts all over again.

Only gradually can one learn how this really works. For the things that are added on aren’t deliberate additions arising from desire or impatience or enthusiasm; they are due to habit. It’s quite simply a habit. Matter is in the habit of doing things that way, and so it does them that way. Hence it must be taught not to budge, to keep absolutely quiet, so that when the Vibration comes, the something that always jumps ahead doesn’t do so.

It’s very interesting.

It gives the feeling of standing on the threshold of a stupendous realization that depends on a *very small* thing.

Sri Aurobindo said somewhere that miraculous realizations do not last, and that transformation alone will produce a lasting change. Now I understand why!

Some people receive the Force: Suddenly the Force comes, goes through them and produces fantastic results. But it doesn’t happen again, because the right combination of circumstances is no longer present.

It’s only when a modest work such as this, a work of “local” transformation, one might say, is completed in *full* consciousness and *full* mastery of the use of the Force without any interference that lasting material changes will become possible. And the results will be breathtaking. It will be like a

chemistry experiment one has learned to perform correctly: it can be repeated at will whenever necessary.

A New Sense of Health

All the habitual rhythms of the material world have changed.

The body had based its sense of good health on a certain set of vibrations. Whenever these vibrations were present, it felt in good health; when something came and disturbed them, it felt about to fall ill or it fell ill, depending on the acuteness.

All that has changed.

These basic vibrations have simply been removed. The vibrations on which the body based its sense of good or ill health are no longer there. They have been replaced by something else, whose nature is such that "good health" and "illness" have lost all meaning!

Now, there is the sense of an increasingly settled harmony among the cells, which represents the proper functioning, whatever it may be. It's no longer a question of a stomach or a heart or this or that. And the slightest thing that disturbs that harmony is *very* painful.

Yet there is also the knowledge of what to do to reestablish the harmony instantly; and if the harmony can be reestablished, the functioning isn't affected. But if out of curiosity one starts asking, "What is this? What effect will this have? What's going to happen?" (what the body calls "the desire to learn"), something very unpleasant *will* happen, which, according to doctors, can become an illness or seriously disrupt the body. While if there's none of that unhealthy curiosity and, on the contrary, one wills the harmony not to be disrupted, one only has to bring one drop of the Lord on the troubled spot for everything to be restored to normal.

The body is unable to know things in the way it did before.

This is a period when things are neither here nor there, just in between. One needs to be very quiet, very patient and above all never afraid or irritated, because that spells catastrophe.

The difficulty is that from every corner come these ceaseless suggestions of ordinary thinking: age, deterioration, possibility of death, threat of illness, dotage, and decay. They come constantly, and this poor harried body has to remain very quiet and not listen, only focused on maintaining its vibrations in a harmonious state.

The Training of the Cells

The greatest difficulty is that the body's very texture is made of Ignorance; so every time the Force, the Light, the Power try to come in, that Ignorance has first to be dislodged.

Every time the experience is the same in all its details: a sort of denial out of ignorant stupidity, but not ill will. It's an inert and ignorant stupidity that by its very nature *denies* the possibility of the divine Power. That's what has to be dissolved every time, at every step, in every detail.

It isn't as in the realm of ideas, where the problem is solved once you've seen it and have acquired the necessary knowledge. Some doubts or absurdities may still come from outside, but the case is settled, the Light is there, and things are either repelled or transformed.

But this isn't like that at all.

It isn't something coming from the outside; it's *built* that way! Built by an inert and stupid Ignorance, an inert and stupid automatism.

So, automatically, it denies. There's no will even to "deny," for it cannot understand what's going on. It's built as an opposite of the divine Power. So every time the action appears

almost miraculous in its details – and suddenly that negation is *compelled* to recognize that the divine Force is all-powerful.

I call the Lord. Almost instantaneously comes a reaction or a state that denies the possibility of a divine Action; then there is always a Smile that answers (never any anger or any force, just a Smile); and almost instantly the pain disappears.

And *That* settles in, luminous, peaceful.

It doesn't last, though, because it's a first contact. The experience recurs on another occasion or for another reason, and there is already a beginning of collaboration: the cells have learned that with *That*, their condition changes – they remember – so they begin to collaborate. And the Action becomes even faster.

A few hours later, it happens again. But this time, *the cells themselves* call and ask for the divine Action, because they remember. And *That* flows in, gloriously, as if it had found a base.

Now I've got it! This whole process is about training the cells! It is not just another sick person trying to feel better.

It's a training of the cells – to teach them how to live.

The Process of Transformation

I've made a discovery.

There has been a sort of pattern in the attacks on my body. They haven't occurred at exactly regular intervals, but there has been a sort of analogy or similarity in the circumstances surrounding them. And now I have come to a kind of certainty regarding their nature.

The work consists, I could say, in removing or transforming (I am not sure which) all the body's cells that are or have been under the influence of Falsehood, of the state contrary to the Divine. But since a radical purge or transformation would

likely result in the body's dissolution, the work goes on in stages.

If I go back in time to my first attacks, I see the same sequence taking place: first, a series of activities or visions in the subconscious realms, showing in a very vivid and objective manner the Falsehood that needs to be removed or transformed. At the time, I took these as adverse attacks, but now I see they are "states of falsehood" to which certain elements in my physical being are connected. And it results in dissolution – there is a transformation, but dissolution, too – and that dissolution naturally brings about an extreme fatigue and exhaustion in the body.

With the visions I had last night and the night before, I know that at issue were certain elements of the body's psychological structure, and they had to be eliminated. So I worked hard at eradicating them. And today was the day of the battle.

As I had worked hard, the battle was quite formidable – and when it exceeded a certain limit, the heart had trouble and I needed to rest. That's what happened.

But it was all so clear and obvious! The entire process, every single step of it, was *seen* from the beginning. It's a marvel! A marvel of consciousness, of measure to allow the purification and transformation to take place without disrupting the balance. Naturally, if the body was unable to endure, this work couldn't have been done.

So now the body *knows* (in the beginning, it thought they were "attacks" from the outside, "adverse" forces), the body knows where all this comes from. And it's so marvelous! It is such a marvel of wisdom.

It puts everything in its place and makes you realize that the play of the adverse forces is just a certain way of looking at things, a necessary way at a given time, but it's still an illusion. Illnesses are a necessary way of looking at certain things to enable you to fight in the proper way, but they're still an illusion.

Now the body itself knows this – as long as it was only the mind that knew it, it was a remote notion in the realm of ideas, but now the body knows it. And it is full not only of goodwill, but also of infinite gratitude.

It always wonders, “Do I have the capacity?” And it always gets the same answer: “It is not *your* capacity.” “Will I have the strength?” “It is not *your* strength.”

It came to me with certitude, as a straightforward reality: *this* is the process of transformation.

A Different Way of Living

The sense of “concrete” reality is fading away.

“Concrete” vision, “concrete” smell, “concrete” taste, “concrete” hearing – it all seems gone behind an unreal past. And that dry and lifeless sense of “concrete” reality is replaced by something very supple, very full in that all the senses function together, and *very intimate with everything*.

For a while I was shown the two functionings together so I could perceive the difference: how the senses function now compared to how they functioned before. It gives the impression of something a bit vague, but very intimate and very exhaustive, while before each thing felt separate, precise, unconnected with the other, and very superficial, like a pinpoint.

I see that if we could relax and let go of that absurd resistance born of habit, there would emerge a kind of very soft and rounded, very full and living and intimate knowledge and perception of things. A perception as if things were not outside ourselves, but *intimate*.

When someone comes into the room, for instance, or when the clock is about to strike, you know it before it takes place materially. Yet this is not at all foreknowledge; it belongs to the realm of sensation, but using other senses.

Everything becomes a *living* consciousness. Each thing emanates its own consciousness and exists because of it. The things themselves *live*. And they let you know where they are, where you'll find them. Other things suddenly go out of the consciousness and disappear.

It's a whole world of microscopic phenomena that make up another way of living, a world that seems to be the result of consciousness *without* the intervention of what we call "knowledge."

It's a different way of living.

Matter's New Outlook on Itself

Everything feels as if it were *seen* for the very first time and from a completely different perspective.

People's characters, circumstances, even the motion of the earth and the stars – everything has become entirely new and unexpected, in the sense that all the human mental vision is gone. So things are looking up!

And me too!

I saw myself from a new perspective. Things that in the past were not positively problems, but "questions to resolve" are all gone. And there is something that thoroughly enjoys itself. I don't know what that something is, but it thoroughly enjoys itself!

Outwardly, everything falls upon this body, which is still obliged to answer questions, read letters, see people, when it has so much more fun enjoying the inner experience and having this new vision of things, a vision that is extremely material.

It isn't going out of matter to see the world in a different way (that has been done long ago, of course, and it's nothing new or marvelous). It is matter looking at itself in an entirely new way.

That's what is so enjoyable. It sees the everything in a completely new light!

The Realm of the Cells

These past few days, I've experienced a completely decentralized physical consciousness, which manifested here and there, in this body or another person's body. It's as if a universal consciousness were asking the cells why they wanted to retain this particular combination or aggregate, pointing out all the difficulties resulting, for example, from the number of years, from the deterioration caused by friction and wear and tear.

But the cells seemed to be perfectly indifferent to all that! The cells' response was interesting in the sense that they seemed to give importance *only to their ability to remain in conscious contact with the higher Force*. They expressed a sort of aspiration, of yearning for that Contact with the divine Force, the Force of Harmony, the Force of Truth, and the Force of love.

The cells valued the present combination because of that. It was an altogether different point of view.

I am expressing it with words because there's no other way, but it was more in the realm of sensation. And it was very clear and persistent, without fluctuations.

At some point, the universal consciousness intervened: "Look, here are all the drawbacks." These drawbacks were clearly seen and concerned the kind of pessimism inherent in the still formless mind that is emerging in the cells.

But the cells themselves didn't care in the least! To them, it was felt as an "accident" or an "inescapable illness," something that *was not part of their normal development* and had been forced upon them. "Oh, that! We don't care about it!"

And right then, at that very moment, a kind of *lower* power to act upon that formless mind emerged, giving the cells a *material* power to separate themselves from that pessimism and reject it.

It was a major turning point, as if something truly decisive had taken place. There was an outburst of joy in the cells: "At last, we're free from that nightmare!" And there was a physical relief, as if it breathing was easier.

It was a totally material and cellular action.

Actually, the moment one goes down into the realm of the cells, how much lighter it seems! The kind of heaviness of matter disappears. It all becomes fluid and vibrant again. Which would tend to show that the heaviness, the inertia, the immobility of matter have been *added on*. These are not essential features of matter. They are false matter, matter as we think and feel it, but not as it really is.

The Cells' Surrender

The work is to change the conscious base of all the cells, but not all at once, because that would be impossible!

Even little by little is difficult enough.

The moment the conscious base shifts, there is almost an onset of panic in the cells: "What's going to happen?" So they are taken up by groups, almost by faculties or parts of a faculty, and some are more difficult than others.

It isn't so much a matter of the work to be performed as it is of the general attitude of other people, which produces a sort of collective support at the time of the transition.

The moment the ordinary consciousness withdraws and is replaced by the new one, there is a need for support, for a sort of collaboration from the collective forces. It doesn't require much and it is not indispensable, but it helps a little. There is

a moment of anxiety, in midair, as it were, which can last a few seconds, but those few seconds are terrible.

Generally, a few minutes of concentration are sufficient to deal with it, but it causes a kind of lassitude in the cells, a need for rest. Today, for example, if the body hadn't known what was happening, I would have gone to bed and not seen anybody.

Although more and more, the body has understood that, at each second, whatever happens is the best that can happen under the circumstances. It simply makes a movement of self-abandon and says, "Let Your Will be done." That's all.

Then all goes well.

In fact, all the cellular groups and organizations have to make their "surrender": a complete abandon in complete confidence. It's indispensable. For some, it is a spontaneous, compelling and ongoing movement. For others, it comes when confronted with difficulties. Still others need to be worked upon in order to learn.

So all the different functions are taken one after the other, in a wonderfully logical order, following the natural operation of the body. It's truly a marvelous process, though the body itself seems quite helpless.

Some cells even spontaneously repeat the mantra, sometimes with great intensity. Other times there is a sort of shyness to invoke the Divine. Yet, eventually, all that melts into the conscious perception of an incredible, unthinkable gentleness. The cells are simply ecstatic before that vibration.

1964: **The Kneading of Matter**

*What takes the most time
is becoming conscious
of what needs to be changed.*

The Body's Insecurity

A few days ago, while walking in meditation, this body said to the Lord, "What do I have? I have no certainty, no foreknowledge, and no absolute power. I have nothing." It complained bitterly: "I am full of the silliest movements." These small movements of apprehension, uncertainty, anxiety – small movements of all kinds.

People who live the ordinary life don't notice anything, but when one observes what's going on deep down with that discernment – oh, it is so petty, petty, petty!

This body has only one thing, and not even in an absolute way: a sort of equality, an equality in the cells. There is no longer the clash of joy and sorrow. For everything, every reaction, it's as if the cells were chanting: "to You Lord, to You Lord, to You Lord."

That's how it is constantly.

But in spite of this, the body doesn't have a sense of eternal stability, the sense of its permanence. The cells feel eternal, but the body itself does not feel sheltered from all attacks. It

doesn't have a sense of absolute security. There are still vibrations of insecurity. And that seems so limited, so petty!

The sense of security only comes through union with the Supreme. Nothing in life as it is, in the world as it is, can offer a sense of security.

But to feel the Supreme's presence so constantly, to be able to refer everything to Him – "To You, to You, to You" – and yet not to have a sense of security! A shock or a blow (not necessarily personal, but in life) can still elicit a vibration of insecurity.

The body finds this disquieting, grievous. Not that it complains, but it complains about itself, about its own inability.

To know that all is You, that You alone exist, to feel You everywhere, to feel You always, yet to still be open to the first thing coming from outside to give you a blow and to have a sense of insecurity – how absurd!

Of course, with the concentration of the true being, that insecurity disappears instantly. But then, it isn't the body that feels security! It's the true consciousness.

We want the body to exist in *itself*, by *itself*, with all its *own* qualities.

In other words, God shouldn't need to manifest for the body to live without anxiety!

And the Earth

This body is capable of passing on to others all it realizes.

It's a capacity of putting certain people or things all around the earth in contact with the experience by focusing the Vibration of the Consciousness onto them.

That's what Sri Aurobindo never stopped repeating: "Do not try to do it all by yourself; the Mother will do it for you, if you trust her."

It's an absolute fact.

This work isn't being done for *one* body; it is done for the earth.

As Sri Aurobindo said, if people around me do not have the direct Contact with the Lord – a contact I brought with my birth, of which I have grown more and more aware, but which was the very source of this earthly existence – if they don't have that Contact, they can have a conscious contact with me. That's easier, because it's something more tangible.

I am constantly doing this movement of offering: "Lord, I cannot do it; do it for me. Lord, I cannot do it; do it for me." It goes on twenty-four hours a day and as many thousand seconds as there are in a day, spontaneously, sincerely, absolutely: "I don't know how I can do it all by myself. It is such an enormous thing to do. It's all up to You. Do it for me." A difficulty arises; so-and-so is in trouble; these circumstances seem completely awry. "I can't sort it out with my own knowledge. Do what needs to be done. It's all up to You."

It's a movement of every minute, every second.

In fact, if the work was limited to a single body, a single aggregate of cells, it would be very easy in comparison, but the interchange, the oneness, the reciprocity is automatic and spontaneous. I feel that what is going on here in my body naturally, necessarily, and spontaneously has consequences very far and wide. Something new happens in the body, a new pain or disorganization, something unexpected, and a while later I learn that this or that person has come down with the exact same thing!

Sometimes, a movement or reaction comes to me, something in the consciousness of the body complains: "Oh, I'm still like that! What a shame!" But the body's whimper doesn't come from one place. It isn't *one* thing or *one* body that complains; it's a whole way of being, a terrestrial way of being expressed by: "Oh, I'm still like that!" Then comes the immediate answer: "But don't you see the usefulness of it?" And I am shown a whole web of movements, vibrations, actions,

and reactions; and in one tiny spot I see something slightly inert, which is in need of Force. And everything becomes clear and falls into place!

Clearly, it is egoism that yearns for personal, individual perfection. Instead of wanting overall progress, it seeks personal progress, making divisions where there are none, separations where they do not exist. I see how something going through this body should be accepted when it is in its place and time to be useful, so *the whole* may continue on its course.

Thus, one can gauge precisely how much is left of the old habit of personal reaction, especially in the emotive part of the being. For the moment the emotive part comes into play, it “personalizes” things, because it enjoys individual reactions. And when a somewhat darker or backward movement occurs, the body is indignant and doesn’t understand that it’s part of the whole, that the *whole* must progress together and one cannot perfect a piece of the whole in isolation. It can’t be done! It’s not that it shouldn’t be done; it *cannot* be done.

Everything moves together.

The Hemorrhage

I am aware of the consciousness of the body, but it isn’t the consciousness of *this* body; it’s the consciousness of *the* Body – it may be anyone’s body.

For instance, I become conscious of vibrations of a disorder (most often in the form of suggestions of a particular disorder) that come to see if they will be accepted and have an effect.

Let’s take the example of a suggestion of a hemorrhage (I mention hemorrhage because it will soon come into the picture).

Under the higher Influence, the body-consciousness rejects the suggestion. Then the battle begins, all the way

down in the cells, in the material consciousness, between what could be called the “will for hemorrhage” and the reaction of the cells. And it’s very much like a real battle, a real confrontation.

Suddenly, something like a general shouts an order: “What is this!” This “general” is conscious of the higher forces, the higher realities and the divine intervention in matter. After trying various approaches – willpower, this reaction, that feeling of peace, etc. – he is suddenly seized with a very strong determination and shouts an order. In no time at all, the effect is felt, and gradually everything returns to normal.

All this takes place in the material consciousness. Physically, the body has all the sensations, the sensory effects, but no hemorrhage.

Once the battle is over, I say to myself, “What in the world is this?” Then I forget about it.

A few days later, I receive a letter from someone very close, who has an ardent faith. In the letter this person describes the whole episode: the attack, the hemorrhage, feeling on the verge of death, and suddenly being seized with an irresistible will and hearing words – the very words uttered *here*. The result: he is saved, cured.

Just in time for the letter to reach me.

I remembered my own episode – and began to understand that my body is everywhere!

It’s not just these cells; it’s the cells in a number, maybe hundreds or thousands, of people. And since I deliberately keep my mind absolutely silent and blank, trying not to react to all that constantly comes from “outside,” nothing is there to think, “It’s this person’s body or that person’s body.” It’s *the* body!

That’s what is so difficult for people to understand.

It is *the* body.

This body is not my body any more than other bodies (a bit more, in the sense that it is more directly the object of the concentration of the Force).

With this little episode, I suddenly realized a great number of things – and also the difficulty! The difficulty, because after this experience the body was not exactly ill, but very tired.

It has to grapple with these kinds of things all the time! They spring up all the time, pounce on it from all sides, and I have to concentrate and start the battle.

No Assurance

Sometimes, when things are quite chaotic, I ask for an Assurance from the Lord.

But I see very well that if my body's cells, the body-consciousness, were told, "You are immortal. All these difficulties are experiences. The pain you feel has no importance. This apparent decomposition has no importance. And you will go to the end of the experience, to the transformation" – if it were told that, it would be child's play, because enduring difficulties is nothing.

Never have I been told that. Never have I been given the Assurance.

From time to time, the body is in a sort of *state* of immortality, but it isn't constant and it depends on other things. And if it's "dependent," it is no longer a supreme Assurance.

At the same time, there is this clear discernment: very likely, there would be a general slackening of the cells' effort if they were told, "Never mind; none of this is important, because you will last till the work is done."

The concentration of willpower to do battle would disappear, and one of the required conditions would be missing.

The Body's Restlessness

Sometimes I catch my body in a sort of haste or impatience and with a feeling of uncertainty. The two together: impatience to get out of the present moment and go immediately to the next, and, at the same time, uncertainty as to what that next moment will bring. The whole thing creates a vibration of restlessness.

I constantly catch my cells that state.

Naturally I react, but for them it's a very normal state: straining after the next moment, never enjoying the quietude of the present moment. It results in a feeling of having to endure and an eagerness to get out of that enduring, along with the hope that the next moment will be better.

That's how it is from moment to moment, moment to moment, moment to moment.

As soon as I bring down the Consciousness and concentrate it on the present moment, everything becomes quiet, immobile, eternal. But if I am not *constantly* attentive, the other condition of restlessness returns almost as a subconscious and ever-present phenomenon. And it's *very* tiring.

It must be one of the major sources of fatigue in mankind. Only when one can live in the eternity of the present minute does it stop; then everything becomes white, immobile, peaceful.

But it requires constant vigilance. It's infinitely more difficult than working in the vital, which is child's play in comparison. Because in the mind or the vital, all is a question of organization, choice, decision. It's very easy to decide and to rule! Whereas that cellular tension is there *continuously*; it's an activity inherent in material existence. It only stops when one goes into samadhi, that is, outwardly in trance.

From time to time – two or three times a day – I am given a few minutes of it. It's a marvelous relaxation. But the body always comes out of it with a sense of anxiety: "Oh, I forgot to live!" Like a good servant who neglected his work. One split

second of anxiety: "Oh, I forgot to live!" And the whole drama starts all over again.

This is interesting only for those who find interest in *everything*, those whose will for perfection neglects no detail whatsoever. For the mind, of course, it's a total waste of time and a pure nonsense.

The Foundation of Materialism

I don't know whether this is the last battle, but these days things have reached the depth of the darkest cellular realm, what still belongs to the world of Unconsciousness and Inertia and is most foreign to the divine Presence. It is the realm of the primal substance used by life, as it were, which lacks any ability to feel and experience a reason for this life.

It's something I had never experienced before.

Even in my earliest childhood, before I had any development, I always felt a Power behind things – a Power, a Force, a kind of warmth – something that is the *raison d'être* of all things.

But this isn't just the experience of *this* body's cells. This is an identification with the world in general, with the earth as a whole.

It is an absolutely terrifying and hopeless condition: something without meaning, sensation, or aim, without any joy in itself.

Something that has no *raison d'être*, and yet it is.

And there is no way out of that nothingness because it *is* nothing.

A terrible condition.

I have the feeling it is quite close to the bottom of the hole.

Yesterday, the whole day was spent in that condition.

And suddenly, something came from nowhere: there is only *one* raison d'être, only *one* Reality, only *one* Life. And there is nothing but *that*.

It was a combination of Light, Power, Omnipotence, together with an intense sweetness, warmth, and plenitude. Words cannot describe it. *It* came all at once, just like that, right in the middle of that terrible state of anxiety.

The condition of all the seekers of Nirvana, with their disgust of life, is almost enjoyable in comparison! It was a thousand times, a million times worse. And there was *no* way out of it.

At some point, the tension was so great that I wondered, "Am I going to burst?"

Then everything relaxed and opened up . . . OM!

That relief, that blossoming, that peace! Everything vanished, except *That*.

It's the first time I had that experience. And it wasn't in the least bit personal to my body. It was something else.

This condition is actually the basis and foundation of all materialism.

Pain and Doubt

Sometimes this poor body says to the Lord, "Tell me if I am to last, if I am to live, so I may endure. I don't care about pain and I am ready to suffer, as long as this suffering isn't a sign that I should prepare to go."

That's how it is.

When the body is in pain, it wonders why and asks, "Is this something I have to endure and overcome in order to be able to continue my work, or is it a more or less roundabout way of telling me I am coming undone and am about to disappear?"

But there is no response. I haven't been able to obtain a clear answer.

It probably isn't necessary.

Not a day passes without my having to fight against one pain or another, one difficulty or another.

Of course, the body knows that when its entire consciousness is centered on the Divine, it no longer feels anything; if it has a pain, it no longer feels it. But the minute it becomes slightly aware of the outer world, the awareness of the pain returns.

There are moments of illumination when it has the certitude of the Triumph. But almost immediately something comes to contradict it brutally, as a reminder: "Don't get carried away! You're not yet there, you know."

It has the feeling of knowing nothing, and it isn't told what will happen. So it feels a bit . . . in midair.

It can switch in an instant from a consciousness of eternity to a consciousness of utter fragility.

On top of it, there are numerous adverse forces, adverse suggestions (some caused by ignorance, others by ill will) that come and harass my body. I don't believe them. *It* doesn't believe them, but it doesn't have the assurance that would allow it to laugh in their face.

There's one thing that remains very, very difficult . . . and it's Sri Aurobindo's departure.

That's at the root of everything.

Before, my body wasn't like this. There was an absolute certainty.

It was a collapse.

It clearly came to teach something that could never have been learned otherwise. But it's always the point the adverse forces use. All the adverse suggestions, the adverse forces, the ill will, the disbelief are based on: "Yes, but *he* left."

And I know – I know in my deepest consciousness – that he left because he *willed* to leave. He left because he decided that it should be so, that it was the best thing to do.

But *why*?

This is a very difficult period.

Giving Up Control

The center of the body-consciousness, usually in the brain, has moved. The body-consciousness, the cellular consciousness, the one that responds to Nature's stimuli and controls the whole functioning of the body has suddenly shifted outside the body.

I experienced my body-consciousness completely leaving the body, and for about ten or fifteen minutes, it was all over and the physical world and the body had stopped existing. Yet I remained very conscious of a movement of forces and of an action – and the body-consciousness was even repeating its mantra and watching the effect of the mantra on the vibrations of forces.

The consciousness left the body over there in the bathroom and returned here on the bed. I was carried from there to here . . . and what happened between the two, I don't know.

Reentering the body after the most material part of the consciousness has left, causing a faint or a state of cataleptic trance, is very painful. All the nerves ache. Suddenly, I felt in a lot of pain, lying on cushions, while my last impression was of standing in the bathroom!

It's the first time in my life that has happened.

Whenever I fainted, I would remain conscious of what was happening to my body. Often, I would even see it lying on the floor.

Here the aftereffect was strange, as if all the body functions had lost their captain and no longer knew what to do. At first, my head felt as if it had grown very, very big and were filled with vibrations – the vibrations of Harmony trying to penetrate the vibrations of Disorder.

I was only conscious of that, since the entire relation with the body had disappeared. All day long I felt a total lack of control in the body, as if everything followed its own impulse.

It was very hard to keep it all together.

The second day was a bit better. But something has changed and it isn't coming back.

It's as if the natural consciousness of the body, which controls all the body movements, now stood at a distance, aloof, as it were. It hasn't exactly "lost interest" in what's happening, because it is laughing! I don't know why, but I feel it's laughing, as if it were making fun of me, making fun of this body. The poor thing has a lot of difficulties, and it is made to do very strange things indeed!

I have an impression similar to the one I had when Sri Aurobindo gave me mental silence. Then, my mind became perfectly blank and empty; I couldn't think anymore or formulate a single idea, nothing. In a word, total idiocy! And it never came back.

This time, it is the same for the body-consciousness. It used to hold everything together, so much so that in case of difficulties, I only had to let it deal with them to straighten things out. That body-consciousness, knows much better than our active mind what the body should or shouldn't do.

But that day it left *deliberately*. The decision had been made the night before, but I was resisting it, as I knew the normal consequence would be fainting. But "that" willed it, "that" chose its own time (when no accident could happen and someone was there to help me), and "that" acted deliberately.

My body-consciousness left.

And it has not come back as before.

The first day, I was almost dazed. I was groping for a way to function.

But this morning, suddenly, I began to understand: "Ah, that's it!" I was wondering, "What on earth does all this mean? How can I do my work now?" Yesterday, I had to see a lot of people who aren't close and whose atmosphere wasn't good. It

was very difficult. I had to keep a hold on myself, and I must have looked strange, very absent. Toward evening, it got better. But the night wasn't good at all.

When I got up, I offered Him my whole night and all the difficulties and all the complications, as I always do. Then a sort of Peace came into me, and in that Peace, I saw it and said, "That's odd! The center of the body-consciousness is no longer there!"

From that moment on, it got much better. The sense of uncertainty pervading this poor body went away. Because, naturally, that center was immediately replaced by the clear Consciousness from above, and over time I am hoping it will take complete control of the body.

In fact, the aim is to replace the natural, automatic consciousness by a "conscious" consciousness.

Aspiration or Surrender?

The more I go into the details, the more I feel *I know nothing*.

What people call "knowing" is wanting to define, regulate, and organize things – but that doesn't make any sense.

Every passing year brings me closer to a certainty that we know nothing. Yet the consciousness keeps growing and growing and growing.

But there is neither a sense of power, nor a sense of knowledge, nor even a sense of a relaxation – I am forever keeping a close watch over the body to make sure nothing happens to it.

We know nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing.

Naturally, this doesn't concern the inner experience and the inner reality, which are fine and do not cause any problem. It concerns the sort of tension at every minute of the day, in every movement, to do *exactly* what should be done, to say

exactly what should be said – to do the exact thing in every movement. One must pay attention to everything, be uncertain for everything.

There is constant tension.

Or, if one takes the other attitude of trusting the divine Grace and letting the Lord take care of everything, is there not a risk that it will end in the body's disintegration? Rationally, I know the answer, but it's the body that should know it!

Every minute of the day, I am confronted with this problem of finding the attitude that leads to the True Result, as compared to the attitude of accepting all that is, including weakening, decay, disintegration – all things that to the ordinary person are detestable and against which he reacts violently.

After all, we are told that everything is the expression of the divine Will and must be accepted as the divine Will. So this problem arises every minute of the day: if I accept those things as the expression of the divine Will, quite naturally the body will follow its habitual course toward disintegration.

What, then, is the *true attitude* that can bring perfect equanimity in all circumstances and at the same time give a maximum of force and power and will to the Perfection to be realized?

When dealing with the vital plane, even the lower vital plane, the problem doesn't arise; it's very easy. But here, in the cells of the body, in this life of every minute, so constricted, so shriveled up, so microscopic? What to do when we know we mustn't bring into play any will to reject that which is decay, and at the same time, we can't accept decay because we don't see it as a perfect expression of the Divine?

Something needs to be found, which obviously I haven't found, because the problem keeps arising. I can't say it's a problem of sensation, because I don't live in sensations. It's a question of consciousness, of the consciousness of this body.

I feel that the problem would disappear only if the supreme Consciousness took full possession of the cells and

made them move, act, live, so they would be seized with a sense of Omnipotence. Then the problem would be over, because they would no longer be responsible for anything.

This seems to be the only solution. So then comes the prayer: "When will it come?"

There's the easy path of passive acceptance, which evidently leads to increased disintegration; or there's the intensity of aspiration for the Perfection that is to manifest, for all that is to be – an aspiration that keeps everything at a standstill in that expectation.

It's the opposition between these two attitudes.

The situation is made worse by the fact that the cells' goodwill (necessarily ignorant) doesn't know if one attitude is better than the other, if it should choose between the two, or if both should be accepted. They don't know! When I wake up in the morning and the purely physical consciousness returns, the problem returns with it, not because I remember, but because it's here in this body, in the very cells.

When someone with experience and wisdom is present, it is so simple! Before, whenever there was the slightest difficulty, I didn't even need to say anything to Sri Aurobindo; everything would sort itself out.

Now, I have no one to turn to. No one has done it! And this, too, adds to the tension.

A Day in the Life

Mornings are particularly difficult.

While weeks and months go by with almost dizzying speed, the three hours of each morning last like a century! Every minute is won at the cost of an effort. It is the time of work in the body, and not just one body. All the vibrations from sick people, all of life's problems come from everywhere.

These three hours are filled with tension, struggle, acute striving for what should be done or for the right attitude. During these three hours, I repeat my mantra automatically, nonstop.

The words well up from the heart. And when the situation becomes critical, when the disorder and disintegration appear to be gaining in strength, the mantra swells with power . . . and order is restored.

It has been like that for years, and it keeps on increasing. It's hard work.

Afterward comes the physical contact with the outside world.

I start seeing people and doing the outer work, listening to letters, answering, making decisions. Every person, every letter, every action brings its own measure of disorder, disharmony and disintegration.

When I can remain still and quiet, it's all right. But sometimes it's a bit too much and it becomes very difficult.

But it's so subtle in its nature that it is incomprehensible for most of the people around me. I seem to be making a lot of fuss about nothing. Those are things which, in their unconsciousness, they don't feel at all. It takes shouting and quarrels and battles for them to notice the disorder!

The World of Disorder

It's a terribly dark labor without any clear, visible results. And it goes on every minute, without a break, night and day.

Last night again, I went through strange experiences with people I know very well, whom I was seeing in that way for the very first time. I went into all sorts of places I'd never been to before, where fantastic things occurred and where people I know very well physically appeared in a light and having activities that were totally unexpected.

Unbelievable!

One wonders, "When will this come to an end?"

There's always more and more and more of it. It's a constant display of new disorders, of new ways of seeing things, new aspects of the world.

I go there fully conscious, in the totality of my consciousness, and I find myself as an outwardly powerless witness of numerous unbelievable experiences.

Materially, it results in all sorts of very unexpected and rather chaotic circumstances, as if disorder were on the rise.

It's undeniably a preparation, but how long will it last?

It's like a detailed demonstration of how absolutely closed this world is to the higher Influence. The moment something comes down and touches the world, it becomes twisted and distorted beyond recognition.

Matter's Obstinacy

The great problem in matter is that the material consciousness, the mind in matter, has been formed under the pressure of difficulties, obstacles, suffering, and struggle. It was shaped, as it were, by these negative experiences, hence an imprint of pessimism and defeatism.

This is what I am most conscious of in my work.

The material consciousness, the most material mind, is accustomed to being whipped in order to act or to make an effort, otherwise it falls into inertia. If it does imagine something, it always imagines difficulties, obstacles, oppositions.

So it needs very concrete, very tangible, and *ever-recurring* experiences to be convinced that behind all its difficulties, there is a Grace; behind all its failures, there is the Victory; behind all its pain and suffering and contradictions, there is a Bliss. Of all the efforts, this is the one that has to be repeated most often: One is continuously forced to put an end to or

drive away or convert a bout of pessimism, of doubt or defeatist imagination.

I am speaking exclusively of the material consciousness.

Naturally, when something comes from above, it goes *wham!* Then everything falls quiet and stops, waiting.

I do understand why the Truth doesn't express itself more continuously. It's because the difference between its Power and matter's power is so great that matter's power is practically canceled by it. But then, it is not transformed; it is overpowered.

That's what used to happen in the past: The entire material consciousness was as if overwhelmed by a Power that nothing could resist or oppose. And people would feel: "We've done it!" They had done nothing at all, because underneath everything remained unchanged as ever.

Now is the perfect opportunity for changing this material consciousness; but for that it needs complete freedom of movement, without any interference from an overwhelming Power.

I am well aware of this.

But the problem is its obstinacy in stupidity.

For instance, how many times, when the pain is so severe and on the verge of becoming intolerable, do these cells send out their little inner call, their SOS; whereupon everything stops immediately, the pain vanishes, oftentimes to be even replaced with a feeling of blissful well being. Yet the *first* reaction of that stupid material consciousness is: "Ha! Let's see how long it'll last."

Naturally, that reaction destroys everything. And it all has to be started again.

I think that for the effect to last, for it to be truly the effect of a *transformation* – as opposed to a miraculous effect that comes, dazzles, and goes away – one has to be very, very, *very* patient.

We are dealing with a very slow, very heavy, very obstinate consciousness, which cannot move rapidly and keeps holding on to what appears to be a “truth.”

A great, great deal of patience is needed to change that.

The Body's Timidity

The body is ready to be very happy, all it wants is to be happy – but it dare not be. It still has not exactly fear, but timidity in the face of joy.

Sometimes, waves of intense Bliss come, waves of Ananda in which all the cells begin to swell with a joyous golden light, but then . . . it's as if it didn't dare be it. That's the difficulty.

The people around me don't help.

The mental atmosphere isn't favorable. The body feels the pressure of defeatist formations all around. Yet it knows those around me are just what is needed; the body needs such an atmosphere so that the material difficulties aren't made worse.

So it is perfectly content, but it doesn't dare be joyous: “Oh, this is still too beautiful a thing for life as it is!”

Now and then, when I am perfectly quiet and at rest, for instance when I know I have half an hour of complete peace to myself, the Lord becomes very, very close. And I feel Him saying to my body (not with words), “Let yourself go, let yourself go; be joyous, be joyous. Let yourself go; relax.”

The immediate result is complete relaxation, and I go into bliss.

The thing is, I then lose all contact with the outside world! The body goes into a deep trance, I think, and it loses all contact.

One should be able to keep that bliss while being active and hard at work. I am not talking about the inner joy; that's

settled once and for all. I am referring to the Joy *in the body itself*.

Inertia and Vital Perversion

“Health” no longer has any meaning; “illness” no longer has any meaning.

There are only movements and distortions of vibrations – what could be called bottlenecks in terms of movement and incrustations in terms of the cells.

It’s what remains of the old Inertia from which we came.

But there’s a double phenomenon: Inertia on one hand and vital perversion on the other – the *nervous* perversion of the vital influence.

There isn’t just Inertia. There is also a sort of perverted ill will. One can relatively easily drive it out and eliminate it from the conscious mental and vital life. That work of changing an individual’s nature, considered in the past as a tremendously difficult thing, is relatively easy. All in the nature that depends on the vital or the mind is relatively easy to change, even very easy. I am not saying very easy for the ordinary person, but very easy in comparison with the work in matter, in the body’s cells. Of course, their goodwill is undeniable and their trust in the Divine has become absolutely spontaneous. All that is conscious *is* luminous.

But the trouble is all that is not yet conscious!

The problem lies in the mass of all that isn’t yet conscious, which is then tossed between two influences, one as hideous as the other: Inertia, which prevents any progress, and vital perversion and ill will, which twist and distort everything.

When almost everything was in that state, it was visible, conspicuous, but that condition changed very fast. Now things have become very subtle and hidden, difficult to ferret

out. The difficulty is what's concealed underneath and isn't "voluminous" enough to draw attention to itself.

Oh, these habits, these habits!

For instance, the habit of expecting catastrophes.

And for Inertia, anything that disturbs the Inertia is a catastrophe.

In the beginning, that's what happened in the body. Any unexpected, more powerful, deeper, stronger, *truer* vibration than the individual vibration caused instant panic in the cells: "What's going to happen to me!"

Thank God, that period is behind me, but there was a time when it wasn't.

I don't know, but there is a long, long way to go in order to change this substance into a substance plastic enough, receptive enough, strong enough to express the supreme Power.

Matter's Choice

There is a sort of revolution in the atmosphere.

All the experiences described in *Savitri* [Sri Aurobindo's epic poem] are the very experiences I am having. Yesterday, after *Savitri* was read to me, the body suddenly straightened itself up in an ardent aspiration and prayer. There was an excruciating feeling of anguish: "The whole experience is here in this body, complete, total, perfect, and because this body has lived too long, it is incapable of expressing it." And it continued: "Why, Lord? Why do You take away from me the power of expression just because it took too long to get to this point?"

It was a sort of revolution in the body's consciousness.

Things have been much, much better since. There has been a decisive change.

The words in *Savitri* were the exact description of the body's present condition, yet this body has a constant feeling of fragility, of being in a precarious balance.

So with all its aspiration, it asked, "But why? *Why?* The experience is here. Why can't it be expressed?"

As usual, I had the feeling the Lord was laughing in response and saying to me, "Well, since such is your will, it will be so!" In other words: it's *you* who chose to be in this condition.

It's perfectly true.

All our incapacities, our limitations, our impossibilities are a choice made by this foolish matter, not through intelligence, but through a sort of feeling that "that's how it must be," things are "naturally" like that. It's a clinging, a foolish clinging to the mode of the lower nature.

It all ended up in tears and laughter – a whole revolution.

And then everything was fine.

But nobody on earth will convince me it isn't because this material nature chooses to be this way that it is this way.

Meanwhile the Lord looks on, smiles, and waits . . . for the body to be cured of its stupidity.

He does all that is necessary, but we don't pay any attention.

It's the fervor of *faith* that is lacking, that faith Sri Aurobindo so often speaks of.

The reason understands – but the reason does not have the power to move matter.

Every minute, I have the feeling there's a choice between victory and defeat, sun and shadow, harmony and disorder, the comfortable or pleasant and the unpleasant – and one needs to step in with authority to stave off that which is a mixture of cowardice and spinelessness, a limp and submissive attitude.

Speaking about it makes it sound simple and easy, but for the body *every minute* is a balancing act between three possibilities: fainting or acute pain, indifferent mechanical move-

ment, and glorious Mastery. I am talking about absolutely trivial little gestures such as washing one's eyes, rinsing one's mouth (big events always pass well because nature believes one should behave "properly" in special circumstances). But these three possibilities are always present, and if one isn't constantly on guard, physical nature caves in with repulsive and absolutely disgusting spinelessness.

This is repeated hundreds of times a day.

So if this isn't "sadhana," I don't know what sadhana is! Eating is sadhana, sleeping is sadhana, washing is sadhana – everything is sadhana.

What people are unconscious of, what they don't understand or call an "illness" has become, to me, as clear as daylight. And it's always a question of *choice*. If the will isn't unshakable, if one isn't holding on to the higher Will with desperate and unrelenting eagerness, then the body starts behaving foolishly and it faints or is overcome with pain.

I *know* it's the same for everything, for all "illnesses" without exception. So when, in a somewhat dogmatic or literary fashion, the sages proclaim, "Disorder happens because nature has decided to be in disorder," they are not so far off the mark.

It's all about spinelessness, which is one of the things most contrary to the divine Glory. Spinelessness surrenders to illness.

I am talking about my body, not about anyone else.

When I tell sick people, "Be sincere," I know what I mean. If they *really* want the Divine, all that must stop.

Material nature is full of self-pity: "Yes, I want to be like You, Lord; but then why do You leave me in this condition?"

A good slap – and march on!

The Way of Acceptance

The real problem is in the material substance of the body.

The body is learning one thing, not as an effort, but as a spontaneous condition, namely that *all* that happens is for progress. All that happens is for attaining the true condition, the one expected of the cells so the Realization may be perfected. All the quarrels, all the difficulties, all the troubles, and even blows and pain, even apparent disorganization – all is for a purpose.

It's only when the body, foolishly, takes things in the wrong way that they get worse and keep coming back. But if the body spontaneously says, "Very well, Lord, what do You want me to learn?" and responds calmly and with ease, then immediately the difficulty becomes tolerable and straightens itself in no time at all.

The minute we've learned the lesson, it's over!

But we are *so* slow and heavy, we take so much time to realize it's a lesson that it drags on and on and on.

A year or so ago, I believed that the thoughts and attitude of certain people around me were partially responsible for certain difficulties I was having, especially relating to age. But that's not true!

What people think and feel is *exactly* what's needed to act on this substance! Everything is used to teach the body what it must know: Where it lacks receptivity, where there's inertia, and so on.

So instead of the selfish answer: "No! No! I refuse. I am above this weakness and disorder," let it come, accept it, and strive to find the solution.

Instead of the age-old rejection of life, rejection of the difficulty, rejection of the disorder, and the flight to Nirvana, it's the acceptance of everything – and the Victory.

1965: The Change of Government

*It's . . . truly, totally and integrally
leaving the entire responsibility
to the Lord.*

The Diktat of the Physical Mind

All sensations are false!

It's an experience I have dozens of times a day, in every detail. We feel we need this or that; we feel pain here or there – but it's all false.

In fact, it means we have left the state of Harmony.

Something is lacking – and *That* is lacking.

We think the body is generally in good health, in equilibrium, and when something gets introduced from outside, it causes an illness. But that's not it! The body is *always* off balance, to a greater or lesser degree, and it is something else above, a Will or a Consciousness, that sustains and drives it.

So if we can call on and establish a contact with that Will, that Will of Harmony, while keeping the Flame of aspiration alive, then we emerge from that so-called illness – which is an unreal and false sensation, merely an expression of the general Disorder – and we reenter the Harmony.

And everything becomes fine.

I experienced this again last night, and that's why I can assert it with some measure of certainty: all sensations are false.

Disorder is everywhere! It's life's very condition, the result of effort, resistance, the tension of trying to reach something that keeps eluding us. That's our usual state. And that's what causes fatigue, tension, and so on.

Last night, I spent the whole night looking at this, wondering, "Why is that so? We are constantly in that state, straining after something that keeps eluding us." And the whole realm of the senses seems to be in a constant state of falsity, using that tension to create the feeling that something or other is wrong with the body.

If by ill luck the illustrious physical mind adds its own mental support, then things can go seriously wrong and become truly unpleasant.

But it's not inescapable. It's not inescapable – and not real.

What I call "real" is something coming directly from the supreme Will.

That is true; the rest isn't true – merely the product of the confusion and disorder of the human consciousness. I don't think one illness in a hundred (maybe in a thousand) is true. Some are the expression of a Will to help in dealing with and removing a false condition in the being so a truer condition can emerge from the chaos – but that's an exceptional case.

For two hours last night I saw that, with proofs and examples to back it. I was almost horrified to see to what extent the senses distort all the vibrations and constantly turn them into negative events, or even "warnings of catastrophe." It was really quite repugnant. I gave free rein to that whole movement in order to observe it. All the cellular organizations started moaning and groaning, as if saying, "This life is intolerable, *intolerable!*"

I listened for a while as it became a sort of general groan coming from everywhere. Finally, I called down the Will from above, and in one second it was all gone!

It was an act put on by the senses.

We are such ridiculous beings!

Of course we are not aware of all this, because these things tend to disappear in the stream of life. But they are *there* nevertheless. And they are terribly defeatist.

In Japan, I had contracted the measles (for rather profound reasons) and the Japanese doctor told me in grave tones that I should be extremely careful, that I was in the early stage of the disease, and this and that. Then I came here and I mentioned it to Sri Aurobindo, who looked at me and smiled. And it was over. We never talked about it again. When I met Dr. S. years later, I asked him about it. "There is not a trace of it, absolutely nothing," he replied. And I hadn't not even taken any medicine or any precaution, nothing.

All I had done was tell Sri Aurobindo, who had looked at me and smiled.

I am convinced that's how it works.

But the physical mind doesn't believe it. It believes that's okay in the higher realms of things, but in matter things follow the law of matter and are driven by material and mechanical processes, and so on and so forth.

So one has to keep forever working on that, forever saying, "Oh, come on, keep quiet! Put a stop to your difficulties!"

But the Flame must be there, the Flame of aspiration and faith within, along with a sincere determination to stop the disorder. To review in one's mind all the possibilities that might happen, even for the sake of attaining equanimity, is a very dangerous game. It's still a way of skirting the goal instead of heading straight for it. The Flame will burn all that falsehood.

Though I myself have nothing to boast about! I am preaching this for my body as much as for the others. I should be upright, strong, solid. Why am I stooped over like this? I know why, but it's not very complimentary. It's because my body is still subject to all the suggestions from the world, all the medical thoughts and habits.

So there's nothing to boast about. Only, I know – *I know* – it should be otherwise.

And the cells know it, too.

The Mind of the Cells

And there is too an obscure mind of the body, of the very cells, molecules, corpuscles. Haeckel, the German materialist, spoke somewhere of the will in the atom, and recent science, dealing with the incalculable individual variation in the activity of the electrons, comes near to perceiving that this is not a figure but the shadow thrown by a secret reality. This body-mind is a very tangible truth; owing to its obscurity and mechanical clinging to past movements and facile oblivion and rejection of the new, we find in it one of the chief obstacles to permeation by the supermind Force and the transformation of the functioning of the body. On the other hand, once effectively converted, it will be one of the most precious instruments for the stabilisation of the supramental Light and Force in material Nature.

– Sri Aurobindo

What I call the *physical mind* is the mind of the physical personality formed in the body. It develops with the body, but it is not the mind of matter itself. It is the mind of the physical being, that which constitutes a person's physical character and personality. It is in large measure the result of atavism and education. And part of any integral yoga is to discipline this physical mind. This is what I have been doing for more than sixty years.

But the mind that is spontaneously defeatist, given to fears and worries, forever expecting the worst, is the most unconscious part of the physical mind, what connects the physical mind to the material substance. It is the part that

borders what could be called *the mind of the cells*, the cellular mind.

This cellular mind exists in animals, and there is even a faint beginning of it in plants; plants respond to mental action. The moment Life manifests, there is a beginning of mental movement. Whereas the physical mind only began to exist in mankind. It appears especially with the form of the body, through atavism, and then fully develops through education.

While dealing with the physical mind is a must the moment one practices any integral yoga, this material, cellular mind, is absolutely new.

And there is a slight hope that it is beginning to change!

I am surprised myself.

I noticed it yesterday or the day before. I wasn't feeling well, things were unpleasant, and suddenly that cellular mind began to offer up a prayer. A prayer . . . the way I used to offer up prayers long ago, in *Prayers and Meditations*, when the mind uttered prayers as a result of its experiences – except that here it's the cells themselves that experienced an intense aspiration, which suddenly came out in words.

I was sitting for dinner, feeling a fatigue, a tension, the need for more harmony in the atmosphere, when suddenly everything straightened itself up like a flame, in a great intensity, and it was as if this material mind, on behalf of the body, were saying a prayer. What stood out was the sense of the oneness of matter, the sense of the totality of terrestrial, human matter. It said:

“I am tired of our unworthiness.
But it is not to rest that this body aspires,
it is to the glory of Your Consciousness,
the glory of Your Light,
the glory of Your Power,
and above all to the glory
of Your all-powerful and eternal love.”

Every word had such a concrete meaning!

In the afternoon of the following day, the body was in that state again and I had to write this down, which I realized looked very much like a prayer:

“OM, supreme Lord,
God of kindness and mercy,
OM, supreme Lord,
God of love and beatitude . . .
I am tired of our infirmity.
But it is not to rest that this body aspires,
it aspires to the plenitude of Your Consciousness,
it aspires to the splendor of Your Light,
it aspires to the magnificence of Your Power;
above all, it aspires to the glory
of Your all-powerful and eternal love.”

Each word was pregnant with a meaning that had nothing to do with the mind. It was something not just felt, but lived.

Then later in the afternoon came an affirmation, and no longer a prayer. It spoke with great power and dignity, almost with pride, and with a great sense of nobility. It said:

“The other parts of the being,
the vital, the mind,
may feel pleasure in intermediary contacts . . .
but the Supreme Lord alone can satisfy me.”

This was the clear vision that only what is supremely perfect can bring fulfillment to this body.

I found it very interesting.

The beginning of something.

It started out with a feeling of nauseating disgust for all this wretchedness, this weakness, this fatigue, this discomfort – all this friction and grating. And along with that disgust came a suggestion of annihilation, of eternal Peace.

But it was all swept away when the body straightened itself up: “Oh no! This is not what I want! I want the splendor

of Your Consciousness.” And a flood of dazzling golden light came pouring in.

That was some experience.

This aspiration in the cellular mind has really an extraordinary power of realization. If it becomes organized, something will be possible.

It’s as if I had caught the solution by the tail.

There’s hope at last.

Unexpected Silence

This morning, I had an experience that brought to light the true significance of this material mind. I kept remembering Sri Aurobindo’s sentence about its being an impossible instrument that would probably have to be got rid of. But I saw something was wrong, because despite all the criticism, the offering, the disgust, even the rejection, this material mind was maintained.

And it was very slowly being changed.

It may be expressed this way: the capability for this material mind to remain silent and still and to intervene only on the Impulse from above. For every action, to intervene only when set into motion by the supreme Wisdom.

That was the experience of this morning.

I am not saying it is final, far from it, but it’s much more under control than before. Its stillness lasted perhaps an hour or two, but its activity is no longer so mechanical.

The sort of silence in which everything comes to rest can now be extended to this material mind. It comes to a standstill, turned toward the Above.

It is just a beginning.

But something is certain: if this happened for a few moments, it will happen again, and therefore this material mind will be part of what will be transformed.

The experience brings in a tremendous power, because when this material mind stops, the Vibration of love can manifest in all its fullness.

The Change of Government

A whole transformation is taking place – a sort of change of Government.

The cells and all the material consciousness used to be controlled by the individual consciousness within, most often the psychic consciousness, or the mental consciousness (though the mind has been silent for a very long time). But now this material, cellular mind is beginning to organize itself like the other ones, the mind of all the other parts of the being. It is even educating itself, learning and organizing the ordinary science of the material world.

Of course, all the memory of mental knowledge vanished long ago and I received indications only from above. But now this new memory is being built from below, as it were, with the assiduity of a little child receiving an education, quite aware of its ignorance and eager not to make any mistake. It knows this kind of knowledge to be more than limited and conventional, but it wants to be a reliable instrument, a faultless channel.

This is the mind that was without any coordination, in a constant turmoil and disjointed activity. Now it is becoming organized.

That's the important and wonderful breakthrough.

As it gets organized, it learns to *fall silent* and to let the supreme Force act without interfering. that means a shift in the controlling will.

I feel a material, physical need to identify with this new direction.

In other words, it is no longer the same thing that makes you walk, move, act. The center is no longer the same. And if, out of habit, you try to hold on to the old center, it causes a great disorder. You must be very careful not to let the old habit come back and take over again.

The nerves are the most difficult part, because they are so used to the ordinary conscious will that when it stops, to be replaced by the direct Action from above, they go crazy.

This is really a “change of government,” when the old power withdraws.

But until the body adapts to the new power, there is a critical period.

As all the cells are in a state of conscious aspiration, it’s going relatively fast, but still . . . the minutes are long.

Yet there is a growing certitude in the cells that everything that happens is aimed at this transformation and shift of the controlling power. Even when things are materially painful, the cells keep that certitude. They withstand and endure the pain without getting in the least depressed or affected, with the certitude that it *is* the process of transformation.

The New Elements and the Old

There is an increasingly keener and clearer perception of the elements of the body (considered as a symbolic, representative object) that still belong to the past evolutionary movement, as compared to those that are receptive to the new method, as it were. Although that disparity is part of their inner makeup, I perceive it more clearly than physical things.

Outwardly, the battle to eliminate the disparity causes a fever, but it’s not a battle against ill wills. There’s in fact *incapacity* to change on the part of the old movement. So violence will not bring any result.

The only thing that can triumph over that resistance is the supreme Vibration of Love, but there is an inability to receive, causing a sort of dilution of the Vibration and preventing it to manifest in its purest essence.

By certain details, I can see that a fuller contact would provoke some sort of explosion. Too sudden and abrupt a change would create a disruption. There have been microscopic experiences, which, if they had occurred in greater number and magnitude, would have caused what we call a dissolution.

Recently, I experienced six hours of nonstop immobility on my bed plus another hour of limited activity after getting up. It became incredible! All the elements, whether they belonged to the old movement or the new one, were in the same state of adoration. Therefore it has nothing to do with moral attitude.

But, in their adoration, some elements accepted to be annulled, while others yearned for Victory and transformation. It's not even that they "yearned"; they *felt* the victory, while the others accepted the dissolution.

The Power of the Body

I have noticed something very interesting when there is a pain or some sign or other that something is wrong in the body.

If the body reacts according to its old habit – "What should I do to get over this?" – the problem takes root. Why? Because it must stay there in order to be studied!

On the other hand, if the cells have already learned their lesson and immediately say (not with words), "Lord, Your presence," the problem goes away.

It's no use if the mind does it, if the psychic consciousness does it, or even if the physical consciousness does it.

The cells *themselves* must do it.

A person might do it in his mind by saying: "I give myself to the Divine. I am in a state of perfect equality, ready for anything. And still I am ill! What's happening?"

That's not it.

Whenever a body disorder occurs, for whatever reason, the only way to have an immediate effect *here* (immediate, in the sense that it looks like a miracle) is to have an immediate movement of: "Lord, Lord, this is You; Lord, we are You; Lord, You are here." And everything is swept away.

A feeling, an attitude – and it's gone.

I have had hundreds and hundreds of experiences such as these.

The general state of the consciousness is always exactly the same: absolutely immobile and equal, indifferent whether it's life or death, illness or health, in an attitude of self-offering and a sort of conscious bliss of: "Let Your Will be done."

But that's not enough. It doesn't touch *here*.

It must happen *here in the body*.

When one feels really out of sorts, queasy, helpless, unable to breathe, to move, to think or do anything – and suddenly . . . Consciousness – the vibration of Love comes in the body-consciousness for a split second.

Everything lights up!

It's all gone. You look at yourself in amazement. You were in considerable discomfort – it's all gone!

Where is the Proof?

All these days I have been in the state where one asks, "Where, but where is the concrete proof that all this is going to change?" Things do not look too great, so where is the concrete proof?

What keeps coming back is the most severe test I could have been given: Sri Aurobindo's departure. For Sri Aurobindo spoke as if he wasn't going to leave. So it's something that comes and says, "Yes, dreams for thousands of years hence!"

It recurs again and again.

But suddenly comes a sort of sword of inviolable Light: the Certainty.

One no longer asks or says anything. One has the patience of faith: "It will happen when You decide it." As for me, I am not moving; I remain turned toward this inviolable light.

Naturally, all the outward circumstances belie this.

In spite of the inner transformation, which is a proven fact every second of the day, the body is keeping its habit of deterioration. And just when one thinks things are improving, something comes along as if to show that it's all an illusion! There is always a Voice – which I know very well, the tempting voice of the adverse forces – which comes and whispers, "See how mistaken you are; see how you delude yourself; see what a mirage it all is."

If one listens, one is finished. Everything is simply finished.

One has got to put one's hands over one's ears, shut one's eyes, and keep clinging to the Above.

This is what I have been experiencing over and over again since Sri Aurobindo left, far more cruelly than all the tortures ever contrived by human beings.

That's why I say that this realization isn't meant for the weak, but for the very strong. One must be terribly strong, with the strength of unshakable endurance.

There's an apex of viciousness forever whispering: "You are mistaken. It's not possible. And here is the proof of what I am telling you: Sri Aurobindo, who knew, has left."

If one listens and believes it, one is absolutely done for.

And that's what they want.

For fifteen years, not a single day or a single night has passed without attacks of this sort. I don't think another human being could bear the sight of the horrors I have seen, which are shown to me as if to say that all my "ambitions" are madness.

I have only one answer: "Lord, You are everywhere. You are in everything, and it's up to us to see You through everything."

Then it calms down.

1966:

The New Functioning

The importance of the body is obvious; it is because he has developed or been given a body and brain capable of receiving and serving a progressive mental illumination that man has risen above the animal. Equally, it can only be by developing a body or at least a functioning of the physical instrument capable of receiving and serving a still higher illumination that he will rise above himself and realise, not merely in thought and in his internal being but in life, a perfectly divine manhood. Otherwise either the promise of Life is cancelled, its meaning annulled and earthly being can only realise Sachchidananda by abolishing itself, by shedding from it mind, life and body and returning to the pure Infinite, or else man is not the divine instrument, there is a destined limit to the consciously progressive power which distinguishes him from all other terrestrial existences and as he has replaced them in the front of things, so another must eventually replace him and assume his heritage.

– Sri Aurobindo

A Body Moved by the Supreme Will

Yesterday or the day before, something was saying to me, “This is how the consciousness of a dead person regards the earth and physical things. You’re a dead person living on the earth!”

Yet I went on speaking, working, doing things as usual.

I don't know how to explain it because there's nothing mental about this, and non-mental sensations have a vagueness that's hard to describe. But today it came again two or three times, a sort of extremely strong impression: "I am a dead person living on the earth."

How can I explain that?

With eyesight, for instance, the objective precision is missing. I see through the consciousness. Everything is behind a kind of very luminous mist and suddenly something stands out, absolutely clear and precise.

With hearing, I hear in a completely different way. There is a sort of "discrimination," something that chooses the perception and decides what is heard and not heard, what is perceived and not perceived. In some cases, all that's heard is a continuous drone; other things are heard crystal clear, while still others are blurred, half heard.

The eyesight is no longer compelled by appearances, nor is the hearing compelled by sounds. It is a movement of consciousness that makes certain things perceptible and keeps others as a fuzzy background.

But there's nothing personal about all this. There is obviously the sense of a choice and a decision, but it isn't a personal choice and decision. In fact, the "personal" part is reduced to the necessity of causing this body to participate. For example, it's very striking with eating.

It's as if someone, a spectator, were watching over a body, which doesn't even feel very precise or defined, but more like a heterogeneous mass held together.

It's really an odd state.

At times, I feel a mere nothing could cause me to lose the connection, and only if I remain very still and very indifferent can it continue.

These experiences are always preceded by the Supreme Presence coming intimately and inwardly close, with a sort of question: "Are you ready for anything?" The Presence grows so marvelously intense that there is a thirst in the whole being

for it to remain constantly like that. Nothing but *That* exists; nothing but *That* has a *raison d'être*. And in the midst of it comes the question: "Are you ready for anything?"

That was two nights ago. Naturally I answered, "*Anything*."

The body always says *Yes*. No choice, no preference, and no expectation: a total and complete surrender.

It is another way of living.

In terms of consciousness, it's a tremendous gain. Because all slavery, all bonds with external things have completely disappeared, fallen off. It's absolute freedom.

There is only *That* left. The Supreme Master *is* the master.

It is such a radical realization, an absolute of freedom regarded as impossible while living the ordinary life on earth.

It is equivalent to the experience of absolute freedom attained on the highest levels of the being, when one becomes completely independent of the body. Here, the remarkable point is that it's the consciousness of *the body* that has these experiences – a body that's still visibly of this earth!

Of course, nothing is left of what gives human beings the usual "trust in life." There doesn't seem to be any support left from the external world.

There is only . . . the supreme Will.

To put it in ordinary terms, the body feels it lives only because the supreme Lord wants it to live, otherwise it couldn't live. What the Lord wants is done – that's where it begins and ends. Whatever He wants the body to do, the body can do.

It no longer depends on physical laws.

And I don't at all feel I have lost anything! On the contrary, I feel this is a much superior state than the one I had before.

For instance, the perception of people's inner reality (not what they think or appear to be) is infinitely more precise than before. If I look at someone's photograph, for example, there's no seeing "through" something; I almost exclusively see what that person *is*.

Naturally, if a human will tried to exert itself on this body – “Mother must do this or that,” or “She must be able to do this or be able to do that” – it would be thoroughly disappointed and would conclude that “She has become useless,” for this body simply wouldn’t obey. Human beings constantly exert their will on one another, or they receive suggestions and manifest them as their own will, without realizing that it’s all the external falsehood.

There is a sort of certitude in the body that if, for just a few seconds, it lost contact with the Supreme, it would die on the spot. It’s only the Supreme that keeps it alive.

That’s how it is.

Naturally, to the ignorant and stupid consciousness of human beings, this a miserable condition to be in – while to me it’s the true condition! Because, instinctively, spontaneously, for them the absolute sign of perfection is the power of life, of ordinary life.

Well, it’s completely gone.

The Child of Tomorrow

Oh, it was an extraordinary experience!

Suddenly, I found myself outside the whole human creation, outside everything mankind has created in all the worlds, even in the most ethereal worlds. I saw the play of all the man-made conceptions of God and approaches to God, as well as all the invisible worlds and the gods. They came one after another, as if on a screen, each with its artificiality, its inadequacy to express the Truth.

The very precision and accuracy of it all brought about a sense of anguish, because it conveyed the impression of a world of total imagination, of imaginative creation, in which *nothing* is real, and one can never grasp *the* Thing. And this

grew into a terrible anguish: "But then, what? What's truly *true* beside all our conceptions?"

And that's when the total, complete self-abolition came, the abolition of that which *can* know, of that which *tries* to know. Even "surrender" is too mild a word for that. And it ended in a slight little movement, as a child would have who knows nothing, tries nothing, understands nothing – but who abandons himself. A little movement of such simplicity, such ingenuousness, such extraordinary sweetness.

Just that.

And instantaneously came *the* Certitude, the lived Certitude.

I wasn't able to keep it very long. But "It" is wonderful.

The anguish had reached its peak: the sense of the futility of all human efforts to embrace and understand what is beyond human. Yet this was humanity in its supreme realizations, when man feels like a god. That was still below.

The experience lasted, oh, perhaps a few minutes, but it was something.

There remains obstinately the certitude that this creation is *not* a transitory way to recapture the true Consciousness. It is something that has its own reality and that will have its own existence *in the truth*.

That is the next step.

When will that come? I don't know.

But when it comes, everything will change.

On the Edge

There is a whole work of adjustment going on, and it's becoming very, very difficult.

I am practically unable to eat. I force myself; otherwise all I would do is drink. And it has nothing to do with digestion.

I don't feel tired, but for a long time and increasingly these last few days, I've had the impression of walking on the edge, and the slightest misstep would cast me into the abyss.

I feel as if on the edge between two chasms.

It is something happening in the body's cells. There's nothing moral or even sensory about all this.

I have to be constantly on my guard, for the least slackening could spell catastrophe.

The consolation is that the action of the Supreme is growing increasingly clear and evident. I am like a speck of dust in the hollow of His hand – but a speck that is in pain, that's the trouble. Everything is *very* sensitive.

But the play of forces is becoming clearer and more powerful, and over an increasingly vast field. And it is acting directly *here* in matter, with extraordinary precision and force.

It's a consolation.

Joy in the Cells

Oh, I've had an experience, a new experience!

I mean, it's the cells of the body that have had a new experience.

When I lie down on my bed at night, all the cells offer themselves up in a movement of surrender as total as possible, with an aspiration not only for union, but for fusion, so nothing exists but the Divine. I do this regularly, every single day.

But for some time the collective consciousness of the cells had been complaining: "We don't feel much of anything." Of course, they "feel" protected, supported, but they are a bit like children. They were complaining that it wasn't spectacular enough: "It *has* to be marvelous." Ah, very well, then!

Two nights ago, they were in that state when I went to bed. At two in the morning, I got up and suddenly noticed that all

the cells, or rather the cellular consciousness, felt bathed in and at the same time impregnated with a *material* power of a fantastic velocity, compared to which the velocity of light is slow and unhurried.

Fantastic, absolutely fantastic!

Something that must be like the movement of the centers out there in galactic space. It was so formidable!

I remained very peaceful, immobile, sitting as quietly as I could under the circumstances of this breathtaking movement, bordering on discomfort. It was so formidable, the cells felt suffocated. And at the same time a sensation of power that nothing, absolutely nothing can resist.

I realized I had been pulled out of bed so the body-consciousness could teach the cells how to surrender: "The only way is total surrender, and then the sensation of suffocation will stop." There was a little concentration, like a lesson: how it should be done, how to abandon oneself entirely.

When I saw it had been understood, I went back to bed.

From that moment (it was about two twenty) until a quarter to five, I was within that movement without a single break!

The astonishing thing is that when I got up, the whole cellular consciousness was pervaded with a sense of Ananda in everything the body did: getting up, walking, washing my eyes, brushing my teeth. For the first time in my life I felt the Ananda (quite an impersonal Ananda) of those movements.

And the feeling was: "This is how the Lord enjoys Himself!"

Now the experience is a bit in the background. It remained in the forefront for an hour or two to make me understand.

Before that experience, the body used to feel that its entire existence was based on the surrender to the supreme Will and on endurance. If it was asked, "Do you find life pleasant?" it wouldn't dare say no, but it didn't find it very pleasant. Life wasn't meant for pleasure and it couldn't understand how it could give pleasure. There was a concentration of will toward

a surrender striving to be as perfect – painstakingly perfect – as possible, and a sense of endurance: holding on no matter what.

That was the basis of its existence.

As for the transitional periods of switching from one habit to another, from one type of support to another, from one impulsion to another (for example, what I call the “change of government”), they are always difficult, occurring periodically, once the body has gathered enough strength to endure the change.

During these periods, there was that will and that endurance, as well as: “Let Your Will be done,” and “Let me serve You as You want me to. Let me belong to You as You want me to,” and also, “Let there remain nothing but You; let the sense of the person disappear” (it had already disappeared to a considerable degree).

Whereupon came this sudden revelation: instead of a base of endurance, of holding on at all cost, there is a joy – a very peaceful and very smiling and very sweet joy! Something so innocent, so pure, and so lovely! The joy that is at the core of all things and in everything we do.

This is what I was shown last night: in absolutely everything, there isn’t one vibration that isn’t a vibration of joy.

It’s the first time it happens.

As a result, the body feels a little better! There is less tension. But it has been advised to remain very quiet and peaceful, above all without any excitement and “joy,” as one usually knows it.

This is something so pure, oh! So translucent, so transparent, so light!

It’s the first time these cells have had this experience.

Before, they always felt the Lord’s support in terms of power and force. They felt they existed because of Him, through Him, in Him. But in order to feel it, they had to have endurance, the power to endure everything. Whereas now there is something smiling, smiling so, so sweetly; something

extraordinarily amused behind it all, and so extraordinarily light.

And all the tension has gone.

The Cells' Perfect Sincerity

This Supreme Consciousness seems to keep putting one in touch with things from the past that were, or seemed to be, completely erased, with which one no longer had any contact – all sorts of little circumstances or imprints that make all human life such a pathetic, miserable, and sordid whole.

Then there's the luminous joy of offering up all that in order to transform and transfigure it.

Now it has become the very movement of the cellular consciousness.

Sometimes, all the weaknesses, all the reactions to adverse suggestions (tiny little things in the cells) come in waves, and the body feels on the verge of buckling under the onslaught. Then comes this warm and deep and sweet and powerful light, which restores order everywhere and opens the door to transformation.

These are very difficult moments for the body's life.

It feels as if the supreme Will alone could decide. There is no other support left. From the support of habit to the support of knowledge and willpower, all supports have disappeared.

There is only the Supreme.

And this aspiration in the cellular consciousness to the perfect sincerity of the consecration.

It is a lived experience – intensely lived – that only that absolute sincerity of the consecration enables existence.

The slightest pretense is an alliance with the forces of dissolution and death.

This immense habit of depending on the will of others, the consciousness of others, the reactions of others – the sort of

universal play-acting everyone does for everyone else – must be replaced by a spontaneous, absolute sincerity of consecration.

There's like a chant in the cells: "Your Will, Lord, Your Will . . ." – but they mustn't even have the insincerity of watching themselves.

In fact, what is very striking about this cellular consciousness is that the cells have a much keener, much more exacting sense of sincerity than the vital or the mind. There is a sort of absoluteness in their sincerity that is quite remarkable, and they even display a severity toward one another that is really amazing. If anything, any part or any movement tries to cheat, they catch it immediately, with trenchant and precision. In all vital or mental movements, there is always room for suppleness and adjustment, while here it's inflexible. Thus any invocation, prayer, self-giving, surrender become so pure, so crystalline!

Indeed, there is a growing conviction that a perfection realized in this very matter is a *far more* perfect perfection than anywhere else. It has a sense of solidity that doesn't exist elsewhere.

When the great offering takes place within, with the joyous self-giving and surrender, if something betrays even the slightest self-interest (for instance, a pain or disorder in some little corner hoping or wishing for relief), it gets caught immediately and told, "No, you're not sincere! Give yourself without condition."

From time to time, some cells scold other cells! They reprimand them for wanting to continue in the old groove where all the functions are performed according to the methods of Nature. It's wordless, but something translates into words: "Fool! What are you afraid of? Don't you see it's the Lord doing this to transform you?"

It is quite clear that such perfect sincerity is possible only in the most material part of the consciousness.

Then there's this joy, this enthusiasm at the possibility that being entirely sincere should be *possible* at all, that it should be allowed, as it were. "Life is such a confusion and a muddle of insincerity, but *That* is really what is expected of us, *That* is what is allowed, *That* is what must be realized: To be absolute in the joy of self-giving."

It's a marvel!

As for the contact with all the beings of the Overmental plane, the gods, the entities, the divinities – in the cells lies a sort of rectitude and honesty that say, "Oh, what a fuss they all make! How it all seems so puffed-up, so pretentious!" It's quite interesting.

The vision of the world is very different. It's far more honest, sincere, and straightforward.

The consciousness manifesting in transformed cells is a marvel. It vindicates all these ages of misery. To achieve that was really worth the trouble.

To Be with That, or Not To Be

These last days, an avalanche of petty, sordid, ugly, helpless things besieged the consciousness.

This poor body cried over its inability to express anything superior.

Then came the answer in a very simple and clear way: the only solution, the only way out of the difficulty is to *become* divine Love.

And the experience itself came along, for a few moments (more than half an hour).

Then one truly understands that all this suffering and misery, all these ordeals one has to endure are nothing in the light of the experience of what will be (and is).

But we are still incapable; that is, the cells haven't yet the strength to bear it. They are beginning to have the capability to *be*, but not the strength to hold *That*.

For *That* has such an extraordinary power of transformation! All the stories of miracles down the ages, all our human notions of miracle or marvelous mutations are a child's prattle in comparison. All our attempts, all our hopes and aspirations are simply . . . childishness.

But it was clear that things weren't yet ready.

Yet it was *so* extraordinary that the cells felt they couldn't live on without *That*.

The feeling was: either *That* or else dissolution.

And when *That* went away, it didn't go away by accident, but deliberately, with the distinct sense: "This is no time for recreation; now is the time to prepare oneself so *That* can stay." It was categorical. After *That* had left, there was a kind of suffocation, and that's when the Command came, with the rigidity of a wall: "No time for recreation; time to prepare oneself."

Then one returns to reason, and it all seems so . . . ugh!

But since *It* was here for a while, there is the certitude – based on experience – that all the splendors one experiences by ascending, going up above, withdrawing, are nothing. They just don't have that concrete reality.

But to the body-consciousness time seems long.

Oddly enough, the body doesn't retain the joy of the memory of the experience, contrary to what happens when having experiences up above. The body could say, "It's no use for me to remember. I want the experience itself."

Wherever the mind is concerned, there is always a pleasant memory. But here it doesn't work like that. On the contrary, it intensifies the aspiration and the need to *be*. Life appears even more stupid and, oh, so artificial and meaningless: "What's all this absurdity we live in day in and day out?"

Yet, when *That* was present here, everything was identical, but it was something else entirely.

It made me understand something very personal. When Sri Aurobindo left, I knew I had to cut off the link with my psychic being, otherwise I would have left with him. As I had promised him I would stay on and do the work, I literally closed the door on the psychic. And it remained like that for ten years. After ten years, it slowly began to open again – it was frightening, but I was ready.

Similarly, after the experience of identification with divine Love a few days ago, the cells received the same kind of command and went through the same phenomenon to what happened after Sri Aurobindo's departure.

It made me understand why this whole material world is closed: It's to enable it to exist *without* the experience of divine Love.

Of course, I had understood why I was made to close off my psychic being – because it was simply impossible for me to continue existing outwardly without Sri Aurobindo's presence.

Well, the cells have understood they must continue existing and living their life *without* the presence of divine Love.

That's what happened in the world: it was a necessity for the formation and development of the material world.

Though maybe . . . we are nearing the time when it will be allowed to open again.

In fact, when speaking of the manifestation of divine Love, Sri Aurobindo said, "Truth will have to be established first, otherwise there will be catastrophes." I understand what he meant.

But it's a long time in coming!

Up above, nothing is long. But it's here that we are ordered to exist and to realize.

It's on this same occasion that I had an insight regarding death. I was told, "They all want to die because they don't have the courage to *be* before *That* is manifested!"

And I clearly saw it was true.

The “power of death” is that they all want to die! It’s not in their active thoughts, but in the body’s deep sentiment – because it doesn’t have the courage to be without *That*.

It takes great courage.

One must be truly heroic. I see these cells are heroic, truly heroic. Of course they don’t “know” in a mental way; it’s their adoration that saves them: “What You will, Lord, what You will, what You will.” With the simplicity of a child’s ingenuous heart: “What You will, what You will, what You will . . . only what You will and nothing but what You will exists.”

Then everything is fine.

But without that, it’s impossible. It’s impossible to know what they know and to continue to be if *That* isn’t here.

Well, some bodies have to do it, don’t they! Otherwise it would never get done.

Physical Suffering and Aspiration

Physical suffering reminds me of a child being beaten, for here in matter there is no ill will since Falsehood became ignorance. In matter, everything is inertia and ignorance: Total ignorance of the Truth, ignorance of the Origin, ignorance of the Possibility, even ignorance of what needs to be done to prevent physical suffering.

That ignorance is everywhere in the cells, and only the experience – which is translated by suffering in this rudimentary consciousness – can awaken and arouse the need to know and be cured, and the aspiration to change.

It has become a certitude since the aspiration has been kindled in all these cells and is growing more intense. I have noticed that the intensity of aspiration, of the call, grows tenfold when something goes wrong in the body, when instead of being smooth, spontaneous, and natural the functioning of the body becomes a painful effort and a struggle.

The difficulty is to keep up this state of intensity.

Generally, it falls back into a sort of slackening: taking things easy. It's only when the inner disorder becomes difficult to bear that the intensity grows and becomes constant. Then for hours, the call, the aspiration, the will to unite with the Divine, to become the Divine, is kept up at its peak.

Barring any suffering, there is now and then an upsurge, which then flags and falls back. So if we want things to go fast, relative to the rhythm of our lives, the whiplash is necessary, otherwise it would take an eternity!

When the action of transformation causes pain in some part of the body, provided the necessary aspiration and receptivity are present in that part, the remedy is administered at the same time and the result is complete: Along with the action necessary to obtain the transformation comes the cure of the false sensation caused by the resistance.

Then the pain is replaced with . . . something unknown on this earth, which has to do with joy, comfort, trust, and security. It's a supersensation, in perfect peace, and clearly the only thing that can be eternal.

And the Physical Substance

I am absolutely convinced (because I've had experiences that prove it) that the life of this body – what makes it move and progress – can be replaced by a force. That is, a sort of immortality can develop and the body's wear and tear can disappear. These two things are possible: the power of life can develop and the wear and tear can disappear.

This can evolve psychologically, through total obedience to the divine Impulsion, so that at every moment the necessary force is there and the necessary action is performed.

All these things are certainties; they're not a hope or imagination.

Naturally, the body needs to be educated and to progressively change its habits.

All that can be done.

For instance, if I ask these cells, with all the consciousness and experience they now have, "Is there anything you cannot do?" In their sincerity they will answer, "No. What the Lord wills, we can do." That's their state of consciousness.

But the appearance is otherwise.

My personal experience is that all I do with the Lord's Presence, I do effortlessly, without difficulty, without fatigue, without wear and tear, with a sense of a great harmonious rhythm and extraordinary plasticity. But it remains open to the whole influence from outside, and the body is still forced to do certain things that aren't directly the expression of the supreme Impulsion, hence the fatigue, the friction.

Sri Aurobindo said, "There will first come the power to prolong life at will." That's the state of consciousness being established. It is constant and settled relationship and contact with the supreme Lord, which abolishes the sense of wear and tear, replacing it with a sort of extraordinary plasticity.

But the *spontaneous* state of immortality isn't possible – at least not yet.

We aren't yet built with a substance that escapes the necessity of dissolution. How much time will it take to do away with the necessity of the skeleton, for example? Bones are very durable; they can last a thousand years if the conditions are favorable, but their very existence precludes immortality *in principle*.

The structure of the body must change into something else, and judging from the way things are going, it will take a long time. It may progress much faster than in the past, but even assuming that the movement accelerates, it will still take time.

I can envision a progressive change in which this substance would be made into something capable of renewing itself eternally from the inside out, as it were.

That would be immortality.

But it seems to me that between the present reality, what we are now, and that other mode of life, several intermediary stages will be necessary.

The remarkable thing is that in order to be in the state of consciousness in which wear and tear no longer exists, one's sense of time must change as well: One enters a state in which time no longer has the same reality.

Let the Lord Alone Exist

The only argument as far as this body is concerned is: "You clearly see it goes on deteriorating, so what are you hoping for? It will go on deteriorating until it stops."

Yet, if one looks at the body without prejudice, with objectivity, it's only an appearance of deterioration; it's not true. On the contrary, there are some areas in the body that are much stronger than they used to be.

The most important point is what might be called the "unreality of deterioration." In other words, everything that is inharmonious or disorganized increasingly gives the feeling of an illusion, which a specific inner movement of consciousness would be enough to cancel.

That particular problem is still under study. There are extremely detailed experiences involving different attitudes of consciousness with a view to find out which is the most effective.

It's a whole field of study.

It's microscopic, but extremely interesting. And the answer is always the same, and so lovely: "When you forget that you are, when the Lord alone exists, all the difficulties instantly disappear." The previous second, the difficulty was there; the next second, it's gone. But it's not something that can be done artificially. No mental or personal will can help to

take this attitude; it must be spontaneous. When it's spontaneous, all difficulties *instantly* disappear.

Stop existing – let the Lord alone exists.

It's the only remedy.

But how to do it? Surrender, self-giving, acceptance are all being done more and more often, more and more thoroughly.

But it isn't enough.

That's the point. Even the attempt of the consciousness to focus on the Lord's existence and to try to forget its own existence isn't enough. It has an effect, but only a mixed one.

Only when one can stop existing – the Lord alone exists – is there instant glory. That's marvelous!

But it is difficult.

Inwardly, it's easy, but outwardly . . . Especially in the brain substance, when that movement of descent happens and the Lord takes possession, outwardly one feels on the verge of fainting. That's why it's better to lie down. Everything disappears instantly – the sense of time, of difficulty – and there only remains a luminous, peaceful, and powerful immensity!

It's not even "surrender," because in the word *surrender* there is still "something" surrendering, nor is it annihilation because nothing is "annihilated."

I can't explain – only the Lord exists, nothing else.

When will matter be ready for "that"? That is the question.

There is such a very old habit of behaving otherwise.

1967: The New Type on Earth

*The body wonders why people
have sought all kinds of religions, of gods,
when it is so simple, so self-evident!*

The Transparent Body

The body has become transparent, so to speak, almost nonexistent. I don't know how to describe it. It doesn't obstruct vibrations; all vibrations go through it unobstructed.

And it scarcely has the sense of its own limits.

This is a fairly new phenomenon. I can see it has come about rather progressively, but it is fairly new, so it's difficult to express in words.

Yes, this body no longer feels limited. It feels diffused in everything it does, in everything around it, in things, people, movements, sensations. And I have to be a little attentive and careful not to bump into things or when holding something; the gestures are a bit wobbly.

This must be a transitional phase, until *the* true Consciousness settles in. Then it will work in an entirely different way and with extraordinary accuracy.

This body has no ambitions whatsoever, still less pretensions. But when Sri Aurobindo told me, "I see your body as the

only one having enough endurance to go through the ordeal. You will do the work," I said Yes.

There we are.

But now I see how difficult it is.

It takes unwavering energy and a perfect humility, a willingness to drop *everything* when what is is nothing compared with what has to be. There are not too many bodies like that, I don't think. It has truly a good disposition.

Oh, there have been moments, even a few minutes, when it has been really difficult! But what makes it possible to go through these difficulties is the body's attitude: "Lord, what You will." No thought, no speculation, nothing – "What You will." And "You alone exist." That's all.

As a result, a change has taken place in the consciousness of the body itself. Its consciousness is above; there's nothing left in here.

The Cells' Wonder

It's very interesting to follow the change in the consciousness of the cells.

A great many of them are still wonder-struck by the existence of the Truth.

That's the form it takes – wonder: "So that's what it is!" A sense of real wonder at the existence, the *unique* existence of the Lord.

There is such intense joy and childlike wonder – "Oh, so it's really like that!" – in one part of the body after another, one group of cells after another.

It's really delightful.

And when the mantra arises spontaneously, then it's an adoration: "This is it! This is true! *This* is true. All the disorder, the ugliness, the suffering, the misery – none of that is true!

This is true.” Not with words, of course, but with an extraordinary sensation.

When the cells get into that state, life changes completely. It’s the beginning of a glorious, marvelous, unbelievable life.

All this morning again was like that.

A discomfort appears (always from outside, from one thing or another), and immediately the cells remember. They say, “No! What You will, Lord.” With an attitude of complete self-giving, much more complete, simple, and charming than in any other part of the being. It’s: “What You will. You, You, You! To be You not with any idea of self-aggrandizement, but to melt, to flow, to disappear in You. For *You* are the reality!”

All these words are such a diminution!

It’s a marvel of consciousness: “You, You . . . You alone exist. You alone are.”

Then all discomforts, all pains disappear without a trace.

It is an unfathomable marvel.

A Catastrophic Habit

Evidently, that “new being” will not fall from the sky! It will come in a way similar to what happened when the human being emerged from the animal. Though the steps between the animal and man are completely unknown to us. We speculate, we’ve even found certain indications, but in fact nobody was there to see it! And we simply don’t know what happened.

I am trying my best – not at all out of an arbitrary will, but there is “something,” or someone, a consciousness or whatever, which is using this body and trying to do something with it. In other words, I am doing it while being a witness of the process at the same time.

As for the “I,” I don’t know where it is. It’s not down here, nor up above – it’s just a linguistic requirement.

For now the body itself really collaborates as much as it can, with ever-increasing goodwill and stamina. Self-observation is reduced to a minimum (there is still some, a little touch now and then, but barely lasting a few seconds).

But there is still the weight of thousands of years of bad habits, which could be called pessimistic: expectation of decay, expectation of catastrophe, expectation of . . . all these things. That's the most difficult part to purify, to clarify, to remove from the atmosphere. It's so *ingrained* that it's absolutely spontaneous.

This is the great, great, great obstacle – the sense of inevitable decay.

Naturally, from the mental standpoint, the entire earth's atmosphere is full of that. Though in the mind it hardly matters at all: one ray of light and it's all swept away.

But here, *inside the body*, that catastrophic habit is terrible, terrible to overcome. And yet it's imperative that it disappear so the other can settle in.

So it is a struggle of every minute, all the time.

And of course, this being, this body isn't isolated. There is a multiplicity of difficulties with varying degrees of proximity. Those very close to me bring in the very same problems. Despite whatever has been gained in the consciousness of this being, it hasn't necessarily been gained in the consciousness of others; hence the increases of the workload.

The problem of mental, even vital contagion is all but solved, but the problem of material contagion still remains.

This material, cellular mind has responded marvelously here, in this body, but it still lacks the power to assert itself against outside interferences, against that perpetual contagion of every minute.

The New Pulsating Reality

I remember when I came back here after *being* those great pulsations of creative Love, when I returned to the ordinary consciousness, while retaining a very real memory of that other state – well, that “other” state is what must replace this consciousness of concrete reality here.

The sensation that makes us say, “This is concrete and real,” must be replaced with the state of consciousness of those Great Pulsations, which is simultaneously all-light, all-power, all-intensity of love, with such *plenitude*! It is so full, nothing else can coexist with “It.”

When *It* is here, in this body, in the cells, then all one has to do is focus it onto someone or something for the order to be instantly restored. So, in ordinary terms, it “heals,” it cures the disease. But it doesn’t really cure it; it annuls it.

Yes, it annuls it.

The condition of all the cells, the vibrations that make up this body are obviously what makes the healing possible or not. In other words, depending on its condition, the body serves either as a channel or, on the contrary, as an impediment.

For this isn’t a “higher force” working in others through matter. It is a *direct* action from matter to matter.

What people generally call “healing power” is a very strong mental or vital power that imposes itself *despite* the resistance of matter – but this isn’t what I am talking about at all! It is the contagion of a vibration.

Hence it’s irrevocable.

The End of the Old Method

Until now the work has been about what I called the “change of Government” – the change from acting out of habit to letting the divine Consciousness act.

This morning, the old method was completely gone in every action, every movement, every gesture, and even in all the tiny little things.

For instance, during many years, whenever a problem was put to me by someone or a decision had to be made, the answer came from above. Well, now it’s become the same with all the material movements, with the attitude of the body, the cells, with the absolutely material consciousness – with everything.

It began with the perception of the difference remaining between how things are and how they should be. Then that perception disappeared and only *That* was left.

Something . . . I don’t how to describe. The word *smooth* is the most expressive. Everything without exception happens smoothly: brushing one’s teeth, washing one’s face, and so on.

It always starts by a sort of “surrender” (it’s between abdication and self-offering), the surrender of the way in which we *do* things, not of the thing itself, which is quite irrelevant (in that state, the notions of “big” and “small,” “relevant” and “irrelevant” do not matter at all). It is a state so . . . uniform in its multiplicity, where nothing clashes or grates or causes any difficulty, where everything functions so smoothly, without resistance.

I don’t know how to describe it.

There is no intensity of bliss, either. That, too, is even, tranquil, but not uniform, for it’s innumerable. *Everything* is like that, part of a single . . . rhythm (even the word “rhythm” is too violent). It isn’t uniformity, but something so even, which feels so smooth, yet with a *tremendous* power in the slightest thing.

There are no more memories, no more habits left. Things aren't done because one has learned to do them; they are done spontaneously, by the Consciousness.

During the transition between the old and the new movement, there is a difficult little passage when the old habit is gone and the new consciousness is not there permanently, so it results, for instance, in apparent clumsiness, gestures that are less than perfect. But it doesn't last. It happens once in a while, in a specific instance, just to learn a lesson – there is always a lesson to be learned.

Now I can understand why the saints and the sages, all those who wanted to live permanently in this divine atmosphere, had removed all material concerns from their lives – because they weren't transformed and so they would constantly revert to the old way of being.

But transformation is incomparably, vastly superior, in the sense that it gives an extraordinary *stability*, consciousness, and *reality*. Things become the *true* vision, the *true* consciousness. Everything becomes so concrete, so real!

The Old Routine of Death

Yesterday I had impression that death is now only an old habit, no longer a necessity.

However, the body is still unconscious enough, not to “wish death” (the phrase is too strong), but to still feel the need for complete rest, the need for inertia. When that is abolished, there is no bodily disorganization that cannot be corrected (the field of accidents hasn't been studied), or at any rate, no wear and tear, no deterioration, no disharmony which cannot be corrected through an action of consciousness.

There's just this residue – a sizable one – this residue of unconsciousness that longs for rest. What it calls “rest” is the state of inertia, that is, the refusal to manifest consciousness.

And then there is this *enormous* collective suggestion bearing down on me. The suggestion of old age, decrepitude, death – what they call “death,” which isn’t death (nothing is ever canceled), but the surrender of this particular form because of its lack of receptivity and refusal to transform itself. The formidable weight of this collective suggestion, the habit of thousands of years yields to a gradual deterioration: “It’s always been this way.”

That’s the great argument – which isn’t true.

Every moment, every second or minute the body has a choice between continuing in the old habit or progressing toward consciousness. And through listlessness, there is a spontaneous tendency to choose deterioration rather than the effort for progress. It’s only when a somewhat awakened consciousness says, “You’re an idiot! You’ve gone through far worse difficulties than making one more effort toward progress” – that there is a result.

Not always.

But then, when that inner aspiration arises . . . I’ve heard these cells plead: “Oh, won’t there be a possibility to be You effortlessly?” Then there comes such a marvelous Response! For a few seconds, it’s blissful.

Then the old routine returns.

But the great difficulty is mental observation in the atmosphere around me. That makes things much more difficult. For the mind is something so hard, dry, logical, reasonable – it’s dreadful, absolutely dreadful! It fills the whole atmosphere around me with a vile and obdurate doubt that regards all this effort as some kind of extravagant dream.

One is led to tell the mind, “I’d rather be mistaken in *this* way than be mistaken in *your* way!”

The Work in Progress

I never believed that the change could be achieved rapidly.

First of all, one just needs to try on one's own body, as I do, to see the difference between matter as it is, as it is constituted, and what we may conceive as a divine existence – “divine,” that is, not tied down every second to the darkness of an almost unconscious matter.

How long will it take?

How long did it take to change a stone into a plant? Or a plant into an animal?

We don't know.

Nature organized things progressively for the manifestation of consciousness. The whole work was to transform the Inconscient so it becomes conscious. Now, of course, consciousness is there to a great extent, so things are going faster and most of the work is done. But still, as I said, when we see how tied down we are to Unconsciousness, to a semi-vague consciousness; how people who do not know any better still feel “fate” or what they call “Nature” dominating and ruling them – well, for a lasting change to happen, all that must become fully conscious, and not merely in the mental way, but in the divine way!

Therefore so much remains to be done.

That's what I see every day with this poor little body and everything around it. Nothing but illnesses, miseries, disorders – none of which has anything to do with the Divine!

A mass of unconsciousness.

Nor can we expect any “miraculous” intervention that would precipitate the change by force. Sri Aurobindo said that if the divine Consciousness, the divine Power, the divine Love, the Truth were to manifest on earth too rapidly, the earth would be dissolved! It couldn't withstand it.

The change has to happen gradually, in small doses.

But not a day passes without the observation that, just a little drop, an infinitesimal drop of *That* can cure anything in

a minute. We are *constantly* in a precarious balance and the slightest mishap can spell disorder and death, yet just one drop of *That . . .* and all is turned into light and progress.

The two extremes go side by side.

It's something I experience at least several times a day.

Clearly, if the purpose of this instrument was to observe, explain, and describe, it could tell marvels. But it seems to be the first time that, rather than bringing out the "Good News," the "Revelation," the flash of light, the instrument is being used to try to realize – to actually do the work, the obscure labor. So it observes, but it doesn't go blissfully into the joy of observation.

And yet every minute it is forced to see how much work remains to be done! So it won't be able to rejoice until all the work is done. What does "done" mean? It means something *settled for good*.

This divine Presence, divine Consciousness, divine Truth manifests in flashes, then everything reverts to normal – there is a change, but an imperceptible one.

I suppose that's what helps the body keep heart and gives it a smiling peace despite the rather disappointing results – but it isn't very satisfying. In truth, it won't be satisfied until it's all done, that is to say, until what is presently a revelation – a dazzling but short-lived revelation – becomes an established reality; until there really *are* divine bodies, divine beings who deal with the world in a divine way. Only then will it say, "There we are," but not before.

Well, I don't think that can be for right now.

Yet I clearly see the progress of the work. If I were destined to speak, explain, or prophesy, just one of those experiences could form the basis of a whole teaching – and I have at least several of them every day.

But of course, I know it would be useless.

There is neither impatience nor even dissatisfaction, just a Force, a Will advancing step by step, which won't stop to discourse or delight in what has been achieved.

As for the process of transformation itself, it can be described like this: suddenly there is a perception (these things are very, very subtle, but to the consciousness they are extremely concrete), a perception of a sort of disorganization in the body, like a current of disorganization. First, the substance making up the body feels it, then witnesses the effects, and finally everything starts being disorganized. This disorganization affects the cohesion necessary for the cells to form an individual body, and one knows: "Ah, it'll be the end."

So then the cells aspire; a kind of central consciousness in the body aspires intensely, with as complete a surrender as it can muster: "Your Will, Lord, Your Will, Your Will." And there is a kind of . . . not something thunderous, not a dazzling flash of light, but the feeling of a densification of that current of disorganization – and something stops.

First comes peace, then light, then Harmony – and the disorder disappears. And once the disorder has disappeared, there immediately comes a sense of living eternity, of living for eternity *in the cells*.

This very experience, with all the intensity and concreteness of reality, happens not only daily, but several times in a day. Sometimes, it's very severe, like an overwhelming flood; other times, it's just like something brushing by.

Afterward, the result in the body consciousness is expressed by a kind of thanksgiving: one more step in the progress over Unconsciousness.

But these are not thunderous events. The human neighbor isn't even aware of them. He or she may notice a cessation of the outer activity, a moment of concentration, but that's about all. So one can't write books or propagandize about them.

It's a very obscure work.

None of the mental aspirations can be satisfied with that.

One or two days ago, there was a sort of overall vision of the earth's effort toward its divinization, and someone seemed to be saying, "Yes, the time of proclamations and revelations has past; now is the time of action."

Proclamations, revelations, prophecies – all that is very comfortable and “concrete.” While this is very obscure, invisible (visible results will only appear far, far ahead in the future) – and misunderstood.

Many people tell me about experiences they’ve had or explanations based on what I have said or described. And every time I see they have understood *nothing*.

There appears to be a general incomprehension, for this work belongs to a realm that isn’t yet ready to be explained or manifested in words.

In fact, insofar as it’s truly new, it *is* incomprehensible. What I am talking about doesn’t correspond to an experience the reader can relate to in his or her life.

I see the little action that would be necessary to turn this into a prophetic revelation! Precisely because this experience isn’t mental, it would take just a slight inversion in the mind for it to become accessible, and then prophetic. But then it would lose its truth.

The New Type

Now I understand what happened when I fell supposedly ill at the time of the Great Pulsations!

What made the doctor declare I was ill was that I couldn’t take a step without fainting. I had to be held up so my body wouldn’t drop. I would faint but remain conscious, watching my body and knowing I had fainted. But the body didn’t lose consciousness.

And now I understand!

The body was cut off from the vital and the mind and left to its own resources. Actually, it’s the vital and mental egos that were sent flying!

It was quite a radical operation.

There was *only* the body left.

All its past knowledge, all the experiences it had accumulated, the mastery in all the parts of the being, from the vital to the mind and above – everything was gone! This poor body was left totally on its own.

For quite a long time, I was unable to do much of anything, then gradually something was rebuilt: a purely conscious being.

Perhaps that's what Sri Aurobindo meant when he said, "Your body is at present the only one on earth capable of doing this work." I thought he was being kind. But it's true it was cut off – I saw it – and all the states of being removed: "Go away; none of you are wanted anymore."

The body had to rebuild a life of its own.

Now, instead of going through all the states of being to reach the highest levels, beyond the form, it simply aspires and opens up like a flower.

Something opened up and developed inside, causing this dumb material mind to organize itself and to become capable of silent aspiration.

And then the direct Contact, without intermediary, became a reality.

Now the body feels this direct contact constantly, every single moment. It doesn't need to go through all kinds of things and states of being – it's direct.

The very same thing that happened when the animal became the human, through the infusion of a new consciousness – in that case a *mental* consciousness – has happened here. When the mental and vital consciousnesses withdrew, giving the impression of a very serious illness, it enabled the consciousness buried in the depths of the body to emerge.

The very consciousness that was the mind's and vital's monopoly has become corporeal. Consciousness has become active in the body's cells.

And once it's done, it's done. The consciousness awakens more and more; the cells live consciously, aspire consciously.

And what makes a radical transformation possible is that instead of an eternal, indefinite ascent, as it were, there is the appearance of a new type – a descent from above. The previous descent was a mental one, while this is what Sri Aurobindo calls a “supramental descent.”

It appears as an infusion of the supreme Consciousness into something capable of receiving and manifesting it.

After much kneading (for however long a period of time), from that “descent” will emerge a new form – the form Sri Aurobindo called supramental – which will be . . . whatever. I have no idea what these new beings will be called.

But the most important point is this: since it is happening in one body, it can happen in all bodies!

I am not made of anything different from others. This body is made of exactly the same thing, of the same elements, and it was created in exactly the same way. And it was as dull, numb, unconscious, and stubborn as all the other bodies in the world.

Furthermore, as Sri Aurobindo has said, once *one* body has done it, will have the capacity of passing it on to others.

There are, here and there, people suddenly having one experience or another. Some get frightened, so naturally it goes away. That’s because they weren’t sufficiently prepared inside. But some are not afraid. They suddenly experience something completely new, completely unexpected, which they could never have conceived of.

I know it’s contagious.

1968:

The Acceleration

*When the material consciousness
understands something of the true working,
it knows it a hundred times better
than we can know it mentally.*

Freedom from all Mental and Natural Laws

When the body is subject to rules, even if they are broad and comprehensive, it is a slave to these rules and its possibilities are limited accordingly. But when it is governed by Spirit and Consciousness, this gives the body unparalleled possibility and flexibility! And that's how it will acquire the ability to extend its life – by replacing the mental, intellectual government by the government of Spirit and Consciousness.

This is my experience.

My body no longer obeys the mind or the intelligence at all. It doesn't even understand how that has been possible. Now, more and more, it follows the direction and impulsion of Consciousness.

However, every time the rule or domination of Nature's ordinary laws is being replaced, at one point or another, by the authority of the Divine Consciousness, there is a moment of

transition with all the appearances of a great disruption and danger for the body. And when the body doesn't know, it gets panic-stricken, thinking it's a serious illness. Sometimes, with the help of imagination, it can even result in an illness. Yet, originally, it was the withdrawal of Nature's ordinary law with its adjunct of personal vital and mental law.

On the contrary, if the body remains calm and has trust and faith, then all goes well and the difficulty soon passes. But for the body to know automatically and spontaneously, a large part of its elements must already be conscious and transformed.

It's like a progressive victory over all constraints. All the laws of Nature, all the human laws, all the habits, all the rules become increasingly supple and finally nonexistent. In terms of hygiene and health, organization, relations with others, everything has not only lost its aggressiveness, but also its sense of absolutism and compulsory character.

As this process grows more and more perfect – meaning, totally integral, leaving nothing behind – it *necessarily*, inevitably leads to a victory over death. Not that the dissolution of the cells, which death entails, would cease to exist entirely, but it would exist only when necessary – not as an absolute law, but as *one* of the means, when necessary.

It is mainly everything that the Mind has brought in terms of rigidity, absoluteness and near invincibility that is going to disappear – simply by handing the supreme power over to the supreme Consciousness.

Toward the Abolition of the Physical Ego

Yes, the movement is to let oneself melt entirely.

The result is the abolition of the ego, which is an *unknown* state, or “physically unrealized,” because all those who sought Nirvana did so by giving up their body. On the contrary, in our

work the body, the material substance will be capable of melting, thus doing away with all the ego's disadvantages, while retaining the principle of individualization.

This is the present attempt.

How to keep the form without the ego's presence is the challenge. And that's what's taking place little by little. Each element is taken up, then transformed. The marvel (for the ordinary consciousness, it's a miracle) is to keep the form while completely losing the ego.

It's easier to understand in the case of the vital and the mind (for most people it's very difficult, but those who are ready will understand easily, and the process itself can be fairly swift). But *here*, how can *this body* not dissolve in the movement of fusion?

Well, that's precisely the experience.

There is a movement of patience, a movement issuing from the deepest essence of compassion, whose purpose is to help attain the maximum result with the minimum waste. In other words, it's going as fast as possible, and the delays are caused only by the need to work on different elements.

That is the interesting process going on at present.

At times, it feels as if everything were becoming completely disorganized, on the verge of collapse. At the beginning, the physical consciousness wasn't sufficiently enlightened and whenever these inner tests occurred, it would feel, "Ah, this must be a death warning." But gradually came the knowledge that it wasn't that at all, but only the inner test to become capable of identification. And then came the clear vision that, on the contrary, if this very special kind of plasticity, this extraordinary suppleness is realized, it will naturally lead to the abolition of the necessity of death.

Beyond Human Consciousness

Basically, once the veneer of good manners is removed, human beings admit the existence of the Divine on the sole condition that He satisfy all their needs and desires. They may be collective, even “planetary” desires, but that’s what it boils down to.

This notion is particularly obvious when the Divine takes on a body. They found it quite natural that Christ should be crucified for their own salvation.

I’ve always found this monstrous.

Here in India, with the notion of a Guru or an Avatar, they may recognize him, admit him, but he is there exclusively to satisfy all demands – not just because he takes on a human body, but because he is the representative of the supreme Power. They accept the supreme Power, they pretend to obey and surrender to it, but at the back of their mind: “He is here only to satisfy my desires.”

The type of desires depends on the individual: For some, it’s the most petty personal desires; for others it’s great desires involving all humanity, or even greater realizations. But they all amount to the same thing.

That seems to be the general condition of surrender.

This condition is so strong and prevalent that if anyone dared to claim that the world and all creation exist for the Divine’s satisfaction, there would immediately arise a violent protest and people would say, “Why, this Divine is a monster! A monster of egoism” – without noticing that *they* are exactly like that.

To emerge from this condition, one must emerge from the human consciousness altogether, that is, from the active, acting consciousness.

What I mean is that even if one were to broaden almost to infinity the human consciousness, it would amount to nothing. One must go beyond it, in the sense that this notion of egoism, in fact, still wholly belongs to humanity.

Indeed, every human being spontaneously and naturally puts himself in the center of everything and organizes the world around him. Thus, for him, the Divine also puts Himself in the center and organizes the world in the same way.

Recently, for maybe a few hours, the consciousness was reversed, as it were. There was no longer any sense of a center around which everything is organized; that is to say, the divine Consciousness wasn't a central consciousness with everything revolving around it! It was something extraordinarily simple and at the same time extraordinarily complex.

Even the possibility of division no longer existed.

It felt like a unity, a unity made of innumerable – billions – bright dots. A *single* consciousness made of innumerable bright dots conscious of themselves.

Yet it did not feel like the sum of all these dots. It was not a sum, but a unity – an innumerable unity.

The very fact of using words makes it sound stupid. Our language is totally inapt.

The Collapse

[After another long, arduous physical test.]

One day, suddenly, a strong dissatisfaction bordering on disgust came over this body – a complete dissatisfaction of its attitude and of all its movements, its consciousness, everything. It obviously corresponded to a movement of transformation coming over it.

And then there was a general collapse.

So, very spontaneously, with all the sincerity it's capable of, it gave itself to the transformation: "Either transformation or death."

Things appear to have taken an accelerated turn.

All the old energy that came, in fact, from the ego, from the sense of the person, had gone. The material result was that the pulse started to behave more than erratically.

But the body is spontaneously and constantly invoking, invoking, invoking.

Only, this is still the phase when it hurts all over. Everything is miserable everywhere. There's a sort of sense of wonder, but absolutely no strength.

Supramental Flooding

I am sure the Movement has begun.

It would appear to be the onrush of the new species, the new creation, or at any rate *a* new creation. How long will it take to emerge as a concrete, visible and organized realization? I don't know.

A terrestrial reorganization and a new creation.

For me, things had become very critical. I had become incapable of uttering a single word. The moment I spoke, I would start coughing and coughing. Then I saw it was decided I shouldn't speak. So I didn't move and let things happen.

Later, I understood.

Usually, I don't lose patience, but it had reached the point where everything in the being was annulled, so to speak. Not only could I not speak, but my head was in pain like never before in my whole existence. I couldn't see anything, couldn't hear anything.

One day, when things were really difficult and painful all over, the body said very spontaneously and very strongly, "I don't care in the least about being dissolved. I am quite ready to live, but this condition I am in is impossible. It cannot go on – either live or die, but not this."

From that moment on, it started to be a bit better. And gradually, things were sorted out and classified.

I took down a few notes, which aren't worth much, but I think they can be useful.

"For several hours, the landscapes
were wonderful, of a perfect harmony.

For a long time, too, visions
of the inside of immense temples
and of living godheads.

Each thing has a precise reason
and a purpose to express nonmental
states of consciousness.

Constant visions.

Landscapes.

Buildings.

Cities.

The whole thing was immense and very diverse,
covering the entire visual field
and expressing states of consciousness of the body.

Many, many building sites,
huge cities in the process of being built."

Yes, the future world being built. I couldn't hear, couldn't see, couldn't speak. I lived within all the time, night and day.

This is the note where it began:

"The vital and the mind sent packing
so the physical may really be left to its
own resources."

On its own. Totally on its own!

Then I realized the extent to which the vital and the mind help us to see, hear, and speak. I could see barely enough to move about, and it lacked precision. I heard still less than before, which means, very little indeed. And that went on night and day.

One night, I was in a lot of pain and I couldn't sleep. I remained concentrated and the night went by in what seemed to be a few minutes. While at other times, on other days, I was

concentrated, and I would ask for the time: Only five minutes had gone by. Everything was in a completely different order.

And one night, this is what happened:

“Night of the August 26, 1968: Powerful and prolonged penetration of the supramental forces into the body, everywhere at once.”

Yes, penetration into the body. I had felt penetrations of currents several times before, but that night I suddenly felt as if there were nothing but a supramental atmosphere. And my body was in it. It was *pressing* to penetrate the body from everywhere at once. It wasn't a current flowing in, but an atmosphere penetrating from everywhere.

It lasted at least four or five hours.

Only one part was barely penetrated, from the throat to the top of the head. That part seemed gray and dull, as if less permeated than the rest of the body. It was the least receptive because it is the most mentalized part of the body. It's the part most in need of transformation. The mind is what blocks the way.

But all the rest without exception was flooded.

I had never, ever seen anything like that before!

It lasted for hours. Perfectly consciously.

While it was there, I was conscious: “Oh, that's why! That's what You want from me, Lord! That's what You want.”

At that moment, I had a feeling that *something* was going to happen.

I was hoping it would come back last night, but it didn't.

There was nothing left but *That*. And this body was soaking it like a sponge.

It came in response to what the body had said two or three days earlier: that it was quite ready to be dissolved or to go on living in any circumstances, but not in this condition, not in this state of decomposition. For a few minutes, the body had lost patience. A few moments later, it realized it had simply refused to accept a more total experience. It didn't have the

necessary courage or endurance or patience or faith to accept a more total experience.

There was no response for two days, until that Flood came in.

The mind and the vital had been removed because they have been instruments to knead matter, as it were: the vital through sensations and the mind through thoughts. But they now appear to me as transitory instruments, which will be replaced by other states of consciousness. They are a phase in the universal development and they will fall off as instruments that have outlived their purpose.

And so I concretely experienced matter, kneaded by the vital and the mind, but *without* the vital and *without the* mind.

It is something else altogether!

I believe I lived the most wonderful hours one can live on earth.

The Mystery of Separateness

Recently, the physical consciousness in this body was overcome with such a feeling of pity! It wasn't exactly "pity," but more like a very intimate and very tender sense of compassion toward the human *physical* condition.

It took hold of me in massive proportions! There was nothing else in the consciousness, and if I hadn't controlled myself I would have started to weep!

That has been the dominant note of these last few days.

Underneath, in the depths, there was the perception of the divine Compassion, the perception of the way in which this is seen and felt by the Divine.

That was wonderful.

But it's really a miserable condition.

Oh, it has nothing to do with vital or mental difficulties! The body isn't conscious of that and not interested in that:

When people talk about their vital or mental difficulties, it finds it quite childish.

What is awful is the misery this *body* lives in.

For a very long time, for years, the body's spontaneous attitude has been: "It's my inability, my ignorance, my helplessness, my stupidity that bring about my misery." It considers itself to be solely responsible for all its difficulties.

But then, there's this contradiction: "Why, but why do *You* want things to be this way? Why?"

I spend almost entire days and nights in silence, observing. And there are dozens of experiences every day showing me that it's the identification or union with other bodies that makes one feel this or that person's misery. It's a fact. And it's not felt as the misery from another person's body; it's felt as one's *own* misery. So one isn't complaining about one's own misery, for *everything* is one's own misery.

This isn't an egoistic complaint.

There is a very clear and spontaneous perception that it's simply impossible to separate a small part from the whole and make something harmonious out of that part when the whole isn't harmonious.

But why? Why? Why? I can't understand.

When the body *felt* separate from others (a very long time ago), and especially separate from the Divine, then it made sense. But now that *everything* is truly felt as the Divine, how can that fail to bring about Harmony? When one experiences identity on the vital or mental level, one can experience Bliss as well. There is the experience of identity in the body, but *no* Bliss.

Why?

This identity isn't the result of an effort or a will; it's a spontaneous fact. But it hasn't resulted in any physical harmony for the body.

Now and then, for a few seconds, there is a clear perception of the true Identity, which is perfect Harmony, and then all disorders cease to exist – but they still exist materially!

My teeth are all loose in my mouth, and logically this should be very painful. But it's not. I believe this is so because of a Presence. But it doesn't get cured! It's incurable.

This physical is truly a mystery.

I understand why people have said, "It must be abolished. It's a falsehood." That's not true. It's not a falsehood, but . . . what is it? To call it a "distortion" doesn't mean anything, either.

Yet the power to relieve pain, far from being diminished, has increased. When I am told that someone is ill, at least ninety-nine times in a hundred, I have already *experienced* the same thing. I have already experienced it as part of my physical being, an immense physical being without a precise form.

Is it the precision and separateness of the physical reality that prevent the Harmony from settling in? Is it because we are *really* separate?

But what would a world that's not really separate look like? This is a serious question indeed: If for the world to exist as it is, it has to be really separate, and if being really separate is the cause of all misery, then . . .

And yet I know – I *know* – that the giving-up, the disappearance of this world is *not* the solution. But what is?

This is the only world where division is *not* the result of a state of consciousness, but a *fact*. Everywhere else, it's the result of a state of consciousness: If the consciousness changes, the state changes. But not here.

And yet this division is a falsehood.

One can conceive of a considerable improvement with the establishment of the true Consciousness, because there are concrete experiences (still quite fleeting) of a material harmonization, which in itself looks very much like a miracle. Establishing the True Consciousness along with the Harmony it brings would make a considerable difference – probably enough of a difference for a harmonious and progressive state to settle in harmony instead of misery.

This may be the supreme miracle the Divine is trying to achieve: separation – an existing fact – *together with* the state of consciousness of Oneness.

The existing state is hell, really. It's only thanks to that other Possibility that it isn't complete hell. It's because behind this hell, there is that Possibility, which is real, concrete, tangible, livable – otherwise it's infernal.

The impression is that all the states of being have been whipped together like a mayonnaise, so the “horrible thing” is bearable – because everything else is mixed in with it. But if one starts separating . . . Oh!

It's obvious that if it weren't unbearable, it would never change. It really makes one feel like running away – which is impossible. It's foolish to think one can get out of it.

It's only postponing the issue.

The Central Experience of the Divine Presence

A couple of days ago, someone said to me, “I am right in the physical consciousness. I can't meditate and the Divine has become something extremely far away.”

Instantly, while he was speaking, the whole room *filled up* with the divine Presence. “Oh,” I told this person, “not far away at all – right here!” And just then, the whole atmosphere, the very air seemed to change into the divine Presence. Everything was touched by it, permeated with it, but above all there was a dazzling Light, a massive Peace, a Power, and such Sweetness!

One felt it could melt a rock.

And it hasn't left.

It came just like that, and it's still there.

The whole night was spent like that. And even now, I just have to concentrate for a second, and it's there.

It's the *body's* experience, a physical, material sensation.

There's nothing but *That*. Everything else feels shriveled up, like dried-up bark. One gets the impression that things have become superficially hard and dry, and that's why they don't feel Him. Because otherwise there's nothing but *That*: We can't breathe without breathing Him; if we move, it's within Him that we move; everything, the whole universe is within Him, even *materially*.

I am trying to find a cure for the "drying up."

And then "It" also says things. I asked Him, "Why do people always seek You up above?" And with the most extraordinary humor, "It" replied, "Because they want me to be far removed from their consciousness!"

Above all, there was: *No new religion!* No dogmas. No fixed teaching. Avoid at any cost turning this into a new religion. Because the moment it is formulated in an elegant way, it would be all over.

We've made stupendous efforts to separate ourselves – and we've succeeded! But only in our consciousness, not in actuality. In actuality, there's nothing but *That*. What we know, see, and touch is as if bathed, immersed within *That*. Our sense of separateness stems from our minds.

Perhaps the experience came because, for several days, I had been extremely concentrated to find, not exactly the why or the how, but the actual fact, the reality of separateness, that which makes everything appears so stupid and ugly.

I was assailed by all sorts of memories of past experiences, memories we might call antidivine, when this body had felt negative or repulsive things. It went on for two whole days, to a point where the body was on the verge of despair.

At one point, as I was in the awareness of all the suffering and horror of physical life, something came that could be translated by: "Aren't you afraid of going insane?" Whereupon

the body spontaneously replied, "We are *all* insane. We can't get any more insane than we are!"

Things instantly calmed down.

Then that experience came, and it hasn't left.

Usually, experiences come and then withdraw – but this hasn't budged. It's here right now.

So the body is trying to be fluid, to melt.

Not quite successfully, obviously! But its consciousness knows.

And it is having external effects. Some people have felt suddenly relieved; several have been completely cured. And when something goes wrong in the body, it doesn't need to ask; the problem gets straightened out naturally.

The body doesn't even feel the need to stop its activities and to remain concentrated in its experience. It's just floating . . . floating in a luminous immensity. The immensity isn't only outside, but inside.

This appearance of separateness only has a reality in the distortion of the Consciousness – in something that happened in the Consciousness, which I don't understand.

Sometimes one wonders if the Lord hasn't been putting on an act for Himself!

It's difficult to express it in words.

I've spent days living through all the horrors of the creation, which brought about that experience – whereupon all the horrors vanished. It wasn't moral things at all; it was mostly physical suffering – an unceasing physical suffering, night and day.

And suddenly, instead of being in that state of consciousness, one is in the state of consciousness of this exclusive divine Presence . . . and the pain is gone! And if one stays long enough in the true consciousness, the appearance, what we call the physical "fact" itself disappears.

I feel I have come upon the central experience.

But it's only a small beginning.

One would have the certitude of having come upon the supreme Secret only if the physical were transformed. But would there be first *one* body to express this Consciousness? Or must everything be transformed? I don't know.

It would happen if the play of separateness came to an end. That would be the solution to the transformation – a phenomenon of consciousness.

On the other hand, the fact that a part and parcel of this terrestrial realm has become conscious gives the impression that something has “happened.” This body is just the same as all the rest of the earth, but for some reason or other it happens to have become aware of the other way. This should normally be expressed in the earth consciousness as a “coming,” a “descent,” or a “beginning.” But is it a beginning? There's *nothing* but the Lord – nothing else exists. Everything takes place within Him. And we are grains of sand . . . in this Infinity.

Yet *we* are the Lord, with the ability of being conscious of the Lord's consciousness.

In this body, the consciousness that we are within the Lord is right here, in the middle of the chest.

Toward a New Physical Perception

The body has a child-like simplicity.

This morning it was assailed with things expressing violence, hatred, and it said so spontaneously to the Lord, with child-like candor and simplicity, “Why do You bear all that in Yourself?”

There was a sort of world-embracing vision of all the horrors constantly committed everywhere.

But the Answer is always the same: “In my Consciousness, things are different.” Or, “In my Consciousness, things have a different appearance.”

And there was this insistence: “Work to have the true consciousness.” The *true* consciousness that encompasses everything.

The body understood. It clearly understood why division is necessary for a while, for the growth of the being. It understood why the horror was necessary; why there was a time when the manifested world needed to appear outside and separate from the Lord.

One must possess that immutable Peace and be as vast as the universe to be able to bear the idea that *everything* is the supreme Lord.

Up until now, it needed to feel that certain movements lead to the Lord, while other movements lead away from the Lord – a choice was necessary.

The body has understood that it is having this experience only now because it is sufficiently conscious and surrendered. Put simply, it has become capable and ready to bear the idea that everything is the Lord, that there is *nothing* but the Lord.

It is doing its tapasya to be able to bear that idea – without admitting or accepting any movement of degradation or cruelty. In other words, it has the nascent impression that *things are not what they seem*.

But the mind cannot understand. The mind can speculate on anything, but this is something else altogether.

Why is the world like this? Why all these horrors?

The body isn’t capable of knowing yet.

But it is constantly brought back to this experience that when we are turned, as it were, toward the Divine things work out miraculously; whereas a slight movement toward the other side is enough for everything to be disgusting and grating. A *tiny* shift from a trusting receptivity toward the ordinary consciousness is enough to tip things from the miraculous to the dreadful, or vice versa. And this applies to *everything*, important and unimportant alike.

It has reached the point where the body is astounded that one can live the ordinary life in the ordinary consciousness

and be content! It finds that appalling. To live in chaos, ugliness, wickedness, selfishness, violence – not to mention cruelty and all the possible horrors – and to find it all perfectly normal and natural!

That's when the body says to itself, "It must have been necessary as a step in evolution. It's an effect of Grace, so there's nothing to say, only to admire."

But there is absolutely no doubt that if the world – the creation – was as it appears to the body-consciousness, it would only deserve to disappear. That's the explanation and justification for all the nihilistic religions and philosophies. It takes a very unconscious insensitivity to be able to live happy and contented in this horror that is the world.

Yet all this *is* the Lord, and is *within* the Lord.

In other words, it isn't as we see it.

One Body, Other Bodies

Left to itself, this body has a sort of a dramatic inclination.

It feels it is going through one catastrophe after another – which it then proceeds to change into a realization through its faith.

It's an absurd situation.

It remains in the troubled condition for a while, and when it's sufficiently tired of that stupid activity, it prays with the greatest intensity for the "catastrophe" to stop! Instantly, the condition turns around and the body enters the contemplation of a wonderful pervading Presence.

It takes no time at all and requires no preparation. Things simply tip from one side to the other. That wonderful Consciousness comes and makes everything disappear as something with no consistency, no reality.

It's the factual demonstration of the body's stupidity when left to itself, a demonstration that this is not happening as an

imagination, but as a *fact* – a demonstration of the Power at work for all this vain dream of life as it is to be turned into a marvel, simply through that inversion of consciousness.

The experience is repeated in every detail, every realm. It's like a sudden inversion: instead of seeing ugliness, falsehood, horror and suffering, the body suddenly lives in bliss.

Yet nothing has changed, except the consciousness.

The question that remains for the future is how this experience is going to affect matter in general.

For the body, it's perfectly obvious, because for an hour or two it was very miserable and in pain, and suddenly it's over. Apparently the body has remained the same, but instead of feeling an inner disorder, it feels a great peace and tranquility.

But that's for *one* body. How are the others affected?

In the moral realm of attitude, character, psychological reactions, there are very visible results. Sometimes, even in the physical realm, a difficulty suddenly disappears, not unlike what happened when Sri Aurobindo used to remove a pain. But it's not constant, not general. It only comes to show that things *can* be like that.

I might put it this way: the body feels as if shut inside a box, through which it can see and have an action (still limited) – but it is *through* something that's still there and which must disappear. That “something” gives a sense of imprisonment. How is it to disappear? I don't know.

It's all about the relation between the consciousness in *one* body and the consciousness of the whole, and the extent of the dependence or the independence between the two. In other words, how far can one body be transformed in its consciousness (and hence, in its appearance) without the whole being transformed? And to what extent is the transformation of the whole necessary to the transformation of the one body? That remains to be discovered.

1969: The New Consciousness

*A new consciousness is at work on the earth
to prepare the advent of the superhuman being.*

The Dawn

The first of the year, something really strange happened. Several people felt it besides me.

It came just after midnight. And the next morning a kind of golden Dawn pervaded the atmosphere.

It didn't feel at all like anything I had felt before. It was something very material, I mean very *external*, as well as luminous, imbued with golden light. It was very strong, very powerful, with a sense of smiling benevolence, of peaceful ease, of contentment in joy and light.

It came to wish a "Happy New Year," as it were.

But it took me completely by surprise. It was so external that the body felt it all over.

It lasted at least three hours that morning. I don't know what it was exactly, but it gave a feeling of a great goodwill, hence it must be very close to the human. And it was so concrete, one could almost taste it.

I don't know what happened afterward, because I didn't pay attention, but it hasn't left; it doesn't feel like something that comes and goes.

My impression is that of an immense benevolent personality, who comes to help the earth. It is both extremely powerful and gentle, caring, as if someone the size of a god had come to wish a "Happy New Year," along with the power to make it so.

Generally, in the human being, benevolence is a rather weak feeling, in that it doesn't like to impose itself, but this is not the case at all! It's an overpowering benevolence.

It drew my attention because it's completely new. And it is as concrete as when the physical consciousness feels "somebody else" close by. It was felt not through an inner being, through the psychic being; it came *directly* onto the body.

This body feels much better and happier since then. It is less tense, more carefree and relaxed. For example, it can speak more easily.

In fact, the body has acquired a sense of certitude since that happened. It used to wonder, "What will happen? How will that Supramental manifest *physically*?" Now it no longer wonders; it is simply happy.

I have the feeling this is the formation that will penetrate and express itself in human bodies to give rise to superhumanity, that is, the intermediate step between humanity and the supramental being.

Yes, this is the consciousness of superhumanity.

The Mentor

This new atmosphere is very consciously active.

The other day, as I was receiving someone, it came and surrounded me like a protective wall. It was thick, luminous, and so strong! It was focused on my visitor and stayed the whole time he was there, as if to tell him to beware! It was very funny.

There is a consciousness in this, something *very* precious that gives lessons to the body, teaching it what it must do, the attitude it must take, the reactions it must have. I had already mentioned how difficult it is to discover the process of transformation when no one is there to give you any clue. And this came as a response. It tells the body, "Take this attitude; do this, do that." So the body is happy and reassured; it won't make any mistake.

In a way, it came as a practical, down-to-earth "mentor" for all the inner movements: "You need to reject this, accept that." It can even become quite practical and material in sorting out vibrations: "These have to be encouraged; these have to be channeled; those must be eliminated." Small clues like that.

At night, it makes me *live* certain situations to point out the things that need to change.

It's amazing.

It is doing my education, the education of the body with that tranquil certainty of knowledge. It knows lots of things that humans don't!

At times, this education concerns terrestrial evolution, especially the part dealing with human evolution. There are overall notions as well as very specific and particular points. Some indications and emphasis may last an hour or more on one subject in order to explain the profound cause, the consequences, and the *pattern* of evolution.

The method involves eliciting forgotten memories in the body and showing how certain things were possible in a given past context and how they are unacceptable for the future. It is like using a sample of this body's life to show the whole. It's a marvelous education! No human education, as it is usually conceived, can approach this, because it opens to an overall vision where everything is shown together.

The body is incapable of formulating this in a methodical and clear manner. But it is learning a lot!

In one instance, there was the vision of the past, the vision of the present, and the direction where we are heading – a sort of panorama of the harmony to come. And at some point, the body asked, “*Who* is enjoying this immense display, which began in such obscurity to end up in such light? What is this *for*?” There was no direct answer, but the body sensed: “You are not yet ready. You cannot understand.”

The big hindrance, for most people, is mental activity. This body is infinitely grateful to be free from the mental presence so it can be *entirely* attuned to that Consciousness, without the accumulated hodgepodge of so-called knowledge. It is spontaneous, natural, unsophisticated, and extremely simple, almost child-like in its simplicity. That’s a great wind-fall, because things can then go very fast: One learns a hundred, two hundred things at once, since everything is taken in together.

And all this amid such a smiling peace!

There are no words to describe that tremendous power combined with that gentleness.

Simply turning your attention toward it is enough to fill you with bliss.

It will work in other people the same way it does in me, except that those who are not used to observing themselves objectively will notice it less. The action will appear fuzzy, as it usually does. But the result will be there all the same. In particular, I expect it will make people *think* correctly.

In fact, it is a guide.

I had very often asked “to be guided every minute,” because it saves so much time. Instead of inquiring, studying, and so on, one just knows. This is what has happened, as I had asked.

And it’s as if I had been given the responsibility to put all those who approach me in touch with it.

The New Consciousness

This new Consciousness is a marvel!

It has such a unique approach to things! I can say it has changed and widened my vision and comprehension of the world, of life, of everything.

Of course, I have always worked toward that widening, but this encompasses a completely new and unforeseen element that combines a kind of *constant* knowing and a benevolent smile toward everything, including the most stupid negations, and at the same time, beneath that benevolence, a formidable power!

It's something literally bursting with power. A power that's almost concrete . . . a light – of a deep golden hue – that is so tangible one can feel it passing through one's fingers.

Not once, since it came, did it express a reproach about anything or anyone. It explains everything, all human reactions, in such luminous, such understandable way that any reproach would be completely out of place. For it, all moral notions are felt as entirely stupid.

Actually, it has a sort of remote indifference for all human ideas, conventions, principles, moralities, and so on. All that seems preposterous.

For example, it doesn't at all understand the importance we give to money. The system of money, the fact that one cannot do anything without pulling out a banknote seems entirely ludicrous to it.

It feels that human life revolves around food, death, and money. To eat, to die, and to have money are the three things that are “overwhelming” in human life. But to this Consciousness, all three are temporary inventions resulting from a state that is neither deep-seated nor permanent.

That's its attitude.

And so it is teaching the body to behave differently.

For this Consciousness, except for a few individuals, human beings are *weak*. They are very speculative, imagina-

tive, with an excessive mental activity (what a racket!), but they are weak from a psychophysical point of view.

To compare this new Consciousness with the consciousness possessed by those who try to get in touch with higher realms, one could say this: the moment human consciousness strives to purify itself from the lower movements, to widen itself and reach for higher things, it become fluid, as it were, transparent, ethereal, whereas this Consciousness, though it possesses a far superior vision and perception, is *solid and concrete*.

I mentioned earlier how it formed a solid wall-like protection around me. Well, that solidity and strength have remained, along with increased expansion, height, understanding, and something I must call "benevolence," for lack of a better word.

It possesses such an extraordinary power of compassion! It's almost intolerant of any *physical* suffering (moral suffering caused by moral distortion does not engage its attention in the least; it finds it simply stupid). But it finds unacceptable the suffering stemming from this world's material structure and functioning. I don't know how to express it in words, but there is a sort of refusal to tolerate that. And according to my experience and to what I have observed, in some measure, it has the power to transform it, to cancel it. There have been instances when this definitely happened, but it isn't a constant occurrence, so I am not sure.

It's as if this Consciousness had brought with it a whole new field of experience in the purely material realm by eliminating a number of things mankind had deemed impossible, thus dramatically enlarging the field of possibilities: "This, this, and this is now possible."

And its special feature is that it doesn't tolerate half-measures or approximations. It doesn't accept the idea: "All right, we'll do this gradually, step by step." It's rather: "You want or you don't want? You can or you can't?" It's truly a

Grace, for it is saying: let's not waste any time; it's now or never!

What is certain is that I have experienced a profound inner change.

In terms of consciousness, this is the greatest change of my entire existence, and I have known many in the course of a lifelong work, but nothing that compares to what happened since the beginning of the year – so much so that the body feels like a new person.

To Serve the Absolute

This atmosphere, this new Consciousness continues to be extremely active as a mentor.

Early one recent morning, for several hours, never had the body been so happy! There was the complete Presence, the sense of an absolute freedom and certainty. It didn't matter whether it was these cells, those cells – there was life everywhere, consciousness everywhere.

In ninety-one years on the earth, this body had never felt such happiness: freedom, absolute power, no limits, and no impossibilities.

All the other bodies were itself, without any difference.

Everything was just a play of consciousness.

It was absolutely wonderful.

It came effortlessly, and left because I was too busy doing other things.

It does not come at will. What comes at will is a sort of "copy," which appears to be the same, but which is not *it*. *It* is completely independent of our aspiration, will, and effort. And absolutely overpowering, in the sense that none of the body's difficulties exist. Everything, then, disappears.

But aspiration, concentration, effort are totally useless.

During those few hours, I absolutely understood what it meant to have the divine consciousness in the body. And this or that body didn't make any difference: It went freely from one body to another, knowing the limitations and possibilities of each one. It was able to express itself in this person or that person, not vaguely, but clearly and distinctly. And with a smile!

It was absolutely wonderful. I had never, ever experienced anything like that before.

The cells showed their effort toward transformation and the body showed its aspiration and will to prepare itself, unquestioning, striving to be what it should be.

I can tell this is a real transformation!

Yet all this takes place amid an intense fidgeting and all sorts of questions in the atmosphere around me, from anxiety at the idea I might leave to impatience for it to happen soon! The body has grown absolutely indifferent to these reactions. It just smiles. It smiles with that same benevolent Smile of the new Consciousness.

It's as if the world itself raised the question: "Will the body be able to continue or will it have to be dissolved?" This body is completely surrendered: "What You will, Lord." It knows the decision has been made, and it is being kept purposely in the dark about it, but it doesn't mind. It knows these are the most favorable conditions for the work and it accepts them patiently, saying, "What You will is for the best."

But that which knows and does not divulge the answer is something that cannot be expressed. The only word that can describe the sensation is *Absolute*. It's the feeling of being in the presence of *the Absolute*: absolute Knowledge, absolute Will, and absolute Power. Nothing, absolutely nothing can resist it. And it comes along with such a sense of mercy, next to which all human kindness and mercy is a piddling sentiment!

This is *the* Mercy, along with absolute power – something beyond Wisdom, beyond Knowledge, beyond our human scale.

That's what the body feels everywhere, all over.

It gave itself to *that*, entirely, totally, without asking anything in exchange. A single aspiration: "To serve *that*, whatever *it* wants. To BE *that*."

The Column of Light

One day, as I was receiving someone, the body asked this new Consciousness, "How to make sure there is no mixture of lower movements in the light?"

Whereupon a sort of column of light, five-foot wide, descended *into the room*. I was not in "another" world, but right here, and I could see it with my eyes open. A light so indefinable, so dazzling, but so tranquil at the same time!

I don't know how to say it or describe it. It was so stable, so tranquil. Dazzling. And there was no vibration. An indefinable color, neither white nor golden, as if it contained all colors.

Marvelous!

Then this new Consciousness took my consciousness and made it travel *through* the column of light before returning to me. I felt the column of light as my consciousness went through it. I felt it, but I did not see any shadow. All I saw was the slight movement when it went through it, but the light was of the same nature. It went through the column, and came back to me.

Then it did the same thing with my visitor, taking his consciousness through the column of light. But as it went through the column of light, it left a slight blue outline at the level of the head. And I heard something, not in words, but it expressed itself immediately in words that said:

“When you stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness, you must not make any shadow.”

Since that happened, the body keeps thinking: “Do not make any shadow, do not make any shadow . . .”

It’s the first time the physical body has an experience of this kind, with eyes wide open. I saw that light come down and settle right in the middle of the room.

Now the body is filled with an intense aspiration and an overwhelming will of getting rid of all possible falsehood.

A Challenge to Material Knowledge

Now the entire being knows that *everything* that happens is meant to make one progress as fast as possible.

Obstacles, contradictions, misunderstandings, superfluous activities – all are meant for progress, to bring one in touch with one point, then another, and another.

How is this matter suppose to change if one doesn’t involve it?

It is very clear and obvious that all the objections and contradictions always stem from a superficial mental understanding that sees only the appearance of things. The consciousness is being warned against that shallow view, so as not to be deceived by external and superficial appearances, and it appreciates that behind all that happens is a rapid march toward transformation.

The higher intelligence readily sees that it doesn’t know anything, and it can easily take the right attitude for progress. Yet even those who have that intelligence tend to take anything material for granted, because it is “known” and based on long-standing experience. And this is precisely our area of vulnerability.

In fact, the body is in the process of learning the inanity of the present way of seeing and knowing things based on right and wrong, good and evil, light and dark.

The whole base and conception of material life is being challenged.

The most practical intelligence which thought it had learned how to live and knew what to do and how to do it, needs to understand that this is neither true knowledge nor the true way of dealing with external things.

The Consciousness that is at work is even constantly making fun of the body, as it were. For the tiniest things of everyday life, it says to the body, "You see, you're having this sensation. What's behind it? You think you know. But are you certain of the real cause?" And the body stares, wide-eyed: "It's true. I know nothing!" But its reaction is always the same: "I don't pretend to know anything. Let the Lord do whatever He wishes."

There is a sort of constant demonstration, backed up by ever-repeated experiences, that doing things with a sense of acquired wisdom or knowledge is false, so to speak; for there is *something else* behind, which uses these very circumstances independent of any knowledge or of what we call "life experience."

This other vision of things is far more direct, profound, and extensive, capable of seeing far more ahead than any outward experience could ever do. But it is also a modest, unassuming process, which is not out to prove anything.

It's just a tiny little happening of every minute, every second, as if in every situation you were shown the ordinary way of living, seeing and doing, and then the true way – both side by side.

The *only* thing that matters is the attitude of consciousness: Either the old self-regarding attitude of the individual being or the opposite movement of self-expansion. It probably corresponds to the presence of the ego or the abolition of the ego.

The misunderstandings and ill feelings in the atmosphere around me complicate everything. They all fall upon me at the same time so the experience is total and all embracing.

It's like a practical, moment-to-moment demonstration of the presence of death and the presence of immortality in the *least* thing. Each second is a choice between death and immortality.

It's living very practical everyday situations in the presence of opposites in order to find out what happens when they meet each other instead of avoiding each other.

In the Minutest Details

I see and feel more and more, in an absolute way, that *everything* is decided. Each thing has its purpose, which eludes us because our vision is not wide enough.

This is a sort of absolute conviction I have. And I am paying dearly for it!

While undergoing its "change of Government," the body goes through really difficult moments. And I saw that, with the ordinary vision, none of this makes any sense because the difficulties seem to increase with what might be called the "conversion." Yet, for the true vision, it's the remaining falsehood that causes all the troubles.

Whenever a part of the being gets closer to the moment of transition, is ready for the transition, it experiences an increased sensitivity. I had noticed that before, but now it is happening to the body. The body gets frightfully sensitive. People who do not know the reason behind this can become really scared, but those who *know* and have understood the process will thus have the opportunity to make the last progress, the last surrender.

The only solution, every minute of the day and in every circumstance, is: "What You will." In other words, the aboli-

tion of any preference or desire – even the preference of avoiding pain.

What needs to be understood is that that Consciousness rules and controls everything in the *minutest* details. The individual consciousness, even when very broad, cannot fathom and understand concretely the possibility of being conscious of everything at once – because it simply does not work that way. Hence the difficulty to grasp that *the* Consciousness *is* conscious of everything at once – -as a whole, in totality, down to the least detail.

In a way, that's very reassuring.

So the body realizes that only its own resistance – its resistance to the Truth – can bring suffering upon itself. The moment there is complete acquiescence, the suffering disappears instantly.

The truth is, that which still harbors the illusion of being something separate must dissolve. It must tell itself, "This is none of my business. I have no existence."

It's the best attitude to have.

Then all merges within the great universal Rhythm.

The Victory

This new Consciousness is almost ruthless in showing how everything in the mental creation is false – including the reactions that *seem* spontaneous. In fact, everything is the result of an extraordinarily complex mental construction.

We are born in it, and it seems so natural to feel and react according to it, to work out everything according to it, that we walk right past the Truth.

And this also concerns the very organization of the body.

So the Action appears to assert itself with extraordinary power, which seems merciless to us, so we can learn the lesson.

I remember when Sri Aurobindo was here. The being's inner realm felt and saw things according to the higher consciousness – in a completely different way. But when Sri Aurobindo broke his leg and fell ill, the body kept saying: "These are dreams, just dreams; it isn't for us, not for the bodies. Bodies are lowly, unfit." It was dreadful.

Yet, over time, that feeling disappeared. After many years of effort, it was all gone: The body *itself* felt the divine Presence and became convinced that everything would change accordingly.

But these last days that old formation has returned. It covers the entire humanity. All those who have had the vision, the perception, or only an aspiration toward the higher Truth have had the same experience of this perpetual, painful contradiction of all the external circumstances, whenever they came back down to the material level. The body had completely freed itself from that – and now it came back.

But when it came back, it saw it *as one sees a falsehood*.

Then I understood how much the body had changed, because it looked at that with a smile, as it were, with the impression of witnessing an old formation devoid of any truth.

It was an extraordinary experience: The time of that formation is over.

So the pressure of the Consciousness is there to compel all these things such as they were – petty, miserable, dark, and apparently unavoidable – to disappear in a distant and obsolete past. I actually saw and understood that the work of that Consciousness (which seems merciless, careless of how difficult it is or even possible damage) is meant to change the "normal" state from this dark, heavy, and ugly predicament to a truer and more luminous status.

There is a multiplicity of experiences showing that all is a matter of attitude, and humanity *can* transcend the mental prison in which it is confined and breathe up above.

It's the body's experience.

In the past, there was the great division created by the mind: "Up above, it's fine. You can have all the experiences you wish and everything is luminous and marvelous. But here, nothing doing." Those who had inner experiences would say, "Yes, this is true up above, but here . . ." Now the "but-here" will soon be over.

There was also this impression that "we are born in a world where nothing can change." Which is why all those who could not see any possibility for change said: "Better get out of it."

This change – the fact that things are no longer unavoidable – *is* the great Victory.

Things are *no longer* unavoidable.

That's what this conquest, this stupendous change is all about. Physical life must be ruled by the higher Consciousness and not by the mental world.

It is the change of Government.

It is troublesome, difficult, painful, not without damage. But the results are visible.

And the body is learning its lesson – all the bodies, all the bodies.

One can feel and see – the body itself experienced it – that soon *this* very reality will be truer.

There is something different in the world.

Naturally, it will take time before it settles in for good. Therein lies the battle. Negations are pouring in from all sides, on all levels, to claim that externally nothing has changed – but that's not true.

It isn't true.

The body knows it isn't true. And it knows where it is headed.

Things must be "worked out," as they say, implemented in detail, but the mutation *is* accomplished.

In other words, all the material conditions *set* by the mind – which appeared so compelling that people who had a living experience of the higher worlds believed one had to abandon

this material world in order to live in the Truth – are no longer what they appear to be.

The physical is now capable of receiving the higher Light, the Truth, the true Consciousness, and of manifesting it.

It is not easy; a lot of endurance and willpower are necessary, but a day will come when it is completely natural. The door is barely ajar; now we must walk through it.

It took a little over a year for this new Consciousness to win this Victory. And even now, it is only visible to those who have an inner vision. But it's done.

Now, I understand this is the work Sri Aurobindo had given me.

No, things are not as they were. They are *no longer* as they used to be.

It still requires a struggle. It is still necessary to have patience, courage, willpower, confidence, but it's no longer "business as usual." The old routine is trying to hang on – appallingly – but it's no longer the same.

All the circumstances are as catastrophic as ever: problems, complications, difficulties; it's like a relentless and ferocious assault from all sides. But it's over. The body *knows* it's over.

It may take centuries to disappear, but it's over.

There is absolutely no doubt that the very concrete and absolute realization one could experience only by going outside matter will be possible *right here*.

1969:

The End of Separation

*The body finds the idea
that one can be a “person”
extremely funny.*

Out of this World

The formation that is trying to emerge is not of this world.

The sense of the ego in the body has disappeared, and it results in a very strange condition, which I can barely describe.

First, the sense of limits, of the body existing as a separate entity has vanished. For instance, the sensation of bumping into “something” or of “something else” bumping into me is completely gone.

There is something permanent and unchanging, which is a kind of *state* of consciousness connected with the material world.

In the ordinary state, a sensation comes from a specific place in the body and is recorded somewhere in the brain. But it doesn't function like that anymore. The sensations are not really “sensations,” but a certain type of *vibrations* coming from all around as well as from the body. And consciousness – which is diffused everywhere, with nonetheless a denser and more stable center above the head – is what communicates the

orders to the body (all these words are terribly clumsy; they sound foolish when I utter them).

The center above the head is where the permanent connection with the Supreme Consciousness is established. It is the center of decision as far as the body and its immediate surrounding are concerned. Curiously, it is extraordinarily imperative and powerful, though totally peaceful and still.

That's what is replacing the conscious will in driving the body, for both its internal operations as well as its external actions.

But when the former, ordinary functioning stops and is replaced by *That*, there is a difficult, anguished transition. The particular body part or body function is seized with panic. And some physical immobility and rest are needed to restore order.

The two conditions still coexist side by side: the true Perception and a sort of diffused and diminished memory of the old way involving many undesirable and universal habits, which are very difficult to modify.

Dwindling Limits

The body is beginning to feel very clearly and accurately that *the moment* it senses itself as a separate entity – and everything else separate from itself – it falls into a hole.

Whereas when it feels the Force and the Consciousness acting, the reality of this particular material frame becomes very relative. It becomes like an instrument performing a certain task, but with the great advantage of not being separate, of feeling itself as a kind of concentration of Consciousness.

The body knows that and sees it in the smallest details.

As soon as it feels itself as “something” and the Force as “something else,” there is a pain here or there, or something

or other goes wrong in the body – a whole complex and nasty world. Whereas when it makes a movement opposite to condensation, that is, a sort of dilatation in the consciousness, then the limits grow supple, tend to dwindle, disappear, and the pains go away. Everything becomes smooth, free from clashes and difficulties, and if the body flows in that movement, it becomes a marvel.

This body is becoming conscious in that it has acquired a vision of truth capable of perceiving the former falsehood. It perceives so clearly all the stupidities that were caused by the sense of individual separateness, even when the inner being had knowledge, when the consciousness was enlightened and there was overall goodwill. When it is in that state of clear vision, everything becomes absolutely marvelous – but it doesn't last.

It cannot last mainly because of the constant contact with the world around. Even without contact, at night, for example, the body can stay one or two hours in that state, and suddenly, without explanation, it regresses to the old state. And something or other starts aching.

Life could be so marvelously simple and beautiful!

The Fusion of the Body

Recently, someone asked me something about "consecration." I don't remember exactly my answer, but it gave me the opportunity to look at its progression, as it were, in this body. Indeed, these notions of consecration, self-giving, surrender still imply the sense of a separate entity giving itself. And I saw, in the body's experience, that this body is on the verge of another condition, just in-between states, probably because not all its parts have reached the same level of development.

One could say that, for the body as a whole, self-giving is total, consecration is almost total in that there is active

collaboration everywhere. And there is also an intense aspiration.

But from time to time, something happens, a sort of expansion in the cells, and there is no longer anything giving itself, nor any "consecration." It becomes a *state*, a state of intense vibration, together with a sense of absolute power – even if this old rag of a body – a sense of luminous and absolute power, always with a feeling of kindness and benevolence. A static state of cellular expansion, as it were, that gives the cells a feeling of eternity.

It doesn't last. It lasts a few minutes at the most.

But it returns. It returns as an entirely new condition in the body.

There is constantly, constantly the warmth, the sweetness, and the happiness of total self-giving, with an aspiration: "To be You; to cease to exist." When I am not speaking or listening or doing anything, automatically the body repeats the mantra. It is constantly in this state, night and day.

But now and then, there is this sort of fusion in which all this joyous aspiration and eagerness is transformed into a state of total immobility.

And yet it isn't immobility or eternity.

I don't know what it is, but it's "something" like that – a Power, a Light, and a real Love that neither "gives" nor "receives." Something which is *That*, a vibration of *That* everywhere in this body.

To a point where the moment I leave that state, I wonder if I still have the same physical shape!

This is new in the last two days.

It comes when I am by myself, which doesn't happen too often!

Then I can melt into the joy of belonging to the Divine. And the joy of belonging entirely to the Divine suddenly induces a state in which there is no more sense of separation.

Curiously, the moment the attitude flags in the least, just a second of forgetfulness or a return to the old terrestrial

habit, the body feels on the verge of dissolution. It is now aware that it exists and is held together *only* through the Power of the Lord, that this is *not* a natural law.

The impression is that the supreme Consciousness has undertaken the work of transformation of this body and is doing it thoroughly, without hesitation or comprises. The whole question is to know whether the body will withstand it. The body knows this, and is not afraid in the least. It is completely unwavering: "What You will will be for the best."

There are times when it suffers from one thing or another, and some pains are not too pleasant. But it has stopped wondering if it will last or not, if it will succeed or not. That's all finished.

There is this movement of dilatation or expansion in which all the cells feel a release, a relaxation in the supreme Light and supreme Consciousness. It feels as if the form were about to dissolve. But evidently the bodily substance has so far remained intact.

No words can truly express this condition, because I think it is new.

The End of Separation

Yesterday or the day before, for a brief while, I experienced a consciousness in which the separate individuality had ceased to exist. Yet the *principle* specific to each individual persisted in the universal Consciousness.

At that particular moment, everything became *so* marvelous!

It lasted no more than one or two hours, but it was long enough to permeate the body.

The feeling of separation had completely vanished, but each individual's way of seeing things, as well as the specific position with respect to the action that results from that way

of seeing, was preserved. It was preserved in Oneness – without any separation.

The sense of separation vanishes, but this marvel of complexity remains. The impression that everything is in place, and when it's in place, everything is harmonious.

It was a revelation.

It was during the morning, and I was busy doing other things, but it didn't matter. What's wonderful is that stillness is not required for these experiences to occur. They come, and one can continue doing something else.

The feeling that *this* is life! This is something worth living.

The rest of the time . . . the body feels surrounded by obstacles, uncomprehending or unreceptive things. It feels it is continuously bumping into things.

Then *this* comes . . .

If a person could live constantly in that state . . .

The Residue

Now the condition is such that when the body *feels itself*, is aware of being a body, it causes instant discomfort, even when it is in a state of adoration or aspiration.

Only when it completely loses the sense of its separate existence does it feel at ease.

So the normal state is silence, immobility.

When the Presence irradiates, as it were, in an activity and there is no longer the sense of a receptacle through which the Divine manifests, then everything is all right. All becomes immutable, immobile, and nonexistent, free of self-awareness, only aware of the Divine Action.

But the moment there is even the slightest sense of “a receptacle through which” the Force manifests, then the discomfort starts.

It has become a very critical condition.

I could express it in a literary way by saying that in a certain state, free of self-awareness, when only the sense of the Divine exists, there is a feeling of immortality and eternity. Whereas the least sensation of a “something through which” the Divine manifests brings in the sense of death – one becomes immediately mortal again.

It is a very acute feeling.

It’s quite subtle, because the sense, the perception, the feeling of “I” has completely disappeared; yet there is a “something” that is still a little different, and that’s what is excruciating.

We contain countless layers of consciousness. The universal development has made it possible for each layer in turn to become conscious of itself. And the more developed we are, the more we perceive the difference among layers; only when we are conscious of *all* the layers of consciousness as a unity (which remains aware of its multiplicity) can the Supreme Consciousness in the depths manifest to its full extent.

But our bodies still contain layers that are not fully conscious, layers that are a residue of our past evolution: the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. The part of the cells that is fully conscious is also fully enlightened, but there is still a part that is visibly not transformed.

The problem is with that residue.

The “inner” consciousness of the cells is fully conscious, as it were, but there remains a sort of residue, like a crust.

And that difference is getting increasingly painful, far more painful than an illness, causing a feeling of anguish inside.

Disappearing

The *only* way is that the ego must go!

That’s it.

When, instead of “I,” there is nothing left, just a vast sense of evenness in everything – inexpressible in words – a very stable sensation of: “What You will, as You will.” Truly, the concrete sensation that this body doesn’t exist; it is just being “used,” as it were, and there is nothing but *That*.

That pressing on things.

An all-embracing, conscious immensity.

It’s almost as if I could “see” it, not visually, of course. But it’s so concrete, far more concrete than images – the vision of this immense Force, immense Vibration that keeps pressing and pressing and pressing, and the world wriggling beneath it!

Then something inside opens up, allowing it to come in and spread upon earth.

It’s the *only* solution.

All the rest is aspirations, beliefs, hopes. It’s still superhumanity, but not the supramental.

It’s still a higher humanity striving to pull its own humanity upward, but it’s hopeless, completely hopeless. I have a very clear vision of all this humanity struggling to raise itself, to grasp something up above, but refusing to give itself.

It only wants to take!

But that doesn’t work. It must annul itself. Only then can something else come in and take its place.

That’s the whole secret.

Yes, to annul oneself to the point of disappearance.

This is the most difficult of all: to learn to disappear.

1969-1970:

The Old Habit of Death

*I have reached the conclusion
that there is really no such thing as death.*

Life and Death Together

Mankind gives an enormous importance to life and to death. There is a great difference between them and death is regarded as a rather crucial event!

But I am being shown how the loss of equilibrium that translates in circumstances called “death” by mankind is, in fact, ever present, as it were, with the all-encompassing harmony, which is the essence of Life.

Both exist side by side in such a way that we can go from one to the other at *any* time and in *any* circumstance. It doesn't require something “serious,” as people usually think. On the contrary, it can be triggered by the most trivial thing!

It's simply a slight tipping of the scales from one side to the other.

Being on one side makes a life of suffering, troubles, and all sorts of misery. While on the other side are perpetual Life, absolute Power, and unassailable Peace.

Both states exist *together*, as it were, and humanity makes a rather clumsy amalgam of the two.

But a few moments of the true state in its purity conceal a formidable power.

I can remember a time when one or two minutes of that state were enough to scare the body – not actually “scare,” but the body was anxious. There has been progress, because now the opposite is true: That state is the one that feels “normal” to this body.

Why Death?

What *is* death? What happens at death?

To that Consciousness, it is evidently what could be called an “accident” – but an accident that has taken root.

I am being shown how one dies, how the body suddenly breaks down when it could have continued.

Why this habit of breaking down?

It is not new with the advent of mankind, because it was there long before: Life was formed, grew, and then dissolved. It was the same for everything, including the plants. Human beings made a whole drama out of it, and that’s why they struggle to understand and adjust themselves.

Yet, in a certain consciousness, it seems totally ridiculous.

But why is it?

There are moments when the body feels it has escaped that law of death. It comes in like a breeze, but it does not last, and everything reverts to the way it was.

But the consciousness of the body is beginning to wonder *why* it is like that, why life isn’t an unending growth in light and consciousness.

The body itself is wondering why.

And then there are the people with all their thoughts. Some come and sit in front of me, thinking, “Maybe this is the last time I am seeing her!” Things of that sort keep pouring in.

Curiously, that Consciousness keeps putting the body in touch with many desires wishing its death! They are everywhere! The body sees them exactly as they are, but isn't in the least affected by them. Most of the time, it even laughs them away.

But there are quite a number of them!

In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if all the aches and pain this body feels everywhere, constantly, did not stem from all those ill wills. For they are all over the earth, and most of the time barely conscious.

At times, it's a bit difficult.

The quantity of formations in the earth's atmosphere one might call "defeatist" is truly amazing! One wonders how everything is not pulverized. Everyone is always calling up catastrophes, expecting the worst, seeing the worst, emphasizing the worst.

But why is it like that? Why?

Why has this exteriorization on earth begun with this almost total unconsciousness? This almost total inertia? Why did it have to begin like that?

The mind has contrived all sorts of wonderful reasons and constructions. All childishness.

There is the Buddhist, nihilist explanation: It's the Supreme Lord who made a mistake! He got it all wrong. So we're going to help Him get it right!

Then there is the other extreme: It's *your* mistake to feel these things the way you do.

Yes, but how come this mistake is *in* me in the first place?

The impression remains that we do not comprehend because we are too small.

Decentralization of Consciousness

I have had a revelation.

I was absolutely silent, and suddenly something came, insisting until I note it down. It followed the question: "What is death?"

The answer was not at all on the ordinary level.

It came all at once, imperatively:

"Death is the consequence of
the decentralization of the consciousness
involved in the cells that constitute the body."

It came along with a world of perceptions, a sort of general terrestrial awareness, together with examples showing that only when the consciousness involved in the cells is "decentralized" does death occur. Otherwise there is nothing; even cardiac arrest cannot cause death.

That decentralization can be brought about by countless natural causes, but these causes are of a psychological nature, so to speak. The cells that constitute the body are held in a form by a principle of centralization of the consciousness involved in them. As long as this power of concentration is there, the body cannot die. Only when this power of concentration is dissolved do the cells scatter. Death occurs. And the body dies.

Then came this:

"The very first step toward immortality
is to replace Nature's mechanical centralization
by a willed centralization."

The usual centralization produced by Nature is *mechanical*, subject to all sorts of mechanical laws, while the inner Presence, the divine Presence can willfully concentrate the cells.

A Trial Run?

Yesterday, apropos an aphorism of Sri Aurobindo's in which he uses the word *image* to describe the physical body, I had asked the Lord the following question: "Lord, what do You do when you want to change the 'image' to Your likeness?" And I received the answer last night, through two activities in the subtle physical.

In the first one, I was shooting down somebody point blank!

It made me understand that the body, the physical consciousness, is chock-full of falsehoods, illusions and preconceived ideas, and only when they are all eliminated can the Lord manifest there.

This was lived and experienced as an astounding realization.

I was physically miserable, with nausea and this constant feeling of overall disintegration, and suddenly a total inversion: *Bliss in the body*.

Actually, this body was doing what all bodies are doing: disintegrating, falling apart. And it seems to have been checked. It isn't yet perfect, but it's better.

I understood – *the body* understood. It actually had the experience.

How will it translate in material terms? We'll see.

In the dream, I was killing someone I liked very much! I am not sure I knew who it was. Furthermore, there was no reason for my action! I killed this person with what looked like a revolver, and it did not matter at all because he did not seem affected in the least!

What was important was the gesture, the *act* itself. I had feelings of love and affection toward this person, yet I was killing him. I don't know who he was, but he was a young man, maybe a symbolic figure.

I knew this was a night activity, and I even wondered, "Well, I wouldn't do something like *this* in my waking state!"

Whereupon I distinctly heard Sri Aurobindo's voice say: "That won't be necessary!"

The whole episode could have been totally comical.

How can I explain this? I had the same sense of objectivity as in the waking state. I was not "dreaming." I could see what was happening and was able to apply reason to it – in other words, a completely new consciousness. I now know what that consciousness is. I mean, the body knows it. And its attitude is: "Now I know, and it's up to You to decide if I am capable of having it, or if it's just a trial run."

The body, not just the psychic being or the higher beings, had the true Consciousness.

Indeed, *something* must change in a material way, namely, in the consciousness of the body. Something must change in the very makeup, so *the* Consciousness can manifest without distortion.

Can it be done? I don't know.

In the second vision, I was walking about naked, purposely naked, and purposely showing myself to certain people. I was with someone whose appearance in dreams always represents or symbolizes the physical Mother.

The portion of my body that was uncovered was asexual, neither male nor female. The figure was very pretty and slender, and it had a sort of orange, vibrant, self-luminous hue to it. And the Mother was wearing a large cape of the same color, like a veil over her entire being, as if to say, "You see, I am wearing it because I have accepted it – to tell you I have accepted it."

The nakedness was intentional. It was a very meaningful and important act. The two persons to whom I was showing it, although I don't know who they are in the waking state, were familiar and looked like two men. And it was to tell them, "Here, this is how it is. Look *how* it is." They were taking it quite scientifically.

Then there was this particular person, slightly taller than me, whom for years I have seen at night and associated with

Nature. She is not exactly a "relation" of mine, but rather my mother who could be my sister, or my sister who could be my mother. She is a beautiful, tall woman, very, *very* simple and quite formidable. She is ageless, with a rather long face revealing extraordinary power. With me, she is like a little child.

She was walking alongside, saying, "You see, I am wearing your dress to tell you that it is accepted." It was the same color as my skin, self-luminous.

It means that material Nature has adopted the new creation.

These two "dreams" are evidently the representation of the two greatest difficulties in the human consciousness, which were completely overcome, to a point where they no longer existed. All the human feelings of horror, fear and so on were absolutely nonexistent. There was only bliss.

The first dream had to do with all the conventional human feelings about death and the second with the body of the new creation.

These are the two things that must be brought under control.

Indeed, what we call death does not really exist. In fact, in the first "dream," even after I killed that person, he kept moving as if nothing had happened! It was the representation of the unreality and falsity of all these human principles.

As to the second, I had always asked, "How is the supramental body? I'd like to see it."

Well, I saw it. I saw how my body will be.

It's good, very good! It's not very different, but so much more refined – with none of the gross or the simply normal human movement.

This is why the physical body must be clarified, purified, and emptied of everything, except divine bliss.

A Touch of Immortality

The body is becoming conscious of what in it prevents it from being immortal, and at the same time of what can be immortal in it.

It has had moments of such agony – in connection with death – as never before in its whole life. And it has understood that its very constitution was causing it, and what had to change.

I feel as if I were on the threshold of an extraordinary discovery.

I could put it this way: the why of death has become clear and the how of immortality feels like something one could *touch* – the impression of touching something that keeps . . . eluding.

A Question of Attitude

More and more I am convinced that we have a way of receiving things and reacting to them that *creates* difficulties.

For example, I have rather unpleasant physical experiences with food.

For a very long time now, I have completely stopped being hungry. I eat only to be reasonable, because “one must” eat, and I have difficulty swallowing or breathing, small troubles like that. But everything depends on whether I pay attention to them or not.

There is an attitude where I watch myself living, an attitude where I flow with things, with life; and a third attitude where I pay attention *only* to the Divine.

If I succeed in being in that last attitude all the time, there are no difficulties whatsoever. Yet the circumstances are exactly the same. This is a concrete experience: The things in

themselves are as they are, but it is our reaction to them that matters.

There are three categories: things in themselves, our attitude toward things (those two always give trouble), and a third one where absolutely everything is viewed with respect to the Divine, in the Consciousness of the Divine – then all becomes marvelous and easy!

I am speaking of material, physical events, such as little discomforts of the body, feeling pain, circumstances going awry, incapacity to swallow the food – the most banal of circumstances we never pay attention to when we're young and in good health.

When we live in the consciousness of the body and its ways of reacting and receiving things as they happen – oh, what a misery! When we live in the consciousness of others, their want, their need, their relationship with us – what a misery! But when we live in the Divine Presence, and the Divine does everything, sees everything, is everything – then there is Peace, time has no weight, and everything is easy.

The day before yesterday, I was sick as a dog. Yesterday the circumstances were exactly the same, my body was in the same state – yet all was at peace.

The world is the same, but it is seen and felt in a totally opposite way.

Everything is a phenomenon of consciousness.

The crux of the problem is *our* human way of being conscious versus the divine way of being conscious. That's the whole question.

It's the difference between an object and its projection. Things essentially *are*, but we see them projected as if on a screen, one after another.

In that divine Consciousness, things become almost instantaneous, as it were. There is the exact sense of what we are supposed to do, what we are supposed to be, and *why* we have been created. All these terms *together*, complementing one another without any contradiction.

It's like something that exists *as a whole* and is also successively projected onto a screen.

Death, for instance, is a transitional phenomenon, but to us it appears to have existed forever (because our consciousness only sees one little compartment at the time).

In truth, I have the feeling of being on my way to discovering the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can go on uninterrupted – discovering that death is the result of a . . . distortion of consciousness.

1970: The Living Contradiction

*For me, the fastest way was . . .
the growing sense of my own nonexistence.*

An Unreal Falsehood

These last days, my body was crying.

In deep inward intensity, it was bemoaning, “Why, oh why does this world exist as it is?” The perception of the horror of realities in this world. Oh, it was so awful, so sad, so miserable!

But instantaneously came the Response, like an immensity opening up in the Light.

And there was nothing to say.

But HOW did *That* – that immensity – become *this*? How did that Marvel become this ugliness, this monstrosity?

I don’t know.

For, after all, what *is* this creation?

Separation, nastiness, cruelty, the satisfaction to make other people suffer, and then illness, decay, death – destruction.

What happened?

Yet what I experienced is the *unreality* of these things. As if we had entered some unreal falsehood and everything disappears the moment we get out of it.

IT DOES NOT EXIST. That's what is so frightening!

What is so real, so concrete, so dreadful to us is all nonexistent! It's just that we've entered the Falsehood.

Why? How?

Never has this body in its entire life felt such encompassing and profound grief than that day.

And we *all* live in the Falsehood and Unreality. Escaping into Nirvana has been a temporary and partial remedy, as it were. I knew, then, that this was the exact repetition of what the Buddha Sidharta experienced, which led him to say: there is only one way out, Nirvana. But *at the same time* I experienced the true state – his solution and the true solution.

It was quite remarkable how the Buddhist solution appeared only as one *step*, and the true solution lies beyond it, not in another direction, but just beyond it.

This body had never felt anything like it before.

It was something that encompassed the horror, the dread, the grief, as well as an intense compassion! For several hours the body was in a rather precarious state.

Yet, afterward, it was as if everything came forward with a Smile and a radiant Light, as if the Lord said, "You see, I am everywhere and in all things."

It was absolutely extraordinary.

But there are no communications between the two conditions.

At one point, the body exclaimed, "What! To continue *this*? To continue the world, the people, this whole creation?" And I suddenly understood that this is what has been translated as "perpetual hell." Someone else must have had that same perception.

And every artificial way of getting out of it, starting with the fool who kills himself to "end" his life, and including Nirvana, is worthless. From suicide to Nirvana, all those solutions are utterly worthless. It's different levels, but it's worthless.

Then, suddenly, just as one felt stuck in perpetual hell, comes a state of consciousness where all is light, magnificent beauty, joy, and kindness.

Without the least explanation. Just like that: "Here I am!"

It shows itself, then vanishes.

Is this *the* lever?

I don't know.

But salvation is *physical*, not at all mental. I mean, it isn't found in any escape. It's HERE.

I felt that very strongly.

And it isn't veiled or concealed or anything. It's HERE.

What is it in the creation that inhibits the capability of experiencing that continuously?

I don't know.

But it's RIGHT HERE!

A Body Impervious to Attacks

Last night I had a very interesting experience.

At the conclusion of a series of visions I saw a tall man in black. It probably was not a human being, but the symbol of something in my life or of people close to me, or even the symbol of what I am fighting against in this existence. I had settled in a small, roofless dwelling with a few people close to me when that black being appeared. He proceeded to tear up a huge chunk of the wall and, hovering over me, hurled it on my stomach. I felt the impact, and at the same time I heard a clap of thunder.

But I smiled and said, "He can't hurt me." It did not affect me in the least! And the tall man simply vanished.

I was wondering how come it could touch me at all, when the answer came very distinctly: It was to teach my body it could be attacked but not affected.

I felt it, but it didn't hurt me.

It was enough to crush anyone to a pulp – yet there is no trace of it!

And the body was in complete peace.

I saw the wall fall on me and felt the impact. That's what woke me up. But the body's immediate reaction was: "O Lord," with a spontaneous movement of opening and a smile, not in the least frightened. Then I looked to see if there was any damage. But in both the physical state and the vision state, the reaction was the same: quiet receptivity with a smile.

It's the proof something has really been achieved.

It has reached the point where *everything* that happens is perceived as the divine Will, and it is *always* for the best. It's only the human stupidity, the lack of comprehension, the short-term vision that makes us say, "Oh, how unfortunate!"

In fact, everything is *marvelously* organized.

And when the body itself knows this, then everything is fine.

Immobility and Aspiration

A great passivity is needed for the Force to stream through rapidly and reach the body. Every time there is a need to work on one part of the body or another, it always begins with a state of absolute passivity, which is like a perfection of inertia.

It is the perfection of that which is imperfect in inertia, something that has no activity of itself. It is a state *very* difficult to achieve for those with a great mental development. And it is all the more difficult since the body has striven all its life, precisely, to be receptive and obedient to the mental influence.

But that's what has to be undone.

How to say this? The development through the mind's agency implies a constant, overall state of awakening – even materially. In order to receive the supreme Force, on the

contrary, an absolutely conscious immobility – the immobility of sleep, but *absolutely conscious* – is required.

The body can feel the difference.

It feels the difference to a point where, at night, I am in that state for hours, but if after some time I fall into ordinary sleep, my body wakes up in frightful anguish!

In other words, the body has succeeded in having *at the same time* aspiration and immobility – *complete* immobility and *intense* aspiration. And it's only when immobility is alone without aspiration that the body is overcome with anguish, and wakes up immediately.

Yes, the body feels that the highest vibration, the vibration of the true Consciousness, is *so intense* that it is equivalent to the immobility of inertia. That intensity is so great that, to us, it is equivalent to inertia. I often thought it must be the supramental vibration, the true divine vibration.

It made me understand why the creation began with inertia. The goal is to rediscover that State after having gone through all the states of consciousness. To us, the whole process appears as a complete waste. But when there's a purpose behind it, it's no longer a waste.

One could almost say that the creation began with a state of *unconscious* perfection and must reach a state of *conscious* perfection, with imperfection in between.

I have the feeling of being on the verge of total comprehension. But it isn't at all mental comprehension; it is *lived* comprehension. The mind cannot experience that.

It feels as if the body alone – when it is receptive and open and at least partially transformed – were capable of understanding the creation.

The Pipe

Last night, I was lying down as usual, peacefully, and for about two hours nonstop I had the feeling of being a sort of sponge soaked in the Force.

I don't know how to say it. *It* came neither from "above" nor from the side, but *it* came in, and *it* went out.

I was like a pipe.

For more than an hour, the Force, of an intense golden color, kept going out and then spreading over the world.

It was the first time I felt it so *physically*. And it had an extraordinary power!

The body was like a pipe, but the Force didn't come from a specific direction. It's as if I were immersed in it and it kept going through me.

The body was just used as a means to touch the earth.

It came in, then went out and spread over the earth.

I saw it going toward all those who called.

Supramental Consciousness

Very early this morning, toward the end of the night, I lived for two hours in a clear perception of the "why" and the "how" of the creation.

It was so luminous, so clear!

Irrefutable.

That state remained at least four or five hours during the morning, after which it grew less intense because I had to see a lot of people.

Everything had become limpid! Everything Sri Aurobindo had explained about the creation appeared as consequences of the experience. Each thing was in its place and crystal clear.

For despite what Sri Aurobindo had said, certain things remained difficult to explain. For instance, the aspect of

Manifestation concerned with suffering or the desire to inflict suffering to others.

But today all was luminously simple, clear, and obvious!

One could put it this way: In the Supreme is a Unity embracing all the possibilities united, without distinction. The creation is the release, so to speak, of the components of this Unity, whereby all opposites are divided, made separate. For example, day and night, white and black, good and evil, and so on. Everything together makes up a perfect and indissoluble unity.

The creation is the separation of everything that makes up this unity – what could be called the fragmentation of Consciousness as it passes from a status of unity conscious of its unity to a status of unity conscious of its multiplicity *in unity*.

That passage of the Consciousness is what translates for us – the fragments – as space and time.

Yet, such as we are, each fragment of that Consciousness is capable of being conscious of itself *and* of the original Unity.

This is the work being done. Each infinitesimal fragment of that Consciousness is in the process of recovering the original state of total Consciousness, while keeping its own state of consciousness – which eventually will result in the original Consciousness being conscious of its Unity and being conscious of the Play, the countless elements of this Unity.

For us, this translates as the sense of time: To proceed from Unconsciousness to that state of Consciousness. Unconsciousness grows increasingly conscious, as it were, in human beings who are conscious of their infinitesimal existence while *at the same time* becoming conscious of the original Unity.

Words are nothing. But the way in which this was *seen* explained everything, from the most material to the most subtle aspect of the creation.

Everything was embraced in that vision.

Separation is what continuously creates the world as it is, including suffering, happiness – everything. Even what we call

“evil” is an essential part of the whole. But it would not be felt as evil the moment we are conscious of *That*.

And that’s what needs to be done.

I had that vision – I had the vision of *That*.

I lived for hours in an absolute state of Glory.

Also, I noticed that my state of consciousness was in no way affected by any activity or work I was doing at the time. What did veil my state of consciousness was to see people.

This must be the supramental consciousness.

I think that’s what it is.

There are no *contraries*. Not only are there no contradictions, but there are no contraries.

It’s *living* in that Unity.

And it isn’t translated by thoughts or words. It is the feeling of a limitless immensity . . . a motionless light, together with a sense of great well being.

Now I am convinced it *was* the supramental consciousness.

Yet it happened when I was materially busy: dressing up, eating breakfast, writing birthday cards. But it did not affect anything. On the contrary, I think I was doing things better than usual.

When I write cards, I usually ask who the recipient is (I know very few out of the multitude of cards I write every day). This morning, I did not have to ask; I knew what to write, automatically, without any question.

If life as it is can be lived in that consciousness, then it is lived happily!

One needs change *nothing*, for what has to change changes by itself, naturally.

As for my body, it had been still aware of its own needs. Not exactly preoccupied with itself, but as Sri Aurobindo said, “I feel I am still the old man.” This morning I understood, because that sensation was completely gone! Even that sort of very calm and indifferent perception of what is wrong (a pain here, some difficulty there) was completely swept away!

I am not calling it back!

This is a real transformation.

One is conscious within a luminous, peaceful, eternal, all-powerful, golden immensity.

How did this come about?

The body had gone through something I won't describe, and rather than reacting in the old manner, it reacted in the true manner: It smiled. This latest difficulty is what enabled the body to conquer the last progress, to live in that Consciousness. If all had been harmonious, things would have taken years instead.

There are no words to express the magnificence of the Grace: How everything combines so things can go as fast as possible.

It's just marvelous!

And how foolish human beings are! When the Grace comes knocking at their door, they push it away, saying, "Oh, how horrible!"

They are miserable because they are not conscious of *that*, and they take a wrong position toward what happens to them.

Of course I've known that for a long time, but this latest experience is just . . . dazzling!

The True Cure

There is a certain power stemming from the connection with supramental forces which Sri Aurobindo had and which I experienced myself. It's when I used to say, "He removed an illness from people exactly as if a 'hand' picked it up and took it away."

But the original weakness wasn't cured, which caused the illness to return.

I understand how it works, because I have the very same experience now. And I realize that something else would be

necessary to bring about what I call a “cure.” To say it simply, one can only cure an illness if that illness is no longer necessary to the individual’s development.

People are quick to speak of “miracles,” but to me these are incomplete miracles!

Whenever this body experiences what I call a “change of Government,” there is a sort of loss of balance, and if I am not very careful it causes pain; if I take the wrong attitude, the pain turns into an illness; but with the right attitude, the pain can disappear in a matter of seconds.

This is what I experience almost daily.

The same can be done for somebody else. But the most that can be done is to teach the person how to cure herself – but she doesn’t learn! It is quite possible to give a person’s body a sense of what should be done to get cured, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred it won’t do it.

The general habit of covering up and repressing what is wrong or false in us prevents the cure.

It’s the opposite that should be done! Instead of pushing it under the carpet, it should be offered up. The false or wrong movement must be got hold of and *thrust* into the Light. Generally, it tries to wriggle out and escape! But it’s the only way.

What causes us to repress and push it away is the sense of good and evil, a kind of contempt and shame for what is regarded as evil, and we push it out of sight, refusing to let it exist.

The first thing to realize is that this division is caused by the disability of our own consciousness, and there is a Consciousness where none of this exists, where so-called evil is as necessary as so-called good.

If we are capable of thrusting our sensation or activity or perception into that Light, then it gets cured. Instead of repressing it as something that ought to be destroyed (it *can’t* be destroyed), it has to be thrust into the Light.

I've had several days of a very interesting experience in that realm.

Instead of trying to reject as far away as possible those things we don't accept because they create a loss of balance in our being, we accept them, take them in as a part of ourselves – and we offer them up.

Even if they refuse to be offered up, there is a way to compel them, as their resistance is lessened in the proportion as we can lessen the sense of reprobation in ourselves. If the sense of reprobation can be replaced by a higher understanding, then it becomes easier.

The Old Disorder

Whenever I am identified with the terrestrial consciousness, I feel great waves of something so miserable, such helpless grief and despair coming over me.

It comes in waves.

In response to that, whenever I am completely quiet and motionless, the Force comes down, penetrates, and pervades everything.

That has a great action.

The atmosphere is filled with such a sense of anguish longing for an answer that sometimes it takes hours for the Force to penetrate it, but eventually it penetrates and pervades everything.

But since I still see so many people every day, I don't always have the time to do this. Otherwise, alone at night, lying on my bed, I can do it.

This is the world's anguish!

Although I do not always know the exact details of what's happening, I know how awful the world situation is! Yet people themselves are so unconscious. They are so proud of

going to the Moon, while they are slaughtering each other on Earth!

The transition from Unconsciousness to Consciousness has been in progress for a very long time, but how much longer will it have to go on?

Truly, it is a horrible process.

I feel there must be either Supreme Consciousness or else unconsciousness. It's the transition between the two that's horrible. Semi-consciousness is the worst.

The sort of artificial harmony in which the body lives is almost entirely due to its pervasive unconsciousness, and the moment a modicum of consciousness enters it, it disrupts everything. If too much consciousness were to come in, it simply could not withstand it. I clearly see it.

So what would happen on a much wider scale than one body?

Several people here have fallen suddenly and unexpectedly ill. They wrote me to say they had become conscious of "something else" – something they didn't know – and it was through the disruption caused by their illness that they had suddenly caught hold of it.

Indeed, there is a *very strong* Action. Yet people always think that things must be all right in *their* terms, and so they are astounded: How come this divine Consciousness is at work, and yet there are so many troublesome or painful things happening?

They simply don't understand.

But this body understands perfectly! Not a minute did it complain. Not a second did it blame anyone else. It just said to itself: My poor little fellow, you do have a lot of this old Disorder left in you.

The Gift

This morning the body received a gift.

The Lord taught this body how to be entirely His. And it was so marvelous!

During the whole night and this morning, there was an absolutely concrete demonstration, as it were, of how to be perfectly His. The body had *never* felt anything like that before.

Naturally, it's very conscious of all that is still "grating."

Yesterday, despite a very strong attack against it, the body was able to keep its confidence and calm certitude. And it was able to get out of the ordeal by itself, mainly during the night.

And this morning it received this extraordinary gift!

The absolutely concrete experience in the body lasted the whole morning.

It's a bit difficult to describe; words belittle the experience.

It feels like what we call "peace," but it's luminous, with such a sense of well-being and comfort – something inexpressible.

It isn't inwardly directed, but outwardly, and that's what makes it difficult to explain. It isn't within itself that the body finds its well being; it's a sort of *radiating* well being, in all directions.

It comes along with something that resembles certainty, in which anxiety is totally out of the question (and any question is out of the question!). But it's something more than what we call well being and certainty.

It's inexpressible.

Toward Total Transformation

The work in the body is proceeding apace, but it isn't easy.

There is such a strong sense that the state I found natural before is a state of absolute stupidity, and all the supports I used to count on are completely useless.

But I do make interesting discoveries!

Usually, we believe that certain things, such as certain illnesses or disorders, are serious while others are insignificant. But I am shown in an incontrovertible way that, in fact, all depends on what has been decided by the Supreme Lord, to put it simply. For the most trifling, insignificant thing, He can stop the operation of the body, while something considered irremediably serious can pass like a breeze.

This is being shown to me in very practical situations.

I go through tricky moments, because the mental convictions and constructions are no longer there to help the body. For example, mental faith is very helpful as a source of stability in the face of difficulties – but it no longer exists.

There is only Consciousness.

And Consciousness doesn't put on a show; it doesn't give you any fable or contrive a story to help you along when it's required. It is what it is, exactly, in its utter simplicity and sincerity. One knows and sees things for what they are.

The body, too, sees that all its sensations are almost always made up, that none of them really corresponds to the truth. But that doesn't really help it! Sometimes it feels quite out of sorts.

It has become so conscious of its own stupidity that its first reaction was to say: it's hopeless; the only solution is dissolution so that something else can emerge instead. But then, there is always the response of this tranquil Smile.

So it tries to keep quiet and to continue.

It has outgrown the phase of stupidity where one asks, "Why are these things the way they are?" It understands *why* they are the way they are. But the reasons are so extensive, so encompassing that it's difficult for the body-consciousness to remain in that state of universality all the time.

To use high-sounding words (all this is nothing but words), it's like knowing one lives in Falsehood, knowing what that Falsehood is about, knowing, during a split second, what Truth is, and yet being incapable of . . . making the necessary adjustment.

And I know the reason.

It's because there is a whole process to undergo for this Falsehood to abdicate before the Truth, to change into Truth – not in some arbitrary manner, but in the *true* manner. And that requires all sorts of experiences, of adjustments, which for us, here, translate as time.

It takes time. It cannot be done instantly.

Yet whenever the body becomes aware of its stupidity, it yearns and aspires for it to disappear instantly. Hence the grating.

It isn't easy.

Nothing is being indicated clearly and positively to this body; neither that the transformation is possible nor that it is impossible. It is aware of the incredible magnitude of the task – the huge difference between what is and what should be – without knowing whether it will be capable of doing it or not.

What is expected of it? It is being told loud and clear, from moment to moment. It does it, and there *are* moments when it can let go completely. Then everything is fine.

But there are all of life's requirements, and each thing is a problem.

In its usual state of general ignorance, when a body wants to keep on going, it accepts *passively* to go on as it is; whereas in its present state, this body *cannot* accept to remain as it is, for it knows too much what it should be.

So it needs to remain as it is without remaining as it is, if I may say.

Nothing less than *total* transformation is involved.

Changing the Very Flesh?

For life's very subsistence, there is this necessity to depend on something material, which naturally causes an old difficulty to return again and again.

Food is the case in point.

The cells are conscious of the divine Force and of the power it imparts, but they are also conscious that in order to endure as they are, even in their present state of transformation, they still need that extra support from outside. And every time, it means swallowing a recurring difficulty.

Everything I said about the change of functioning is increasingly valid, but there is all the rest, such as the stomach, the blood circulation, and so on.

Is it conceivable to have all these organs continue to function without deteriorating? That would mean constant progress, because only that which progresses can endure. Is this matter capable of progress?

For now, it's open to question.

All automatic functions have almost disappeared, and that has caused a great diminution in terms of capabilities.

It's being replaced by a consciousness of unprecedented power.

That's an improvement. But from an ordinary standpoint, it's obvious I am no longer capable of doing the things I used to do when I was twenty. I know maybe a hundred thousand times more than I knew, and this body itself feels and knows all that it didn't know in the past, but from a strictly material standpoint it is diminished.

Could it come back? I don't know. It's a big question mark.

Yet the body can only last provided some capabilities came back.

Would this very flesh be capable of changing through the action of the Force? Is something like that possible? We'll only know after it's done, not before!

Yet the ability to heal is there. And if that ability exists, so does the ability to overcome wear and tear; that's obvious.

To put it in simple terms, the cells are absolutely convinced that the Lord is all-powerful. But what they are not convinced of is whether He *wants* things to be one way or another, whether He wants the transformation to occur in a pre-existing body or by stages.

And there is an absolute refusal to get an answer.

Oh, and I know why! It's because physical matter is so lazy, to put it in a child-like manner, and if it had certainties, it would relax its effort.

Yet a moment will come when *one* body will be able to change enough to set an example as well as a concrete hope for humanity.

A moment will come when it will happen.

The Mystery of the Unknown

In life's normal conditions the body has a sort of stable base which allows it to feel comfortable in all circumstances; it remains neutral regardless of any activity otherwise taking place. One simply doesn't notice its existence and it doesn't need any particular attention to be in a favorable state, so to speak.

It's an instrument that works automatically.

Whereas in my present condition, the moment the body is not wholly focused on the Divine, or leaning wholly on the Divine, it becomes *really* miserable.

When it has no activity, it is concentrated. When I see people, it is also concentrated. All that is fine. But the rest of the time, if it happens to relax its active concentration, it becomes miserable.

Almost the entire night is spent in concentrated rest in the Divine. But now and then the body still slips into something resembling sleep, and it becomes immediately uncomfortable.

Eating is particularly difficult. It's as if each bite had to be taken consciously as an offering, in the full consciousness of the Divine, otherwise I cannot swallow.

I don't know if it is particular to this body or if all will have to go through the same process. Naturally, it is very conscious that this is a period of transition, but it's difficult.

From time to time, for a few seconds, it experiences a "sample" of what will be in the future. And that's marvelous.

It's a strange impression of being on the edge – but the edge of what? I don't know.

After I concentrate for a while, I enter a state in which the body feels a sort of – the word *anguish* is too strong, but it's the impression of reaching a point of a total unknown.

It's a very bizarre sensation.

What's strange is that there is absolutely no fear, no acute sensation of any kind. In fact, the feeling of a *new vibration* would be a more accurate description. It is so new that it causes, not exactly anguish, but a sense of the unknown.

A mystery of the unknown.

All this has nothing to do with the mind; it's the sensation induced by the vibration.

There is a keen sense that the *only* solution for the body is to be in a state of total surrender. In that state of total surrender, the body realizes that that vibration is not a vibration of dissolution, but something – what? The unknown. The totally new and unknown.

Sometimes it falls into panic. But I cannot say it suffers a lot. It's just quite an extraordinary sensation.

There was a time when I thought this was caused by certain influences or activities in the atmosphere around me. But it's not at all the case. It depends neither on influences, nor circumstances, nor activity; it depends on . . . something.

Indeed, the “other way” is so different that to the body it’s the equivalent of death. Yet the body is not fooled. It *knows* this has nothing to do with what people call death.

But it’s certainly a strange life.

Yes, I think this *is* the great adventure!

Soon I’ll be dangerously contagious!

The Permeation

Last night, I had an experience in which I was absolutely convinced that something had happened here, in this world – maybe not in exactly the form I experienced, but in an analogous form – only to realize that nothing had happened, at least not externally.

That was the beginning of a great realization.

My body was neither asleep nor awake (it’s a rather common state, these days, in which I am absorbed in a subtle physical consciousness). I was very seriously ill and I knew it was not this body that was ill, but the consciousness of this body felt all the symptoms.

It concerned an Ashram family. The father was calling for help and looking for a doctor. There were all sorts of details of an amazing precision.

Meanwhile, my body was saying to itself, “I must be identified with this person since she is receiving the doctor’s care – and since I am identified with her I had better do in her everything I can.”

So I concentrated and I called the forces of the Lord. And I cured her.

It lasted two hours in a very detailed way. I even saw other people watching the whole operation with keen interest to try to understand how it worked.

In other words, it all happened in a world that appeared exactly as the material world, but where people were conscious.

This morning, I expected to hear that something quite serious had happened to one of the women in that family (three women in that family are actually ill). But nothing happened!

There is only one possibility: Since it happened at night, while these people were asleep, they simply did not feel anything. But in fact, this body may just have saved a person's life.

Never before had I lived so totally in the subtle physical, fully conscious, *without sleeping*, for two full hours, with things as real and precise as they are here – and with the presence and action of the same psychic will, exactly as it is in this physical world.

Which proves that the difference between the two worlds is very slim indeed. There is no thickness or feeling of heaviness between them.

Therefore the connection between the subtle physical and the material physical is happening all the time, constantly: Back and forth, back and forth . . .

I could almost say that one is trying to replace the other.

It was the first time I had this experience with such clarity. Actually, it occurs every night, but it usually leaves only a fugitive impression through a detail. It's the first time I experience such a precise action.

I was so ill that I wondered if it would not leave some physical marks. But when I got up there was no trace of it!

The material physical consciousness continues its regular movement in order to maintain the stability of the whole, while being permeated by this other consciousness in a way that does not suppress it, but transforms it in the long run. It is not suppressed, but dominated – sometimes it dominates, sometimes it is dominated.

In any case, depending on the circumstances, this process of permeation can change external events.

In the long run, this permeation intends to become a replacement. The subtle physical is wearing down the separating wall, as it were, with the aim of replacing the material physical, but through transformation rather than suppression.

Seeing the two together, one realizes what a enormous work this is! The main effect is to remove fixity from the physical world, and not just fixity but brittleness: Where it now breaks, it will bend; where it now crumbles, it will flow.

All becomes flexible.

It's quite curious, but difficult to explain in words.

This body has been chosen as a field of experiment for whatever reason, maybe because of its plasticity. But the experiment is taking place.

In the past several months it began with the more subtle, and little by little it is coming to a more material realm.

Last night was quite remarkable. One could not have said: That is the subtle physical, and this is the material physical. They were amazingly intertwined. They didn't feel different, yet they are very different – maybe it's a modality of the same reality rather than a difference.

All this arises entirely from consciousness. It is a phenomenon of consciousness.

In last night's experience the body was the center of all activity and consciousness: It felt, observed, acted, decided, all at the same time, while lying there, offering up its pain.

After last night, I would tend to think that this work of permeation is going on in exactly the same way, very actively, all over the earth.

I receive letters from people describing mind-boggling experiences, not at all commensurate with their degree of intelligence or development. These experiences are very different from one another, but I know them all as experiences of the subtle physical. They describe what happened as I would

describe it myself, with full knowledge. Yet they know nothing!

It's completely mystifying.

In that subtle physical consciousness things work completely differently, but any mental explanation of that work is prevented, and it's probably for the better. The consciousness is very alert to the least thing happening, but no mental description or explanation is offered. For it would immediately bring back the old way.

For example, in that consciousness none of the physical laws as we know them applies. They no longer have any meaning.

I remember, last night, seeing a certain movement and thinking, "Oh, if only we knew this, how many fears and combinations would crumble, become meaningless!" It concerned the "laws of Nature," things deemed "ineluctable." It seemed a total absurdity!

In the true consciousness all that crumbles.

Whenever people tell me they feel confronted to a sort of ineluctable fate – "This and that has happened, therefore it's an unavoidable conclusion" – my answer is always the same: If *you* decide it so. It is *you* who decide it's ineluctable!

Subtle Physical Reality

There are times when, very oddly, both the subtle physical reality and the material reality are seen and felt at the same time.

For instance, there is a world made up of natural sceneries, such as fields, gardens and so on, which are all seen behind nets of different colors! And everything has a meaning.

Everything is behind a net – as if we all moved along with nets. The shape and color of the net depend on what's behind it. That's the means of communications.

Thank goodness, I speak to no one about this, because people would think I am going batty! For I see these things with eyes wide open, in broad daylight! For example, I am here in my room, receiving people, and simultaneously I see one scene or another, shifting and changing, with a net between the scene and myself.

That net seems to be what divides the subtle physical from the ordinary physical. What does it stand for? I have no idea. For there are no mental interpretations or explanations, no thoughts or rationalizations of any kind concerning this. And it seems intentional.

The type of sensation one has about things is also different. The way we feel in the physical realm is not there. Rather, there is either a sense of proximity, or non-communication, of indifference, with things.

And so this body is in between these two worlds, partially here and partially there.

The Appearance of the Body

The life of this body is a miracle.

If things were not as they are, arranged as they are, anybody else would be dead by now.

This body perceives things and people around it exactly as they are, without any mask or veil, and it says to itself, "Well, it's mainly to *them* that it would make a difference if I disappeared!" For they are still in the illusion that one dies because the body disappears.

Yet even the body isn't quite sure which is true! For the body, matter should be the truth – but even there, it isn't sure.

There is another way to see and feel – another way of being.

And the body itself is beginning to wonder.

It knows the old way is no longer *it*, and it is beginning to wonder how things will work, especially in terms of perceiving and relating to the outside world: "What will be the relationship of the new consciousness with the old consciousness in those who are still human?" All things will remain as they are, but there will be a new way of perceiving, new relations.

This new way of seeing, feeling, hearing comes in like a breath, then disappears as if it came to the fore and then retired behind a veil.

But in appearance the body is . . . shaky.

Yet, visibly, I am not ill, even if some moments are very difficult.

From time to time, the two states are present at the same time! That's when the body says to itself, "If they knew how you feel, they'd say you're completely gone!" And it laughs. The duality of the two states can become so concrete that the body moans as if it were in terrible pain while, at the same time, saying to itself, "Ah, this is bliss!" Both conditions are completely intertwined, as it were.

Clearly, this is no longer the body-consciousness as it used to be. It's on its way to becoming something else, but it's not yet there.

And I can see that if I were not given the true meaning of what happens as it happens, it would be constant agony.

It's the death of the old way.

It couldn't be withstood more than a few minutes, and yet it goes on and on and on.

My body isn't afraid.

Once or twice, the body was offered to regain its prior condition. It refused, saying, "It's either this or leaving."

For the ordinary consciousness the appearance of the body is the most important – and that will be the last aspect to change. It appears to be the last aspect to change *because* it is the most important, the most convincing sign.

But that's not it at all!

It's the change *in consciousness* – which has taken place – that is important.

All the rest are consequences.

Here, in this material world, the apparent change seems to be the most important for us, but that's because everything is upside down. When the body is visibly capable of being other than it is now, we will say: "Ah, now the thing is done."

But that's not so – the thing IS done.

This, the body, is a secondary consequence.

The Supramental Being

Yesterday or the day before I had an experience that was interesting for me because it was a first.

Someone was sitting in front of me, and I saw her psychic being extending over her by about eight inches. Her physical being was smaller than her psychic being, which dominated. And it was asexual, neither male nor female.

I don't know, maybe it is always like that, but I was particularly struck by that vision. I suddenly said to myself, "Why, of course, it is the psychic being that will materialize and become the supramental being!"

It had certain distinctive features, but they were not very prominent, except for the fact of being neither male nor female and combining, instead, both genders. It had this faint orange-like color, as if seen behind a veil.

This was very much of interest to me because that being was as if saying to me, "You want to know what the supramental being will be like? Here he is!"

There he was. It was her psychic being.

And it makes complete sense: By becoming material the psychic being maintains the continuity of evolution. This creation gives a strong sense that there is no place in it for the

arbitrary, that there is a kind of divine logic behind it, not our human logic, but something far superior to our logic.

Since the mind and the vital were removed from me, the psychic being has been fully in charge of all the movements without all the complications stemming from the vital and the mind, which keep adding their own impressions and tendencies. But I had never before concerned myself with wanting to know what the psychic being would be like. And when I saw it, I understood.

I can still see it in my mind's eyes. It's as if it had red hair, except it was not really red hair, but *like* red hair. And it had such a refined expression, such an air of gentle irony!

It was extraordinary.

It was almost a material vision, with my eyes wide open.

Suddenly all the questions are gone and everything is becoming very simple and clear.

Since the psychic is precisely what survives us, if it materializes, it will mean the end of death. Indeed, death can only affect that which is not in the Truth, incapable of changing in the likeness of the psychic being and of becoming a part of it.

Hell

[After a month-long physical ordeal.]

I am getting better.

Very slowly.

It's the experience of the body – the body left to itself.

This little body is like a point, but it feels like the expression of a *stupendous* power. Yet it has no physical capacity of its own, no power of expression, nothing. And it feels rather miserable.

But it is like a concentration of such formidable power!

So much so that at times it's even difficult to bear.

The end result of all this, even in my consciousness, is still in question.

To be sure, something extraordinary is in preparation, but I am not sure whether this body will implement it or not.

For the first time ever, the brain has been affected, in the sense that I am experiencing some uncontrolled movements. I manage to control them, but . . . it's very annoying. Because of that, I spend the nights without any sleep. I have to stay awake the whole time.

Sometimes the body feels tired, but that doesn't last. It still has a lot of energy, even strength.

The trouble is that it doesn't not know what is expected of it: Whether it is supposed to gather enough energy to recover its health and live normally or just . . . go on crumbling away.

The truth is, it is feeling battle fatigue.

The atmosphere around me is also mixed and complex.

The body believes in the possibility of prolonging life, but in these conditions it's completely absurd! It simply doesn't make sense to continue like this. The physical disorganization is intolerable. Though all the doctors agree it's quite recoverable. That's all I know.

The consciousness above the head has not budged, but the physical transmission is no longer so good. They say that can be recovered, too.

But I am constantly short of breath.

I used to take shelter in silence and concentration, for hours on end, but now these uncontrolled movements disturb the concentration, and that is the greatest difficulty of all. I could spend twenty-four hours a day in concentrated silence, but that joy has been taken away. That's the real sad part.

I have great difficulties eating.

My legs hurt.

And within those twenty-four hours there is no real possibility of rest. For so many years, maybe more than twenty years, I would lie down on my bed and withdraw into the

Lord. Now it's forbidden to me, and that is the greatest ordeal of all.

If I let myself go, I would scream. But screaming doesn't relieve anything; it only makes things worse.

A couple of nights ago, I thought to myself, "Yes, this is what hell is like." I had the feeling I was all the pain of the world – all the pain of the world felt together.

This feeling must have some significance because the moment I perceived the pain in those terms, I was able to rise above it, while before I was simply overwhelmed by it. Now I feel somewhat better.

Actually, when I said that to myself, it had the character of a revelation. It was very precise and concrete. At the same time, I could feel an extraordinary protection against becoming mad – the protection of a higher consciousness, a sort of Power in control of the process, short of which its sheer intensity would make most people go mad.

But the body is still very affected.

The impression of being under a heavy weight has not left – something like a terrible anguish that prevents breathing freely.

And I am absolutely forbidden to rise above, as if I had to find something *here*.

I have the feeling of being thrust into a world I know nothing about, struggling and fumbling with laws I do not know, in order to affect a change of which I have no conception, either. What is the nature of that change?

When one does this in good health, as part of an active movement, it's very well and fine; but like this, in the state of physical powerlessness I am, it's terrible!

I know this is the time of the Attempt, but will it succeed? Is it *destined* to succeed?

I am absolutely certain the victory will be won, but has the time of victory come *now*? That's what I don't know.

And that's the torture.

The Purging

Peace has returned.

There is now a clear disconnection between sensation and consciousness. In other words, I have been able to perceive what happened.

For one hour or two I even experienced the Ananda of the creation. It seemed so natural! And I thought to myself, "What was that aberration all about?"

I could not understand how I got there in the first place. But I didn't try to elucidate any further. Once was enough! "I certainly don't care to go back into it!" I said to myself.

Everything has returned to normal, along with the concrete perception of the divine Presence and the constant action of the Grace.

Now and then there is still a sort of anguish, something like a malaise that comes, so I make a point not to concentrate within.

I will understand later.

But early this morning I received a clue in the form of a dream.

I found myself crawling on top of a steep roof while carrying a young woman in both arms and trying to climb down on the other side! I was doing some very difficult and dangerous acrobatics, and I was doing it *voluntarily* and *unnecessarily*.

This young person was impotent, incapable of moving on her own, with incomplete or powerless limbs. She had a very conscious, very pretty face, and I found her quite charming. She was *very* sweet, with a lovely consciousness, and I was very fond of her.

Naturally, all this is symbolic.

So I said to myself, "Why do I put myself through all this? Is it really necessary?" And I decided to stop: "Enough with the acrobatics."

I woke up and returned to my normal waking state.

It was a dream, but it was not a dream. Actually, it was an activity, and all my muscles, my nerves, and my will were tense in my sleep.

And this morning I said to myself, "That's so typical of you!" I was doing extremely difficult, almost impossible things without any effort – but also unnecessarily. There was no reason to do these things.

It left me wondering.

Probably the sense of difficulty in the work stems from some stupidity on my part.

Yet, consciously, I am always saying, "What You will, Lord. What You will."

But my body must still have a pattern of unnecessary exertion.

There is still a mixture: From time to time that sense of anguish and malaise comes back, and I clearly see it has to do with patterns in the being left over from past.

A great change has evidently taken place, yet the state of consciousness seems to be the same as before.

In any case, the nightmare is over.

There is an impression that, before nature is ready to enter the new creation, it had to experience *everything* of the old creation, completely and entirely, and that was the missing piece.

It was truly frightening. I saw myself *praying* for all that to cease to exist in the world. If I could have purged the world of *that* by going through those days of horror, then it doesn't matter at all and I don't mind.

Educating Matter

For a while, the lower part of the left leg, from the knee down to the heel, had gone dead, paralyzed. It is just starting to come back to life.

I also had an intestinal ulcer, but that didn't last long. It was more serious, but it didn't last.

But what tied me down was this leg. One becomes totally helpless. Even now I need someone to hold me up.

And it was not an innocent paralysis! For at least three weeks, I was in continuous pain, night and day, nonstop. It was as if everything were torn out of me.

I am not in the habit of complaining, but I felt like crying out loud all the time. Now the pain is bearable and the body has resumed a somewhat normal existence.

What is remarkable is that the consciousness above the head has grown stronger and stronger, clearer and clearer. I went on working, not only for India, but for the world.

As for the transformation, what I had called the "change of Government" went on methodically and continuously, but with some apparent impairment and the capacities of the body greatly diminished for a while. The leg was ice cold; something had stopped the circulation.

But the general consciousness above the head, what could be called the universal consciousness, didn't budge an iota. It remained there all the time.

Basically, all that time was used to work on the consciousness of the physical being.

It appears as if this physical being were being prepared for another consciousness, because in certain situations its attitude and its reactions are entirely different. I went through a stage of total indifference in which the world meant nothing. Then, gradually, a new kind of perception emerged.

I am right in the middle of it.

I have noticed how the so-called catastrophes or calamities or difficulties come *just* at the right moment to help you – right when they are needed to help you. In truth, everything in the physical nature that still belonged to the old world with its habits and ways of being couldn't be handled in any other way than this: by illness.

I have *very much* changed, even in character, in comprehension, in the vision of things. There has been a whole rearrangement.

For quite some time I was absolutely inaccessible because I was in constant pain. It was the problem of the whole world – a world that was nothing but pain and suffering and a great question mark: WHY?

I tried every possible remedy: changing pain into pleasure, suppressing the capacity to feel, thinking about something else. I tried all the “tricks.” Not a single one worked.

There is something in the physical world as it exists which is still closed off to the Divine Vibration.

And that “something” is what causes all the trouble. The Divine Consciousness is simply not perceived. There are scores of imaginary things (but very real to the sensation) that keep existing, while *That*, the only thing that’s true, is not perceived.

I think something has been achieved from a general standpoint. It wasn’t just the difficulty of one body or one person. I think something has been achieved in terms of preparing matter to receive in the true way.

It’s as if matter had been receiving incorrectly before, but it has learned to receive in the true way.

1971-1972:

The New Life of the Body

*A curious sensation of something that is beginning.
Not at all of something that is ending.*

Food and the Old World

My system is beginning to refuse to work in the old way.

So how am I supposed to eat? I have no attraction for food whatsoever. It seems stupid, yet I “have to” eat, as I realize that not eating upsets the old system too much.

Of course, the doctors want everything to function as usual.

It’s impossible.

So it creates a conflict in the nature. Things are going too fast and at the same time there is a resistance from the old nature, fostered by the doctors and old habits.

For instance, they say that my difficulties stem from not eating enough, which is true according to the old system. So they’d like me to eat more, while I personally feel that eating conflicts with the Work.

Basically, I realize more and more that we live in total ignorance. We really don’t know either what should be done or how to do it. Our practical knowledge is based on an experience that has become worthless.

If there was a strong and clear indication, I would certainly listen to it, but that's not the case.

For instance, the cook is used to doing things in a certain way; when the doctor asks that I should be given such and such a dish, they listen to him. But if I express a preference for a certain kind of food, they give it to me grudgingly, almost as a concession to gluttony!

I live in such conventionality that it's very difficult.

And always surrounded by the idea that I am old, I am getting old, and my consciousness must be half-dead.

They simply don't have faith!

So I have taken the attitude of saying: let it be. I make myself as passive as possible – passive to the Divine Will – and I pray for it to guide me.

That's the only way.

A Body Free of Physical Ego

Humanity, the human animal, has a dread of the Divine. For him, it is equivalent to disappearing.

In truth, it is the disappearance of the ego.

For a long time, there is a feeling that if the physical ego disappears, then the being, the form disappears. But that isn't true!

It isn't true.

In any case, my body has become ready to live without a physical ego.

It's as if the organization that holds everything together and makes up a form we call human had to learn it can go on living without the sense of separate individuality, without the sense of ego, while for thousands of years it's been accustomed to existing separately because of the ego.

Without the ego, it goes on . . . according to another law the body doesn't yet know, which it finds incomprehensible.

It's "something," a new way of being.

This body has learned that even without ego, it is what it is – because it exists by the Divine Will and not by the ego. We exist by the Divine Will and not by the ego. The ego was a means, a centuries-old means. Now it's worthless; its time is over.

It had its usefulness, but it's over.

Now, consciousness is the Divine; power is the Divine; action is the Divine; individuality is the Divine.

The body has understood and realized that the sense of being a separate personality is perfectly useless. It isn't in the least indispensable to its existence. It exists by another power and another will, which is not individual, nor personal – the Divine Will. And it will become what it is supposed to be the day it feels there is no difference between itself and the Divine.

All the rest is falsehood, and a falsehood that must disappear.

There is only *one* reality, *one* life, and *one* consciousness: the Divine.

The Fact of Material Existence

This body doesn't feel things in relation to itself, but *in* others, with a general consciousness, not a personal one.

It has such a dread of physical suffering, of illnesses or accidents that yesterday it asked *why* the world exists as it is. And it understood why some people no longer want to have a body, which had always seemed absurd before.

It was such an intense experience! It had an aspiration, something like a prayer: "May the world change! May the world change. It *has* to change, or else disappear."

The idea of the world disappearing had never come before. It used to think that the world was moving towards a

harmonious perfection. But it takes so much time! The length of time is terrible.

There was an aspiration of incredible intensity for the transformation. Everything looks so dreadful *because* the transformation must take place. That anyone can be satisfied with a world like this is impossible; it's impossible to a physical consciousness that is conscious of the Divine.

It absolutely has to change.

I was gripped by it all night and all day, even while seeing people, with such an intensity: it must change, it must change. . . .

The inner consciousness can say that this suffering is unreal, but the physical consciousness can't – it *has* to change. It's not a matter of merging with another consciousness and leaving this physical consciousness to disappear.

It has to change.

This being is so very aware that in all the worlds, even in the vital world, everything depends on one's attitude. If one is in contact with the Divine, everything is fine and there's no problem. But this physical suffering – cancer and all these things – *has* to change.

It can't be considered something one must "see in a different way." It actually must change.

In all the other realms, things depend on the attitude; here it doesn't depend on the attitude – the attitude may lessen the suffering, but . . .

The *fact* itself has to change, because the material world as it is is dreadful.

It is bearable because of the vital and mental influence – but that influence is not enough.

It must be transformed.

For the transformation to be genuine, the body *also* has to acquire a harmony above all illnesses and accidents. The other parts of the being can transform their consciousness while remaining what they are, but the physical body needs to change.

The Two Extremes

It's as if the two extremes – a marvelous state and a general decomposition – were inextricably intertwined.

Everything is falling apart: People you count on give way, dishonesty is spreading, people are getting sick all the time. There has never been so many compounded difficulties. All the circumstances are like that, all the people are like that, from the government on down to the people here.

Yet, at the same time, for a flash, there comes a marvelous state, which my body feels – something unimaginable, like the extreme opposite. It comes into my body for a few minutes, then it goes away.

As if it were trying to take over – but the other fights back fiercely.

It's as if my body were a battlefield between that which obstinately wants to stay and that which wants to take its place. There are marvelous moments, glorious moments, and then, a second or a minute later, such a violent attack!

Regarding food, for instance, there are times when I eat without even noticing it, except that everything tastes delicious; and a second later, I can't swallow a thing!

The only solution I have is to keep as tranquil as possible. As soon as I am tranquil, it feels better.

Suddenly, I have the impression that I am about to die, and a minute later it's eternity. Sometimes, everything seems so foggy, so dark – there's no hope, no possibility of seeing anything clearly – and a minute later everything becomes clear and luminous.

Yet night and day, ceaselessly, whatever the difficulties, my body simply says, "My God, let Your Will be done."

The body's attitude is steadfast in its self-offering and complete openness, along with a sense of its own powerlessness. For whatever sense of self is left, it feels so impotent, so ignorant! It feels frightfully ignorant of everything.

For instance, I am lying down, feeling so uncomfortable that I think, "I just can't stay like this." And suddenly, a marvelous repose! There is no more body, no more problems, nothing. Then, without knowing why or how, the difficulties are back.

It's like that all the time, for every circumstance of life.

So people come to me and say, "I have this or that problem . . ." "Look," I reply, "the whole world is like that!"

At times, there is not a word in my head, nothing; at other times, I see and know what is happening everywhere.

Three minutes of splendor for twelve hours of misery – that's the ratio. For a body that truly, sincerely thinks only of the Divine, wants only the Divine.

This is a living demonstration of the existence of the Divine – what the Divine existence *is*, and what it has become.

I don't hear, I don't see, I can't eat, I can't speak, I no longer remember anything. . . . But suddenly, the sense of a sovereign omnipotence in a bliss that has no equivalent in our world. And the effect of that power sometimes shows up in people here and there: Miraculous things suddenly happen.

For when it is allowed to flow undiminished and undistorted, that Power is unbelievably powerful! As if it were telling me: "This is *it*. This is what we want and this is what will have to be."

But when?

In other words, the contrast between what the world is and what it should be is becoming increasingly acute.

People usually claim there's a mixture of good and bad things. But all that is childish. The "good" things aren't any better than the bad ones.

That's not *it*.

The Divine is something else altogether.

I have to be very careful when I am with people, otherwise they would think I am going crazy!

It's only because my body has faith that it can go on.

It has the experience. And it knows that it does *not* go away. It is incapable of feeling it all the time, but it knows it doesn't go away.

It feels it no longer belongs to the old way of being, but it knows it is not yet in the new one. It is no longer mortal, and it is not yet immortal.

Something So Simple

The body is becoming more and more conscious, but not at all mentally. It's as if things were actually *lived*.

It senses how, in the manifestation, the human consciousness distorts the Divine Action. Our constitution is so miserable. We reduce, distort, and diminish everything. We know many things (knowledge is all around us, in us), but we are so complicated that we distort them. Everyone is that way.

There is this keen sensation of everything that is organized by the inner Divine from within, and how it gets distorted as it comes to the surface. It's our silly way of expressing something that is so simple and so marvelous.

But we are so perverted that we always choose what is distorted.

Even my words distort this Divine Action, which I feel is so simple, so luminous, so pure – so absolute. But we turn it into what we see all around us: a complicated and almost incomprehensible life.

I am here surrounded by people, circumstances, complications, and everything is so tangled up. Yet in the background is a sort of . . . not just a Force, but a *consciousness-Force*, like a smile – a smile that knows everything.

When I am quiet, it's as if nothing existed. And all is marvelous. But the moment people speak to me or I see someone, all the complications return – they make a mess of everything.

I am sure it is the transition from this life to that Life. When we are completely on that other side, we'll stop speculating, trying to "explain," deduce, and classify.

If we only knew how to be – simply *to be*. If we don't speak, think, or decide, we feel we are outside life.

Yet *that* silence is not the silence of unexpressed words; it is the silence of an *active* contemplation.

This is certainly the preparation for a new mode of life.

I see (as if through a veil) a Power, an *extraordinary* Power! But we are such imbeciles we don't even accept it.

I could put it this way: nobody knows anything, but there are those who aspire, who have the will, the inclination, the aspiration, the need to know and to be; and then there are those who don't care, who cruise along or just live their little-life-big-life – whether it's a head of state or a street cleaner makes no difference. The vibrations are the same.

The Only Existence

I am feeling quite all right.

I could say the body is beginning to have the true attitude.

I mean, it increasingly feels in a concrete and *acute* manner that there is only *one* way to exist – in the Divine Consciousness.

It is being taught to exist by the Divine alone, to count on the Divine for everything – absolutely everything without exception. It's only when the consciousness is linked utterly to the Divine Consciousness that there's the sense of existence.

It has become extraordinarily intense.

The body has no need to know anything at all: Its only need is to be entirely molded, set in motion, and used in every way by the Divine. Its only dream is to forget that it exists, to become spontaneously the expression of "something" it calls the Divine.

The difference between being in the Divine, existing only by Him and for Him, and then being, not in the ordinary consciousness, obviously, but just in the human consciousness, is so great that one feels like death compared to the other.

I mean, the physical realization is *really* a concrete realization.

When the physical gets converted, it will be something solid, unalterable, and complete.

There is a beginning of a tremendous concentration of energy! A power and reality in the consciousness that exists absolutely nowhere else; everything vital or mental seems hazy and insubstantial in comparison. It's really marvelous.

Some problems remain to be solved, but not through words or thoughts. Things, people, circumstances come to teach the body to have the true consciousness.

It seems that the main question was to create a physical being capable of bearing the Power that wants to manifest. All ordinary body-consciousnesses are too thin and fragile to withstand the overwhelming Power that is to manifest. And so this body is being accustomed to it.

It's as if it had suddenly caught a glimpse of such a marvelous horizon ahead, but overwhelmingly marvelous!

It is allowed to take only as much of it as it can bear.

This is the transitional condition toward a state that is still a wonder, and some adaptation is required. It's quite evident where rest and food, for example, are concerned (especially food).

It's very much a matter of plasticity: To be able to withstand and offer no resistance to the Power that wants to manifest.

Will the body have enough plasticity?

A Mirage

I say “the Divine,” but what *is* the Divine? I don’t know.

Yet I can’t say that I don’t know.

But even saying that is false, not *it*.

Everything is *not it*.

And that includes material life. Take eating, for example. Depending on a certain attitude, the *same* food can be either absolutely detestable and impossible to swallow, or delicious. The *same* material circumstances themselves can have very adverse and serious consequences or totally positive ones, depending on – what does it depend on?

Sometimes, the body is seized with unbearable pain, so fierce it wants to howl. A minute later, everything is perfectly fine. Yet the physical conditions are the *same*.

What does it depend on?

Consciousness is apparently the same. One simply doesn’t know what causes the change.

In other words, this whole material life is unreal.

There’s nothing to fight against, because everything is a mirage.

We don’t know what it is. We don’t know *what* there really is.

What does it depend on?

There is “something” to discover.

A State of Ignorance

Yesterday I had an experience that showed me how the physical being, which believed it was exclusively turned toward the Divine, is turned in an almost superficial way. In particular, it is still capable of feeling certain events as “catastrophic.”

I was made to experience all the possible things that could still happen to me, to this body, if things went wrong and if human beings were driven by the adverse force.

They were the most dreadful possibilities. And I could see to what degree the body is not imperturbable to them.

For several hours it was completely upset, ill with the horror of all these possibilities. Then it was able to offer all that to the Divine and say, really consciously: "Your Will."

There was this feeling of incapacity to truly know the Divine Will – especially regarding the future: What is going to happen right at this minute. It was dreadful.

How utterly ignorant we are!

It was yesterday afternoon, between one and two o'clock. It was worse than hell, simply to realize how little we know.

It was a very thorough experience, because it wasn't the experience of a person, but of all humanity.

I saw absolutely concretely how all the people who *thought* they had the Experience of the Divine were still halfway there, as it were. Whenever one rises a bit higher than the ordinary consciousness, one immediately thinks one has touched the Divine.

And yesterday's experience did not culminate in any new knowledge; it culminated in . . . total surrender.

Individual and Global Consciousness

Yesterday, suddenly, I saw the world in another way.

For a moment, I saw as . . . the Divine sees the world.

The human vision was completely gone.

And I saw something so marvelous . . . I can't describe it. Then, slowly, the human consciousness came back.

Everything became clear, clear, clear.

The purpose of this creation was to achieve the phenomenon of a consciousness that would encompass at once individ-

ual consciousness – the individual consciousness we have naturally – and consciousness of the whole, a consciousness we could call “global.” Then both consciousnesses would merge into something . . . which we have yet to implement, that is, a consciousness at once individual and total.

All the work is to merge the two consciousnesses into a consciousness that would be both at once.

That’s the next stage and the next realization. For us, it “takes time.” It translates as something “being done” or that needs “to be done.” But that is the illusion we still live in, because we have not yet crossed over to the other side.

The individual consciousness is not at all a falsehood. It needs to be associated with the consciousness of the whole to form another type of consciousness, which at the moment we don’t have. But it will not be cancelled out by the other.

There needs to be some adjustment, a new mode, so that the two can manifest simultaneously.

This is what I feel: no longer this, and not yet that. But there’s no need to leave one to be the other; the two must combine and give birth to something new.

I strongly believe I have caught the true point. It explains absolutely everything. Yet it cancels nothing.

It’s strange how everything suddenly became clear, clear, crystal clear! There’s no longer any problem. Absolutely all the problems have been resolved at once. Only I can’t express it in detail.

It’s a hundred times more marvelous than we can possibly imagine.

The question now is to know if this body will be able to follow. It not only has to endure, but it has to acquire a new strength and a new life.

In any case, it doesn’t matter, for the consciousness is clear and the consciousness is not subject to this body. If it can be used, so much the better, if not . . .

For example, my body feels the complete Presence of the Divine in all things, everywhere, all the time, as if it were at

once enveloped and permeated by it. Recently, it asked for an even more concrete experience. And a kind of Consciousness responded that the body wasn't given a more complete perception because it would then feel like fusing into the Divine and the cells would simply explode, so to speak. The body would lose its form.

I felt this was very true.

There are still things to be found. Oh, there are so many things to be found!

But the old routine is finished.

It's finished.

We need to find the plasticity of matter – so that it can progress forever.

How much time will it take? I don't know. How many experiences will it take? I don't know.

But the direction is clear.

Ubiquity

The ordinary human consciousness, even in people who are broad-minded, always stands at the center and things exist in relation to that central point. While now that point no longer exists, so things exist in themselves.

Instead of "receiving" things, I feel that my consciousness is *in* things.

It's even better than that because it isn't just "in" things, but in "something" that is in things and . . . impels them.

To be flowery, I could say: this is no longer a being among other beings; it is the Divine in everything.

But that's not the way I feel it. Rather, it is that which impels things, or that which is conscious in them.

It is all clearly a question of consciousness, but not consciousness as human beings understand it, for the *quality* of consciousness is different.

Among many outcomes, something curious happens when I eat. When I am in that consciousness, my whole lunch is taken effortlessly, without any difficulty. I take and taste the food, but the position is different, as it were. While as soon as I become conscious in the old consciousness, which means putting the food in my mouth, tasting it, eating it, I have all the trouble in the world to swallow.

I feel there is something that tastes and takes, which is at once in me *and* in the food. It is no longer as it was before. That's all I can say.

What I am saying now is not what I want to say. I can't find a way to make myself understood, because new words would have to be invented.

That's happening more and more every day.

It's like at nighttime. I don't sleep and I am not awake. I go into a state in which I don't sleep at all – yet I am not awake. I don't know how to describe what it is.

This state can last indefinitely; there's no sense of time or fatigue or duration. But the moment the old consciousness returns, it is almost unbearably painful. I suffocate or I can't breathe; I am too cold or too hot; a pain starts up or a body function is affected.

But as soon as I can return to that other state everything becomes flawless again – time no longer exists. Time is endless in the old consciousness, while it doesn't exist there.

To use big words, one could say that the old consciousness leads to death; it's being on the verge of dying every moment. While the other one is life – peaceful and eternal life.

Settling the Supramental

I just heard a letter of Sri Aurobindo's in which he explains that for the Supramental to settle on earth and become permanent, the body-mind, the mind within the body,

has to accept to receive and manifest it (he had noticed that the Supramental came into him, then withdrew, came back, then withdrew).

The body-mind is precisely the only mind that is left in me now. That explains why the mind was removed and the body-mind took its place. It is developing under the supramental influence, and it is being converted very rapidly and interestingly. These past few days, I have noticed that it is becoming vaster, with comprehensive visions and a whole different way of seeing.

But it is a very radical process!

I could say I've become another person.

In my case, it was done without asking my opinion! Very few people would accept that. Everything was simply taken away from me; the mind was completely removed. In appearance, I became a total idiot who no longer knew anything. And gradually, very gradually the body-mind began developing instead.

That's how it was done – very radically.

It could be done that way because I had remained *very* conscious of my psychic being, and this psychic presence enabled me to deal with the outside world without its making any difference. That's why there were so few visible changes.

What's becoming predominant now is this: the absolute nonentity and incapacity of the person. You're quite naturally like a child who says to the Divine, "Do everything for me."

There's nothing left of the person, so you can't do anything yourself! Then immediately everything goes well and you feel fine.

The body has given itself entirely. It even said to the Divine, "I beg You to make me want my dissolution if I must die," so that I won't put up any resistance should it be necessary for this body to go. That's its attitude. A response came that said something like: "If you accept suffering and discomfort, transformation is better than dissolution." So

when the body feels uncomfortable, it simply accepts the condition.

Words are quite inadequate. It's not really like that, but it's hard to explain. It's truly a new attitude and a new sensation, which I can't express.

The body must have an enormous goodwill. Mine has it, and it's not a mental goodwill; it's truly a bodily goodwill. It accepts all the difficulties and discomfort.

But the attitude is important, not the results (I am convinced that the difficulties are not indispensable). The attitude has to be one of acceptance and trust. For I have noticed that in most cases surrender to the Divine does not mean *trust* in the Divine. One may surrender to the Divine and say, "Even if You make me suffer, I surrender." That's an absolute lack of trust! Trust is something else: It's unshakable knowledge that nothing can perturb.

Actually, it's *we* who change into difficulties, suffering, and misery that which is perfect peace in the Divine Consciousness. It's we who create that little "transformation."

It's really the consciousness that must change – and even the consciousness of the cells.

That's the radical change.

I could say that at each minute one feels one can either live eternally or die. And the difference between the two sides is so slight that one can't say what it takes to be on one side rather than on the other.

It's a way of being almost beyond description.

Two Worlds Together

I would like to abolish this personality as much as possible, leaving only an external form. I would become merely a transmitting channel, letting the Force flow unobstructed through me.

And I don't even ask to be conscious of it.

At times, in some cases, the Power is so tremendous, so potent, that it leaves me flabbergasted, while at other times it seems to disappear.

I just don't know what happens.

Naturally, people tell me, "You have cured me; you have saved so-and-so." I almost perform miracles. They think it's me, but there's no "me"! There's nothing; it's only the Force flowing.

I only try not to block, not to check or diminish anything. That's my sole effort – to let it go through me as impersonally as possible.

I feel this is like a transitional condition (not a final one) required to attain immortality.

That's what it is.

There is still something to be found. But I don't know what.

The feeling of a new life that is about to depend on different conditions than the usual ones.

But those new conditions aren't there yet, nor is the body familiar with them, so the transition from one state to the other is a perpetual source of problems.

When I am very quiet, I hear a sort of great chant, almost a collective chant of *OM Namō Bhagavateh*, as if rising from all of Nature. Then everything is fine. But if there's the slightest effort, everything goes wrong again.

The old way of perceiving things (I don't mean the ordinary way) has dissolved, as it were, leaving the place for . . . everything to be learned anew.

It's all in the consciousness of the physical body.

It's not even switching back and forth between two states. It's as if *both* states were constantly together: The sense that you know nothing and are completely impotent in terms of the "current" way of doing and knowing things; and at the very same time the sense of an absolute knowledge and power. The two states are not within one another, not behind one another,

or beside one another. I just don't know how to describe it. Both are there simultaneously.

The best example is food. The body needs food to live; yet everything in the body is a stranger to food. So meals are becoming an almost unsolvable problem. To put it in a simplistic way, it's as if I no longer knew how to eat, though another way of eating comes spontaneously when I don't observe myself eating.

The same applies to seeing, to hearing. I feel all my faculties diminishing.

In that respect, it is true, I don't know what people around me are doing or saying, but at the same time I have a *much truer* perception of what they are, of what they think and do – of the world. A perception that is so new that I don't know how to describe it.

I think that if all goes well, in a few years I'll be able to do many things . . . but not quite yet.

I feel when I reach one hundred years, I will be strong.

The body itself has a conviction that if it lasts till one hundred, it will possess a new strength and a new life. But these are the difficult years, the years of transition.

The Change of Heart

Yesterday the heart underwent what I call the "change of Government," and it was a difficult moment.

What happened is that the day before yesterday, in the middle of the night, the heart switched from the old rule of nature to the divine rule, and at one point . . . it was very difficult.

There was a strange sensation, a feeling of extreme closeness to the psychic consciousness. Of course it has been governing the being for a long, long time – that's why the mind

and the vital could be dismissed, because the psychic being had taken up the reins so long ago.

Yesterday, there was another difficult moment, with irregular heartbeats and pain, but the being simply opened up: "What You will, Lord, what You will." Within a few hours everything was back in order. How was it done? I have no idea. With just this movement of opening. . . .

Usually, we passively leave it up to Nature to set things right after something goes awry – that's totally changing. It's becoming a process of consciousness instead. For years the mind has been trained not to meddle and to let Nature take care of any damage; but now Nature is being told, "Keep out of this, a higher Consciousness will take care of things."

That means consciousness must be *constantly* on the alert.

The consciousness' own attitude is to be constantly nestled in the Divine, even immersed in the Divine: What You will, what You will, what You will, what You will. This is a very good "basic" attitude, as it were. But when suddenly something goes wrong in the body, without any explanation (most of the time it's due to an outside cause, some disorder coming from the outside), one simply doesn't know what to do, since the mind is no longer there to decide what to do.

One doesn't know what to do, so one does nothing.

There is obviously something to learn.

The New Body

For the first time, early this morning, I saw my body.

I don't know whether it is a supramental body or a transitional body, but I had a completely new body, in the sense that it was sexless.

It was very white, very slender – really a lovely, harmonious form.

That was a first!

I hadn't the least idea, the faintest notion what it would look like, and I saw – I *was* like that; I had become like that.

It was around four in the morning, I think. And it was perfectly natural. I mean, I didn't look in a mirror.

What was very different was the torso, from the chest to the waist: It was neither male nor female.

It was lovely. My form was extremely svelte and slim. And the skin was very white, just like my skin. A lovely form. And no sex – the sex had disappeared.

I didn't pay any special attention, because it felt so perfectly natural to me.

Also, there was none of the complex digestion we have now, or the kind of elimination we have now. It didn't work that way.

I didn't look to see how it worked, since it felt so completely natural to me. Therefore I can't describe it in detail. It was neither a woman's body nor a man's – that much is certain. The outline was fairly similar to that of a very young person. There was a faint suggestion of a human form, with a shoulder and a waist.

The two things visibly different concerned procreation, which was no longer possible, and food.

Now we need to find a food that doesn't require all this digesting. Not exactly liquid, but not solid either. There's also the question of the mouth and the teeth. Chewing should no longer be necessary, and therefore teeth shouldn't be either. But something will replace them.

I haven't the slightest idea what the face looked like. But it didn't seem too unlike what it is now.

What will change a great deal, of course, is breathing. That being depended very much on breathing, which had acquired a very central role.

1972-1973:

A New Condition in Matter

A new world is trying to be born into this world.

The Power-Drill

It's becoming terrible.

A Force, a kind of awesome Pressure to compel the necessary progress.

I feel it in myself, in my body. But my body isn't afraid, It says, "If I must finish, I'll be finished."

That's how it is at every instant: The truth . . . or the end.

It feels something like: no half measures, no compromises, no halfways.

That's how it is for the body. Every instant is imperative: Life or death.

We have spent centuries being neither too uncomfortable nor too comfortable. Well, that time is over. The body knows this is necessary for the supramental body to come into being: It must be *entirely* under the Influence of the Divine.

No compromises, no half measures, no "It will be for later." Only this: a dreadful Will. That's the only way for things to go fast.

There is this constant feeling of hovering between life and death, and the minute one takes the right attitude – the minute

the *part concerned* takes the right attitude – all becomes well quite naturally and easily.

But it's also terrible because it means perpetual danger. Perhaps a hundred times a day, a sensation in the cells like: life or dissolution. And if they contract, as is their natural tendency, it gets awful. But they're learning to . . . relax and surrender.

I have had hundreds of experiences showing that the minute one takes the true attitude, it is *done*. It is *we* who prevent it from being done, as if our personal control over things prevented the action of the Force.

I think the subconscious is convinced that if it doesn't keep control, everything will go awry. It's the subconscious that says, "Oh, I must watch over this, I must be careful about that." There are incredible things in the subconscious. I spend entire nights watching them.

But it's as if the Force I mentioned before wanted to go like a power-drill, deeper and deeper into the subconscious. It goes down and down and down . . . *imperatively*. And the human subconscious cries out, "Oh, not yet, please, not yet – not so fast!"

That's what we are up against: A general subconscious.

It is strange how human nature resists. Ordinary human nature is such that it prefers defeat on its own terms to victory in another way. Human stupidity is abysmal.

Naturally, the resistance brings about catastrophes, which then enable people to say, "You see? You see your kindly action? It is only causing catastrophes."

They are unbelievably stupid.

The resistance has such wonderful reasoning! "You see," it says, "where all this is leading you!"

Oh, it's more than a resistance! It is perverse.

The Subscient

I think the body has begun to understand, but there are still some old habits, some semiconscious reactions.

To me, if the body had truly understood, it would become younger – not “younger,” but conscious. Instead of founding its base in the subconscious as everybody else, it would found it in consciousness.

It is beginning to do it. It wants to; it strives, but some old habits still remain. Almost no spontaneous reactions are left of the kind that come from the subconscious – but still a few . . . still far too many. The body fights all it can to accept only the suggestions from the Divine, but there’s still an influence.

Whenever I protest or complain about this condition, I am “told” that all these things coming to me from all directions are there for me to act upon them, for *That* to act upon the world. All this material uprising from below, from the subconscious, comes to be offered Above.

The work is not done just for this body, but for all those who are receptive. Which means that I have nothing to say, and everything is perfectly all right.

At bottom, it’s the subconscious that needs to be transformed. The subconscious is chock-full of defeatism – the first reaction is always defeatist. It is a mass of defeatism that keeps rising to the surface. It’s positively disgusting.

We absolutely need to change that condition for the new race to emerge. We must be categorical and fearless in our determination to clarify the subconscious. For a fantastic energy is hampered by that foul quagmire.

We are the Divine who has forgotten Himself. And our task is to reestablish the connection. Call it anything you like, it doesn’t matter. It’s the Perfection, the Power, the Knowledge we must become.

That’s the aspiration we must have.

We must get out of this quagmire, this stupidity, this unconsciousness, this disgusting defeatism that crushes us because we allow ourselves to be crushed.

We fear for our body's life as if it were precious, because we want to stay conscious. But then, let us unite with the Supreme Consciousness, and we'll stay conscious forever!

I could put it this way: we unite our consciousness with that which is perishable and we're afraid to perish! I say, let's unite our consciousness with the eternal Consciousness and we will enjoy eternal consciousness.

How stupid can one be!

We must, we must put this being at the service of the Divine. With faith, absolute faith: Whatever happens is what the Divine wants to see happen.

I say "Divine" because I know what I mean by that word. I mean supreme Knowledge, supreme Beauty, supreme Goodness, supreme Will – all that must be manifested in order to express . . . what must be expressed.

We are disgusted with the world as it is – and we have the *power* to change it.

But we are such fools that we can't bring ourselves to abdicate our silly little personality to let the Marvel unfold.

And that's all accumulated in the subconscious: Everything we have rejected is there, and now it must be brought in contact with the transforming Force so that this unconsciousness may come to an end.

Building the Supramental Consciousness

The purpose of this body is now simply to be at the Command and the Will of the Lord, so it can accomplish as much groundwork as possible.

But it isn't the Goal at all.

For we don't have the slightest idea of what the supramental life is. Therefore, we don't know if this body, this flesh, can change enough to adapt itself or not – and to tell the truth, I am not worried about it. It's not something that preoccupies me too much. The body's capacities will change before its appearance changes; the appearance always changes last.

What really matters is how the Consciousness can use this body.

The problem that concerns me is building that supramental consciousness so *it* becomes the being. That's what's important. The rest would be like worrying over a change of clothing.

To do that, all the consciousness contained in all these cells must aggregate, organize, and form itself into a conscious, independent entity capable of being conscious of matter as well as of the Supramental. That's what is being done.

How far will we be able to go? I don't know.

I feel that if I last until my hundredth birthday, that is, another six years, much will be accomplished. Something significant and decisive will be attained. I am not saying that the body will become transformed (I have no such signs), but the physical, material consciousness will become "supramentalized."

It's not that I will become "young" again; it's a different type of capacity that will develop and use this body.

Will it transform it? Or will it use it for another purpose? That I don't know.

That's the work now in progress. And that's what's important.

The New World in the Making

There's this golden Force pressing down on matter.

It has no material substantiality, yet it feels terribly heavy.

It presses down on matter to compel it to turn *inwardly* toward the Divine – not an external flight above, but an inner turning toward the Divine.

The apparent outcome seems to be inevitable catastrophes. But along with this sense of inevitable catastrophe, there come solutions to situations or events that are simply miraculous. As if both extremes were becoming more extreme: The good is getting better and the bad, worse.

Even in life circumstances, many things otherwise indifferent are becoming suddenly acute – acute situations, acute differences, acute ill wills – and on the other hand singular miracles take place. People on the verge of death are saved; inextricable situations are suddenly unraveled.

The same applies to people. Those who know how to *sincerely* call upon the Divine, who feel it's the only salvation, the only way out, and who sincerely offer themselves, see their circumstances become a marvel within a few minutes, whether it concerns something small and unimportant or something big and important.

It gives a measure of the change brought about in the world by the supramental Manifestation.

Things that were insignificant are becoming categorical: A small mistake becomes critical in its consequences, while a little sincerity, a true little aspiration becomes miraculous in its results. The values are intensified in people. Even materially, the least little error has huge consequences, while the slightest sincerity of aspiration has extraordinary results.

Truly the Power is *in* the world, a new and stupendous Power that has come into the world to help manifest the divine Almightiness.

Through careful observation and attention, I have come to this conclusion that what we call the "Supramental," for lack of a better word, is actually making the creation more receptive to the higher Power, making matter more receptive and responsive to the Force.

At present, whatever is invisible or imperceptible is unreal to human beings in general. We call certain things “concrete” while others are not. But this Power, which is *not material*, is becoming more concretely effective on earth than material things.

I have the feeling that when this Force is guided by what we call the “Divine,” it has a *real* power – the power to move matter, for instance. It can cause a *material* accident, or save from a material accident. It can cancel the consequences of an absolutely material event.

It is stronger than matter.

This is the totally new and incomprehensible fact.

And it causes a sort of panic in the ordinary human consciousness.

That’s it. It seems that things are no longer what they were. There’s really something new – things are *no longer* what they were.

All our common sense, our human logic, our practical sense – all that has collapsed and is finished! It’s no longer effective, no longer realistic, no longer relevant.

Really a new world.

Whenever a part of the body has trouble adjusting to this new Power, it causes difficulties, disorders, and illnesses. Yet in a flash one senses that if one could be totally receptive, one would become prodigious.

That’s my sensation. If the entire consciousness, the entire most material consciousness were receptive to this new Power . . . one would become prodigious.

But there is this one essential requirement: the reign of the ego must come to an end. The ego is now the obstacle.

The ego must be replaced by the divine consciousness – what I personally call divine consciousness. Sri Aurobindo called it “supramental,” so we can call it supramental to avoid confusion, because as soon as we say “Divine,” people start thinking of a “God” and that spoils everything.

It isn't like that at all. It is the descent of the supramental world, which is not mere imagination, but an *absolutely* material Power – with no need for any material means.

A New World is trying to be born into this world.

What in terms of human common sense would say, “This is impossible; it's never been done before” is now over. This stupidity is over. It's become meaningless. Now we could say: it is possible *because* it has never been before.

This is the New World and this is the new Consciousness and this is the new Power.

It is possible and it will be more and more manifest *because* it is the New World, *because* it has never been before.

Irresistible Power and the Void

It is strange how both extremes coexist for the individual.

The individual being feels like a complete cipher, a thing with no strength, no force, no power of decision of any kind. Yet, at the same time, through that individuality a *tremendous* action is accomplished! Both collective and individual actions take place unexpectedly, and they seem absolutely miraculous, because they are overpowering.

It is the *concrete* and simultaneous experience of a tremendous Power and of a total impotence.

I have never had such a feeling of nothingness. I am nothing. The mind is gone. And what an extraordinary blessing it is! But from the ordinary, external standpoint, I seem to have become an utter imbecile.

Yet, simultaneously, there's this vision, this perception of an absolutely irresistible Force – as if the individual had to become nonexistent *first* in order to be a real instrument. I perceive a Power acting so formidably through this void! Including on a collective scale: Winning victories, destroying certain things.

The old methods, the methods that even yesterday were effective and powerful, seem nonexistent. But when that Force comes, I concretely feel (I have factual proofs) that a simple expression of the will, or even a simple vision, produces overpowering material results. Some people on their deathbeds are returned to life; circumstances that appeared inextricable find marvelous solutions. People speak of miracles.

It isn't miraculous to me. It's as simple as lowering a finger. And it's irresistible – irresistible and new in the world. No longer the old method, no longer a mental concentration or a mental vision – just an overwhelming fact.

When I rest, I don't sleep; I consciously enter that supramental activity, and I see myself doing things with such fabulous power!

When I speak, I am forced to use the pronoun "I," but it corresponds to nothing. It's Consciousness – a consciousness that has knowledge and power. Not a person, but a consciousness that knows and acts. And which uses this body to keep a connection with people.

Sometimes, I feel like a puppet whose sole purpose is to maintain the contact with people. I feel very strong – and almost nonexistent. Both extremes together.

I must really look stupid.

But there, in that immensity, it's clear, luminous, strong, and vast. And it is *physical* – that's the amazing thing!

Before, I used to withdraw into an inner state of being (I have known and experienced them all throughout my life), but all that is completely finished.

It's as if the physical world had become double.

Naturally, to the ordinary eye, I remain an old woman sitting in a chair and unable to move freely. Although, at times, I feel that if I stood up, I could walk perfectly well. But something tells me, "Patience, patience, patience."

A Superhuman Power

It is so incredible.

A fabulous power (I feel I could do *anything* simply by squeezing my hand), and at the same time I know nothing, understand nothing.

My memory is gone. There's nothing left in my head. Some decisions are made through consciousness, but as soon as they are uttered or implemented, they're gone. I remember nothing, except one thing in a thousand.

It sounds strange, but all the daily ordinary occupations – getting up, going to bed, taking a bath, “trying” to eat (which is rather in vain) – are performed with a feeling that they can be an occasion of death, yet *at the same time* there's a feeling of immortality.

It's indescribable.

Both opposites (they are only opposite in our language) are there simultaneously.

It sounds utterly absurd, but it's as if this consciousness here were conscious of the divine decisions.

The least trifle could be an occasion to leave the body if the Divine decided that the body has to go, yet the least moment can also bring the feeling of immortality if the Divine decides that one should have the feeling of immortality.

All appearances are illusions.

There's something . . . something, which for me is becoming increasingly concrete and powerful: the Lord's Will.

This conscious will is not like ours, but all embracing – inexpressible, unlike anything we know. And it is a formidable will – formidable in the sense that all appearances, all contradictions, all human wills amount to zero.

That alone prevails. And *That* is what I feel flowing through me, as if I were bathed in it.

There's nothing left in my head. It's empty, empty, completely empty. There isn't any “I.” It's almost like an empty shell.

Yet there is this formidable, all-embracing Force. . . .

As if a superhuman Power were trying to manifest through thousands of years of impotence.

That's it. This body is made of thousands of years of impotence. And a superhuman Power is exerting a pressure to manifest through it.

What will be the outcome? I don't know.

By Any Means

Everything is organized down to the minutest detail, but it's not planned as we know in our ordinary consciousness.

The Force simply *presses* down and produces the necessary result. I could almost say: by any means whatsoever – any means necessary.

It is a Force that is *pressing* down upon the earth and making people do the most improbable things, those that seem the worst as well as the best, just to obtain the necessary result.

Yesterday afternoon, for instance, I vomited. But I wasn't sick. I don't know how to explain it. The way to take food had to change. I mean, this happened to make me understand the attitude I have to have in taking food. I wasn't sick, but it was *as if* I were sick. It was just meant as an object lesson, as it were, to make me understand the attitude with which to eat. If I hadn't vomited, I wouldn't have paid attention.

Another example concerns the people around me. They need to take certain precautions with me, to have a certain behavior toward me. And in order to do so, they need to think and believe certain things, otherwise they wouldn't do it.

That's how things happen, quite naturally.

Vibrations . . . vibrations transmitting the Divine without distortion – that's what is needed.

Depending on circumstances and people, it takes one form or another. But the Action is evident.

The ego's authority is increasingly disappearing, with a total assent, one that doesn't even need to understand. We always want to understand in the old mental way.

There's *no need* to understand.

Under that Pressure, the remnants of the ego's authority should disappear and be replaced by this receptivity and acceptance: To be impelled exclusively by the Divine.

This, instead of the ego.

Perhaps fifty times a day, I have the feeling of being a little baby completely wrapped in and tossed about by the divine forces! Naturally, it isn't completely transparent. There remain old patterns of the ego's rule over the body that cause grating and friction, but otherwise it's just like a baby!

The Consciousness of Immortality

I have a feeling I am becoming another person.

Not just that: I am entering another world, another way of being . . . which might be called a dangerous way of being (in terms of the ordinary consciousness).

Dangerous, but wonderful.

How to express it?

First, the body's subconscious is in the process of changing. That is long, arduous and painful, but marvelous as well.

More and more, the body feels that faith alone can save. Knowledge is not yet possible, so only faith can save. But "faith can save" still sounds like an old way of speaking.

How to say it?

The feeling that the relation between what we call "life" and what we call "death" is becoming increasingly different.

Not that death disappears (death as we see it and know it, in relation to life as we know it). *Both* are changing into

something we don't yet know, something that seems at once extremely dangerous and absolutely marvelous. Dangerous, for the least mistake can have catastrophic consequences.

And yet marvelous.

Actually, it is the true consciousness of immortality. But not "immortality" as we understand it. Something else.

Our natural tendency is to want certain things to be true (those we deem favorable) and other things to disappear.

But that's not it!

Everything is different.

A More Substantial Reality

There's absolutely nothing here, in my head, except silence.

When I am perfectly still and quiet, turned upward, a whole world of things get done, organized, or straightened out. It all takes place above.

But it's another kind of reality, a more *substantial* reality, as it were.

How is it more substantial? I don't know. Matter seems insubstantial, opaque, and unreceptive compared to that.

It's hard to put it into words, for words distort.

Really, a new kind of consciousness is emerging. How will it express itself? I have no idea.

But this new consciousness is completely different from what I have experienced in the past; it is not a trance in the inner realms. The difference is so great that sometimes I wonder how it is possible.

At times, it is so new, so unexpected, it's almost painful.

So I ask myself, "What?" And externally I see only one solution: I repeat *OM Namō Bhagavateh*. That's for the outer being. And inside: Silence and contemplation.

An extraordinary silence.

Sometimes, I think I've been in it for a few minutes, and it's an hour. The opposite happens, too. I feel time drags on and on, and it's been only a few minutes. In other words, time is different.

Our time is based on the Sun, while this is another reference. In fact, this is a new condition *in* matter, ruled by something other than the Sun – probably the Supramental consciousness.

I clearly see that it means a life no longer ruled by thought, but by consciousness.

The physical body has thousands of years of past experiences that say, "Forget it. That blissful state is impossible!" This stupidity is what delays everything. It's as if the cells of the body themselves, which are so used to struggling and suffering, couldn't accept that things be peaceful like that. But when they *are*, it's wonderful.

My body is beginning – just beginning – to know that the divine side means a life that's progressive and luminous.

But all this is a mental translation. It is impossible to describe this consciousness in mental terms. The only way is to experience it.

The funny part is that people around me think I am asleep! I don't sleep at all.

On top of it, I can barely speak! I hardly belong to the old world anymore, so the old world has written me off.

I couldn't care less!

There's almost an interdiction to speak; because whenever I try to express something, I suddenly find myself before a blank.

Everything conspires to give the impression that I am falling apart.

Yet things are so clear. There is such a clear vision!

When I am silent and quiet for hours, *so much* work is being done, everywhere at once.

But I can't express it.

A World of Battle

In my own case, I know where the difficulties stem from.

I have to cope with everything that contradicts the Divine in the past and the present.

I mean, all the past and even all that has been repressed is rising from the subconscious. In fact, everything that needs to be transformed is rising from the subconscious. And it's endless. It keeps rising and rising and rising!

It is as if I were being shown, in the consciousness, all that opposes the divine immensity. For all possible contradictions are accumulated in the subconscious, and they keep coming up all the time, constantly.

So one feels completely stupid, unconscious, obdurate.

And with the slightest incoming thing looms the possibility of catastrophe. I live in a constant suggestion of catastrophes: "This way, you could die; that way, you could die."

I simply reply, "I don't care!" Then it calms down.

But the consciousness here, around the head, is extraordinarily peaceful: "Let Your Will be done, Lord." And "that" exerts a pressure on whatever rises from below.

There is also a new and wonderful joy that comes! But it comes the way one dangles a lure: "See, this is what you could have." And it's gone!

It's as if the battle of the world were being fought in my consciousness.

From time to time, for a few seconds, there's a sense of something wonderful, but not even long enough to be able to define it. And it's very rare. Whereas the other condition is almost constant. Everything – external things, internal things, things in so-called others, things concerning this body – is terrible, terrible.

As if my body were made to live through every single thing that must disappear. This is certainly what the Buddha experienced, and why he said that life was a falsehood and had to disappear.

But I know better!

I *know* it isn't a falsehood. But it must change.

My sole recourse is to remain very, very quiet, to feel that the individuality is nothing, absolutely nothing, so the divine rays can pass through it. It's the only solution.

For me – I mean, for this body, which has lived so many years, but no longer knows anything and can no longer do anything – there's only this attitude of total surrender left.

Whatever conscious will is left is used to remain absolutely attentive and open to the Above; to try not to obstruct or distort what the Divine wants – not a personal Divine, but the Divine Consciousness at work in the world.

It must be the Divine who fights the battle.

Now that I am more and more in contact with the supramental Consciousness, I see how supple and complex it is – and how our narrow human consciousness sees things in fixed, cut and dried ways.

We are under the mind's influence, and the mind is completely rigid. But I see that as soon as one goes beyond the mind, it's like waves on the sea.

In a word, we have everything to learn.

We try to understand in the mental way, so we understand nothing. We simply demarcate things, and that's what we call understanding. When we have thoroughly stuffed everything in little boxes, then we say we have understood!

We know absolutely nothing; we are totally ignorant, but if we can be like this: receptive in a silence that worships . . . in a Light . . . a perfect Knowledge and unerring Will . . .

I've learned that's the *only* way.

And it gives some extraordinary results: Constantly, people talk of "miracles."

But to me, things are not yet as they could be – as they *should* be.

The body, this poor body, is not happy – it isn't unhappy either. It has a sensation of nonexistence. Everything it

encounters, the entire organization of things, its entire life, is the negation of what it sees as the Beauty to be realized.

Nothing Impossible

I seem to be encompassing all the world's resistances.

They come to me one after another, and if I stop calling the Divine for a single minute and intimately feeling His presence within me, the pain becomes unbearable! To such a point that I now hesitate to speak of "transformation" to people, because if that's what it is, one really has to be a hero.

But the body has a single prayer, always the same:

Make me worthy of knowing You
 Make me worthy of serving You
 Make me worthy of being You.

We are on the threshold of something truly marvelous, but . . . we don't know how to keep it – it comes like a breeze, and we just don't know how to hold it.

Never before have I had such a sense of ignorance, of impotence, of being a jumble of frightful contradictions. Yet I *know* deep down, beyond speech, that it's because I don't know how to find the place where they harmonize and unite.

I can do absolutely nothing, I know absolutely nothing – in fact, I am nothing but a false appearance.

I don't remember anything. I even forgot what I said earlier.

And strangely, almost at the same time, there's torture and bliss.

All our old ways of understanding things are worthless. All our values are worthless.

There's a sort of soaring of the whole atmosphere toward an almost inconceivable splendor, but at the same time the feeling that the body could dissolve any moment. Both things

together make up a consciousness in which all past experiences seem puerile, childish, and unconscious.

There is only one will left: May the Divine express Himself without distortion through this body. This is constant, constant, constant. . . .

For a moment, just a few seconds, I had the supramental consciousness. It was so marvelous! I understood that if we were to taste that now, we would no longer want to exist differently.

We are in the process of . . . changing laboriously.

That consciousness is so marvelous, so fabulous! It's a sort of harmonization of all opposites: a total, fantastic activity together with perfect peace.

But these are just words.

In truth, this is the transition from the ordinary mental consciousness to the supramental consciousness.

The vibration is so different that the mental consciousness panics in the presence of the supramental consciousness. Only when I am perfectly still and quiet can I bear it.

Sometimes, I wonder, "Does the Lord want me to leave?" I am quite willing, so that's not an issue. Does He want me to stay? No answer except "Transformation."

My old mantra keeps the outer being very quiet: *OM, Namó, Bhagavateh*. Three words which to me mean:

OM: I implore the Supreme Lord.

Namó: I obey Him.

Bhagavateh: Make me divine.

Nothing is impossible.

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