July 12, 1960

Last night something happened to me that I found quite amusing. I was awakened by a Voice, or rather it roused me from one trance to put me into another. It happened at about 11 o’clock. Not a human Voice. I don't exactly recall its words any longer, but it had to do with the Ashram — its protection, its success, its power. And what was interesting was that when I woke up, I was in a state in which this formation that is the Ashram and the Force that is condensed here to realize what this Voice wanted, seemed a very tiny, tiny part of myself.

I heard the Voice and awoke with the feeling of this Power, this Light, this Force of realization concentrated here which sets everything in motion (as always, it is always the same, a Power in motion). It was a dazzling white light. But then, what I found funny was that there I was, quite in my natural state, and this, the Ashram, was a tiny, tiny part of myself. And throughout the whole experience, it remained like that — a very tiny part of myself. Everything else was ... I can't say deconcentrated, but an entirely general, overall activity, as it normally is every night. And I saw the Ashram quite clearly — it was something special, made for special reasons, but whereas I seemed to have an immense body, that was very small, very small. It went on for an hour. That's what I found amusing; the other things just happen, and they may be interesting, but this was so spontaneous; I was watching it (I don't know where my head was), I was looking down from above ... so tiny, so tiny.

What was me was up above, and the Ashram was ... It began just here (the navel) and went that way (downwards), and it was encircled, to show that it was a special formation — encircled in the inconscience of the terrestrial creation. And I was everything else, with the usual vibrations of power and light. And then one current and another current and another were passing into it, into this formation, and they kept going in and in and in, accumulating. They kept going in, and yet they did not come out, they did not leave. It was not an undulatory movement, but rather a pulsating movement — it had no beginning, it didn't go out, and yet it kept moving. It's very difficult to describe.

The formation represented by the Ashram was located approximately here, at the height of the navel in relation to what I was — but although the body was not delimited, it had certain attributes or undefined forms, each one of which was situated in relation to the other as though each represented one part of the body; each was symbolic of either an activity or a part of the world or a mode of manifestation. So the formation started from about here, near the navel, and went down towards the appendix ... Here, I'll draw you a sketch:

It's form was elongated, slanting downwards (it always has this form). At the top it looked like a head, then the lines disappeared down below. It had no openings. And then, it was surrounded by various dark sheaths, a very dark purple which is the color of protection. A sparkling light was entering into it — it kept entering, but without making any holes. It passed right through everything, through the purple — through everything. It passed through and entered inside, where there were sparklings of every color, like a cascade. There are always these cascades of force — similar to a cascading stream whose waters neither flow on nor disappear, but accumulate: an accumulation of energies, a condensation. And they accumulate without taking up any more space through a kind of compression. And inside, it's moving, vibrating, vibrating, vibrating, it keeps coming and coming — you don't know where it comes from, but it keeps coming and accumulating.

It was a force with a sparkling white light at its center, the light which is the force of the Divine Mother, and as soon as it was well packed and concentrated inside, or condensed, it took on all the colors — vibrations of every color ... Like a materialization — these colors
were like a materialization of the Divine Force when it enters matter. (Just as matter is a condensation of energy, well, this seemed to be a condensation of Divine Force. That's really the impression it gave.)

It reminded me of tantric things. I have seen tantric formations and how forces are systematically separated by them — each vibration, each color. It's very interesting. They are all one, and yet each is distinct. That is, they are separated in order to be distinguished and for each one to be used individually. Each one represents a particular action for obtaining something in particular. This is the special knowledge the tantrics have, I believe. Or it's the reflection of their knowledge. And my impression is that when they do their pujas or say their mantras, what they are trying to do is recombine all that into the white light. I'm not sure. I know they use each one separately for a separate purpose, but when they speak of their puja ‘succeeding’, it may mean that they have been able to recombine the light. But I say this very guardedly. For I would have to see X do his puja one day to really know — from afar I'm not so sure. It's merely an impression.

This is what I am constantly seeing now, but along with this Divine Force or this Divine Consciousness that Sri Aurobindo speaks of when he says, “Mother's Force is with you.” When it comes, it is sparkling white, perfectly white and perfectly luminous. And as it accumulates inside, it makes living vibrations of every color. And it goes on and on and on. Sometimes it lasts half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour — nothing goes out. And it keeps constantly entering. And it piles up. It's as if it is all being accumulated or compressed together.

So, the observing mind, the intelligence that watches, looked at all this — “Ah, that's what it's like” (an intelligence that watches without interfering in the least). It's like a spectator talking to himself.

So in my vision, my body was as big as the universe, and that (the Ashram) was so tiny, so tiny.

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(Soon afterwards, regarding an old “Question and Answer”)

Heaven and hell are at once true and false. They exist and don't exist. I've seen various people go to heavens or hells after their death, and it's very difficult to make them understand that it is not real. Once it took me more than a year to convince someone that his so-called hell was not hell, and to get him out of it.

But there is something else — the psychological condition that you yourself create, the asuric hell you live in when you cultivate an asuric nature within you.

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If no vibrations ever disappear, then what happens with all these horrible things coming from every corner of the world? Don't they pile up? Don't the bad vibrations take on a more and more enormous volume in the end?
They are transformed. And at times they are transformed almost immediately.

You can't see it or feel it till you concretely live the fact that all is divine, that HE is everywhere, in everything, always, in all that happens.

The first reaction is always a kind of shrinking before things which seem horrible, but if you can overcome that and really have the experience, everything changes.

And there are hundreds and hundreds of little experiences like that, like so many little stones marking the way. Then you see that the two things are ALWAYS together: the destructive and the constructive. You can't see one without seeing the other. A time comes when the effort is to conquer the negative parts of creation and death (as at the end of Savitri), and when you have conquered that, then you're above. And then if you look at all these things, even those which seem the most opposed to the Divine, even acts of cruelty done for the pleasure of cruelty, you see the Presence — the Presence that annuls their effects. And it's absolutely marvelous.

I had a startling experience one day when X was doing his pujas to encircle the titans. He was in difficulty and I was about to intervene to help him when I was abruptly stopped. I was faced by a massive blackness (blacker than the blackest physical thing) and suddenly, right at its center, I saw the Divine Love shining with such a splendor — I had never seen it so splendid.

And now it has become constant; each time I hear or see something ugly or horrible, or each time something ugly or horrible happens, something which is a negation of the divine life ... just behind is this flame — so wonderful. And then the effect is annulled.

There is a magnificence of realization which could not have been had this evil, this horror and this negation not been.

Our consciousness shrinks from these things which belong to the past and which are no longer in their place, so we feel disgust and revulsion — because we are ignorant. But if we can raise ourselves above and be in contact with That — the supreme Light — which is ALWAYS just behind, then this Light seems all the more supreme because it is so much its own opposite.

Then you know.

You know, so there is no longer this uneasiness, this shrinking. You feel carried more and more by all that you reject; you are in a forward movement, further and further, higher, constantly further.