

1 September 1971

As for the body, it is being trained to live only through the Divine, on the Divine, for everything — everything, everything, everything without exception. It is only when the consciousness is linked as much as it can be with the Divine Consciousness that there comes the sense of existence. It has now an extraordinary intensity. When the physical will get converted, it will be a *solid* thing, you know, which does not move — and complete. And so concrete.... The difference between being in the Divine, existing only through Him and in Him, and then being in the consciousness (not the ordinary, naturally, but the human consciousness) is so great that the one seems to be death beside the other, so much is it... That is to say, the physical realisation is truly a concrete realisation.

There has begun to take place a concentration of energy — oh! it is not yet that, very far from it, but... there is a beginning of the perception of what it will be. That, yes... it is truly wonderful. It is so full of power! So full of power and of reality in the consciousness that nothing, nothing else can have it — what is vital, mental, all that appears vague and uncertain. That, it is concrete (*Mother holds her hands tight*). And so strong.

There are still problems to be solved, but not with words nor with thoughts. And things are coming just to demonstrate — not only personal things but things all around: people, circumstances — all that, it is to teach the body to have the true consciousness. That, it is... wonderful.

(Mother goes within herself.)

The problem seems to have been to create a physical capable of bearing the Power that wants to manifest itself. All ordinary body consciousnesses are too thin and too fragile to bear the

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tremendous Power which must manifest itself. And so the body is in the process of training itself. And it is... you know, it is as though it perceived, all of a sudden, so wonderful, so wonderful a horizon, but wonderful tremendously; and then it is left to proceed as far as it can bear. A process of adaptation is needed. The transition... in full transition.

Will it be sufficiently plastic? I do not know. It is a question of plasticity. To be able to bear and transmit (*Mother makes a gesture of a flow from above passing through her*), presenting no obstruction to the Power that wants to manifest itself.

The appearances are only the future consequences. That is why... the appearance will be the last thing to change.

(Mother enters into contemplation.)

That can continue indefinitely... the feeling of having touched something and... (*gesture of something escaping*).

What did you feel?

It is Z who made me once understand what I feel near you; she had said, "When one is near you it is as though that made the body pray." Well, it is that; what I feel is a power which seems to take up all the parts of the body and... I do not know, fill them with an intense aspiration.

Yes. But that is what my body feels.

Yes, it makes the body pray, it fills the body with a Power that... I do not know, is like glowing gold that lifts up everything.

Yes, it is like that all the while.

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(Silence)

I feel... it flows in this way (*Mother makes a gesture across herself*) constantly.

It is perhaps that, Divine Love in Matter. (Mother laughs a great deal.) It is so intense and glowing at the same time — glowing. And it is so strong... it is so strong that one can hardly call it by the name "Love", for it does not correspond to anything that one understands.

Yes, I too do not... I am like this (*gesture towards the forehead*): nothing, nothing, nothing, empty, empty, empty... There (*gesture upward and wide*), there, it is... yes, it is a golden vastness.

Yes.

(Silence)

I have a queer feeling that it is a kind of... as though the shell, or the bark of trees, the shell of a tortoise were melting, and the body itself is not like this (*Mother makes a gesture of opening out, as though the body were bursting out towards the sun*). That which to man seems like Matter is... as though something hardened that must fall away because it does not receive. And in this body, here (*Mother touches the skin of her hand*), it tries... it tries to (*same gesture of opening out*). Oh! It is strange, it is a strange sensation. If one could hold on long enough for the thing to melt, then that would be the true beginning.