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Since long you have not spoken...

(Silence)

To express, there must be a minimum of mentalisation, and that is very difficult because it is the body that is busy having all kinds of experiences and is learning, but as soon as it tries to express itself, it says, “No, it is not true, it is not so.”... (*Mother draws small narrow squares*) It is like drawing geometrical designs with life. That is its impression.

Even otherwise, it is inexpressible, because it is multiple, complex, and if you do not lay it out in an explanation... it cannot even be said. And as you lay it out in an explanation, at that very moment it is no more true.

All these days, it is this experience of the consciousness that just a little displacement (how to say it?), just a little change of attitude, which cannot even be expressed, and in one case one is in divine bliss, and, things remaining the same, it becomes almost a torture! And it is constantly so. Well, there are moments when the body would scream in pain and... and just a little, just a little change, which is almost inexpressible, and the thing becomes bliss — it becomes... the other thing, it becomes this extraordinary thing, the Divine everywhere. And so the body all the while is moving from the one to the other, like a kind of gymnastic, a struggle of the consciousness between the two.

And it becomes extremely acute; sometimes there are seconds when the body says, “Ah! I have had enough of it, enough” and pfft! (*Mother makes a gesture of reversal.*) Then, it is impossible to say. Whatever is said is no more truly true.

And all the suffering vibrations are, as it were, sustained by the mass of the general human consciousness — yes, it is that.

Notes on the Way

And the other is sustained by... something that does not seem to intervene, it seems to be like that (*gesture meaning immutable*) in comparison with this human mass trying to express itself.... So it is impossible to say all that.

And constantly, constantly there is either this immutable Peace — this superlative Peace, which is greater than any peace that one can feel — and at the same time, one knows (it cannot be said “one feels”, but one knows) that so great is the rapidity of the movement of transformation that it cannot be perceived materially. And the two are conjoined and this body passes from one to the other, and sometimes... sometimes the two are almost together (*Mother shakes her head, indicating that it is impossible to express herself*).

And then, it gives to the vision of ordinary things, that is to say, of life as it is, the perception — from the point of view, not divine, but as compared with the Divine — of a general madness, and no difference is truly perceptible between what men call “insane” and what they call “reasonable”.... Yes, it is ... it is comic, this difference that men make. One would like to tell them: “But you are all alike, in different degrees!”... So...

And all that is a *world* of simultaneous perceptions; so truly it is impossible to speak.

That, there is nothing there (*Mother touches her head*), nothing passes that way, nothing is there. It is something... something that has no precise form but has *innumerable* experiences at the same time, with a capacity for expression that has remained what it is, that is to say, incapable.

(*Silence*)

For example, there is, at the same time, for whatever happens, the explanation (“explanation” is not the right word, but after all...), the explanation of the ordinary human consciousness (“ordinary”, I do not mean commonplace, I mean human consciousness), the explanation such as Sri Aurobindo gives through

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an illumined mind, and... the divine perception. All the three simultaneously for the same thing — how, how to describe this?

And it is constant, all the while in this way. And then that (*Mother points to her body*), it is not in a condition to express itself, it is not the time for expression.

It is so to such a degree that even when I write, it is like that. So I try to put whatever can be contained into our stupid formulas — and I put in so much! so much! which cannot be expressed through words — and then when they read out to me what I have written, I am tempted to say, “You are joking with me, you have taken everything out of it!”