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A somewhat undefinable thing has happened.

The body had the habit of performing its functions automatically, as a natural thing; that is to say, for it there was no question of their importance or usefulness. It had not, for example, this mental or vital view of things, of what is “important” or what is “interesting” and what is not. That did not exist. And then, now that the cells are becoming conscious, they stand back, as it were (Mother makes a gesture of withdrawal), they look at themselves, they are beginning to look at themselves in action, and they are very much questioning to what purpose all that is. And then, an aspiration: “How? How should it be truly? What is our function, our utility, our basis? Yes, what is our basis and our standard of life?” One might say, translating once more in mental terms: “How will one be when one is divine? What difference will there be? What is the divine way of being?” And there, what speaks is all this sort of physical basis, which is entirely made up of thousands of small things, absolutely indifferent in themselves, which have no reason for existing except as a whole, as a totality, as a support for another action; but in themselves they seem to have no meaning. And then, once more it is the same thing: a kind of receptivity, of silent opening allowing the thing to enter; and a very subtle perception of a way of being that would be luminous, harmonious.

This way of being is still very undefinable; but in this quest, there is a constant perception (translated by a vision) of a multi-coloured light, of all the colours — all the colours, not in layers but as though (gesture of dotting) it was a grouping of all the colours by dots. It is now two years (perhaps a little more, I do not remember) since I met the Tantriks. I was in relation with them and I began to see that Light, and I thought that it was the “tantrik light”, the tantrik way of seeing the material world.
Notes on the Way

But now I see it constantly, associated with everything, and it seems to be what might be called a “perception of true Matter”. All possible colours are joined together without being mixed up (same gesture of dotting), and joined together by luminous dots. Everything is as if made of that. And this seems to be the true way of being — I am not yet sure, but in any case, it is a way of being much more conscious.

And I see it all the while: with open eyes, closed eyes, all the while. And you have a strange (for the body), a strange perception, at once of subtleness, of penetrability, if one may say so, of suppleness of form and positively not of an eradication but a considerable diminution of the rigidity of forms — eradication of rigidity, not eradication of forms: a suppleness in the forms. And the body itself, when for the first time it felt this in one part or another, had the impression — it was a bit lost, as it were — the impression that something was escaping. But if one keeps quiet and waits quietly, that is simply replaced by a sort of plasticity, of fluidity, which seems to be a new way for the cells. It would probably be what materially must replace the physical ego; that is to say, the rigidity of the form appears to be yielding to this new way of being. But, well, we know the first contact is always very “surprising”, but gradually the body gets accustomed. It is the moment of the passage from one way to the other which is a little difficult. That is done very progressively, and yet there is a moment (the moment of the passage), a few seconds that are... the least that one can say is, “unexpected”.

All the habits are in this way undone. And for all the functions it is the same: for blood circulation, for digestion, for respiration — for all the functions. And at the moment of the passage, it is not that the one suddenly replaces the other, but it is a fluid state between the two, and it is difficult. It is only this great Faith, wholly immovable, luminous, constant, immutable — the faith in the real existence of the supreme Lord, in the sole real existence of the Supreme — which enables everything to continue to be the same in appearance.

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They are like the big waves of all the ordinary movements, the ordinary ways of being, the ordinary habits which are repulsed, and come back and try to engulf, and once again they are pushed back. And I see that for years the body and the whole bodily consciousness used to fall back into the old way, as a safety, as a means of safety, to escape. And now it has agreed not to do it any more, but to accept on the contrary: “Well, if it is dissolution, it is dissolution” — but it accepts whatever will be.

In the mind, when the thing happens in the physical mind (it was years ago, but I had observed it even then), it is this which makes people feel that they are going mad, which frightens them; and with the fright things come to pass, and then they hustle back into the ordinary common sense to get away from it. It is the equivalent — it is not the same thing — but it is the equivalent of what happens in the material: you feel that all the normal stability is disappearing. Well, for a long time — a long time — there was this falling back into the habit; and then you are quite at ease, you begin again. And now they do not want it any more: “Whatever happens, we will see” — the great adventure.

“How will we be — how will we be? How...” Yes, the cells saying, “How should we be? How will we be?”...

It is interesting.