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This atmosphere, this consciousness¹ is very active, and active as a mentor, I have already said. And that continues. And then, for several hours in the early morning of one of these last days, it was... Never, never had the body been so happy; there was the complete Presence, absolute freedom, and a certitude: that had no importance — these cells, other cells (*Mother makes gestures to this side and that, indicating all bodies*), it was life everywhere, consciousness everywhere. Absolutely wonderful. It came without effort, it went away simply because... I was too busy. And that does not come at will — what comes at will is what may be called a “copy”: it has the appearance, but it is not the Thing. The Thing... there is something which is altogether independent of our aspiration, our will, our effort ... altogether. And this something seems absolutely all-powerful, in the sense that none of the difficulties of the body exist. Everything disappears at this time. But aspiration, concentration, effort... all that is to no purpose. It is the *divine sense*, yes, it is to have the divine sense. During these few hours (three or four), I understood absolutely what it was to have the divine consciousness in the body. And then this body here, that body there, that body there (*gestures to this side and that side and all around Mother's body*), it did not matter; it went about from one body to another, altogether free and independent, knowing the limitations and possibilities of each body — absolutely wonderful, I have never, never before had this experience. Absolutely wonderful. It went away because I was so busy that... And it did not go away because it came simply to show how it was — it is not that; it is because life and the organisation of life swallows you up.

¹ The superman consciousness.

Notes on the Way

I know it is there (*gesture behind*). I know it, but... but that, I understand, is a transformation. And clearly the persons, not a vague thing: clearly, that could express itself in this person, express itself in that person, express itself (*same gesture here and there*), clearly, wholly. With a Smile!...

And then the cells themselves told of their effort to be transformed, and there was a Calm there.... How to explain this? The body told of its aspiration and of its will to prepare itself; and it did not ask, but made the effort to be what it ought to be: all that always with this question (the body does not put the question, it is... the environment, the surrounding — the world, as if the world put the question): “Will it continue or will it have to get dissolved?”... Itself, it is like this (*gesture of self-abandon, palms opened upward*); it says, “What Thou willest, Lord.” But then, the body knows that it has been decided and it is not to be told to it. It accepts, it is not impatient, it accepts, it says, “It is all right, it shall be what Thou willest.” But That which knows and That which does not respond is... something that cannot be expressed. It is... yes, I believe the only word that describes the sensation one has, is: it is an Absolute — an Absolute. Absolute. It is that, the sensation: of being in the presence of the Absolute. The Absolute: absolute Knowledge, absolute Will, absolute Power.... Nothing, nothing can resist it. And then, it is an Absolute which is (one has this kind of sensation, concrete) of compassion! But by the side of that, all that we consider as kindness, compassion... pooh! it is nothing at all. That is Compassion with power absolute, and... it is not Wisdom, it is not Knowledge, it is... It has nothing to do with our procedure. And it is That, everywhere. That is everywhere. And it is the experience of the body; and to That, the body gives itself entirely, totally, asking for nothing, nothing at all. Only one aspiration (*same gesture, palms opened upward*): to be able to *be* That, what That wants — to serve That; not even so: to *be* That.

But that state, which lasted for several hours, nothing similar to that happiness has this body ever felt during the ninety-one

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years it has been here upon earth: freedom, absolute power and no limits (*gesture here and there, everywhere*), no limits, no impossibilities, nothing. It was... all other bodies were itself. There was no difference, it was only a play of consciousness (*gesture as of a great Rhythm*) going about.

That is all.

(*Long silence*)

Apart from that, however, the work is becoming more and more exacting. But I feel (that is to say, the body feels very well) that it is part of the training.

It looks like that: it must hold on, the body, or otherwise so much the worse, it will be for another time.

All the human excuses appear as childishness.

It is something very strange, all the qualities and all the defects of man appear as childishness — foolishness. It is curious. And it is not a thought, it is a concrete sensation. It is like a substance without life; all ordinary things are like a substance lacking life — the *true* life. Artificial and false. It is strange.

It is not so much in others, it is not that: it is the inner training. And this true Consciousness, this true Attitude is something so for-mi-da-bly strong, powerful, in a *peace* so smiling! So smiling that it cannot be annoyed, it is absolutely impossible ... so smiling, so smiling... and watching.

(*Silence*)

The special character of this new consciousness is: no half measures, no approximations. That is its character. The idea “Oh yes, we shall do it, and little by little we...” — no, no, not like that; it is Yes or No, either you can or you cannot.

(*Silence*)

Notes on the Way

Truly it is a *Grace*, you see, as if: not to lose time — not to lose time. It must be done or...

But this tremendous Power, it is that above all; and it is with a compassion! a gentleness!... No, there are no words, we have no words to describe that, something... Nothing but just to be attentive and... it is blissfulness. Nothing but just to turn one's attention towards that side, immediately there is the bliss. And I understand (that has made me understand certain things), we have heard of people who in the midst of torture enjoyed bliss — it is like that. A beatitude.

There you are, it is that (*Mother hands out a white hibiscus, which she has named "Grace"*).