This morning about eight o’clock, I could have said many things.... Because there came a day when many problems had cropped up as a consequence of something that had happened, then this morning (towards the end of the night), I had the experience that was the explanation. And for two hours I lived in an absolutely clear perception (not a thought: a clear perception) of the why and how of creation. It was so luminous, so clear; it was irrefutable. It lasted at least for four or five hours and then it petered out; gradually the experience diminished in intensity and clarity.... I had just seen many people, then... it is difficult to explain now. But all had become so limpid; all the contrary theories, everything was at the bottom (Mother looks from above), and all the explanations, all that Sri Aurobindo had said and also some things that Théon had said were seen as a consequence of the experience: each thing in its place and absolutely clear. At that time I could have said it, but now it will be a little difficult.

Is it not so? In spite of what one has read and all the theories and explanations, something was left (how to say it?) difficult to “explain” (it is not “explaining”: that is quite trivial). For example, suffering and the will to inflict suffering, that side of the Manifestation. There has been, of course, as though a prevision of the original identity of hatred and love, because the thing was going to the extremes, but as for all the rest it was difficult. Today it is so luminously simple, yes, it is that, so obvious!... (Mother looks at a note which she had written.) Words are nothing. And then I had scribbled with a pencil that wrote badly.... I don’t know if you can see the words. To me they represented something very exact: now they are nothing but words. (The disciple reads):
Notes on the Way

Stability and change
Inertia and transformation...

Yes, in the Lord they were evidently identical principles. And it was particularly that, the simplicity of this identity. And now they are nothing but words.

Stability and change
Inertia and transformation
Eternity and progress

Unity = ... (The disciple is not able to make out the words.)

It was not I who wrote it, that is to say, not the ordinary consciousness, and the pencil... I do not know any more what I have put down. (Mother tries to read the words, but in vain.) It was the vision of the creation — the vision, the understanding, the how, the why, the whither, everything was there, the whole of it together, and clear, clear, clear... I tell you, I was in the midst of a golden glory — luminous, dazzling.

Well, the earth was there as the centre representing the creation, and then there was the identity of the inertia of the stone, of what is most inert, and then... (Mother tries once more to read the words.)

I do not know if it will come.

(Mother goes into a long concentration.)

One might say like that... for the convenience of expression, I would say: the “Supreme” and the “creation”. In the Supreme, it is a unity that contains all the possibilities perfectly unified, without any differentiation; in creation, it is, so to say, the projection of all that makes up this unity by dividing the opposites, that is to say, by separating them (it is that which has been seized
by someone who said that creation is separation): for example, night and day, black and white, good and evil, etc., etc.—all that, but it is our explanation. The whole of it, all together is a perfect unity, immutable and... indissoluble. Creation means separation of all that constitutes this unity—one might call it the division of consciousness. The division of consciousness starts from the unity conscious of its unity, in order to arrive at the unity conscious of its multiplicity in the unity. And then it is this path which, because of its fragments, is translated for us by space and time. For us, such as we are, it is possible for each point of this consciousness to be conscious of itself and conscious of the original Unity. And that is the work which is being done; that is to say, each infinitesimal element of this consciousness, while keeping this state of consciousness, is in the process of rediscovering the state of the total original consciousness—and the result is the original Consciousness conscious of its unity and conscious of the whole play, conscious of the innumerable elements of this Unity. This for us is translated into the sense of time: moving from the Inconscient up to this state of Consciousness. And the Inconscient is the projection of the first Unity (if one can say it; all these words are altogether senseless), of the essential unity which is only conscious of its unity—yes, that is the Inconscient. And this Inconscient becomes more and more conscious in beings who are conscious of their infinitesimal existence and at the same time, through what we call progress or evolution or transformation, become conscious of the original Unity. And that, as it was seen, explains everything.

Words are nothing.

Everything, everything from the most material to the most ethereal, everything finds its place there—clear, clear, clear, a vision.

And evil, what we call evil, has its indispensable place in the whole. It will not be felt as evil the moment one becomes conscious of That—necessarily. Evil is this infinitesimal element
looking at its infinitesimal consciousness; but as consciousness is essentially one, it resumes, regains the Consciousness of the Unity — the two together. It is that, yes, it is that which has to be realised. It is this wonderful thing, of this I had the vision at that moment.... And for the beginnings (are they the beginnings?), what is called in English the outskirts, what is farthest from the central realisation, that becomes the multiplicity of things, and the multiplicity also of sensations, of feelings, of all... the multiplicity of consciousness. It is this act of separation that has created, that is creating the world constantly and that is creating everything at the same time: suffering, happiness, everything, everything that is created through this... what might be called “diffusion”; but it is absurd, it is not a diffusion — we ourselves live in the sense of space, so we speak of diffusion and concentration, but it is nothing of the sort.

And I understood why Théon used to say that we were living at the time of “Equilibrium”; that is to say, it is through the equilibrium of all these innumerable points of consciousness and of all these opposites that the central Consciousness is re-discovered. And all that is said is stupid — at the same time as I say this, I see to what degree it is stupid. But one cannot do otherwise. It is something... something so concrete, so true, yes, so ab-so-lu-te-ly... that.

As long as I was living that, it was... But perhaps I could not have said it at that time. That (Mother points to the note), I was obliged to take up some paper and jot it down, and in such a way that I do not know any more what I jotted down.... The first thing written was this:

\[ Stability \text{ and change } \]

It was the idea of the original Stability (one could say), which is translated in the Manifestation by inertia. And the growth is translated by change. Then came:
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Inertia and transformation

But it is gone, the sense is gone — the words had a sense.

Eternity and progress

They were the opposites (these three things).

Then there was a gap (Mother draws a line under the triple opposition), and once again a Pressure, and then I wrote this:

Unity = ...

(three illegible words follow)

And that was a much more true expression of the experience, but it is illegible — I think it was illegible deliberately. One must have the experience to be able to read it.

(The disciple tries to read the words:) It seems to me that there is a word “rest”?

Ah! It must be that. Rest and...

(Mother goes into concentration.)

Is it not “power”?

Ah! Yes, “Power and rest combined”.

Yes, that is it.

It was not I who chose the words, so they must have a special force — when I say “I”, I mean the consciousness that is there (gesture above the head); it is not that consciousness; it was something that was pressing down that compelled me to write. (Mother recopies her note:)

Stability and change
Inertia and transformation
Notes on the Way

_Eternity and progress_

Unity = power and rest combined.

The idea is that the two combined restored that state of consciousness which wanted to express itself.

It was on the universal scale — not on the individual scale.

I put a line between the two to mean that they had not come together.

_But already, often, when you speak of this supramental experience, you say that it is a staggering movement and at the same time it is as though completely immobile. You have said it often._

But you know, most often I do not remember what I have once said.

_You say: the vibration is so rapid that it is imperceptible, it is as though coagulated and immobile._

Yes. But this was really a Glory in which I lived for hours together this morning.

And then all, all, all notions, all of them, even the most intellectual, all became as... as though childishness. It was so obvious that one had the feeling: there is no need to speak of it!

All human reactions, even the highest, the purest, the noblest, appeared so childish!... There is a sentence written by Sri Aurobindo somewhere that was coming all the while to me. One day, I do not remember where, he had written something, a rather long sentence in which there was this: “And when I feel jealous, I know that the old man is still there.” It is now perhaps more than thirty years since I read it — yes, almost thirty years — and I remember, when I read “jealous”, I said to myself: How can Sri Aurobindo be jealous? And so after thirty
years I have understood what he meant by being “jealous” — it is not at all what men call “jealous”, it was altogether another state of consciousness. I saw it clearly. And this morning it came back to me: “And when I feel jealous, I know that the old man is still there.” To be “jealous” for him did not mean what we call “jealous”.... It is this infinitesimal particle that we call the individual, this particle of infinitesimal consciousness which places itself at the centre, which is the centre of the perception, and which consequently perceives things coming like that (gesture towards oneself) or going like that (gesture outward) and all that does not come to it gives it a kind of perception that Sri Aurobindo called “jealous”: the perception that things are going towards diffusion, instead of coming in towards centralisation; it was that which he called “jealous”. So he said: When I feel jealous (this was what he meant to say), I know that the old man is still there; that is to say, this infinitesimal particle of consciousness can still be at the centre of itself; it is the centre of action, the centre of perception, the centre of sensation....

(Silence)

Yes, I could notice — it is the time when I do all my physical work — I could notice that the whole work could be done without any alteration in the consciousness. It was not that which altered my consciousness; what veiled my consciousness was seeing people: it is when I began to be here and to do what I have been doing every day: projecting the divine Consciousness upon people. But it came back... (how can one say it?) on the borders; that is to say, instead of being within, I began to perceive it, when you asked me. But that feeling is no longer there — there was nothing but that any more! That alone was there, and everything, everything has changed — appearance, meaning, etc.

That must be the supramental consciousness: I believe that this is the supramental consciousness.
Notes on the Way

But one could conceive very well that for a consciousness wide and quick enough, if I may say so, capable of seeing not merely a bit of the path, but the whole path at the same time...

Yes, yes.

The whole would be a moving perfection.

Yes.

Evil is simply holding one’s vision on one small angle; then one says, “It is evil”, but if one sees the entire path... In a total consciousness, obviously there is no evil.

There are no contraries. No contraries — not even contradictions; I say: no contraries. It is that Unity, it is living in that Unity. And that cannot be translated by thoughts or words. I am telling you, it is... a vastness without limits and a light... a light without movement, and at the same time an ease... an ease not recognised as such. Now I am convinced that it is that, the supramental consciousness.

And necessarily, necessarily that must change the appearances gradually.

(Long silence)

There are no words that can explain the magnificence of the Grace, how the whole is combined so that all may go as quickly as possible. And individuals are miserable to the extent to which they are not conscious of it and take a false position in regard to what is happening to them.

But what is difficult to think is that at each moment it must be... it is the perfection.

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Yes, that is it.

At each instant, it is the perfection.

At each instant. There is no other thing... When I was there, there was no other thing. And yet, as I have told you, it was the time when I was physically extremely busy — all the work was being done, without disturbing anything; on the contrary, I believe I was doing things much better than usual... I do not know how to explain. It was not, as it were, a thing “added”: it was quite natural.

Life as it is can be lived in that consciousness — but it is then lived quite well!... Nothing needs to be changed, what is to be changed changes itself quite naturally.

I am going to give you an example. For a few days, I had some difficulty with... I will not name him; pressure had to be put on him to correct some of his movements. Today he was conscious of it in quite a different way from the usual, and in the end he said that he was on the way to change (that is true), and all that not only without a word, but without any movement of the consciousness for putting pressure. There you are. That is a proof.... All is done automatically, as an imposition of the Truth without any necessity of intervention: simply to remain in the true consciousness, that is all, that is sufficient.

But then, in spite of everything, the body kept just a little consciousness of its needs all the while (although it was not busy with itself; I was always saying: It is not busy with itself, it is not interested). But that is what Sri Aurobindo used to say: I feel I am still the old man. I understood that this morning, for it was no longer there. Well, this sort of a very quiet perception of what is still not all right — a pain here, a difficulty there — very calm, very indifferent, but it is perceived (without its taking any importance), and even that gone, wholly swept away!... I hope it won’t come back. It is really... this, I understand, it is a transformation. One is conscious in a golden vastness —
Notes on the Way

my child, it is wonderful — luminous, golden, peaceful, eternal, all-powerful.

And how it is coming.... No word is there to express it indeed, this wonder regarding the Grace.... The Grace, the Grace is a thing that surpasses all comprehension, with its clear-seeing kindliness.... Naturally the body had the experience. Something had happened that I will not tell you and it had the true reaction; it had not the old reaction, it had the true reaction — it smiled, with the Smile of the supreme Lord — it smiled. That was there for a whole day and a half. And it was this difficulty which enabled the body to make the last progress, enabled it to live in this Consciousness: if all had been harmonious, things could have lasted still for years — it is wonderful, wonderful!

And how stupid men are! When the Grace has come to them, they push it away, saying, “Oh! What horror!”... That I have known for a long time, but my experience is... dazzling.

Yes, each thing is perfectly, wonderfully what it ought to be at every moment.

Quite so.

But it is our vision that is not attuned.

Yes, it is our separated consciousness.

The whole has been brought with lightning rapidity towards the consciousness that will be the Consciousness of the point and of the all, at the same time.

(Long silence)

(Mother finishes recopying her note.) There, now I am writing today’s date.

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It is the 19th.

19 November 1969, supramental consciousness.

(Silence)

The first descent of the supramental force was a 29, and this is a 19... The 9 is something to note there.... So many things there are which we do not know!

(Silence)

I have already had the experience, partially, that when one is in this state of inner harmony and no part of the attention is turned towards the body, the body works perfectly well. It is this... “self-concentration” which upsets everything. And this I have observed many times, many times.... In reality one does make oneself ill. It is the narrowness of consciousness, the division. If you let it work, there is... everywhere there is a Consciousness and a Grace that do everything so that all may go well, and it is because of this imbecility that all goes wrong — it is strange! The ego-centric imbecility, it is that which Sri Aurobindo calls “the old man”.

It is truly interesting.