May 13, 1962

(This is the first conversation with Mother in two months. She is still reclining on her chaise lounge. She looks quite pale and fragile, almost translucent. She enlarges upon the experience she had a month earlier, on April 13. The following text was not taped but noted down from memory and then read out to Mother.)

I was at the Origin — I WAS the Origin. For more than two hours, consciously, here on this bed, I was the Origin. And it was like gusts — like great gusts ending in explosions. And each one of these gusts was a span of the universe.

It was Love in its supreme essence — which has nothing to do with what people normally understand by that word.

And each gust of this essence of Love was dividing and spreading out ... but they weren't forces, it was far beyond the realm of forces. The universe as we know it no longer existed; it was a sort of bizarre illusion, bearing no relation to THAT. There was only the truth of the universe, with those great gusts of color — they were colored — great gusts colored with something that is the essence of color.

It was stupendous. I lived more than two hours like that, consciously.

And then a Voice was explaining everything to me (not exactly a Voice, but something that was Sri Aurobindo's origin, like the most recent gust from the Origin). As the experience unfolded, this Voice explained each gust to me, each span of the universe; and then it explained how it all became like this (Mother makes a gesture of reversal): the distortion of the universe. And I was wondering how it was possible, with that Consciousness, that supreme Consciousness, to relate to the present, distorted universe. How to make the connection without losing that Consciousness? A relationship between the two seemed impossible. And that's when that sort of Voice reminded me of my promise, that I had promised to do the Work on earth and it would be done. “I promised to do the Work and it will be done.”

Then began the process of descent¹, and the Voice was explaining it to me — I lived through it all in detail, and it wasn't pleasant. It took an hour and a half to change from that true Consciousness to the individual consciousness. Because throughout the experience this present individuality no longer existed, this body no longer existed, there were no more limits, I was no longer here — what was here was THE PERSON. An hour and a half was needed to return to the body-consciousness (not the physical consciousness but the body-consciousness), to the individual body-consciousness.

The first sign of the return to individuality was a prick of pain, a tiny point (Mother holds between her fingers a minuscule point in the space of her being). Yes, because I have a sore, a sore in a rather awkward place, and it hurts² (Mother laughs). So I felt the pain: it was the sign of individuality coming back. Other than that, there was nothing any more — no body, no individual, no limits. But it's strange, I have made a strange discovery³: I used to think it was the individual (Mother touches her body) who experienced pain and disabilities and all the misfortunes of human life; well, I perceived that what experiences misfortunes is not the individual, not my body, but that each misfortune, each pain, each disability has its own individuality as it were, and each one represents a battle.

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¹ As we will see, ‘descent’ is not the right word.
² Mother will suffer from this same sore for nearly twelve years.
³ Later, Mother emphasized: “I don't mean a general discovery; it concerns my body alone. I don't say that all bodies are like this, but MY body — what has become my body — is like this.”
And my body is a world of battles.  
It is the battlefield.

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(When this text was read to Mother, she gave the following modification.)

I would prefer a word other than ‘descent’, because there was no sensation or notion of descent — none at all.... It could be called the process of materialization or individualization — ‘transformation of consciousness’ would be more exact. It is the process of changing from the true Consciousness to the distorted consciousness — that's it exactly.

You say it yourself: the transition from the true Consciousness to ordinary consciousness.

That's it exactly. ‘Descent’ doesn't convey the actual sensation — there was no sensation of descent. None. Neither of ascent nor descent. None at all. Those creative gusts had no POSITION in relation to the creation; it was.... There was ONLY THAT. THAT ALONE existed. Nothing else.

And everything happened within That.

Really, it was.... There was neither high nor low nor within nor without — none of those existed any more. There was only THAT.

It was ... ‘something’ expressing itself, manifesting itself through these gusts. Something that was EVERYTHING. There was nothing else, there was really nothing but THAT. So to speak of high, low, descent won't do at all.

If you like, we could put ‘the process of return’....

Of return to the body-consciousness. Or of materialization.

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(A bit later, regarding the Talk of August 22, 1956, to be published in the next “Bulletin”, in which Mother says: “When you are in a condition to receive it, you receive from the Divine the TOTALITY of the relationship you are CAPABLE of having; it is neither a share nor a part nor a repetition, but exclusively and uniquely the relationship each one is capable of having with the Divine. Thus, from the psychological point of view, YOU ALONE have this direct relationship with the Divine.” Mother then adds, in a voice that seems to come from far, far away:)

One is all alone with the Supreme.