24 March 1965

S had a rather bad dream. She came to a house over which one had to keep watch, and none had done it; enemies had entered. S went into this house, found a room and Sri Aurobindo was there with a wound in his foot; he was groaning. He had been wounded by the enemies who had been allowed to enter into the house. Seeing Sri Aurobindo wounded, she ran, ran looking for you.

It is perhaps simply an image of what happened on February 11.\(^1\)

The foot means something physical.

I believe it is that, it is only a symbolic image of what happened.

It is not something that is going to happen?

Premonitory? No.

The foot means his physical action through some people or through the Ashram or through me.

I do not think it is serious. It is the image of what happened and it was recorded somewhere.

(Silence)

It is quite a curious development. For some time past, but in a more and more precise manner, when I hear something or something is read to me, or when I hear music or someone narrates a fact, I feel immediately: the origin of the activity or the plane on which it is happening or the origin of the inspiration is rendered

\(^1\) The Ashram was attacked by rioters. Some houses were looted and burnt.
automatically by a vibration in one of the centres. And then, according to the quality of the vibration, it is either constructive or negative, and when that touches, however little it may be, at a given moment, a domain of Truth, there is... (how to say it?) a spark, as it were, of a vibration of Ananda. And the thought is absolutely silent, immobile, nothing — nothing (Mother opens her hands upward in a gesture of total self-offering). But this perception is becoming more and more precise. And I know in this way — I know where the inspiration comes from or where the action is situated and the quality of the thing.

And it has a precision! oh! infinitesimal in detail. The first time I felt it clearly was when I heard the music composed for “The Hour of God”; it was the first occasion and at that time I did not know that it was a well-organised thing, a kind of organisation of experience. But now, after all these months, that has been regularised and for me it is an absolutely sure indication, which does not correspond to any active thought, any active will — I am simply an infinitely delicate machine for receiving vibrations. That is how I know where things come from. There is no thought. That is how the vibration of this dream came to me (Mother makes a gesture downward, under the feet); it was in the domain of the subconscient. So I knew that it was a matter of recording.

The other day when Z read to me his article, it was neutral (vague gesture at mid-height), all the while neutral, then all of a sudden, a spark of Ananda; it was this which made me appreciate it. And just now, when you read this text of Y, there was a small ray of light (gesture at the height of the throat), then I knew. A pleasant ray of light — not of Ananda, but a pleasant light, so I knew that there was something in it.

And there are degrees, to be sure, almost an infinity of qualities.

That is the way given to me for finding out the position of things.

And it is quite, quite outside the thought. Only afterwards,
Notes on the Way

when you asked me, for example, about the dream, I said, “Logically, since the vibration is there (downward gesture), it must be a memory.” And with a kind of certitude, because... because the perception is altogether impersonal.

It is an extraordinarily delicate mechanism and its field of receptivity (gesture of gradation) almost infinite.

My way of knowing people is also like that now. But since a long time past, when I see a photograph, for example, it does not at all pass through the thought; these are not deductions or intuitions — that creates a vibration somewhere. And then amusing things also happen. The other day I was given the photograph of someone, then I clearly felt it; by the place which was touched, by the answering vibration, I knew that this man had the habit of handling ideas and possessed the assurance of someone who teaches. I ask, in order to see, “What does this man do?” I am told, “He does business.” Then I say, “But he is not made for business, he understands nothing of it.” And three minutes after I am told, “Ah, excuse me, please; he is a professor!” (Mother laughs) It is like that.

And it is so constantly, constantly: the evaluation of the world, the vibrations of the world.

That is why I asked you to give me your hands just now. Why? It was just to have the vibration. Well, I felt what is called in English “a sort of dullness”. I said to myself: “He is not all right.”

And no thinking, nothing, simply like this (Mother remains still in a gesture of self-offering upward).

Then what is it that is not all right? (Mother laughs) Yes, it is that, it is a kind of dullness.

Yes, I am very much sunk in Matter.

It is that.

It is not funny.
24 March 1965

No, but can’t you get out of it?

*I am harassed. And my body does not help me much either.*

Ah, no, the body never helps; now I am convinced of it. You can to a certain extent help your body — not very much, but still to an extent you can help your body. But the body does not help you. Always its vibration is on the ground.

*Yes, it is heavy.*

Without exception. Without exception it is a lowering and, above all that, it is something that makes you dull, dull — it does not vibrate.

*It is heavy.*

But with this sadhana that I am following, there are some leading strings which one can pursue. I have some phrases of Sri Aurobindo.... For the other sadhanas I had the method: whatever he said was clear; that showed the way, one had not to search. But here he has not done it; only he has said or made some remarks from time to time and these remarks are useful to me (also there is the night when I meet him, but I do not want to count too much upon that, for... you become too anxious to have this contact and that spoils everything). There are a few remarks that have been so retained by me and they are, yes, like leading strings; for example, “Endure... endure.”

Suppose you have a pain somewhere; the instinct (the instinct of the body, the instinct of the cells) is to shrink and to seek to reject — that is the worst thing, that increases it invariably. Therefore, the first thing to teach the body is to remain immobile, to have no reaction; above all, no shrinking, not even
Notes on the Way

a movement of rejection — a perfect immobility. That is bodily equality.

A perfect immobility.

After the perfect immobility comes the movement of inner aspiration (I always speak of the aspiration of the cells — I use words for what has no word, but there is no other way of expressing it), the surrender, that is to say, the spontaneous and total acceptance of the supreme Will (which one does not know). Does the All-Will want things to go this way or that way, that is to say, towards the disintegration of some elements or towards...? And there also, there are infinite shades: there is the passage between two heights (I speak of cellular realisations, do not forget that); I mean one has a certain inner poise, a poise of movement, of life, and it is understood that while passing from one movement to a higher movement, almost always there occurs a descent and then an ascent — it is a transition. Then, does the shock you receive push you downward to make you rise again or does it push you downward to abandon the old movements? — for there are cellular ways of being that should disappear in order to give place to other ways. There are others that tend to rise upward again with a higher harmony and organisation. This is the second point. And one must wait and see, without postulating in advance what should be. Above all, there is the desire — the desire to be at ease, the desire to be in peace, all that — which must absolutely cease, disappear. One must be absolutely without reaction, like this (gesture with palms open, of motionless offering upward). And then, when one is like that (“one” means the cells), after a time comes the perception of the category to which the movement belongs, and one has only to follow in order to see whether it is something that has to disappear and be replaced by another thing (which is not known for the moment) or it is something that has to be transformed.

And so on. All the while it is like that.

All this is to tell you that the thought is absolutely immobile; everything happens directly: a matter of vibration. Well, it is only
in this way that one can know what one should do. If the thing passes through the mind, especially this physical thinking which is absolutely imbecile, absolutely, you cannot know; so long as it is working you are always led to do what you should not do, to have particularly the bad reaction — the reaction that helps the forces of disorder and obscurity instead of counteracting them. And I am not speaking of anxiety, because for a very long time now there has been no anxiety in my body — a long time, many years — but anxiety is like swallowing a cup of poison.

This is what is called physical yoga.

One must overcome all that. And the only way to do it: at every second all the cells must be (gesture of motionless offering upward) in an adoration, in an aspiration — an adoration, an aspiration, an adoration... and nothing else. Then after a time there is also delight, then that ends in blissful trust. When this trust is established all will be well. But... it is easy to say, it is much more difficult to do. Only, for the moment I am convinced that this is the only means, there is no other.