24 June 1967

Many things to say, but... it is better to come to the end. It is a curve. Better to reach the end. It is too early to speak.

(After a silence) The movements of the body almost in their totality are habitual movements. Behind, there is the consciousness of the physical mind (what I call the “cellular mind”), which is itself constantly conscious of the divine Presence and is keen on accepting nothing but That; so a whole work is going on for changing, shifting the origin of the movements. I mean to say that instead of it just being automatically the habit, it should be automatically the divine Presence and Consciousness that causes the movement (Mother makes a gesture of pushing the Consciousness into the body).

But it is quite, quite inexpressible; that is to say, as soon as you try to express it, it is mentalised, it is no longer itself. That is why it is very difficult to express it. I cannot speak of it.

However, I seem to have told you not long ago of my observation of the habit and the taste for drama in the most material consciousness. That was the starting-point. As soon as it became conscious, that habit became, as it were, foreign, foreign to the true consciousness, and from then on the transfer has been going on.

It is a very delicate and difficult work.

It means fighting against a habit thousands of years old. It is the automatism of the material consciousness which is, yes, dramatic, almost catastrophic; sometimes dramatic, and dramatic with an imaginative conclusion which undoes the drama. But all that becomes much too concrete as soon as one expresses it. Better not to speak of it.

As soon as it is said, it becomes artificial.

And it is as though in order to replace this habit there was a kind of effort to create another(!) which is only an
approximation. Does this state of consciousness, this way of being, this way of existing, of reacting, of expressing, point to or tend towards the Divine Manifestation? Is it in conformity with the urge towards the Divine Manifestation?... And the thought is silent, immobile, then the imagination does not work (all that, willingly), and the movement tries to be as sincere and as spontaneous as possible, under the influence of the divine Presence.... Words deform everything.

From time to time — from time to time, all of a sudden: the concrete experience, like a lightning flash — the experience of the Presence, the identification. But that lasts a few seconds and then it begins again as it was before.

It cannot be expressed.

Then Mother turns to the translation of two texts of Sri Aurobindo.

“That is a great secret of sadhana, to know how to get things done by the Power behind or above instead of doing all by the mind’s effort.”

It is exactly so.

“That the importance of the body is obvious; it is because he has developed or been given a body and brain capable of receiving and serving a progressing mental illumination that man has risen above the animal. Equally, it can only be by developing a body or at least a functioning of the physical instrument capable of receiving and serving a still higher illumination that he will rise above himself and realise, not merely in thought and in his internal being but in life, a perfectly divine manhood. Otherwise either the promise of life is cancelled, its meaning annulled and earthly being can only realise Sachchidananda by abolishing itself, by shedding from it mind, life and
body and returning to the pure Infinite, or else man is not the divine instrument, there is a destined limit to the consciously progressive power which distinguishes him from all other terrestrial existences and as he has replaced them in the front of things, so another must eventually replace him and assume his heritage.”

I understand! I was busy with it all the while.

(Silence)

But Sri Aurobindo’s conclusion is that it is not this (the body) which can change; it will be a new being.

No, he says if it is not able, it will be a new being.

No, I do not mean here in this text; I mean in the things he wrote subsequently.

?...

Besides, it is the same thing, because... can a body change?... And even so, it seems to be very difficult. It is not impossible. It is not impossible, but... it is such a tremendous labour that life is too short; and even there, there is something to change, yes — this habit of wearing out is a terrible thing.

Yes, but a “new being”, from where would it come? Will it drop from the sky?

Of course not, just so! The more one looks... It won’t come like that (Mother laughs), it will come evidently in the same way as man has come out of the animal. But the stages between the animal and man are missing. We think of it, we imagine it, we have rediscovered things, but to say the truth we were not
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present! We do not know how that happened. But that does not matter.... According to some, we can consciously begin to work out within us the transformation, in forming the child. It is possible; I do not say No. It is possible. And then this one must prepare a more transformed one and so on, several stages like that which will disappear even as the stages between the ape and man have disappeared?

Well, yes, it is the whole story of the process of human perfection.

You can call it as you like, yes. But a new being... as for us, we conceive, as you say, a new being as descending ready-made, prefabricated!... That is pure romance.

It is exactly what Sri Aurobindo also says. It must be built.

It would be after two or three — or four or ten or twenty, I do not know — intermediary beings that the new manner, the supramental manner of creating, will come.... But will it be necessary to have children? Will it not do away with the necessity of children to replace those who will be no longer there? For they will continue to exist indefinitely. They will transform themselves sufficiently to adapt to the new needs.

All that is very conceivable at a long distance of time.

Yes, a long distance.

But precisely you are there so that it may be at a short distance!

No, Sri Aurobindo did not view it at a short distance.
Well, it must be yourself. At a short or at a long distance, it must be you who does it, in this life and in this body.

But, I see...

I am trying to do it — not by an arbitrary will, nothing of the kind; simply there is “Something” or Someone or a Consciousness or anything (I do not want to speak of it) which is using this (Mother’s body) and trying to make something of it. That is to say, at the same time I am doing and I am witnessing, and the “I”, I do not know where it is: it is not within there, it is not up there, it is not... I do not know where it is; it is for the necessity of language. There is “something” that is doing and it is witnessing at the same time, and at the same time it is the action that does it: the three.

Because the body itself now truly collaborates as much as it can — as much as it can — with a goodwill and an increasing power of endurance, and, in fact, the backward turn on oneself is reduced to a minimum (it is there, but like something that just touches from time to time, but it does not stay even for a few seconds). That, this backward turn on oneself, is altogether the atmosphere that is disgusting, repulsive, catastrophic. And it is like that, it is felt like that. And it is becoming more and more impossible, I see it, it is visible.... But there is still the weight of thousands of years of bad habits which may be called pessimistic, that is to say, expecting decline, expecting catastrophe, expecting... in fact, all these things, and it is that which is most difficult, out! to purify, to clarify, to throw out of the atmosphere. It is so much inside that it is altogether spontaneous. It is this which is the great, great obstacle, this kind of feeling of the inevitable decline.

Naturally, from the mental point of view, the whole earthly atmosphere is like that, but in the mind it has very little importance: a ray of light and it is swept away. But it is there within (Mother points to her body), it is this habit — this catastrophic habit — which is formidable, formidable to counteract. And it
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is *indispensable* that it should disappear so that the other may instal itself.

So it is a battle of every minute, every minute, all the while, all the while.

And then, you know, the being is not isolated, the body is not isolated; it is more or less a multitude, with degrees of proximity; but quite near, there are all those who are here, and it is the same problem — the same problem. Because what is acquired in the consciousness of this body is not acquired at all in the consciousness of others. That increases the labour.

The problem of mental and even vital contagion is, so to say, resolved, but the problem of material contagion still remains there.

And in this material consciousness, there is the material mind that has so marvellously responded here,¹ but it has not yet the power to assert itself spontaneously against what comes from outside, this perpetual contagion, constant, constant, of every minute.

*(Long silence)*

When all of a sudden the Contact becomes conscious and the sense of Identity comes, as I say, for a few seconds, but when it comes... it is like a hosanna of all the cells which say: “Oh! Yes, yes, it is true! So it is true...”

This comes perhaps a hundred times a day, but it does not stay.

¹ Mother means within herself.