So, anything new?

Nothing, or always the same thing.

What?

I am waiting.

Ah! You are waiting — I too! (Laughter)

(Silence)

It is as though all the ways of seeing the world were passing by, one after another: the most detestable and the most wonderful — like this, like this, like this (Mother turns her hands like a kaleidoscope), and all of them come as though to say: there, one can see like this, there, one can see like that, there, one can... And the Truth... what is true? What is true?... All that (same movement of a kaleidoscope) and “Something” which one does not know.

First of all, I am sure that this necessity of seeing things, of thinking things, is purely human, and it is a means for transition. It is a period of transition which to us appears long, long, but it is in fact quite short.

Even our consciousness is an adaptation of the Consciousness — the Consciousness, the true Consciousness, that is another thing.

And so the conclusion for my body is... (as well as I can translate it): to nestle in the Divine. Not to try to understand, not to try to know — but to try to be... and to nestle. And I pass my time that way.

Not to “try”: one minute in this way (gesture of slight withdrawal) is enough, and time no longer counts. Very strange, I
experiment with all the small movements of life; well, when I nestle myself like this, when I stop thinking, simply the consciousness like this (gesture of going inward), all appears to be instantaneous. There is no time. When I am in the external consciousness (what I call “external” is a consciousness which sees the creation), then that takes time, more or less long according to the attention that is given. Then all, all appears... there is nothing that appears (how to say it?) absolute, in the sense of real — real, with a concrete reality — there is nothing that appears like that — except the unpleasant things in the body; then one is aware that it is imperfection. It is imperfection that makes it perceptible to the senses; otherwise it is like this (same gesture of going inward, nestled within the Lord). And “like that” the Power is tremendous, in the sense that... for example, in the case of some people an illness disappears (and in fact without my doing anything externally, without even my speaking to the person, nothing, nothing — cured), in the case of another who wants to leave... it is the end, it is tilting over to the other side. And so this other side has become at the same time altogether familiar and... absolutely unknown.

I remember a time when the memory of past lives, the memory of nightly activities was so concrete, this so-called invisible world was altogether concrete. Now... now all is like a dream — dream — all is like a dream veiling a Reality... a Reality... unknown and yet perceptible to the senses. I seem to be talking nonsense.

No, no!

Because the thing cannot be expressed.

You asked me the other day (your question has remained with me), you asked me: “When I am like that, silent and still, what is it that is there?”... It is just an attempt (I cannot say it is an aspiration, nor can I say it is an effort — it is the word urge in English): the truth as it is. And not trying to know it nor to
understand it; all that is altogether beside the point: to be — to be — to be (Mother has a smile full of sweetness).

(Silence)

So it is altogether strange: at the same time — at the same time — not the one in the other nor the one with the other, but the one and the other, at the same time (Mother holds the fingers of her right hand between those of the left): wonderful and frightful.... Life as it is, as we feel it in our ordinary consciousness, as it is for men, seems to be a thing... so frightful that you ask how one can live there even for a minute; and the other, at the same time: a wonder. A wonder of Light, of Consciousness, of Power — wonderful. Oh! Power! a Power!... And it is not the power of a person (Mother pinches the skin of her hand), it is something... it is something which is all... And then one cannot express oneself.

So, quite naturally, what is most interesting is to find That. Quite naturally when I have nothing to do... (Mother makes a gesture of going within and nestling within the Lord).

(Long silence)

Only Thou — that is all.

And it is quite evident that the creation has that as its goal, that wonderful delight... of feeling itself to be Thou.

(Mother ends with a smile.)