

21 July 1971

The body is becoming more and more conscious, but conscious in a very interesting manner.

For example?

For that one must mentalise, and I cannot.

(Silence)

I am beginning to know what is going to happen, what people are going to tell me, all that... how to explain?... It is as though I had become the circumstances, the people, the words, the...

The body is more and more conscious, but not in a mental way, not at all — but as... as things lived. I do not know how to explain. It is difficult to say... it is to feel (but, really, I do not know how to explain that) how in manifestation the human consciousness deforms the divine Action (*gesture of a direct flow*).... It is the constitution which is miserable. We belittle, we deform, we diminish *everything* — everything. We know the things, the Knowledge is there, around us, in us — and we are so complicated that we deform it. Everybody is like that.... So it is at the same time like a very precise sensation of all that has been organised from within by the Divine within, and as it comes out on the surface it gets deformed. Said thus it is senseless, but this is the nearest way to say it. This is our senseless way of saying a thing which is... so simple and so wonderful!... We are so perverted that we always choose what is deformed.

I do not know, even my words themselves are deforming the thing, but it is... something that I feel to be so simple, so luminous, so pure — so absolute. And then we make of it just what we see: a complicated, almost incomprehensible life.

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(*Silence*)

Well, I am there, and there is such a mass of circumstances, complexities, people... all, all, such a confusion; and then there is as though behind... it is not merely a Force, it is a *Consciousness-Force* — it is a Consciousness — and it is like... it is like a smile — a smile... a smile that knows everything. Yes, it is that. Then when I am quiet (*gesture of open hands*), it is as though there was nothing any more and all were wonderful. And then as soon as people begin to speak to me or as soon as I see someone, all the complexities come in — they make a mess of everything.

I am sure that it is the passage from this life to that Life.... When one will completely go over to that side, oh! all speculation will stop, all desire to explain, all desire to deduce, conclude, arrange — to all that there will be an end.... If one could ... be — *be*, simply be, be. But for us (I have noticed it), if we do not speak, if we do not think, if we do not decide, we believe we are outside life.... And then it is not always the same silence. The silence of the unspoken word, it is not that: it is the silence of the contemplation... that is dynamic. Silence of a dynamic contemplation. It is that.

Certainly it is the new mode of life that is preparing itself; therefore the other one must give place to it.

One may say: nothing knows — nowhere, no one — but there are those who aspire, (how to say it?) who have the will, the pull, the aspiration, the need to know — to know and to become — and then there are those who don't care a fig for such things... who live, eke out their small or big existence — be it as a head of state or as a sweeper, that makes no difference. It is the same thing, the vibrations are the same.