24 May 1969

It is difficult... in English one would say: it’s not a joke.... Everything, everything is getting disorganised, everything is getting disorganised. One sees very well, however, that the disorganisation is moving towards a higher organisation, that is to say, a widening, a liberation — that is true.... But nothing, nothing is going the ordinary way.

(Silence)

The body has reached a state of consciousness in which it knows that death may make a change, but not — it is not a disappearance (not a disappearance of the consciousness). And then, this idea that the vast majority of people have: the repose of death (Mother places her hand upon her mouth, as if before a mighty stupidity). Not even this consolation. For the majority of people it is the contrary of repose. And so there also, but in a way still more acute and intense: “The only, only, one hope is... Lord, Thou. To be Thou, may there be nothing but Thee, and may this separation, this difference disappear; it is monstrous! May it disappear, so that it be as Thou willest: Thyself in full activity, or Thyself in complete repose, it has no importance of any kind; either this way or that, it has no importance at all, no importance at all. What is important is to be Thou.”

This is the absolute certitude (Mother closes both her fists) that there is only one door of exit from all that, one only — only one, there are no two; there is no choice, not several possibilities but only one: it is... the supreme Door, the Marvel of Marvels. All the rest... all the rest, it is not possible.

And all that, it is the experience of this (Mother points to her body); it is not mental, it is altogether, altogether material.
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I am seeing, for the consciousness of people is open to me (there is no difference, it is altogether open), so I am seeing: in the vast majority, the vast majority, the idea, when things become truly painful: “Oh!” — there is always this sort of idea — “Oh, one day, it will all end.” What nonsense!

(Silence)

But why? Why?... From time to time the body becomes anxious: Why? Why, why all this, why? When it sees, when it is in contact with suffering, with people, with miseries and difficulties, why, why? Why... why?

Since this creation can become a wonder, one with the supreme Consciousness, why, why then was there the need of all that (Mother describes a circle coming back to the starting-point)?

From time to time, this happens to it.

In fact, evidently it is meaningless, for it serves no purpose — it is like that, it is like that. All the “why’s” will not prevent it from being like that. All that one has to do is to find out the means that it may no longer be so, that’s all.

(Silence)

I think always of Buddha and of all of them: they go to get dissolved in the Lord and then there will be nothing! (Mother holds her head within her hands.)

And then, in order to make their theory appear something like truth, they say (Mother laughs) that it is an “error”; they do not see the absurdity of their theory, as if the Supreme Lord could commit an error... and had only to repent and withdraw!

These people, all these people, the more they are convinced, the more one has the feeling that they have closed themselves off with blinkers.
But, in fact, your body is a symbol of the whole earth.

It looks like that.

So everything comes to you to get purified.

Yes, but that does not console me.

Yes, but I have the feeling that once a thing, whatever it is, has touched you, it cannot go back into the world the same as it was before.

It looks like that. Extraordinary things are happening all the time. All the time, at every minute I hear of things really extraordinary.

But that does not console it... it has no amour-propre.

Yes, but it serves some purpose.

Ah! Yes.

It purifies — it must purify the world.

It does not worry even about its purification... I do not know how to explain.... It is day and night, without break: “What Thou willest, O Lord, what Thou willest”... Yes, “willest”, not “wantest”, because it is not merely like this (gesture turned inward), it is also like this (gesture turned outward, spread out). “What Thou willest, what Thou wantest”, that’s all. Such is its perpetual status.

(Silence)

In any case (this, it is quite clear), the Consciousness which is at work to help it in its labour, has made it perfect-ly understand
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that to go away is not a solution. Even if before, it had a curiosity to know what it will be, this curiosity has gone; then the desire to stay on, that also has gone away long ago. The possible desire to go away, when that becomes a little... suffocating, that also has gone with the idea that it will change nothing at all. So, there is left only one thing for it, to perfect the acceptance. That’s all.