March 7, 1964

I told you last time that when I returned from the balcony on the 29th, it was as if in my concentration I said to the Lord, “Well, we’ll wait another four years.” That was the impression. And since then (today is the same day as the 29th, it was just a week ago), everything has been like this (quivering gesture in the atmosphere), like hosts of little promises — but promises that haven't come to fruition, in other words, it's always something that IS to come, something that IS to be, something that IS to be realized; something that's drawing near, but nothing tangible. And last night, when I awoke from my usual concentration (it's almost always at the same time: between midnight and half past midnight), I felt something special in the atmosphere, so immediately I let myself flow into it and made contact with it.

I noticed (I've known it for some time, but it was quite concrete this time) that in my rest, as soon as I am at rest, the body is completely identified with the material substance of the earth, that is to say, the experience of the material substance of the earth becomes its own — which may be expressed by all sorts of things (it depends on the day, on the occasion). I had known for a long time that it was no longer the individual consciousness; it isn't the collective consciousness of mankind: it's a terrestrial consciousness, meaning it also contains the material substance of the earth, including the unconscious substance. Because I have prayed a lot, concentrated a lot, aspired a lot for the transformation of the Inconscient (since it is the essential condition for the ‘thing’ to happen) — because of that there has been a kind of identification.

Last night it became a certainty.

And something began to descend — not ‘descend’: to manifest and permeate; permeate and fill this terrestrial consciousness. What a force it had! What a power! ... I had never felt that kind of intensity in the material world. A stability, a power! Everything in the sense of a power, everything in the sense of a thrust forward — a thrust forward: progress, evolution, transformation. Everything like that. As if everything, everything were filled with power of transformation — not ‘transformation’, not transmutation, I don't know how to explain it.... Not the final transformation that will change the appearance, not that: it was the ananda of progress. The ananda of progress, like the ananda of progress of the animal becoming man, of man becoming superman — it wasn't transformation, it wasn't what will respond to that progress: it was progress. And with a plenitude, a constancy, and NO RESISTANCE ANYWHERE: there was no panic anywhere, no resistance anywhere; everything was enthusiastically participating.

It lasted more than an hour.

And with the feeling that it was something unceasing,¹ but that the consciousness [of Mother] was only changing its position because of the necessities of the work. And this change of position took place in a few minutes, quickly enough, without the sense of losing the other experience; it simply remained there, behind, in order for the work to be done outwardly in a normal way, that is, without too abrupt a change. And the consciousness seemed to revert to a sort of superficial bark: it gave exactly the impression of something hard, rather inert, very artificial, extremely thin, dry, with just an artificial transcription of life.

¹ A few days later, on March 11, Mother added: “Since that time, it has been there every night — not with the same intensity, as if somewhat in the background, but as soon as I pay attention, I notice it's there. So it's going on.”
and that was the ordinary consciousness, the consciousness that makes you feel you are in a body.

For a very long time the body hasn't felt in the least separate — not in the least. There is even a sort of constant identification with the people around ... which at times is troublesome enough, but which I see as a means of action (of control and action). I'll give an example: on the 4th, the last time I saw you, the doctor left for America. He had his lunch here (I told you he was very moved); he was given a sort of little ceremony for his departure. He was sitting on the floor as usual, next to me (I was seated at the table, facing the light), and they served him his lunch; he turned towards me to receive the things. He was in a state of intense emotion (nothing apparent at all; the appearance was very quiet, he didn't say or do anything extraordinary, but inwardly ...). At one point I looked at him to encourage him to eat, and our eyes met.... Then there came into me from him such a violent emotion that I almost started sobbing, can you imagine! ... And it's always there, in the lower abdomen (really in the abdomen), that this identification with the outside world takes place. There (gesture above the heart center), it dominates; the identification is here (gesture to the abdomen), but the Force dominates (Mother holds up her head); while here (the abdomen), it seems to be still ... it's the lower vital, I mean the lower vital OF MATTER, the vital subdegree OF MATTER. It's on the way to transformation, this is where the work is being done materially. But all those emotions have rather unpleasant repercussions.... Even, when I looked at it in detail, I came to think that there must be something analogous in you; you must be open to certain currents of force in the lower vital, and those kinds of spasms which you get must be the result. So then, the solution — there is only one solution, because immediately I called, I put the Lord's Presence there (gesture to the abdomen), and I saw it was extremely CONTAGIOUS. Because I had received the vibrations, they had entered straight in without meeting any obstacles; so the response had a considerable contagious power — I saw it immediately: I stopped the doctor's vibrations; it took me a few minutes, and everything was back in order again. Then I understood that this opening, this contagion was kept as a means of action — it isn't pleasant for the body (!), but it's a means of action.

It's the same thing with that necessity of returning to the superficial consciousness. In the beginning, in the very beginning, when I identified myself with that pulsation of Love that creates the world, for many days I refused to resume entirely the ordinary, habitual consciousness (to which I was just referring: that sort of surface consciousness which is like bark), I no longer wanted it. That's why I was outwardly so helpless; in other words, I refused to make any decisions (Mother laughs), the others had to decide and do things for me! That's what convinced them that I was extremely ill!

Now I understand all this very well.

At any rate, last night's experience was decisive in that it coordinated all those scattered little promises, all those scattered little advances, and gave a TERRESTRIAL meaning to all those little things that came making a promise of progress here, a promise of consciousness there — all those promises have suddenly been coordinated within a sort of totality on the scale of the earth. I didn't feel it as something crushing in its immensity, not at all: it was still something dominated by my consciousness. A little thing (Mother holds up a ball in her hands), which my consciousness dominated but which was (for the moment) the exclusive object of my concentrations. And when I returned to the external consciousness (there was a moment when I had both consciousnesses at once), then I saw that the supposedly individual or personal consciousness, the consciousness of the body — of the body — was no more than a sort of convention necessary for maintaining contact. With the feeling that a step or two more — not many — will give THE Will (the supreme Will, that is) full power to act on this body.
It [this body] wasn't much more interesting or important than many other bodies — it didn't at all have the sense of its importance. Even, in the overall vision of the Work, its present imperfections were quite simply tolerated, even accepted, not because they are unavoidable, but because the amount of concentration and exclusive attention necessary to change them does not appear to be important enough to stop or reduce the general work. That's how it was ... there was a smile for lots of little things. Finally, as for 'the Thing' (the great thing from the 'artistic' point of view of the material appearance, great too from the point of view of public faith, which only goes by appearances, of course, and which will be convinced only when there is an obvious transformation), it appeared to be, for the moment, at any rate, something secondary and not urgent. But there was a fairly clear perception that soon (how can I put it?) the state of being or way of being (I think they say the 'modus vivendi') of the body, of this fragment of terrestrial Matter, could be altered, ruled, entirely driven by the direct Will. Because it was as if ALL the illusions had fallen away one after another, and every time an illusion disappeared it produced one of those little promises that came in succession, announcing something that would come about later. So that prepared the final realization.

When I got up this morning, I had the feeling that a corner had been turned. But not at all — oh, not at all! — a subjective thing, not at all: a corner has been turned FOR THE EARTH. It doesn't matter in the least if people aren't aware of it.  

(silence)

Amidst all that — that mass of experience — there was, standing out from the rest, the impression of the gorilla, of the fantastic power of progress that would turn him into a man.... It was very odd, it was an extraordinary physical power, with an intense joy of progress, of the thrust forward, and it made a kind of simian form moving forward towards man. And then it was like something repeating itself in the spiral of evolution: the same brute power, the same vital force (there's no comparison, of course, man has lost all that completely), the fantastic force of life that's found in those animals was coming back into the human consciousness and, probably, into the human form, BUT with all that has been brought by the evolution of Mind (a painful enough detour), and transformed into the light of a higher certitude and a higher peace.

And, you know, it wasn't a thing that came, diminished and came back again, it wasn't like that. It was ... an immensity, a full, solid, ESTABLISHED immensity. Not something that comes and presents itself to you to tell you, “This is how it will be,” it wasn't that — it was HERE.

And I didn't feel it went away: it's I who left it, or rather, to say things accurately, I was made to leave it in order to concentrate on this bark, for the necessities of the work.

But it hasn't gone — it's here.

This morning I noted the experience through the same process I told you I was using for revelation. I wanted to note exactly how the experience could be defined (Mother reads out a note):

“The penetration and permeation into material substance of the Ananda of the power of progress in Life.”

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2 On March 11, Mother again stressed: “The feeling has remained constant, and not only at night but in daytime: as soon as I step back a little, I feel it's there — the thing is there, it hasn't budged.”
It wasn't a permeation into the Mind: it was a permeation into Life — into Life, into the material, earthly substance, which had become alive. Even plants participated in last night's experience: it isn't something that was the privilege of the mental being, it's the whole vital substance (vitalized material substance) of the earth that received this ananda of the power of progress — it was triumphant. Triumphant.

And when I came back (it took me perhaps five or six minutes to come back), it was with a sort of quiet certainty that the return was a necessity, and that something else would occur thanks to which it won't be necessary to leave one state for the other (that's the trouble, we still have to leave one state for the other). It hasn't left, but it's in the background — it should be in the front.

And then I realized ... When I got up, I asked myself, “Am I again going to come up against all the same material drawbacks that come from this sort of ... not even contagion, of identification with the people and things around?” The slightest thing causes a reaction — there wasn't even one thought, you see [in the incident with the doctor], not one sensation — yet there was a disorder here (gesture to the abdomen).

Yes, I'm familiar with it.

Then one has to hold still, put the Force and ... Now, I am conscious of where it comes from, of what it is, of who it is (when it comes from someone), of all that. And the response can be perfectly conscious and willed. And when I restore order here (gesture to the abdomen), it restores order there, too.

This, in the realm of thought, is something that has been there for a very long time — very long, years and years: the shock that comes from outside exactly as if it were ... it's YOUR thought, but it comes from over there, it isn't actually here; and then the response. Since soon after the beginning of the century, this work has been going on. Afterwards, there was all the psychic work, in the same way (gesture of widening): the identification and the response. Then the vital work, which I began with Sri Aurobindo when we were staying over there [at the Guest House]; then the physical work, but there it's ... gropingly learning one's job. Now there is a sort of certainty (not absolute and constant, but not far away), a sort of certainty: you see, you come into contact with something, and then you know instantly what should be done and how it should be done; the vibration comes, meets a response, and goes back — and this is going on every minute, all the time.

A sort of assurance and confirmation came last night with that experience.

But we must be patient. And we mustn't think that we've reached the goal — we're still far from it! There is always the joy of the first step, the first step on the path: “Ah, what a lovely path!” (Mother laughs) ... We have to go right to the other end!

(silence)

It was luminous — luminous the whole time. That diamond-like sparkling turning into something much more compact, but less intense, that is, less bright — far more powerful. There was, above all, that sense of power: a power that can crush everything and rebuild everything. And in such an Ananda! But with nothing, absolutely nothing that had the slightest excitement, nothing of that bubbling which comes from the mind — the mind was like this (gesture, both hands open towards the Eternal), peaceful, peaceful, quiet, absolutely
quiet. And while the experience went on, I knew (because the consciousness above was watching it all), I knew that only when the flash — the dazzlingly intense flash of the mental transformation through the supramental descent — only when the Light, the burst of Light, joins the ananda of Power will there occur things that will be a bit ... indisputable.

Because in an experience of this type, only the one who has it can be sure. The effects are visible in tiny details that can be observed only by those who are already well-disposed, that is (to translate), by those who have faith — those who have faith can see. And I know that because they tell me: they see examples of those tiny miracles of every minute (they aren't ‘miracles’) multiply; they're everywhere, all the time, all the time — little facts, harmonies, realizations, concords ... all of which are quite unusual in this world of Disorder. But while the experience was there, I knew there would be another one, which is yet to come (God knows when!), and which would join with this one to form a third. And it is that junction that will then probably cause something to be changed in the appearances.

When will it come? I don't know. But we shouldn't be in a hurry.

Voilà.

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(Just before Satprem leaves, regarding the recent publication of “Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness” at the Ashram, and its distribution:)

... What I wanted was to set a date, to get the book published — I am not particularly keen that people [here at the Ashram] should read it! Because I have a feeling that after some time (now I understand better), when the atmosphere is quite ready, it will do a very useful work over there [in Europe], very useful.

France is a black hole in the atmosphere.

Atmospheres are very interesting.... Yet there is an IMMENSE possibility there. But it is buried, as it were.

There are far more possibilities there than in England.

There is a possibility in Russia, too, but of a different nature — mystic, a great mystic possibility there. When the mystic spirit awakens there ... It has been repressed, so ... (gesture of explosion).

It seems they have now allowed baptisms [in Russia]: they've made a special organization for people who want to be baptized! A special place, maybe a building, I don't know, where all those who want to can be baptized. It used to be done secretly — now it will be a State organization. So those people had made progress, they had emerged from all the superstitions of the past, and now here's their new ‘progress’: they fall back into the pit! They are taking up again the old burden of all the old superstitions....