

# *The War*

## 1

I have visited trains, each one bringing between five and six hundred wounded from the front. It is a moving sight, not so much because of all that these unfortunate men are suffering, but above all because of the noble manner in which most of them bear their sufferings. Their soul shines through their eyes, the slightest contact with the deeper forces awakens it. And from the intensity, the fullness of the powers of true love which could, in their presence, be manifested in perfect silence, it was easy to realise the value of their receptivity.

Then the mentality which takes pleasure in making constructions for realisation begins to imagine all that could be accomplished with the help of this receptivity. And scenes, both vast and complex, of possible realisations follow one after another, streaming endlessly in the splendour of their light and love.

Besides, at present, the smallest incident, the slightest contact with the outside world serves as a pretext for innumerable constructions which to the mentality appear vast, luminous, full of an intense life and a great power for realisation. They are like so many outer frames or forms of manifestation offered for the approval and the choice of That which wants to manifest — but at the side of the daring constructor stands the loving and docile child who, in an ardent aspiration towards the Supreme Principle of Truth, softly murmurs: “Lord, I am ignorant of Thy Will in its entirety, I construct events which are commensurate with my paltry individual limitations and which probably fit very badly into the immensity of Thy plan. But Thou knowest that they are nothing but fleeting constructions which are dissolved as soon as they are created and which in no way mar the purity of the mental mirror ready to reflect at each moment the appropriate transcription of what Thou willest the integral instrument to

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execute.” And then the whole being, in a vast and luminous and objectless ecstasy, ceases to be “a being” and becomes the Boundless. And in the silence of contemplation the mentality knows that all these diverse constructions which present themselves to it are part of a whole which will be given to it to manifest progressively, perhaps through the medium of several bodily instruments. And the simultaneous vision of That which is and that which is becoming takes hold of this consciousness and does not leave it for many hours, hours ever more frequent and lasting.

*12 May 1915*

## 2

The entire nervous plane seems to have swept down upon earth; but in its form of power, of force, it is localised in the area of combat.

Elsewhere, behind the lines or in the neutral countries, this plane has embodied itself mainly in its form of weakness, nervous tension, feverishness, impatience, unruly imagination, frittering away all energies for action. All those who are not fighting feel bereft of the tremendous power which is driving — sometimes to the point of literally maddening them — those who are fighting and killing each other.

All those who go into the war zone — a clearly defined zone from the point of view of the active influences and atmosphere — are seized, carried away, impersonalised in a formidable current, as impetuous as a raging ocean. They are disindividualised, as it were, reduced to an elemental state, to the state of natural forces which, like the wind, the storm or the waters, accomplish their earthly work, moved by a Will of which they are unconscious. They are no longer men but masses that move and act; and even the innumerable instances which seem to spring from courage, from individual heroism, are yet akin to the heroism of bees or ants — almost mechanical gestures, instinctive gestures

— induced in an isolated element by the collective consciousness of the genius of the race.

Discarding all mental constructions, sensing them to be poor and strengthless compared to the realising, destructive power at their command, they will be invincible instruments of the transforming Will; and until they have gone to the very end of their task nothing can possibly be attempted for future reconstructions.

At present these forces, for the major part at least, are closely linked to the divine Consciousness which is guiding their surging flood, directing the flow of their seemingly untamed and untamable torrent—indeed, because it is not subject to any mental guidance, they obey its impulsion: will they know how, will they be able to obey to the very end? Will they not let themselves be carried away by their own movement? Will not Kali, the longer she dances, lose control over her dance?...

All depends on the clarity with which the divine Will can be manifested upon earth; if it has been able in time to prepare for itself instruments which are sufficiently receptive and pure, instruments which are consciously immersed in its Essence while maintaining an effective contact with the active nervous power, then this monstrous and sublime outpouring of unbridled energies will yield its utmost results for the transformation of earth and man.

*Paris, 28 October 1915*