August 11, 1964

(About the Tantric guru announcing his coming visit:)

... He has sent me his usual message: it's a sort of picture with all the colors. You know that Tantrism attributes a value to each color; they make a sort of play of forces with all those colors, depending on what they want to say or express — they're lights, very brightly colored lights. It's very particular; the first time I saw that, it was connected with Tantrism. And the other day there came to me ... (in a slightly ironical tone) a very beautiful picture, this big (gesture: about six inches by twelve). So I knew it was coming from him and that he was happy!

*     *

(Soon afterwards)

There was an experience the night of the 8th, which lasted at least two hours by the clock, maybe more. An experience I had never had before. In fact, it wasn't at all the experience of a ‘person’, because I was very conscious of the return to the personal consciousness, and in a very interesting way: everything was felt as a diminishing. The return lasted nearly half an hour. It's inexpressible with words.

For two hours, it was the experience of Omnipotence — of THE LORD'S Omnipotence — for two hours, with all the decisions that were made then, that is to say, the expression of what was going to be translated in the earth consciousness. There was such a simplicity about it! Such obviousness — what we customarily call ‘natural’. So obvious, so simple, so natural, so spontaneous, without even the memory of what might be an effort — the constant effort you have to make in material life just to live, just to keep all those cells together.

The strange thing is that (I was very conscious, perfectly conscious; the ‘Witness’ consciousness is never canceled, but it isn't in the way) is that I knew, I saw (yet my eyes were closed, I was lying in my bed), I saw my body moving — it had movements of such a Rhythm! ... You see, every movement, every gesture, every finger, every attitude was a thing that was being realized. Then what I studied, what I saw during the half-hour that followed (with my eyes closed, seeing much more clearly than with my ordinary eyes) was the difference in the body — the difference in the body's movements between that moment [during the experience] and after [when Mother returned to the personal consciousness]. At that moment, the movements were ... it was creation! And with an EXACTNESS, a majesty! (Mother stretches out her arms and moves them slowly in a vast Rhythm.) I don't know what other people might have seen, I have no idea, but as for me, I saw myself; I saw especially the arms because it was the arms that acted: they were like the realizing intermediaries ... I don't know how to put it. But it was as vast as the world. It was the earth (it's always the earth consciousness), not the universe: the earth, the earth consciousness. But I was conscious then of the universe and of the action on the earth (both things), of the earth as a very small thing in the universe (Mother holds a small ball in her hands). I don't know, it's hard to say, but when it expressed itself, there was also the perception of the difference in vision between that moment [during the experience] and afterwards.... But all this is inexpressible. Yet it is an absolute knowledge — it's another way of knowing. Sri Aurobindo
explained this, that all mental knowledge is a seeking: you seek; while this knowledge has another quality, another flavor. And then the power of the Harmony is so wonderful! *(Mother again depicts a great Rhythm, her arms outstretched)* So wonderful, so spontaneous, so SIMPLE. And it stays there, as if it supported the entire world as it is; it is a kind of inner support of the world — the world leans on it.

But outwardly, that sort of film ... it's like a thin film of difficulties, of complications, added on by the human consciousness (it's much stronger with man than with the animal; the animal doesn't have that, very little — it has it more and more because of man, but very little; it's something specific to man and the mental function), it's something very thin — as thin as an onion skin, as dry as an onion skin — yet it spoils everything. It spoils everything ONLY FOR THE HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS. At the time [of the experience], it was unimportant. Unimportant, in the sense that it takes away all the Beauty, all the Power, all the Magnificence of the thing — for the human consciousness. For man, it is of paramount importance. But for the Action, it's almost negligible. Basically, it's rather that it makes it difficult for man to become conscious and PARTICIPATE; otherwise, my feeling is that truly the time has come for things to get done: that experience was a NEW descent, that is, something new entering the terrestrial manifestation; it wasn't that I became conscious of how the world is: I WAS the Lord's Will coming into the world to change it. That's what it was. And that action was only very slightly affected (assuming it was affected at all) by that stupid 'onion skin' of human mentality.

In fact, that was the interesting point: when you come back to the other side (it's not even 'coming back to the other side', it's a curious thing that happens ..), I remember, when I became conscious again of this body, its gestures had become dry, sterile, thin — stupid. And yet it was still in an intense Bliss and a total self-giving: it was at the height of its joy; and yet what it was doing, its appearance, oh, it all seemed so silly!

Those oppositions are really what gives the consciousness an interesting knowledge. Because I have a feeling that that Action wasn't at all limited to the moment when the consciousness that acts here took part in it: it's going on all the time. If for just a second *(gesture of interiorization)* I stop speaking or acting, I feel that golden Glory behind — 'behind', it's not behind, not within, it's ... supporting everything — it is there. But in that experience, I was given two hours of TOTAL participation: there was nothing left but That, nothing existed anymore but That. And all the cells were given an unforgettable joy: they had become That.

What I don't know is, if someone had been looking, what would he have seen? I don't know.

Anyhow, the work is being done very fast. This is truly what Sri Aurobindo called “the Hour of God”: it's being done very fast.

*(silence)*

I remember, the very day when Janina\(^1\) died (she died around 6 in the morning, I think), around 4 in the morning, something made me suddenly take interest in this question: What will the new form be like? What will it be? I was looking at man and at the animal, and then I saw that there would be a far greater difference between man and the new form than between man and the animal. I began to see certain things, and it so happened that Janina was there (in her thought, but a material enough and very concrete thought). It was very interesting (it lasted a long time, nearly two hours), because I saw all the timidity of human conceptions,

\(^1\) A woman disciple of Polish origin, who was a painter.
while she had made contact with something: it wasn't an idea but a sort of contact [with a future reality]. And I had the sense of a more plastic Matter, more full of Light, much more directly responsive to the Will (the higher Will), and with such a plasticity that it could respond to the Will by taking on variable and changing forms. And I saw some of her own forms, forms that she conceived (rather like those beings who don't have a body as we do, but have hands and feet when they will it, a head when they will it, luminous clothes when they will it — things of that sort), I saw that, and I remember I was congratulating her; I told her, “Yours was a partial but partially very clear perception of one of the forms the new Manifestation will take.” And she was very happy; I told her, “You see, you have fully worked for the future.” And then, suddenly, I saw a sapphire blue light, pale, very luminous, with something like the shape of a flame (with a rather broad base), and there was a kind of flash — pfft! — and it was gone. She wasn't there anymore. I thought, “Well, that's odd!” An hour later (I saw that around 6 A.M.; all the rest had lasted about two hours), they told me she was dead. Which means she spent the last moments of her life with me, and then, from me, pfft! went off towards ... a life elsewhere.

It was very abrupt. She was so happy, you know, I told her, “How well you have worked for the future!” And all of a sudden, a sort of flash (a sapphire blue light, pale, very luminous, with the shape of a flame and a rather broad base), pfft! she was gone. And that was just the time when she died.

It's one of the most interesting departures I have seen — fully conscious. And so happy to have participated! ... I myself didn't know why I was telling her, “Yes, you have truly participated in the work for the future, you have put the earth in contact with one of the forms of the new Manifestation.”

(silence)

Do you have anything to say?

(long silence)

I would like to be more conscious.

Of course!

But mon petit, all these experiences are quite recent for me. I was just looking at that (it was yesterday): for some reason or other, on some occasion or other, I was put in contact with certain things that I knew and saw and said just two years ago — it seemed to me to be cycles ago! I remember reading a sentence I had written ... I felt as if it had been written in another life! Yet I am twice your age, no? More than that. How old are you?

Forty – forty-one!

That's right, more than twice your age. When I was forty, I didn't know all that you have written here (Mother points to the American edition of “The Adventure of Consciousness”). True, I had experiences, but as for knowing what you know, certainly not!

But it's not I who know!
It's never been I who did! That's just the point. Only, according to the instrument ... That's what I said: if you take a piano that has three keys, you can't do anything; the keys have to be developed.

Yes, but what surprises me is that I am not conscious — not at all conscious.

Not conscious? Not conscious of what?

... Of what I am, of what I do. I tell you, I am not conscious of what's going on, of the progress I may or may not be making.

That's quite secondary.

But still, at night, for example, I don't see anything.

You told me something you had seen. You told me something very interesting, I don't remember now....

??

I think you have in a corner of your being ... what I could call a grumbler. I became aware of that — not particularly for you, but as one of the manifestations of that ‘onion skin’ I mentioned just a moment ago (!) Some people in that way are grumblers, for them everything is an occasion to grumble and complain. It's very interesting, you know, because owing to the work I am doing, all those ways of being or reacting are taking place WITHIN me, and I catch myself being like this, being like that, doing this, doing that, being there — all the things one shouldn't be! Everything comes to me in that form: as if it took place within me. I'll catch myself being like that and I'll say, “What!”... Some time ago, I was haunted by this for a long while: something which always sees the bad side of things, the difficulty, which even foresees the difficulty, which is in contact with all that protests, complains and grumbles — I saw that very strongly. Then I started to work and work on it; and when I set to work, there is a sort of awareness that comes to me of the different places or elements where the same thing is: it shows itself very clearly, so then I can do something. But you know, it's an incalculable work of every minute, and for a considerable number of people! Quite a lot. The larger part of the work is impersonal, in the sense that I don't know to whom it's going or what, but it is often as an illustration (you know, like when you tell a story to make an idea better understood; they are illustrations to make me understand the work better), then I see in everyone the different ways of being and reacting. But it's so incalculable in the perception, so constant, that it's very hard to express — I would have to say lots of things at the same time, which is impossible.

No, but there's obviously a link missing between something I sense in the background and something I am here.
There is a part of your being (not far: it isn't something very far away, it's very close), a part of your being which is on the contrary extremely conscious and LUMINOUSLY conscious, and not only conscious but responsive: it receives and responds — it vibrates. I can see very clearly that you aren't conscious of it — oh, in the first place, you wouldn't be pulling that sour face, you'd be laughing all the time if you were conscious of it! Because it's very luminous and golden, very joyful. It's just about the opposite of the grumbler! But it isn't far away! It isn't miles away: it's there. But there is a sort of thin film. It's an ‘onion skin’: all our difficulties are onion skins. An onion skin, you know: it's terribly thin, but nothing can get through. We have to be patient. You can't imagine how, as you go forward and as all that Consciousness, in fact, grows more and more alive, true and constant, how at first you feel you are a rotten bundle of insincerity, hypocrisy, lack of faith, doubt, stupidity. Because as (how can I explain?...) as the balance changes between the parts of the being and as the luminous part increases, the rest grows more and more inadequate and intolerable. Then you are really utterly disgusted (there was a time when it used to hurt me, long ago — not so long ago, but anyway long enough, a few years ago), and more and more there is the movement (a very spontaneous and simple movement, very complete): “I can't do anything about it. It's impossible, I can't, it's such a colossal work that it's impossible — Lord, do it for me.” And when you do this with the simplicity of a child (gesture of offering), really like this, you know, really convinced that you cannot do it. “It's not possible, I'll never be able to do it — do it for me,” it's wonderful! ... Oh, He does it, mon petit, you're dumbfounded afterwards: “How come! ...” There are lots of things that ... prrt! vanish and never come back again — finished. After a time, you wonder, “How can that be?! It was there....” Just like that, prrt! in a second.

But as long as there is personal effort, it's ... oof! it's like the man who rolls his barrel uphill, and down it rolls again every minute.

But it must be spontaneous, not as a calculation, it mustn't be done with the idea, “It's going to work.” It must truly be done with the sense of your complete helplessness and of the very formidable dimension of the task that ... “Oh, please do it Yourself; I can't — it's not possible.”

Of course, very philosophical or learned people will pity you, but personally I don't care! I don't care. I am not a philosopher, I am not a scholar, I am not a savant, and I declare it very loudly: neither a philosopher nor a scholar nor a savant. And no pretension. Nor a littérateur, nor an artist — I am nothing at all. I am truly convinced of this. And it's absolutely unimportant — that's perfection for human beings.

There is no greater joy than to know that you can do nothing and are absolutely helpless, that you're not the one who does, and that what little is done — little or big, it doesn't matter — is done by the Lord; and the responsibility is fully His. That makes you happy. With that, you are happy.

Voilà.

But there is one thing you must know. I am surrounded with people, even people who are considered great yogis — it's only with you that I can talk. So this isn't to make you inflate (!), it's simply to tell you that there is obviously something there that can receive. And if you have that trust, the trust that THERE IS something and IT IS for this something that you are here, then all will be well.

It's a question of adjustment (gesture of connection).

There's no need to be in a hurry — no need to be in a hurry, no need to be impatient; there's no use. No use in being impatient, it only makes the heart go sour — perfectly useless.
When the time has come, it will have come; when the Lord wants it, He will want it: it will be, and that's that. We always worry too much - or rather, all our worries are an onion skin over His work.