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Mother reads from *The Synthesis of Yoga*, “Self-Consecration”.

Sweet Mother, what is “an all-receiving concentration that is the very nature of the integral Yoga”?

An all-receiving concentration?

No — a concentration which is open to all that exists; it is a concentration which does not oppose anything. It is a concentration which is open. It means that one must not reject certain things from himself and practise an exclusive concentration on a particular point while neglecting all the others. All the possibilities should be admitted and pursued.

Here it is written: “Our one objective must be the Divine himself to whom, knowingly or unknowingly, something always aspires in our secret nature.”

What is this something which aspires, Sweet Mother?

It is a part of the being which is not always the same in everyone, and which is instinctively open to the influence of the psychic.

There is always one part — sometimes indeed quite veiled, of which we are not conscious — something in the being which is turned to the psychic and receiving its influence. This is the intermediary between the psychic consciousness and the external consciousness.

It is not the same thing in everyone; in each one it is different. It is the point in his nature or character through which he can touch the psychic and where he can receive the psychic influence. It depends upon people; for each one it is different; everyone has a point like this.

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You may also feel that there are certain things which suddenly push you, lift you above yourself, open a kind of door upon something greater. It can be many things; and it depends upon each one's nature. It's the part of the being which enthuses over something; it is this capacity for enthusiasm.

There are two principal things. This, the capacity for enthusiasm which makes one come out of his greater or lesser inertia in order to throw himself more or less totally into the thing which rouses him. As for instance, the artist for his art, the scientist for his science. And in general, every person who creates or builds has an opening, the opening of a special faculty, a special possibility, creating an enthusiasm in him. When this is active, something in the being awakens, and there is a participation of almost the whole being in the thing done.

There is this. And then there are those who have an innate faculty of gratitude, those who have an ardent need to respond, respond with warmth, devotion, joy, to something which they feel like a marvel hidden behind the whole of life, behind the tiniest little element, the least little event of life, who feel this sovereign beauty or infinite Grace which is behind all things.

I knew people who had no knowledge, so to say, of anything, who were hardly educated, whose minds were altogether of the ordinary kind, and who had in them this capacity of gratitude, of warmth, which gives itself, understands and is thankful.

Well, for them, the contact with the psychic was very frequent, almost constant and, to the extent that they were capable of it, conscious—not very conscious but a little—in the sense that they felt that they were carried, helped, uplifted above themselves.

These two things prepare people the most. They are born with one or the other; and if they take the trouble, it develops gradually, it increases.

We say: the capacity for enthusiasm, something which throws you out of your miserable and mean little ego; and the

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generous gratitude, the generosity of the gratitude which also flings itself in thanksgiving out of the little ego. These are the two most powerful levers to enter into contact with the Divine in one's psychic being. This serves as a link with the psychic being — the surest link.

(*Silence*)

That's all?

Sweet Mother, does something aspire even in the most nasty people?

In the most nasty people?... yes, my child — even in the Asuras, even in the Adversaries, even in the monsters, there is something.

There is always a corner, a kind of rift, a sensitive point, which is usually called a weakness. But this actually is the strength of the being, the point by which it can be touched.

For even in the most obscure and misled beings, even in those whose conscious will is to fight against the Divine, in spite of themselves, in spite of everything, their origin is divine. And they work in vain, try in vain to cut themselves off from their origin; they cannot do it. Deliberately, consciously, they try all they can; but they know very well they cannot do it. Even the most monstrous being there is always a means to touch.

The Divine, the Divine's action in the world, always acts as a limit to the excess of evil, and at the same time gives an unlimited power to the good. And it is this unlimited power of the good which, externally, in the manifestation, serves as a limit to the spreading of evil.

Naturally, to the very limited vision of human beings it seems sometimes that evil has no limits and that it goes to its extreme. But this extreme itself is a limit. There is always a halt, because there is a point where the Divine rises up and says, "You won't go any farther." Whether it be the great destructions of

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Nature or men's monstrosities, there is *always* a moment when the Divine intervenes and prevents things from going farther.

(*Long silence*)

Sweet Mother, do those who have this aspiration without knowing it also progress without knowing it?

Yes — yes.

Then everybody is progressing, always, isn't that so?

In a certain way, yes. Only it may not be apparent in one lifetime, because when there is no conscious participation of the being, the movement is relatively slow, even relative to the short duration of human life. And so it is quite possible, for example, that at the moment of death a being seems not to have progressed, and even sometimes it seems to have been going backwards, to have lost what it had at the beginning of its life. But if we take the great life-curve of its psychic being through many lives, there is always a progress. Each experience it had in one of its physical lifetimes helps it to make some progress. But it is the psychic being which always progresses.

The physical being, in the state in which it is at present — well, having reached a certain point of ascent, it comes down again. There are elements which may not come down again grossly; but still it does come down, one can't deny it.

The vital being — not necessarily, nor the mental being. The vital being, if it knows how to get connected with the universal force, can very easily have no retrogression; it can continue to ascend. And the mental being, it's absolutely certain, is completely free from all degeneration if it continues to develop normally. So these always make progress so long as they remain co-ordinated and under the influence of the psychic.

It is only the physical being which grows and decomposes.

But this comes from its lack of plasticity and receptivity and by its very nature; it is not inevitable. Therefore there is room to think that at a given moment, as the physical consciousness itself progresses consciously and deliberately, well, to a certain extent and increasingly the body itself will be able, first to resist decay — which, obviously, must be the first movement — and then gradually begin to grow in inner perfection till it overcomes the forces of decomposition.

But truly speaking, it's the only thing which for the moment does not progress. Everything else is progressing.

But this substance *itself* — that is, this material physical substance which forms it constitutes an organism which lives for a certain length of time in a given form and then this form declines and dissolves — the substance itself constituting these successive forms progresses through all these forms. That is, the molecular, cellular substance — perhaps even the cellular — the molecular and atomic, is progressing in its capacity to express the divine Force and Consciousness. Through all these organisms this substance becomes more and more conscious, more and more luminous, more and more receptive, until it reaches a perfection sufficient for it to become a possible vehicle for the divine Force itself which will be able to use it as it uses the elements of the other parts of the creation, like the mind or the vital.

And at that moment the physical substance will be ready to manifest in the world the new Consciousness, new Light, new Will. Through all the centuries, through countless lives, passing through innumerable organisms, using countless experiences it, so to speak, becomes refined; it is prepared, and becomes more and more receptive and open to the divine Forces.

So, a man as a momentary individual being may not appear to progress. But the progress is continued through him, as through all organisms.

(*Silence*)

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(To a child) You seem to think that it is not very consoling!

All the same it is a consolation, because, in fact, it is only for each individual being to precipitate the movement of progress by working consciously at it. That freedom is given to everyone, so one has only to profit by it.

There is no ineluctable law preventing anybody from participating consciously in the universal progress. This freedom is given to him.

Nothing?... No questions, then?...

No more questions?... Nothing?... Nothing more?... (To a child) Or you have something to ask?

Sweet Mother, when one sees in one's dream a white snake with two heads, what does it signify?

It depends on the context.

It is difficult to say. Logically it should mean purified energy.

Two heads; it depends on the context, that means, the circumstances in which one sees, what has happened before, what happens at that time and what happens afterwards. If it is just a snake like that, with two heads...

It was in this room, Sweet Mother. I don't know who was there, but in Gauri's drawer, here, there was the snake, and as soon as I opened it, it came out. Then you took it by the tail, and it bit you — but that did nothing. Then you let it go out by the other window.

It was white?

Yes.

And had two heads?

Yes.

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(*Silence*)

You are sure that it bit me?

I don't know.

Still, you remember it like that.

Yes.

In which drawer?

Here, Sweet Mother, where you keep the flowers.

In the box?

Yes.

(*Silence*)

I threw it out?

Not threw it, but you let it go out from there. You put it on the window and it went out.

Absolutely white?

I think so.

The eyes? You didn't see them?

I don't know.

When did this happen?

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Two or three days ago, I think.

Good.

So, meditation?

(*Meditation*)