

1972-1973:
A New Condition in Matter

A new world is trying to be born into this world.

The Power-Drill

It's becoming terrible.

A Force, a kind of awesome Pressure to compel the necessary progress.

I feel it in myself, in my body. But my body isn't afraid, It says, "If I must finish, I'll be finished."

That's how it is at every instant: The truth . . . or the end.

It feels something like: no half measures, no compromises, no halfways.

That's how it is for the body. Every instant is imperative: Life or death.

We have spent centuries being neither too uncomfortable nor too comfortable. Well, that time is over. The body knows this is necessary for the supramental body to come into being: It must be *entirely* under the Influence of the Divine.

No compromises, no half measures, no "It will be for later." Only this: a dreadful Will. That's the only way for things to go fast.

There is this constant feeling of hovering between life and death, and the minute one takes the right attitude – the minute

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the *part concerned* takes the right attitude – all becomes well quite naturally and easily.

But it's also terrible because it means perpetual danger. Perhaps a hundred times a day, a sensation in the cells like: life or dissolution. And if they contract, as is their natural tendency, it gets awful. But they're learning to . . . relax and surrender.

I have had hundreds of experiences showing that the minute one takes the true attitude, it is *done*. It is *we* who prevent it from being done, as if our personal control over things prevented the action of the Force.

I think the subconscious is convinced that if it doesn't keep control, everything will go awry. It's the subconscious that says, "Oh, I must watch over this, I must be careful about that." There are incredible things in the subconscious. I spend entire nights watching them.

But it's as if the Force I mentioned before wanted to go like a power-drill, deeper and deeper into the subconscious. It goes down and down and down . . . *imperatively*. And the human subconscious cries out, "Oh, not yet, please, not yet – not so fast!"

That's what we are up against: A general subconscious.

It is strange how human nature resists. Ordinary human nature is such that it prefers defeat on its own terms to victory in another way. Human stupidity is abysmal.

Naturally, the resistance brings about catastrophes, which then enable people to say, "You see? You see your kindly action? It is only causing catastrophes."

They are unbelievably stupid.

The resistance has such wonderful reasoning! "You see," it says, "where all this is leading you!"

Oh, it's more than a resistance! It is perverse.

The Subconscious

I think the body has begun to understand, but there are still some old habits, some semiconscious reactions.

To me, if the body had truly understood, it would become younger – not “younger,” but conscious. Instead of founding its base in the subconscious as everybody else, it would found it in consciousness.

It is beginning to do it. It wants to; it strives, but some old habits still remain. Almost no spontaneous reactions are left of the kind that come from the subconscious – but still a few . . . still far too many. The body fights all it can to accept only the suggestions from the Divine, but there’s still an influence.

Whenever I protest or complain about this condition, I am “told” that all these things coming to me from all directions are there for me to act upon them, for *That* to act upon the world. All this material uprising from below, from the subconscious, comes to be offered Above.

The work is not done just for this body, but for all those who are receptive. Which means that I have nothing to say, and everything is perfectly all right.

At bottom, it’s the subconscious that needs to be transformed. The subconscious is chock-full of defeatism – the first reaction is always defeatist. It is a mass of defeatism that keeps rising to the surface. It’s positively disgusting.

We absolutely need to change that condition for the new race to emerge. We must be categorical and fearless in our determination to clarify the subconscious. For a fantastic energy is hampered by that foul quagmire.

We are the Divine who has forgotten Himself. And our task is to reestablish the connection. Call it anything you like, it doesn’t matter. It’s the Perfection, the Power, the Knowledge we must become.

That’s the aspiration we must have.

We must get out of this quagmire, this stupidity, this unconsciousness, this disgusting defeatism that crushes us because we allow ourselves to be crushed.

We fear for our body's life as if it were precious, because we want to stay conscious. But then, let us unite with the Supreme Consciousness, and we'll stay conscious forever!

I could put it this way: we unite our consciousness with that which is perishable and we're afraid to perish! I say, let's unite our consciousness with the eternal Consciousness and we will enjoy eternal consciousness.

How stupid can one be!

We must, we must put this being at the service of the Divine. With faith, absolute faith: Whatever happens is what the Divine wants to see happen.

I say "Divine" because I know what I mean by that word. I mean supreme Knowledge, supreme Beauty, supreme Goodness, supreme Will – all that must be manifested in order to express . . . what must be expressed.

We are disgusted with the world as it is – and we have the *power* to change it.

But we are such fools that we can't bring ourselves to abdicate our silly little personality to let the Marvel unfold.

And that's all accumulated in the subconscious: Everything we have rejected is there, and now it must be brought in contact with the transforming Force so that this unconsciousness may come to an end.

Building the Supramental Consciousness

The purpose of this body is now simply to be at the Command and the Will of the Lord, so it can accomplish as much groundwork as possible.

But it isn't the Goal at all.

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For we don't have the slightest idea of what the supramental life is. Therefore, we don't know if this body, this flesh, can change enough to adapt itself or not – and to tell the truth, I am not worried about it. It's not something that preoccupies me too much. The body's capacities will change before its appearance changes; the appearance always changes last.

What really matters is how the Consciousness can use this body.

The problem that concerns me is building that supramental consciousness so *it* becomes the being. That's what's important. The rest would be like worrying over a change of clothing.

To do that, all the consciousness contained in all these cells must aggregate, organize, and form itself into a conscious, independent entity capable of being conscious of matter as well as of the Supramental. That's what is being done.

How far will we be able to go? I don't know.

I feel that if I last until my hundredth birthday, that is, another six years, much will be accomplished. Something significant and decisive will be attained. I am not saying that the body will become transformed (I have no such signs), but the physical, material consciousness will become "supramentalized."

It's not that I will become "young" again; it's a different type of capacity that will develop and use this body.

Will it transform it? Or will it use it for another purpose? That I don't know.

That's the work now in progress. And that's what's important.

The New World in the Making

There's this golden Force pressing down on matter.

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It has no material substantiality, yet it feels terribly heavy.

It presses down on matter to compel it to turn *inwardly* toward the Divine – not an external flight above, but an inner turning toward the Divine.

The apparent outcome seems to be inevitable catastrophes. But along with this sense of inevitable catastrophe, there come solutions to situations or events that are simply miraculous. As if both extremes were becoming more extreme: The good is getting better and the bad, worse.

Even in life circumstances, many things otherwise indifferent are becoming suddenly acute – acute situations, acute differences, acute ill wills – and on the other hand singular miracles take place. People on the verge of death are saved; inextricable situations are suddenly unraveled.

The same applies to people. Those who know how to *sincerely* call upon the Divine, who feel it's the only salvation, the only way out, and who sincerely offer themselves, see their circumstances become a marvel within a few minutes, whether it concerns something small and unimportant or something big and important.

It gives a measure of the change brought about in the world by the supramental Manifestation.

Things that were insignificant are becoming categorical: A small mistake becomes critical in its consequences, while a little sincerity, a true little aspiration becomes miraculous in its results. The values are intensified in people. Even materially, the least little error has huge consequences, while the slightest sincerity of aspiration has extraordinary results.

Truly the Power is *in* the world, a new and stupendous Power that has come into the world to help manifest the divine Almightyness.

Through careful observation and attention, I have come to this conclusion that what we call the "Supramental," for lack of a better word, is actually making the creation more receptive to the higher Power, making matter more receptive and responsive to the Force.

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At present, whatever is invisible or imperceptible is unreal to human beings in general. We call certain things “concrete” while others are not. But this Power, which is *not material*, is becoming more concretely effective on earth than material things.

I have the feeling that when this Force is guided by what we call the “Divine,” it has a *real* power – the power to move matter, for instance. It can cause a *material* accident, or save from a material accident. It can cancel the consequences of an absolutely material event.

It is stronger than matter.

This is the totally new and incomprehensible fact.

And it causes a sort of panic in the ordinary human consciousness.

That’s it. It seems that things are no longer what they were. There’s really something new – things are *no longer* what they were.

All our common sense, our human logic, our practical sense – all that has collapsed and is finished! It’s no longer effective, no longer realistic, no longer relevant.

Really a new world.

Whenever a part of the body has trouble adjusting to this new Power, it causes difficulties, disorders, and illnesses. Yet in a flash one senses that if one could be totally receptive, one would become prodigious.

That’s my sensation. If the entire consciousness, the entire most material consciousness were receptive to this new Power . . . one would become prodigious.

But there is this one essential requirement: the reign of the ego must come to an end. The ego is now the obstacle.

The ego must be replaced by the divine consciousness – what I personally call divine consciousness. Sri Aurobindo called it “supramental,” so we can call it supramental to avoid confusion, because as soon as we say “Divine,” people start thinking of a “God” and that spoils everything.

It isn't like that at all. It is the descent of the supramental world, which is not mere imagination, but an *absolutely* material Power – with no need for any material means.

A New World is trying to be born into this world.

What in terms of human common sense would say, “This is impossible; it's never been done before” is now over. This stupidity is over. It's become meaningless. Now we could say: it is possible *because* it has never been before.

This is the New World and this is the new Consciousness and this is the new Power.

It is possible and it will be more and more manifest *because* it is the New World, *because* it has never been before.

Irresistible Power and the Void

It is strange how both extremes coexist for the individual.

The individual being feels like a complete cipher, a thing with no strength, no force, no power of decision of any kind. Yet, at the same time, through that individuality a *tremendous* action is accomplished! Both collective and individual actions take place unexpectedly, and they seem absolutely miraculous, because they are overpowering.

It is the *concrete* and simultaneous experience of a tremendous Power and of a total impotence.

I have never had such a feeling of nothingness. I am nothing. The mind is gone. And what an extraordinary blessing it is! But from the ordinary, external standpoint, I seem to have become an utter imbecile.

Yet, simultaneously, there's this vision, this perception of an absolutely irresistible Force – as if the individual had to become nonexistent *first* in order to be a real instrument. I perceive a Power acting so formidably through this void! Including on a collective scale: Winning victories, destroying certain things.

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The old methods, the methods that even yesterday were effective and powerful, seem nonexistent. But when that Force comes, I concretely feel (I have factual proofs) that a simple expression of the will, or even a simple vision, produces overpowering material results. Some people on their deathbeds are returned to life; circumstances that appeared inextricable find marvelous solutions. People speak of miracles.

It isn't miraculous to me. It's as simple as lowering a finger. And it's irresistible – irresistible and new in the world. No longer the old method, no longer a mental concentration or a mental vision – just an overwhelming fact.

When I rest, I don't sleep; I consciously enter that supra-mental activity, and I see myself doing things with such fabulous power!

When I speak, I am forced to use the pronoun "I," but it corresponds to nothing. It's Consciousness – a consciousness that has knowledge and power. Not a person, but a consciousness that knows and acts. And which uses this body to keep a connection with people.

Sometimes, I feel like a puppet whose sole purpose is to maintain the contact with people. I feel very strong – and almost nonexistent. Both extremes together.

I must really look stupid.

But there, in that immensity, it's clear, luminous, strong, and vast. And it is *physical* – that's the amazing thing!

Before, I used to withdraw into an inner state of being (I have known and experienced them all throughout my life), but all that is completely finished.

It's as if the physical world had become double.

Naturally, to the ordinary eye, I remain an old woman sitting in a chair and unable to move freely. Although, at times, I feel that if I stood up, I could walk perfectly well. But something tells me, "Patience, patience, patience."

A Superhuman Power

It is so incredible.

A fabulous power (I feel I could do *anything* simply by squeezing my hand), and at the same time I know nothing, understand nothing.

My memory is gone. There's nothing left in my head. Some decisions are made through consciousness, but as soon as they are uttered or implemented, they're gone. I remember nothing, except one thing in a thousand.

It sounds strange, but all the daily ordinary occupations – getting up, going to bed, taking a bath, “trying” to eat (which is rather in vain) – are performed with a feeling that they can be an occasion of death, yet *at the same time* there's a feeling of immortality.

It's indescribable.

Both opposites (they are only opposite in our language) are there simultaneously.

It sounds utterly absurd, but it's as if this consciousness here were conscious of the divine decisions.

The least trifle could be an occasion to leave the body if the Divine decided that the body has to go, yet the least moment can also bring the feeling of immortality if the Divine decides that one should have the feeling of immortality.

All appearances are illusions.

There's something . . . something, which for me is becoming increasingly concrete and powerful: the Lord's Will.

This conscious will is not like ours, but all embracing – inexpressible, unlike anything we know. And it is a formidable will – formidable in the sense that all appearances, all contradictions, all human wills amount to zero.

That alone prevails. And *That* is what I feel flowing through me, as if I were bathed in it.

There's nothing left in my head. It's empty, empty, completely empty. There isn't any “I.” It's almost like an empty shell.

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Yet there is this formidable, all-embracing Force. . . .

As if a superhuman Power were trying to manifest through thousands of years of impotence.

That's it. This body is made of thousands of years of impotence. And a superhuman Power is exerting a pressure to manifest through it.

What will be the outcome? I don't know.

By Any Means

Everything is organized down to the minutest detail, but it's not planned as we know in our ordinary consciousness.

The Force simply *presses* down and produces the necessary result. I could almost say: by any means whatsoever – any means necessary.

It is a Force that is *pressing* down upon the earth and making people do the most improbable things, those that seem the worst as well as the best, just to obtain the necessary result.

Yesterday afternoon, for instance, I vomited. But I wasn't sick. I don't know how to explain it. The way to take food had to change. I mean, this happened to make me understand the attitude I have to have in taking food. I wasn't sick, but it was *as if* I were sick. It was just meant as an object lesson, as it were, to make me understand the attitude with which to eat. If I hadn't vomited, I wouldn't have paid attention.

Another example concerns the people around me. They need to take certain precautions with me, to have a certain behavior toward me. And in order to do so, they need to think and believe certain things, otherwise they wouldn't do it.

That's how things happen, quite naturally.

Vibrations . . . vibrations transmitting the Divine without distortion – that's what is needed.

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Depending on circumstances and people, it takes one form or another. But the Action is evident.

The ego's authority is increasingly disappearing, with a total assent, one that doesn't even need to understand. We always want to understand in the old mental way.

There's *no need* to understand.

Under that Pressure, the remnants of the ego's authority should disappear and be replaced by this receptivity and acceptance: To be impelled exclusively by the Divine.

This, instead of the ego.

Perhaps fifty times a day, I have the feeling of being a little baby completely wrapped in and tossed about by the divine forces! Naturally, it isn't completely transparent. There remain old patterns of the ego's rule over the body that cause grating and friction, but otherwise it's just like a baby!

The Consciousness of Immortality

I have a feeling I am becoming another person.

Not just that: I am entering another world, another way of being . . . which might be called a dangerous way of being (in terms of the ordinary consciousness).

Dangerous, but wonderful.

How to express it?

First, the body's subconscious is in the process of changing. That is long, arduous and painful, but marvelous as well.

More and more, the body feels that faith alone can save. Knowledge is not yet possible, so only faith can save. But "faith can save" still sounds like an old way of speaking.

How to say it?

The feeling that the relation between what we call "life" and what we call "death" is becoming increasingly different.

Not that death disappears (death as we see it and know it, in relation to life as we know it). *Both* are changing into

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something we don't yet know, something that seems at once extremely dangerous and absolutely marvelous. Dangerous, for the least mistake can have catastrophic consequences.

And yet marvelous.

Actually, it is the true consciousness of immortality. But not "immortality" as we understand it. Something else.

Our natural tendency is to want certain things to be true (those we deem favorable) and other things to disappear.

But that's not it!

Everything is different.

A More Substantial Reality

There's absolutely nothing here, in my head, except silence.

When I am perfectly still and quiet, turned upward, a whole world of things get done, organized, or straightened out. It all takes place above.

But it's another kind of reality, a more *substantial* reality, as it were.

How is it more substantial? I don't know. Matter seems insubstantial, opaque, and unreceptive compared to that.

It's hard to put it into words, for words distort.

Really, a new kind of consciousness is emerging. How will it express itself? I have no idea.

But this new consciousness is completely different from what I have experienced in the past; it is not a trance in the inner realms. The difference is so great that sometimes I wonder how it is possible.

At times, it is so new, so unexpected, it's almost painful.

So I ask myself, "What?" And externally I see only one solution: I repeat *OM Namō Bhagavateh*. That's for the outer being. And inside: Silence and contemplation.

An extraordinary silence.

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Sometimes, I think I've been in it for a few minutes, and it's an hour. The opposite happens, too. I feel time drags on and on, and it's been only a few minutes. In other words, time is different.

Our time is based on the Sun, while this is another reference. In fact, this is a new condition *in* matter, ruled by something other than the Sun – probably the Supramental consciousness.

I clearly see that it means a life no longer ruled by thought, but by consciousness.

The physical body has thousands of years of past experiences that say, "Forget it. That blissful state is impossible!" This stupidity is what delays everything. It's as if the cells of the body themselves, which are so used to struggling and suffering, couldn't accept that things be peaceful like that. But when they *are*, it's wonderful.

My body is beginning – just beginning – to know that the divine side means a life that's progressive and luminous.

But all this is a mental translation. It is impossible to describe this consciousness in mental terms. The only way is to experience it.

The funny part is that people around me think I am asleep! I don't sleep at all.

On top of it, I can barely speak! I hardly belong to the old world anymore, so the old world has written me off.

I couldn't care less!

There's almost an interdiction to speak; because whenever I try to express something, I suddenly find myself before a blank.

Everything conspires to give the impression that I am falling apart.

Yet things are so clear. There is such a clear vision!

When I am silent and quiet for hours, *so much* work is being done, everywhere at once.

But I can't express it.

A World of Battle

In my own case, I know where the difficulties stem from.

I have to cope with everything that contradicts the Divine in the past and the present.

I mean, all the past and even all that has been repressed is rising from the subconscious. In fact, everything that needs to be transformed is rising from the subconscious. And it's endless. It keeps rising and rising and rising!

It is as if I were being shown, in the consciousness, all that opposes the divine immensity. For all possible contradictions are accumulated in the subconscious, and they keep coming up all the time, constantly.

So one feels completely stupid, unconscious, obdurate.

And with the slightest incoming thing looms the possibility of catastrophe. I live in a constant suggestion of catastrophes: "This way, you could die; that way, you could die."

I simply reply, "I don't care!" Then it calms down.

But the consciousness here, around the head, is extraordinarily peaceful: "Let Your Will be done, Lord." And "that" exerts a pressure on whatever rises from below.

There is also a new and wonderful joy that comes! But it comes the way one dangles a lure: "See, this is what you could have." And it's gone!

It's as if the battle of the world were being fought in my consciousness.

From time to time, for a few seconds, there's a sense of something wonderful, but not even long enough to be able to define it. And it's very rare. Whereas the other condition is almost constant. Everything – external things, internal things, things in so-called others, things concerning this body – is terrible, terrible.

As if my body were made to live through every single thing that must disappear. This is certainly what the Buddha experienced, and why he said that life was a falsehood and had to disappear.

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But I know better!

I *know* it isn't a falsehood. But it must change.

My sole recourse is to remain very, very quiet, to feel that the individuality is nothing, absolutely nothing, so the divine rays can pass through it. It's the only solution.

For me – I mean, for this body, which has lived so many years, but no longer knows anything and can no longer do anything – there's only this attitude of total surrender left.

Whatever conscious will is left is used to remain absolutely attentive and open to the Above; to try not to obstruct or distort what the Divine wants – not a personal Divine, but the Divine Consciousness at work in the world.

It must be the Divine who fights the battle.

Now that I am more and more in contact with the supramental Consciousness, I see how supple and complex it is – and how our narrow human consciousness sees things in fixed, cut and dried ways.

We are under the mind's influence, and the mind is completely rigid. But I see that as soon as one goes beyond the mind, it's like waves on the sea.

In a word, we have everything to learn.

We try to understand in the mental way, so we understand nothing. We simply demarcate things, and that's what we call understanding. When we have thoroughly stuffed everything in little boxes, then we say we have understood!

We know absolutely nothing; we are totally ignorant, but if we can be like this: receptive in a silence that worships . . . in a Light . . . a perfect Knowledge and unerring Will . . .

I've learned that's the *only* way.

And it gives some extraordinary results: Constantly, people talk of "miracles."

But to me, things are not yet as they could be – as they *should* be.

The body, this poor body, is not happy – it isn't unhappy either. It has a sensation of nonexistence. Everything it

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encounters, the entire organization of things, its entire life, is the negation of what it sees as the Beauty to be realized.

Nothing Impossible

I seem to be encompassing all the world's resistances.

They come to me one after another, and if I stop calling the Divine for a single minute and intimately feeling His presence within me, the pain becomes unbearable! To such a point that I now hesitate to speak of "transformation" to people, because if that's what it is, one really has to be a hero.

But the body has a single prayer, always the same:

Make me worthy of knowing You
Make me worthy of serving You
Make me worthy of being You.

We are on the threshold of something truly marvelous, but . . . we don't know how to keep it – it comes like a breeze, and we just don't know how to hold it.

Never before have I had such a sense of ignorance, of impotence, of being a jumble of frightful contradictions. Yet I *know* deep down, beyond speech, that it's because I don't know how to find the place where they harmonize and unite.

I can do absolutely nothing, I know absolutely nothing – in fact, I am nothing but a false appearance.

I don't remember anything. I even forgot what I said earlier.

And strangely, almost at the same time, there's torture and bliss.

All our old ways of understanding things are worthless. All our values are worthless.

There's a sort of soaring of the whole atmosphere toward an almost inconceivable splendor, but at the same time the feeling that the body could dissolve any moment. Both things

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together make up a consciousness in which all past experiences seem puerile, childish, and unconscious.

There is only one will left: May the Divine express Himself without distortion through this body. This is constant, constant, constant. . . .

For a moment, just a few seconds, I had the supramental consciousness. It was so marvelous! I understood that if we were to taste that now, we would no longer want to exist differently.

We are in the process of . . . changing laboriously.

That consciousness is so marvelous, so fabulous! It's a sort of harmonization of all opposites: a total, fantastic activity together with perfect peace.

But these are just words.

In truth, this is the transition from the ordinary mental consciousness to the supramental consciousness.

The vibration is so different that the mental consciousness panics in the presence of the supramental consciousness. Only when I am perfectly still and quiet can I bear it.

Sometimes, I wonder, "Does the Lord want me to leave?" I am quite willing, so that's not an issue. Does He want me to stay? No answer except "Transformation."

My old mantra keeps the outer being very quiet: *OM*, *Namo*, *Bhagavateh*. Three words which to me mean:

OM: I implore the Supreme Lord.

Namo: I obey Him.

Bhagavateh: Make me divine.

Nothing is impossible.