

TOWARDS THE TRANSFORMED BODY

Kireet Joshi

A momentous stage was reached. An irreversible stage was reached. The whole work, the real work of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, was to open up the consciousness of the cells by fixing the supramental consciousness in the body-consciousness. This work was done; the rest was a secondary consequence. As Mother said: 'It must be "worked out" as one says, it has to be realised in all details, but the change IS DONE—the change is done.... The physical is CAPABLE of receiving the Superior Light, the Truth, the true consciousness and to manifest it.' Again, as Mother said: 'Still one must struggle, one must have patience, courage, will, confidence,—but it is no longer "like that". It is the old thing which tries to cling—hideous! Hideous. But... it is no longer like that. It is no longer like that.... And everything— everything, all circumstances are as catastrophic as they can be: problems, complications, difficulties, everything—everything is dead set against it like that, like ferocious beasts, but... it is over. The body KNOWS that it is over. It may take centuries, but it is over. To disappear, it might take centuries, but it is over.'

Mother said that it might take centuries to 'work out' in all its details; Sri Aurobindo had said that it would take at least three hundred years. But the supramental consciousness imparts to the evolutionary movement an unimaginable acceleration to the process of transformation. It does not stop anywhere, it moves on as rapidly as possible towards the point where the transformation would be instantaneous.

The onward journey of the Mother was towards the total transformation of the body, so that even the residue of the old would undergo the change. In this process, Mother will make many new discoveries, she will pass through a hell of resistances of the old world,— even after building up in her body a new body of the awakened cells where there is no 'life' and 'death' but <overlife>. A perilous journey it was—and we shall describe here in Mother's own words some of these resistances and discoveries.

Let us begin with Mother's experience of 19th November, 1969, where she gives us the essential equations of the supramental consciousness as experienced by her body-consciousness.

19 November 1969

This morning at about eight o'clock, I would have been able to tell you a number of things....

Because there was a day when a number of problems were posed as a result of something which had occurred... then this morning (at the end of the night), I have had the experience which was the explanation. And for two hours,

I lived in an absolutely clear perception (not a thought: a clear perception) of... the why and how of the creation. It was so luminous! so clear! it was irrefutable. And this lasted at least four to five hours, and then there was a decantation; little by little, the experience diminished in intensity and clarity... And since then I have seen a lot of people pie, so... it's difficult to explain now.

But everything had become so limp! All the contrary theories, all that could be found there below (*Mother looks from above*), and all the explanations, all that Sri Aurobindo has said, and also certain things that Theon had said, all that, as a consequence of the experience: each thing in its place and absolutely clear. At that moment, I could have told you, now it's going to be a little difficult.

Indeed, many things that Sri Aurobindo had said have remained... in spite of all that one has read, and all the theories and all the explanations, there was something which had remained (how to say?) difficult to explain (it's not 'explaining', that, it's so small). For example, suffering and the will to inflict suffering, this aspect of the Manifestation. There was a sort of prevision of the original identity of hate and love, because this went to the extremes, but for all the rest, it was difficult. Today, it was so luminously simple, that's it! So evident!... (*Mother looks at a note which she had written*). Words are nothing. And then I had written with a pencil which writes badly...

I do not know if you can see these words. They represented something very exact for me; now, they are nothing but words....

It's not I who write, that is to say, it's not the ordinary consciousness, and the pencil.... I do not know any more what I have put.

(Mother tries to read but in vain)

It was the vision of the creation: the vision, the comprehension, the why, the how, the goal, all was there, all together, and clear—clear—clear.... You know, I was in a golden glory—luminous, dazzling.

Indeed, there was the earth as the representative centre of the creation, and in that case it was the identity of the inertia of the stone (like something most inert), and besides... (*Mother tries again to read*).

I do not know if it will come.

I remember that around 7.30 in the morning (it was at that moment that I wrote), I called you in thought, because I said: 'If you were here, I could say it to you.' It was the VISION.

(Mother remains concentrated for a long time)

One could say it like this (for the facility of expression, I will say: the 'Supreme' and the 'creation'). In the Supreme, there is a unity which contains all the possibilities perfectly united, without differentiation. The creation, is, so to say, the projection of all that constitutes that unity, by dividing the opposites, that is to say by separating (this is what was understood by him who has said that

the creation was the separation), by separating: for example, day and night, white and black, evil and good, etc. (All that, it's our explanation). All that, all that taken together, is a perfect unity, immutable and... indissoluble. The creation, it is the separation of all which 'constitutes' that unity—one could call it the division of the consciousness—, the division of the consciousness, which then goes from the unity conscious of its unity, to arrive at the conscious unity which is conscious of its multiplicity IN UNITY.

And then, this is the journey which, for us—for the fragments—, is translated by space and time.

And for us such as we are, each point of this Consciousness has the possibility of becoming conscious of itself AND conscious of the original Unity. And that, that's the work which is being accomplished, that is to say each infinitesimal element of that Consciousness is in the process of rediscovering the original total consciousness, while keeping that state of consciousness—and the result is the original Consciousness conscious of its Unity AND conscious of the whole play: all the innumerable elements of that Unity. So, for us, this translates itself by the sense of time: to go from the Inconscient to that state of consciousness. And the Inconscient is the projection of the original Unity (if one can say so: all these words are altogether idiotic), of the essential unity which is only conscious of its Unity—this is the Inconscient. And . that Inconscient becomes more and more conscious in those beings who are conscious of their infinitesimal existence AND AT THE SAME TIME—through what we call progress or evolution or transformation,—who succeed in becoming conscious of the original Unity.

And this, as it was seen, it explained everything,

Words are nothing.

All—all, from the most material to the most ethereal thing, All was included into it, clear—clear—clear: a vision.

And evil, that which we call 'evil', has its INDISPENSABLE place in the totality. And it would no more be felt as evil from the minute one becomes conscious of That—necessarily. Evil is that infinitesimal element which looks at its infinitesimal consciousness; but because consciousness is essentially ONE, it takes it up again, it regains the Consciousness of the Unity—both together. And it's that, IT'S THAT which is to be realised. It's that marvellous thing. I have had the vision: at that moment there was the vision of THAT.... And from the very beginnings (is it beginnings?), what one calls in English *outskirts* [periphery], that which is most remote from the central realisation, that becomes the multiplicity of things, and the multiplicity also of sensations, of sentiments, of all—the multiplicity of the consciousness. And it's that action of separation which has created, which creates the world constantly, and which at the same time creates all; suffering, happiness, all—all—all which is created, by its... what one could call 'diffusion'; but it's absurd, it's not a diffusion—we

ourselves live with the sense of space, so we say diffusion and concentration, but it's nothing of the sort...

If stability and the process of transformation could be continuously maintained in a state of equilibrium, death could not occur, or else there would be no necessity of death, and death could occur only by a voluntary will to terminate a given individual form. In a transformed body, there would be perpetual equilibrium, and therefore there would be the immortality of the body or a continuous renewal of the body preserving the individual form or changing that form according to the will. Mother's body was rapidly moving towards that state of the transformed body. And the process was a 'methodical' work in which one part after the other and all the parts and all the groups of cells would learn the real life or 'superlife'.

Mother called this work a colossal work. There were moments when the body felt immeasurable force, and there were moments when the body could not even keep itself standing. And this was for a reason that was not physical, for the body no more obeyed the same laws that keep us on our feet.¹ In a conversation with Satprem on 9th May, 1970, Mother saw in her subtle physical her new body, how it would be! It was a body not very different but extremely refined, and it had an orange colour. The body was vibrant, and it had a kind of luminosity. The skin was 'efflorescent'.

As she said:

And it was that: no sex, neither man or woman—no sex. It was a form like that (*Mother draws a silhouette in space, very slender*)...²

Gradually, one part of Mother's body began to form within itself a new body. But the process was extremely painful. During August 1970, her body fought with death. It was a repetition of the turning points of 1962 and 1968. In conversations with Satprem on 2nd and 5th September, 1970, she said:

... the little body is like a point, but it has the feeling of being the expression of a FORMIDABLE power. And it's... like that: no capacity, no expression, nothing—and rather... rather miserable. And yet... there is like a condensation—condensation—, like a condensation of a FORMIDABLE power!... Sometimes it even has trouble withstanding it, you know...

It's as though all the experiences have increased a hundredfold....

And besides my legs hurt...

That's what is tiring... It's twenty-four hours a day, you see, and no... no possibility to really rest....

If I let myself go, I would scream....

Terrible.... And then that night, I was saying to myself: yes, this is what hell is like.

Terrible—it's terrible.

I don't know why I had to go through this.... Because it meant that death wasn't a solution, you see. That, it was frightening....

It's so horrible... I am tempted to say: pray for me.³

Then she recovered. But five months later, the second blow fell. It was a paralysis of the leg. For at least three weeks, there was constant pain, night and day, twenty four hours a day, without any fluctuation whatsoever. The right leg also was being caught. When this happened, she concentrated tremendously, and she walked for a long, long time to keep it from being caught also. She overcame after several weeks. Gradually, the leg was not in pain, and it came back to normal.

Mother could always exteriorise herself from her body, but for some special reason there was an inner order that prohibited her during this period of physical sadhana to exteriorise herself. It was perhaps an inner insistence so that the solution to the problem of transformation could be found in the body itself. As Mother had once said: 'Salvation is physical.'

During this entire process of transformation of the physical, Mother often said that while the total physical transformation is certain, there was no definitiveness or assurance as to whether it would be in the near future or much later.⁴ Actually, Mother had, several times, said that the process would take three centuries, and that there would be several intermediate stages or intermediate bodies.

* * *

Mother's body had become a veritable battlefield in which there were rapid oscillations and transitions from one side to the other, from one stage to the other. Mother has described these oscillations and transitions in her conversations with Satprem. We may refer, in particular, to the following:

A strange experience. It's a strange experience. The body feels it no longer belongs to the old way of being, but it knows that it is not yet in the new one and that it is.... It is no longer mortal and it is not yet immortal. It's quite strange. Very strange. And sometimes, I go from the most dreadful discomfort to... a marvel—it's strange. An unutterable bliss. It's no longer this, and it's not yet that. Well. Bizarre (*Mother nods her head*).

There is a sort of promise of an overwhelming Power, and at the same time signs of such weakness—not weakness: disorganization. Disorganization, and at the same time the sense of an overwhelming Power. So the two are like this (*gesture of being in a precarious balance*). It's a disorganization in the sense that if I don't pay attention, I can't eat, for instance. I have to pay attention, I have to be concentrated all the time, concentrated in order to do things. Sometimes, not a word in my head, nothing; sometimes I see and know what is happening everywhere.

It's like this (*same gesture as on a ridge*).

I have to be careful when I am with people, otherwise they would think I am going crazy! (*laughter*)

It's really peculiar. A sort of total impotence and an overwhelming power side by side. And the results of the overwhelming power are sometimes visible in people here and there: all of a sudden, miraculous things happen. But at the same time... sometimes I can't even eat. It's strange.⁵

It's really interesting, it's as if my body were a battlefield between what obstinately wants to stay and what wants to take its place. There are such marvellous moments—glorious moments—and then, a second later, a minute later, such a violent attack! It's like that. And my body is.... For food, for instance, there are times when I eat without even noticing I am eating, except that everything tastes delicious; and then a second later, I can't swallow a thing! It's like this (*gesture of tugging from one side or the other*). So the only solution I have is to be as QUIET as possible. As soon as I am quiet, it feels better. It's as if.... All of a sudden you have the impression that you are about to die, and a minute later, it's... it's eternity. Really an extraordinary experience. Extraordinary. Sometimes everything, everything seems so foggy, dark—there's no hope, no possibility of seeing clearly—and a minute later, everything becomes clear.⁶

* * *

You see, the consciousness is still like this (*gesture of oscillating from one side to the other*). Both are there. So.... But then I can't find a way to make myself understood, because new words would have to be invented.

That's increasing from day to day.

It's like at night: I don't sleep and I am not awake.... And I don't know how to describe what it is. And when it's normal, it could... it can last indefinitely, there's no sense of time or fatigue or duration. When the old consciousness comes back, there's almost unbearable suffering: I am suffocating or I can't breathe, or it's too cold or too hot, all sorts of things... which are aggravated by a consciousness which shouldn't be there anymore. So quite naturally and effortlessly, I am in the new state, but if I am drawn into the old consciousness by circumstances, it becomes almost unbearable. You see. And it results in pains in the body or... a body malfunction. But when I enter the new consciousness, everything takes place quite... without my even noticing it and without any effort.

That's all I can say for the moment.

You see, my body is full of pains and malfunctions, but as soon as I go into that state (*vast, peaceful gesture*) everything is done—time doesn't exist anymore. Time is endless in the old consciousness, while it doesn't exist in this one. I don't know how to describe it.

(silence)

Being flowery, I would say: the old consciousness is like... it's death, it's as if you were going to die any minute: you suffer, you... it's the consciousness that leads to death. And the other one (*vast, immutable, smiling gesture*) is life... peaceful life, eternal life. Yes, that's it.⁷

Now, the body has the conviction that only death can stop its transformation. So it's impossible. Only some kind of violent death, an accident (well...) could stop the transformation, otherwise the work is being done regularly, regularly (*gesture of irresistible advance*). It's like that, the body is convinced of it now, that only violence could stop it—but then if that happens, it's certainly because it had to happen, you see, for some reason... which it has no desire to know, it doesn't care a button. But otherwise, as long as it's here, it knows that the work will go on and on and on... in spite of everything. That's it.⁸

* * *

I heard (yesterday, I think, or the day before) a letter of Sri Aurobindo's in which he said that for the Supermind to be fixed here (he had noticed that the Supermind came into him and withdrew, came back and withdrew—it wasn't stable), so he said: to become stable, it has to enter and settle in the physical mind.⁹ And that's just the work being done in me for months now: the mind had been removed, and the physical mind is taking its place, and for some time I had noticed that it was... (I told you that it was seeing everything in a different way, that its relationship with things was different), I have been noticing these past few days; that the physical mind, the mind that is in the body, was becoming vast, its visions were comprehensive, and its whole way of seeing was absolutely different (*Mother extends her arms in at immense, quiet gesture*). I saw, that's it: the Supermind is working there. And I spend extraordinary hours.

What is left is just the things that resist—you feel (I told you this) that it's as if every minute (and it's getting more and more pronounced), every minute: do you want life, do you want death; do you want life, do you want death?... That's how it is. And life is union with the Supreme. And consciousness, a COMPLETELY new consciousness is coming. That's how it is, like this (*Mother makes a gesture of swinging from one side to the other*). But yesterday or the day before, I don't know, all of a sudden the body said, 'No! I am through—I want life, I don't want anything else.' And since then I've felt better.

Oh, it would take volumes to narrate what is happening. It's... remarkably interesting, and ENTIRELY new. Entirely new.¹⁰

I have the impression that I am on the way to discovering... the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can be uninterrupted—

discovering that death comes from a... a distortion of consciousness. That's it.

It's this close, you know (*Mother makes a gesture as if she were about to grasp the secret*).

And as I told you, sometimes I feel that the great number of years makes the work somewhat more difficult, but taken on the whole, it is a GREAT help—I understood that were I young, I could never have done what I am doing. And when I am in the true consciousness, the moment I am in the true consciousness, the number of years is nothing!—The body feels so young, so full of... something else than young (for it, young is *immature* and ignorant, it's not that), it's... you're in communion with 'something'... which changes according to the need.

Our language (or our consciousness) is... inadequate. Later I'll be able to say.

Something IS HAPPENING—that's all I can say...¹¹

There was a gradual expansion of the body of the awakened cells in Mother's gross body, and organ by organ or part by part was being transferred to the rule of the Supermind. There was still the residue of coarse matter, where the battle was being fought. There was already transformed matter in Mother's body—the matter which had a different air and a different manner of being, the matter which had uninterrupted life and which can be physically visible to the physical eyes which have a different way of seeing. 'My body is no more mortal and yet not immortal,'¹² Mother said towards the end of 1971. Three months later, she said:

If you like, I could say that at each minute you feel you can either live eternally or die (*gesture of a slight tilt from one side to the other*). Every minute is like that. And the difference [between the two] is so slight that you can't say: Do this and you'll be on this side, do that and you'll be on the other—not possible. It's a way of being almost beyond description.¹³

* * *

Summarising the entire path that she had followed, Mother said in a conversation with Satprem towards the close of 1971:

The fastest way for me was... (how shall I put it?) the growing sense of my own nonentity—nonexistence. To feel I could do nothing, knew nothing, wanted nothing; but then the WHOLE being filled with... it's not even an aspiration now, it's like this (*gesture of surrender, hands open*), an inescapable fact: 'Without the Divine, nothing, nothing—I am nothing, I understand nothing, I can do nothing. Without the Divine, nothing.' To be like this (*same gesture, hands open*). And then... a Peace... a luminous Peace... and so powerful!....

But first there must be an absolute sincerity, that is, a CONVICTION: I am nothing, nothing, nothing—I can do nothing, I know nothing, I have absolutely NOTHING... (*Mother raises an index finger*) except the Divine. Then it's all right...

Only, there is no place for fear—if you're afraid, it becomes dreadful. Fortunately my body is not afraid.¹⁴

Mother went on and on, and where's the end? 1972 and 1973 were the last two years of her physical and visible life, and they, too, showed the same curve of transitions and difficulties of the process of physical transformation. But her body sensitivity had become so excessive that her body had the need to be protected from all that came from outside—as though it had to work within, like in a protective egg.

* * *

On 24th March, 1972, Mother had a second vision of the 'new body'.

Yes, I WAS like that. It was me; I didn't look at myself in a mirror, I say myself like this (*Mother bends her head to look at her body*), I was... I just was like that.

... It was around four in the morning, I think. And perfectly natural—I mean, I didn't look in a mirror, it felt perfectly natural. I only remember what I saw (*gesture from the chest to the waist*). I was covered only with veils, so I only saw.... What was very different was the torso, from the chest to the waist: it was neither male nor female.

But it was lovely, my form was extremely svelte and slim—slim but not thin. And the skin was very white, just like my skin. A lovely form. And no sex—you couldn't tell: neither male nor female. The sex had disappeared. The same here (*Mother points to her chest*), all that was flat. I don't know how to explain it. There was an outline reminiscent of what is now, but with no forms (*Mother touches her chest*), not even as much as man's. A very white skin, very smooth. Practically no abdomen to speak of. And no stomach. All that was slim.

I didn't pay any special attention, you see, because I was it felt perfectly natural to me....

But this form is in the subtle physical, isn't it?

It must be already like that in the subtle physical.

But how will it pass into the physical?

That's the question I don't know.... I don't know.

I don't know.

Also, clearly, there was none of the complex digestion we have now, or the kind of elimination we have now. It didn't work that way.

But how?... Food is already obviously very different and becoming more and more so—glucose, for instance, or substances that don't require

an elaborate digestion. But how will the body itself change?... That I don't know. I don't know.

You see, I didn't look to see how it worked, for it was completely natural to me, so I can't describe it in detail. Simply, it was neither a woman's body nor a man's—that much is certain. And the outline was fairly similar to that of a very young person. There was a faint suggestion of a human form (*Mother draws a form in the air*) with a shoulder and a waist. Just a hint of it.

I see it but.... I saw it exactly as you see yourself, I didn't even look at myself in the mirror. And I had a sort of veil, which I wore to cover myself. It was my way of being (there was nothing surprising in it), my natural way of being.

That must be how it is in the subtle physical.

But what's mysterious is the transition from one to the other.

Yes—how?

But it's the same mystery as the transition from chimpanzee to man.

Oh, no, Mother! It's more colossal than that! It's more colossal for, after all, there isn't that much difference between a chimpanzee and a man. But there wasn't such a difference in the appearance either (*Mother draws a form in the air*) there were shoulders, arms, legs, a body, a waist. Similar to ours. There was only....

Yes, but I mean the way a chimpanzee functions and the way a man functions are the same.

They are the same.

Well, yes! They digest the same, breathe the same....

Whereas here....

No, but here too there must have been breathing. The shoulders were strikingly broad (*gesture*), in contrast. That's important. But the chest was neither feminine nor even masculine: only reminiscent of it. And all that—stomach, abdomen and the rest—was simply an outline, a very slender and harmonious form, which certainly wasn't used for the purpose we now use our bodies.

The two different things—totally different—were procreation, which was no longer possible, and food. Though even our present food is manifestly not the same as that of chimpanzees or even the first humans; it's quite different. So now, it seems we have to find a food that doesn't require all this digesting.... Not exactly liquid, but not solid either.

And there's also the question of the mouth—I don't know about that—and the teeth? Naturally, chewing should no longer be necessary, and therefore teeth wouldn't be either.... But there has to be something to replace them. I haven't the slightest idea what the face looked like. But it didn't seem too, too unlike what it is now.

What will change a great deal, of course—it had acquired a prominent role—is breathing. That being depended much on it.

Yes, he probably absorbs energies directly.

Yes. There will probably be intermediary beings who won't last, you see, just as there were intermediary beings between the chimpanzee and man.

But I don't know, something has to happen that has never before happened.¹⁵

On 15th July, 1972, she said:

I have a feeling I am becoming another person.

No, 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). As if...

Dangerous, but wonderful—how to express it?

First, the [body's] subconscious is in the process of changing, and that is long, arduous and painful... but marvellous as well. The feeling of... (*gesture as if standing on a ridge*).

... The feeling that the relation between what we call 'life' and what we call 'death' is becoming more and more different—yes different (*Mother nods her head*), completely different.

Not that death disappears, mind you (death as we see it, as we know it and in relation to life as we know it): that's not it, not it a all. BOTH are changing... into something we don't yet know, which seems at once extremely dangerous and absolutely marvellous. Dangerous: the least mistake has catastrophic consequences. And marvellous.

It is the consciousness, the true consciousness of immortality not 'immortality' as we understand it, something else. Something else.

Our natural tendency is to want certain things to be true (those we deem favourable) and other things to disappear—but that's not it! It isn't like that. EVERYTHING is different.

Different.

From time to time, for a moment (a brief moment): a marvel. But the very next minute: the feeling of... a dangerous unknown. There you are. That's how I spend my time.¹⁶

On the 19th May, 1973, Satprem had many questions to ask when he went to Mother. Mother asked him:

And you [no questions]?

I was thinking about something Sri Aurobindo wrote.... In 'Savitri', he clearly says, 'Almighty powers are shut in Nature's cells.' [IV.III.370]

... Ohh!. Oh, that is interesting!

ALMIGHTY powers.

... But, you see, my physical, my body, is deteriorating very rapidly—what could stop it from deteriorating?

Mother, I do NOT believe it is deterioration—it's not. My feeling is that you are physically being led to a point of such complete powerlessness that the most complete Power will be forced to awaken....

Ah!... you're right.

... I was told the beginning would take place when I am a hundred; but that's a long way off!

No, Mother, I don't think it will take that long. I don't think so. I really don't think so. Another type of functioning is going to set in. But the end of the old has to be reached, and that end is the terrible part!

Oh.... I really don't want to say (*Mother shakes her head*), I don't want to insist, but... truly... (*Mother speaks with her eyes closed, all the pain of the world is in the shake of her head*).

... The consciousness is clearer, stronger than it has ever been, and I look like an old...¹⁷

This happened to be the last meeting of Satprem with Mother. Thereafter, he had no further interview with her. On 15th August, 1973, Mother appeared on her balcony. This was Sri Aurobindo's 101st birthday. She remained on the balcony for a few minutes. A big crowd of people had gathered below in the street to have her *Darshan*. A vast peace reigned there over the crowd. Then, slowly, very slowly, she disappeared into her room.

Kireet Joshi, *Sri Aurobindo and The Mother*, pp.207-30

References

1. *Mother's Agenda*, Vol. 11, 18.4.1970.
2. *Ibid.*, 9.5.1970.
3. *Ibid*; 2.9.1970 and 5.9.1970.
4. See *Mother's Agenda*, Vol. 12, p. 87—where Mother says: 'For me, Victory is certain, but I don't know if it's tomorrow or (*gesture into the distance*).

5. *Ibid.*, pp. 246-7.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 298.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 302.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 323.
9. Actually, Mother means the bodily mind.
10. *Ibid.*, pp. 343-4.
11. *Ibid.*, pp. 348-9.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 341.
13. *Ibid.* p. 351.
14. This last sentence was intended for those who were all ears and were not supposed to be listening.
15. Mother may have used this term in its original Greek root meaning: 'Strengthless nerves'. Unless she meant 'neuralgia' in its broader sense.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 399.
17. *Ibid.*, pp. 417-20.

Transition between the Human and the Supramental Consciousness

Oh! it's very strange. It's very strange. Since my childhood all my effort has been to (how can I put it?) achieve a total indifference - neither annoying nor pleasant. Since my childhood, I remember a consciousness which tried... That was what Sri Aurobindo meant - an indifference. Oh! it's strange. Now I realise why he said that I was the one who could attempt to effect the transition between the human and the supramental consciousness. He said so. He told me, and he says it, it is recorded in Nirod's thing. And I understand why...

Ah! I understand. Yes, I understand.

Nirodbaran, Memorable Contacts with the Mother, p.141

Sri Aurobindo is an emanation of the Supreme

"Sri Aurobindo is an emanation of the Supreme who came on earth to announce the manifestation of a new race and a new world: the Supramental. Let us prepare for it in sincerity and eagerness."

"There is no essential difference, but the Lord is all and Sri Aurobindo is a part but conscious of the Supreme of whom he is an emanation." (Then, is he not all?" I queried.)

"Voyons," she replied, a bit testily, "the Lord is every- where. Is Sri Aurobindo everywhere? He has a body by which he is confined to a place, but his consciousness is everywhere."

Ibid., p.149