Arunachala! Thou dost root out the ego of those who meditate on Thee in the heart. Oh Arunachala!

The Mountain Path

Vol. 14, No. 1, January 1977
Mock me not, who seek Thy protection! Adorn me with Thy Grace and then regard me, Oh Arunachala.

— The Marital Garland of Letters, verse 53

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— Editor.

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SELF-SURRENDER

DISSATISFACTION with the life of the senses is the starting point of spiritual life. There is no spiritual urge or aspiration in animals; it is found in man alone. Since the Supreme Self dwells at the core of all beings, spirituality is nothing but the longing of the human heart to rejoin and rejoice in that Awareness Absolute, to attain perfect attunement with That, losing the ego in the process. When the petty ego gets eliminated, the Supreme Self shines forth as the one and only Reality. Seeking the source of the ego-sense in us and surrendering the ego to the Supreme Self amount to the same thing. The former method appeals to some and the latter to others. Whatever the line taken, the initial discipline is indispensable for all and only those who have gone through it could walk the Path with confidence and reach the Goal with certitude.

It is to get over our tāmasic and rājasic tendencies (dullness and distractions) that the various steps of the initial discipline are meant. We find in the Taittirīya Upanisad the Teacher telling his disciples: “Speak the truth always; follow the path of duty; never stop studying the scriptures and serving God and parents. Look upon the mother, father and Teacher as personifications of God; engage yourself in nothing but faultless activity. Whatever is virtuous, that alone is to be followed, that and nothing else; follow the example of the wise attuned to the Supreme and to all creation.”

In Ashtānga Yoga we find the five-fold yamas and niyamas, non-violence, truthfulness, non-stealing, continence, freedom from greed — purity, contentment, tapas (concentration), study and worship of and surrender to God.

There are the four pre-requisites (sādavaṇa caḥbhubitaya) for one aspiring to follow the path of Jñāna: (i) discernment of what is eternal and what is transitory, (ii) dispassion, (iii) control of the mind and senses, non-involvement in unnecessary activity, unflagging endurance, utter faith and absolute one-pointedness in the quest for the Self and (iv) keen longing for freedom from the turmoil of mundane existence.

Whatever the path followed, progress is never in a stright line. There are ups and downs, moments of exhilaration as well as depression, following success or failure in spiritual effort. In utter despair, one often doubts the possibility of reaching the Peace that passeth understanding, while all the time it is there as the sole reality at the core of one’s being. To understand this, grace is needed. Nothing happens without Divine Grace. This has been clearly stated by Bhagavan at the end of the fifth and last stanza of the Song of Self-Knowledge (Atmavidya-kirtana):

“Grace is indispensable and to deserve it one should aspire and yearn for it. The bliss of the Self then surges forth unhampered.”

Bhagavan’s Marital Garland to the Imperishable (Akṣharamanamālai) is one continuous prayer for Divine Grace with frequent glimpses of its operation and final consummation. It is worth remembering that this Hymn came out gushing from his heart as
Bhagavan went round Arunachala once. It came to be written down and preserved as the devotee who accompanied him then had been prompted by some premonition and had taken paper and pencil as they set out on the pradakshina. It was not a prayer of Bhagavan but an outpouring of Divine Grace for the good of earnest devotees. Yet there are references in it to Bhagavan’s own spiritual unfoldment.

In the fifth verse of Bhagavan’s Necklet of Nine Gems we find the penitent human heart’s prayer for Grace:

“Lord, Who art Pure Awareness Itself reigning over sublime Arunachala, forgive all the wrongs of this poor self and, by Thy gracious glance benignant as a rain-cloud, save me from being lost once more in the dreary waste, or else I cannot ford the grim stream of samsara (worldly life). Art not Thou the Divine Mother? What can match a mother’s care for her child?”

In the seventh verse of the same Hymn we find the delineation of the working of Divine Grace and prayer for more of it:

“O Arunachala! as soon as Thou didst claim me, my body and soul were Thine, What else can I desire? Thou art both merit and demerit. Oh my life! I cannot think of these apart from Thee! Do as Thou wilt then, my Beloved, but grant me only ever-increasing love for Thy Feet.”

The mysterious operation of Grace in his own life is described again in the ninth verse of the same Hymn:

“Bearing and tending me in the world in the form of my father and mother. Thou didst abide in my heart and, before I could fall into the deep sea of worldliness and get drowned, Thou didst draw me to Thee and place me firmly at Thy Feet, Arunachala. Awareness Pure! How can one describe the mystery of Thy Grace?”

Absolutely under the sway of Divine Grace ever since he lost his sense of separate individuality at Madurai, Ramana, on reaching Arunachala, went straight to the sanctum of Arunachaleswara and reported: “I have come to Thee at Thy behest. Thy Will Be Done.”

As he used to say: “Surrender is only once, and once for all; it is not saying it again and again and swerving from it.”

We see the charm of self-surrender in the infinitely interesting life of Bhagavan Ramana. He used to say under all circumstances of life: “Ours is to witness silently all that happens and not to project our ego and interfere.” Here is the elucidation of the great truth that everything happens according to the Divine Will. That was the consolation he offered to his mother when she tried and failed to take him back home. That was the meaning behind all the happenings of his life and notably those during his last illness. He had no desire for any treatment, and so no preference for one or the other system. How could there be any such thing in a heart totally surrendered to the Divine without the least vestige of a separate individuality? Ramana’s life is a clear illustration of the fundamental identity between the search Who Am I? and the spirit of utter self-surrender. The teaching of a Master has to be understood in the light of his day-to-day life. Every movement, every gesture, every breath of the enlightened ones demonstrates the inseparability of the search for the Self (Atma-vichara) and total self-surrender.

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SURRENDER THE HEART

What does it matter, O Lord, whether one is a student or a householder or an ascetic with matted locks, or anyone else? If the lotus of one’s heart is surrendered to Thee O Sambhu (Siva), Lord of Souls, Thou belongest to him and bearest for him his burden of samsara.

—SANKARA in Sivananda Lahari, V. 11.
The Teaching of Jesus

(St. Luke — 12.22 to 12.31)

And he said unto his disciples: Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

Consider the ravens for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?

And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?

If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest?

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast unto the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

And think not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

But rather seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.

MAN—WHAT HE IS MADE OF

Man repeats the same thoughts, the same actions, the same experiences over and over again, until they are incorporated with his being, until they are built into his character as part of himself. Evolution is mental accumulation. Man today is the result of millions of repetitive thoughts and acts. He is not ready-made, he becomes, and is still becoming. His character is predetermined by his own choice. The thoughts, the acts which he chooses, that, by habit, he becomes.

Thus each man is an accumulation of thoughts and deeds. The characteristics which he manifests instinctively and without effort are lines of thoughts and action become, by long repetition, automatic; for it is the nature of habit to become, at last, unconscious, to repeat, as it were, itself without any apparent choice or effort on the part of its possessor; and in due time it takes such complete possession of the individual as to appear to render his will powerless to counteract it.

By James Allen
Sri Bhagavan often spoke of surrender as an efficacious method, but he took care to remove popular misconceptions about the implications of the term. His teaching reproduced below in his own words brings out the true significance of the Lord's assurance in the Bhagavad Gita: "To Him alone surrender, Oh Bharata, with all thy being; by His Grace shalt thou obtain Peace Supreme, the Abode Eternal." (XVIII-62).

One should get rid of the false assumption that the individual bears the burden of the world:

"The Lord bears the burden of the world. The pseudo-self which thinks it bears it is like the grinning sculptured figure (at the top of a temple tower which seems to support it). Whose fault is it if one who travels in a carriage bears his luggage on his head to his own discomfort instead of putting it in the vehicle which carries it anyway."

— Supplement to the Forty Verses, v. 17

Mabarsbi: If you surrender yourself to the Higher Power all is well. That Power sees your affairs through. Only so long as you think that you are the agent you are obliged to reap the fruits of your actions. If, on the other hand, you surrender yourself and recognise your individual self as only a tool of the Higher Power, that Power will take over your affairs along with the fruits of actions. You are no longer affected by them and the work goes on unhindered. Whether you recognise the Power or not the scheme of things does not alter. Only there is a change of outlook. Why should you bear your load on the head when you are travelling in a train? It carries you and your load whether the load is on your head or on the floor of the train. You are not lessening the burden of the train by keeping it on your head but only straining yourself unnecessarily. Similar is the sense of doership in the world of the individuals.

— Talks with Sri Ramana Maharshi, p. 487

Complete surrender is another name for Liberation:

Dr. Syed: Does not total or complete surrender require that one should not have left in him the desire even for liberation or God?

Bhagavan: Complete surrender does require that you have no desire of your own,
that God's Will alone is your desire and that you have no desire of your own.

Dr. Syed: Now that I am satisfied on that point, I want to know what are the steps by which I could achieve surrender.

Bhagavan: There are two ways: one is looking into the source of 'I' and merging into that Source. The other is feeling 'I am helpless by myself. God alone is all-powerful and except throwing myself completely on him, there is no other safety for me', and thus gradually developing the conviction that God alone exists and the ego does not count. Both methods lead to the same goal. Complete surrender is another name for jnana or liberation.

— Day by Day with Bhagavan, p. 176

Surrender is not different from jnana:

Sri Joshi: I find surrender is easier. I want to adopt that path.

Bhagavan: By whatever path you go, you will have to lose yourself in the One. Surrender is complete only when you reach the stage 'Thou art all' and 'Thy Will be done'. That state is not different from jnana. In Soham ('I am He') there is advaita (duality). In surrender there is advaita. In reality there is neither advaita nor advaita, but That which is, is. Surrender appears easy because people imagine that, once they say with their lips 'I surrender' and put their burdens on the Lord, they can be free and do what they like. But the fact is that you can have no likes or dislikes after you surrender and that your will should become completely non-existent, the Lord's Will taking its place. Such death of the ego is nothing different from jnana. So by whatever path you may go, you must come to jnana or oneness.

— Day by Day with Bhagavan, p. 32

In true surrender one should abide by the Will of God:

Sri Raghaviah: We surrender, but still there is no help.

Bhagavan: Yes. If you have surrendered, you must be able to abide by the Will of God and not make a grievance of what may not please you. Things may turn out differently from what they look apparently. Distress often leads men to faith in God.

Sri Raghaviah: But we are worldly. There is the wife, the children, friends and relatives. We cannot ignore their existence and resign ourselves to Divine Will, without retaining some little of the personality in us.

Bhagavan: That means you have not surrendered as professed by you. You must trust only God.

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, p. 49

Maharshi: Surrender to Him and abide by His Will whether he appears or vanishes; await His pleasure. If you ask Him to do as you please, it is not surrender but command to Him. You cannot have Him obey you and yet think that you have surrendered. He knows what is best and when and how to do it. Leave everything to Him. His is the burden; you have no longer any cares. All your cares are His. Such is surrender.

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, p. 425

One should give oneself up to the original cause of one's being:

Maharshi: It is enough that one surrenders oneself. Surrender is to give oneself up to the original cause of one's being. Do not delude yourself by imagining such source to be some God outside you. One's source is within oneself. Give yourself up to it. Because you imagine yourself to be out of it, you raise the question 'Where is the source?' Some contend that sugar cannot taste its own sweetness and that a taster must taste and enjoy it. Similarly, an individual cannot be the Supreme and enjoy the Bliss of that state; therefore the individuality must be maintained on the one hand and God-head on the other so that enjoyment may result! Is God insentient like sugar? How can one surrender oneself and yet retain one's individuality for supreme enjoyment? Furthermore
they say also that the soul, reaching the divine region and remaining there, serves the Supreme Being. Can the sound of the word 'service' deceive the Lord? Does He not know? Is He waiting for these people's service? Would not He — the Pure Consciousness — ask in turn: 'Who are you apart from Me that presume to serve Me?'

To say that one is apart from the Primal Source is itself a pretension.

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, pp. 175-6

Partial surrender leads to complete surrender:

Devotee: Surrender is impossible.

Maharshi: Yes, Complete surrender is impossible in the beginning. Partial surrender is certainly possible for all. In course of time that will lead to complete surrender. Well, if surrender is impossible what can be done? There is no peace of mind. You are helpless to bring it about. It can be done only by surrender.

Devotee: Partial surrender — well — can it undo destiny?

Maharshi: Oh, yes! It can.

Devotee: Is not destiny due to past karma?

Maharshi: If one is surrendered to God, God will look to it.

Devotee: This being God's dispensation, how does God undo it?

Maharshi: All are in Him only.

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, p. 195

Devotee: Surrender comes after effort.

Maharshi: Yes, it becomes complete in due course.

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, p. 405

Surrender is one of the two principal means for Realisation:

Devotee: I am too weak to realise my Self.

Maharshi: In that case surrender yourself unreservedly and the Higher Power will reveal itself.

Devotee: What is unconditional surrender?

Maharshi: If one surrenders oneself there will be no one to ask questions or to be thought of. Either the thoughts are eliminated by holding on to the root-thought 'I' or one surrenders oneself unconditionally to the Higher Power. These are the only two ways for Realisation.

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, p. 284-5

No contradictions arise for one who has surrendered:

Devotee: May I come near, Sir? (for blessings)

Maharshi: Such doubts should not arise in you. They contradict your statement of surrender.

Devotee: You seem to speak of jnana yoga?

Maharshi: Yes, it is.

Devotee: But surrender is bhakti yoga?

Maharshi: Both are the same.

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, p. 405

No questions arise for one who has surrendered:

Devotee: I shall wait for three months and see if help is forthcoming. Now, may I have the assurance?

Maharshi: Is this what is asked by one who has surrendered?

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, p. 406

Devotee: What is the drift of the mind after surrender?

Maharshi: Is the surrendered mind raising the question?

— Talks with Sri Maharshi, p. 334
HOW TO SURRENDER

THIS article is about practice and not theory. It's not concerned with the philosophy of surrender to the Divine Providence, or with the place of surrender in religion, but with precisely how to give up and let be and let go, precisely how it is possible to arrive at and maintain true self-abandonment and submission to the will of God.

It's not so easy to describe what surrender is, but we all know what it feels like — the sudden cessation of struggle, the end (for the time being) of all our resistance; the special sort of calm that follows the storm of futile effort, the relaxation we enjoy when 'something gives at last' after a long period of mounting tension and anxiety, and all the fight goes out of us.

A beautiful presentation of this abrupt shift of mood — or rather, reversal of mood — is to be found in Berlioz' Overture Les fr?ancs juges. This celebrated piece of programme music dramatises the tale of a prisoner who is appearing on a capital charge before a secret mediaeval court. As he tries, with growing desperation and terror, to defend himself, the music gets wilder and louder, more and more frenetic. Then quite suddenly, realising that his fate is sealed, he abandons all hope and submits with perfect calm to the sentence of death; and the music of struggle gives place to one of the great serene tunes of the world, smoothly flowing and even blissful. (Berlioz took the tune from a Russian folk-song. It's common property, a perennial theme that crops up in unexpected places, for instance in the popular song Now the Carnival is over, which is itself about a lover's resignation, if hardly his self-abandonment.)

We may take as typical our example of the prisoner on trial — typical of the dependence of surrender upon its opposite, without which it cannot exist. Giving in is as inseparable from fighting as up is inseparable from down and left is inseparable from right. You can't let go of something you aren't holding onto, or sue for peace in peacetime.

It follows that the mood of surrender can't be permanent: to be itself it has to alternate with its opposite, with the mood of resistance. It's not in its nature to be steady. This certainly is common experience, we go on struggling against God's will as bodied forth in our circumstances, and then somehow we find the grace to submit to it — for a while — and then the whole wretched process starts all over again! Surrender may come: but alas, as Maharshi points out, what comes will go. In common with all thoughts and feelings (no matter how profound or enlightened or even divine they may be) it is impermanent. Since it is a specific something, with limited characteristics, it not only needs and implies its opposite, but is always tending to merge into it.

These obvious but neglected facts set limits to all cultivation of surrender — whether by reading and thinking about it, by trying somehow to work up the feeling, by japa, by prayers, by any means whatsoever. The trouble with this highly desirable experience is that it fluctuates all the while, that it eludes our grasp, and is not to be least available when most needed. Who, indeed, can feel anything to order? And in this instance there's something particularly self-defeating, and certainly ridiculous, about cultivating what comes naturally or not at all, about the pursuit of stillness, trying not to try, holding onto letting go, straining after relaxation! No wonder this strange enterprise of self-training doesn't work out. In the end we have to surrender all these attempts to surrender.

By
Douglas E. Harding
Is there then nothing we can do about the problem? Must we continue to let these alternating moods of struggle against the Nature of things, and heartfelt (or half-hearted) acceptance of even the ‘worst’ of them, continue to structure our lives. Or, more likely, tear them apart?

No. The direct method of trying to gain control of our feelings proves self-defeating, but there is an indirect method which is more promising. The problem can be solved — though emphatically not at its own level or on its own terms — and solved absolutely.

The solution is ATTENTION, attention instead of intention. Attention to what is, in place of striving for what should be. Attention to how things already are, without any attempt to improve them. The fact is that total attention is surrender, and total surrender is attention.

Attention to what? Attention to what’s given right where you are at this moment, regardless of other places and times. Just to read about this attention is no good at all: you, dear Reader, must actually look, now, at what’s your side of this printed page, at its Seer, its Reader — if any. Isn’t it a fact that there’s nothing where you are, nothing but ‘space’ for this scene (for these hands holding this issue of _The Mountain Path_, surrounded by vague coloured shapes) to happen in? Nothing where you are now but this speckless Awareness or Capacity, itself lacking all sound, smell, taste, colour, shape, opacity, complexity, movement — and therefore perfectly prepared to accommodate all these? Isn’t filled vacancy exactly what you are at this moment on present evidence?

This in-seeing, this attention to What one always is (whether one notices it or not), this discovery of That which is beyond all possibility of improvement (because here is nothing to change or be changed) — this alone is total surrender. It is the giving up of every attribute and quality and function that one had claimed, the end of all one’s pretensions to be anything whatsoever. Not an atom of substance, not a twinge of feeling or shadow of thought, can survive in the rarefied atmosphere of the Centre. Here remains only attention, awareness, pure consciousness-of-consciousness without content or qualification, and This can never come or go. Here is Abandonment itself, including the abandonment of all time and change. One doesn’t achieve this Abandonment: one is it eternally.

All the same, this essential in-seeing doesn’t put an end to the parade of feelings and thoughts, with their endless shifts and alternations, their built-in contradictions. Nor can it be counted on to ‘rectify’ them. May be they will in some degree sort themselves out, and maybe the feeling of surrender will grow apace, now that all feelings are consciously experienced from their feeling-free Source and Container right here. Nevertheless they remain in their own sphere essentially ‘problematical’: it’s their nature to be incomplete, in part false, and always in conflict with one another. The real difference which this seeing-What-one-is makes isn’t the improvement of that scene — of one’s thinking and feeling and behaving — but its placing. It all belongs out there, in and to the world. What I used to call ‘my thoughts and feelings’ are found to be thoughts and feelings about things there, and never about ME here. The universe is as replete with sadness and joy, ugliness and beauty, fighting and giving up, and all the other opposites, as it is with colour and shape and movement. All of it is brought to light by the Light here, the Light that is itself clean of every thing and quality it shines on. You are that Light.

But you may object that this seeing-What-you-really-are doesn’t last, but comes and goes just as the feeling of surrender comes and goes, and perhaps is even more difficult to maintain than that feeling.

Well, try it, and you will find that, quite unlike the feeling, the seeing is always available. You can see What and Who you are whatever your occupation or circumstances or mood: nothing is easier or more natural.

Nor is this seeing intermittent. It occurs out of time, in the sense that it is seeing into that Place where nothing whatever, nor even place and time, survives. This isn’t theory for
thinking about, but fact for testing. Look again
and see the no-thing you are now, and you will
find that your seeing doesn't read as beginning
at such and such a time by the clock, and end­
ing so many seconds or minutes or hours later.
You will also find that it cannot be separated
by any kind of interval from other 'occasions
of seeing', so-called. As a Zen master
observes: 'Seeing into Nothingness — this is
the true seeing, the eternal
seeing.'

Where there is no time there is no will, no
intention, no choice, no place, all these are
time's offspring. Paradoxically, real surrender
to the Divine Will isn't just giving up one's
own personal will, but all will, and resting
in the perfection of what is. The only way to
come to this place of no-desire is to attend
to it, and see that one has never been any­
where else. Right here at zero inches from
oneself, at the very mid-point of one's uni­
verse, is the God who is the stillness at the
heart of the storm.

We use to pray: Thy will,
my Lord and God, be done.

And lo! He has no will:
He is stillness alone.

So writes Angelus Silesius, the Cherubic
Wanderer.

But in that case what are we to make of
Dante's great statement: 'His will is our
peace'?

The answer is to examine again the Spot
one occupies, and see how empty it is of all
content of its own, and certainly of all will
or intention. And see, too, how full it is of
this scene, the world as it is now given, com­
plete with all the feelings and thoughts that
are now colouring and enlivening it. Isn't it
a fact, in your own experience now as the
will-less Source, that your will is perfectly
embodied in all that is now flowing from that
Source, so that all of it is perfectly acceptable
just as it is? Is it possible to see Who you
are, without endorsing things as they are?
Is there any other way, in the last resort, to
true self-abandonment, but consciously being
the One who in Himself has no will, yet is
responsible for everything in the world? To
see that you are not in the world, and that
on the contrary the world is in you, is to be
reconciled to its every manifestation.

There was once a Zen disciple so gifted that
his Master eventually sent him off to a greater
Teacher for ultimate instruction. To the dis­
ciple's surprise, his new Teacher turned out
to be a poor and rather sick old woman, who
seemed to have nothing to offer at all. But
in the end he extracted her message. It was
this: 'I've no complaints.'

First see What and Who you are, establish
your true Identity, and then see whether you
have anything whatever to complain of.

Don't you love to swim and bathe.
In a flood of bliss?
To flood the universe with bliss
The Pandyan God, astride a steed,
Embodying bliss unique,
Dwells in His devotees' hearts.
Into this flood of bliss supreme
Go, and dive, and worship
His anklet-bearing Feet.

— Saint Manikkavâchagar
(Translated by Prof. K. Swaminathan)
I say that I have surrendered,
But what have I given up?
It’s easy to talk in this fashion
Though it’s nothing but empty words,
Which come from the tongue so glibly
In a sentimental way.

I’m tired of all talk and no action,
But better than either of these
Is the silence of the Spirit,
The Silence we find with you,
A potent and thundering Silence
Which swallows up in itself all.

Like the magnet which pulls at the iron
You draw me and hold me so fast,
But why do you leave me in this way
With the work only just begun?
You make me your slave and a pris’ner;
For you that’s all right, not for me.

You leave me my mind with its worries,
Why don’t you take that with the rest?
For the mind is the cause of all trouble,
Creating the wor’ld and its ties.
The things that I say I’ve surrendered
I haven’t surrendered at all.

It’s all just show and pretending,
Prostrating and that sort of thing.
Quoting of texts and of Sbstras,
Perfect in word not in deed.
I’m sick, sick, sick of this business,

I want to start fresh but I can’t;
So please just stop being the magnet,
Don’t take me at all or take all!
Transmute me until I am blended
With you so that both are as One.
When there’s no longer the talk of surrender
Then alone has surrender begun.
THOUGH I am not a Catholic, I respond deeply to the writings of Saint Augustine, and especially to that remarkable spiritual record he calls his Confessions. For although Augustine wrote almost a thousand works both before and after his conversion to Christianity, it is in these sincere 'declarations' of his love for God (the actual meaning of the Latin title confessions) that he tells us who he is and how through bitter struggle he reached his spiritual state. In this long hymn of praise, which is also the first autobiographical novel of the ancient world, Augustine takes us deep into his life, not to dwell upon the past or wallow in his errors, but to discern, as only the eye of detachment can discern, the spiritual events that lead him inexorably to the beloved God he calls 'my sweetness', 'light of my Life', 'our rescue', and 'more inward than my inmost self'.

Augustine was born in 354 A.D. in the small city of Thagaste in the large Roman province, and Catholic diocese, of Africa. Baptized by his pious mother during an illness, he recalls for us what little effect the ritual had on his inquiring, gregarious, and passionate nature. His mother Monica, whom he calls 'that faithful servant of Yours,' prayed for him seemingly in vain, as devout mothers do for their wayward and uncomprehending sons all over the world. He recalls again, when pretending to chide God from the perspective of his later awareness, how the burning faith and exceeding love of this mother was nothing other than His Voice:

"Woe is me! And do I dare accuse You of silence, my God, when I wandered further and further from You? ... Whose words were they that You sang into my ears through my mother, Thy faithful one, but Yours?" (II.3)

And yet, he humbly confesses to us how for years and years he was unable to embrace the spiritual life; how he joined the Manicheans— not unlike some 'exotic' groups today that have no real sadhana to put before their adherents, how he sailed for Rome in search of fame, leaving his deceived and heartbroken mother on the shores of Africa, how the very brilliance that was bringing worldly success within his grasp exposed the vanity of that success and left him as hungry as ever:

"Walking along a street in Milan I noticed a poor beggar, quite jolly and quite drunk, I thought, and I sighed and pointed out to my friends with how much less trouble this man had gained what we were after... namely, the comfort of a fleeting happiness." (VI.6)

Augustine was one of those for whom belief and action must follow their intellectual understanding, and who keenly felt the import of their ideas. The problem that tormented and blocked him during his period as a young and socially successful 'professor' in the Roman mainland was the problem of dualism: he knew well from translations of 'the divine Plato' and Platonists such as Plotinus and Porphyry (who had 'rediscovered' Plato about a century before his time) that man's goal lay far above the body and the sense-world, but he conceived of this transcendent realm as 'noetic' or intellectual only, and what is worse, could not conceive of any way to reach it. Thus, he thought of the world as irredeemably evil, but remained attached to that 'evil' through the strength of his habitually ingrained desires. He cries out, as many have cried at the beginning of their spiritual awakening, sciebam, sed nec valebam nec volebam, 'I knew (what I should do), but had neither the capacity nor the will.' (IV.7). As
he also humbly states, with typical shrewdness and insight:

"For I thought I should be exceedingly wretched without the embraces of a woman, and the medicine of Your compassion against this illness never occurred to me, because I had never experienced it". (VI.II)

Finally, the spiritual yearning awakened in him by the unswerving desire of his mother, who by this time had come to live with him in Milan, came to fruition. Through an apparently chance visit by two Christian officials, Augustine, already leaning closer to Christianity in the person of St. Ambrose, then bishop of the city, has an intense experience of his personal inadequacy and sloth, and 'converts' to the religion of his parents. At last he understands that the world is not evil, but only less good in that it is less close to the One Source of reality, and that man can ascend through the world of multiplicity to its source, through the created to its Creator, by concentrated will and intense discrimination. Yet this is only the beginning of his sadhana; where other converts had written of their experience as a 'before' and 'after', Augustine describes it in all humility as a 'before' and 'during'; leading him to a constant struggle both to establish himself on ever higher levels of awareness through 'the mediator between God and man, the man Jesus Christ' (X.18) and to work for the establishment of a viable Christian order in the turbulent world of a crumbling empire from his episcopal seat in the city of Hippo Regius back in Africa.

The Confessions contains a philosophy profound enough for the most rigorous thinker, shedding light on such subjects as will and desire, the one and the many, time and eternity, language and the Word (reminiscent of the sphota theory in Ancient India), education and even literary criticism. At the same time it is punctuated by the most spontaneous and beautiful outpourings of love for the supernal Reality and tender God who rescued him from the frustrating, desperate illusion of the sense-world. The most famous of these is probably:

"How late have I come to love You, beauty so ancient and so fresh, how late have I loved You, And behold, You were inside, and it was I who was without, and where I sought for You, to those beautiful things which You have made, I rushed headlong and ugly. You were with me, and I was not with You. Those beauties kept me far from You, which unless they are in You, are not. You called and cried and broke my deafness down; You sparkled and shone and put to flight my blindness; You wafted and I drew a breath and still pant after You; I have tasted, and I hunger and thirst; You touched me and I burn to know Your peace.

Peace is the central theme of the Confessions, sounded at its beginning, middle and end, as it is of the Hindu scriptures; whether they celebrate the personal or impersonal modes of Godhead. Augustine speaks indeed in language at times strikingly similar to the Gita, as for example in his analysis of the stages by which his untrained capacity to desire paralyzed his will and would have ruined his life. (VIII 5, cf. Gita II.62 f). For readers of The Mountain Path, however, one of the most gratifying similarities will be his description of the stages by which this illusion was overcome, by a process much like what Ramana Maharshi called Atma vichara:

"Enquiring then what was the source of my judgement... I discovered the immutable and true eternity of truth above my changing mind. Thus by stages I passed from bodies to the soul which uses bodies for the perceiving, and from this to the soul's inner power... and from there I passed on the reasoning power... that it might find what light suffused it... Thus in the pulse of a trembling glance my mind arrived at That Which Is. (X.17: adapted from the translation of F. J. Sheed).

St. Augustine belongs not only to the Church he helped to found, but to every sincere and humble seeker after Truth.
WHEN I look back upon my childhood, it is clear as crystal that I brought an amount of spiritual *samskaras* into this life. Born into a family of clergymen, many generations, with my father and both my grandfathers ministers of divinity in the Protestant, Calvinist tradition, all interest was focussed on matters of religion, and I must have been taught how to pray almost before I could talk.

If it is true that one's childhood is decisive in most important matters in life, this is certainly true in my case. Two events have marked the whole sequence of adventures in the spiritual realm. Leading to a desperate search for someone who might enlighten me, and ending in the unbelievable event of finding just such guidance.

The first event must have occurred when I was about five years old. A well-known missionary, travelling from place to place, arrived at our village with a roving exposition about Netherlands New Guinea (now West Irian) where he had worked. I can still remember some of the exhibits, but more important was that he stayed in our house, and had his meals with us.

Then, one day, during lunch, he told my parents how he had made the journey from the East Indies (now Indonesia) in the usual way and by boat, but partly over land, travelling also through British India.

That phrase, British India, struck me like lightning. It is hardly possible that at this very early age I could ever have heard this name before. But it struck me as if it were to split me into two. I was numb with still, amazed wonder — with some inexplicable recognition of something extraordinary, something absurdly desirable, something like the ultimate good, almost like God, even.

The second event must have occurred just a little later. I presume that it might have been in the spring of 1928 when I was five years old.

I was playing on a small grassfield, baking cakes of sand, then looking up at a hedge with very tiny pink flowers and white balls as big as marbles.

If anything triggered off what then happened, I cannot tell what it was. But suddenly the entire world and I myself were transformed into light. I fell into *samadhi*. But although it was a most impressive event, at the same time it was the most ordinary of all ordinary things. Even so, small as I was, I decided to keep this as a secret to myself, and in fact I never talked about it to anyone until the age of about twenty, when the same thing happened in the company of a very good friend, who was reading a text to me, originating from ancient oriental mystics. Suddenly, and without any warning — as it always does — *samadhi* as it were dissolved me.

Many things had of course happened between the ages of five and twenty. But here was a new decisive point, confirming that it was in the East that I had to look for an answer to the questions I put to all the theologians in my family and many others, but that none could answer, even vaguely.

I continued my reading, but although I found many books of interest, none could explain to me what I wanted to know. But gradually it seemed to become quite desperate, and when, after this second and spontaneous *samadhi* I discovered that whatever I tried or did, I could not get back to that
state, I fell into a deep depression. I decided that I must find a Guru, and that, if I did not find one, life would not be worth living any more.

It was then that an elderly lady, mother of a friend of mine, lent me two books. The first one was written by Swami Vivekananda, and its title was 'Jnana Yoga'. I had no idea that the book as well as the author were world-famous, to me it was a book like any other. But when I started to read it, it caused something like an explosion in me. There, finally, I found someone who had been able to put into words what I had been feeling intuitively, but could never have verbalized.

Then, the second book, written by Paul Brunton, did the rest. When I read that there was a living sage in India whom one could talk with, asking questions and getting real answers, blue patches returned to my sky. The only thing I was worried about was, that this sage might meanwhile have left this world, and there was no means to enquire, for it was right in the middle of the war.

But I decided to trust what was written about him, and started to concentrate on him. In the Dutch edition of A Search in Secret India, which is called Hidden Wisdom, there was a picture of Bhagavan, which I used during my meditation, and initially with a lot of effort I started to concentrate on the heart-centre, which, of course, was the tool he handed to us in order to get beyond the phenomenal.

Having rather strong yogic samskaras, it turned out to be quite easy, after a while, to descend straight into this centre.

During my meditation hours, I concentrated very hard on Bhagavan, and after a while I was assured of his living guidance.

Yet, this was not enough. It did help as a marvellous preparation, it did melt all depressive tendencies in less than no time; it did help me to see that I was not a body, not this, not that, but it did not place me in my true center.

What I did not know at the time is, that on account of close identification with the body, the body must be brought at least once, but preferably many times, into the living presence of an authentic Master. What I did know, is that I had to see this strange being, in that little Indian town. I concentrated on him, more and more, and sometimes almost fought with him, asking him to help me in my efforts to come and see him. And absurd as this expression now sounds — I won. He made his presence felt, very strongly, and with it came the certainty that I was to see him.

What part in this sadhana was my own projection and what part was Bhagavan's real presence, I shall never be able to know. Certain it is, that every sadhaka projects a man upon the sage: a man who walks and talks and eats and wills things, failing to understand that from his own "point of view" the Master is nothing of the kind. The authentic Master never gives the sadhaka anything to get a grip on. He is like thin air — wherever you try to catch him or to find something tangible, he disappears. One cannot get hold of him, any more than one can put sunlight into a box. Yet the sunlight is there, most clearly.

Still, it took several years before, finally, in the beginning of 1950, I arrived. As if it happened last night, I can remember the train ride from Madras on the metre gauge; the first view of Arunachala, with the full moon hovering above it — a very good omen, I thought; the fight amongst the porters, who had got hold of my luggage before I knew what happened; the ride in the jutka and the driver shouting "Heyhey", the accent always on the second syllable. It all just happened, I was no longer implicated. It was as if I had become completely transparent. I knew from friends around the ashram that Bhagavan was terribly ill, but I knew also that I had come in time to see him, and that he had kept his promise to help me in getting there. Nothing in the world could go wrong, hereafter.

It was Roda MacIver, who is still living at the ashram, who took me to him, a few hours
later. And when I saw him, from far, sitting on a chair on the little passage between his room and the main hall, I started to tremble all over — not because of nerves or uneasiness, but because of the shock of this confrontation. Here I was — but what on earth could this mean, I, this transparent thing — and there, there, there, on that chair, light Itself, radiant as I had never seen anything or anyone.

Roda introduced me to him, and Bhagavan looked at me. He hardly talked, but his face, his presence, said: "So, finally you're here!"

I was invited to sit down, amongst a group of men, perhaps ten, perhaps twenty, my back against the wall opposite him. I looked, and looked, and looked. Long ago I had lost all faith, all belief of my childhood years. No god riding the clouds any more; no soul. And now, suddenly, here Light Itself, blazing light, penetrating light, going right through me, like X-rays.

Bhagavan seemed at the same time completely unconcerned, looking around, smiling at the squirrels that ran up and down the trees; exchanging a few words with his attendants; dozing off, now and then for half a minute; then, immediately and fully awake, looking, not at you but into you, casual like one looks into a street, without effort, but seeing in one glance right to the other end and taking note of all that happens in one glance; and then again rubbing his head with his long fingers.

In those days he came out twice a day: two hours in the morning, and two in the evening, so that we might have his darshan.

To me, those first days, it was the fulfillment of everything I had ever hoped to find — as a matter of fact, it was much more than that. I knew that in the most lucid, radiant moments of my heart, it would have never been possible to imagine even a portion of this blazing Presence, that radiated right through everything and took me away beyond the phenomenal.

The second, or the third day, I had to laugh, about the absurdity that had been my life before. Who was I, to cultivate a garden full of problems? What on earth could have given me the impression that I was so important that I ought to have problems — questions, complicated situations to get out of.

And before I knew it, there I was in the middle of this Who-am-I sadhana. But now, in his presence, it was an entirely different matter. In this radiant light it was so evident that I was not a body, not an ego, that no analysis was needed. This light swept away all my darkness in one stroke.

Then, after a week or two, an irritation came up in me. For I noticed that when I returned to the little house opposite the Ashram, which belonged to a Dutch friend, the lucid, blazing state which invariably swept everything away in Bhagavan's presence, left me, and when questions did come up, I was quite unable to solve them.

So after a few days, I became rebellious, and decided that I was going to have it out with Bhagavan.

When I walked in, during the afternoon darshan hour, I refused to melt away in his radiance, strong as ever. I simply refused his blessing, and I may say that it was most difficult to do so. It was, I discovered, as if you were slapping your own mother in the face. Yet, I decided to be stubborn, because it was not a heavenly hour I was in search of but lasting liberation from ignorance.

When I passed in front of him, and greeted him, Indian fashion, a quick smile ran across his face — and that was all. I was already at that moment perfectly certain that he was aware of the whole situation, but he paid no attention to it at all. He showered his radiance over all visitors (and every day there were more, as the news of his impending departure from us spread rapidly, and many, many people wanted to see him before he went away), rubbed his head, looked at the squirrels, dozed off for a
moment, or looked quite indifferent at something or the other.

I found a place opposite him, under the covered passage that in those years ran along the side of the hall, and sat not very far from where we now find his samadhi. The passage has now been added to the big hall.

From there I started my bombardment. I fired thoughts at him, with all my might. "Bhagavan, of what use is all your radiance to me, if I cannot solve my problems, the moment I have left you?" That was, more or less, the theme.

Bhagavan took no notice. So I concentrated on him even more, and with my thoughts I began to shake him as if he were a fruit tree. I must have an answer.

Then, suddenly, he looked at me, with a smile of utter amazement. "What do you want?" the smile said. And then, with a different expression on his face: "You are looking for your glasses, and they are right on your own nose!" Then, suddenly, his eyes emitted light, spat fire, and when he looked at me, his look went straight into me. physically into my chest. The heart centre, very often felt in his presence, began to get warm, became hot like fire, and then started to spark as if an electric machine were installed next to my heart. I sat straight as a needle, my eyes glued to his drilling firelook. "Kill me", I prayed.

How long this may have lasted I cannot say. It was an event outside of time and space. The moment came, when my body could no longer stand the strain. It was as if my chest would explode, and I asked him to let me go.

I had received what I had come for. This account of the initiation that I received from Bhagavan is of course only a mere indication. In reality it was a complete transformation — an *Umwertung aller Werte*, as Nietzsche calls it. And all this, without hearing Bhagavan’s voice. Communication in silence was clearer than any explanation in words could have given.

Yet, I still needed words.

A few days before Bhagavan’s departure, I decided to leave Tiruvannamalai. There were at least a thousand people, and we were only allowed to stand in front of the door for ten or twenty seconds, to see Bhagavan lying on his bed. I thought that he ought to be left alone.

Back in Bombay, where I stayed in a friend’s flat, I was amazed to discover to what extent changes had occurred. On my way coming, I had been reading Spinoza’s *Ethics* — a very tough book, which I had to chew phrase by phrase. I had left it open on my bed. Now, coming back, I picked it up, and found that I could read it almost like a novel.

Yet, all this was not enough. Although my two months with Bhagavan had turned me inside out and upside down, this period had been too short to remove all obstacles, if only for the reason that at the time a number of fundamental questions had not arisen, and certain mistakes had not been recognized. I had for instance very strong yogic tendencies, and I could not understand that consciousness
did not arise from the kundalini, but that the kundalini appeared in consciousness. Where I got this absurd notion from I cannot tell, but it was only when somebody drew my attention to it, that a doubt about this point of view arose in me — weeks after Bhagavan had shed the body. And other questions, new ones, began to tease me: what about this mysterious deep sleep state, for instance; and what was implied in the simple statement that one is ever the witness of thought, not a thinker...

But although I was far from satisfied, I did not suffer or worry to the extent I had done in Europe. If Bhagavan had proved a help and a certainty as tall as Mount Everest, he would not leave me after shedding the body. So I waited in full confidence.

And help came.

Some three months after His physical departure, suddenly a discussion as I used to have with Him in my imagination turned into something that might perhaps be called a vision. Suddenly I was back at Ramanasramam, and I sat opposite Him, as I always had during the first weeks of my stay. Again, there were quite a number of people, perhaps a hundred or two hundred.

Silently I wished: “O Bhagavan, I wished I were alone with you.” And hardly did I think this, when the first person stood up, prostrated before Bhagavan, and left. Then number two, three, and in less than no time, the entire gallery was empty, but for Bhagavan and myself.

I drew myself next to His feet, looked at Him, and said: “How wonderful, to be alone with Bhagavan.” — Again this smile of His... It always contained a world. It was a bath of light and love, spiced very slightly, this time, with something like sarcasm to make me aware of my absurd standpoint, when He said, slowly, taking time to pronounce every syllable slowly and clearly: “Are... you... ever... not... a-lone...?”

Immediately, this very “Bhagavanish” remark made me glow with happiness and recognition. I understood immediately what He meant — I was completely home again.

But, very much aware of my new problems, I asked Him what to do. He then directed me to see a certain person, whom I discovered to be most venerable, and who, for some incomprehensible reason, allowed me to be with him regularly over a period of several years, until the obstacles had been overcome.

When, during that same vision, I questioned Bhagavan about this Guru, and asked Him: “Is he realised?” He again fired one of His cryptic answers at me, saying: “He is neither realized, nor not realized.” This one took me a week to understand: “realized” and “not realized” are labels — that we paste onto someone. But the person Bhagavan referred me to was beyond labels — and I soon found the confirmation of what Bhagavan had indicated.

Now, more than 25 years later, I am still sometimes with Bhagavan — and I do not mean with Him as pure consciousness or the Atma Brahman, but as this “typically Bhagavan Presence”, with or without form. I am no longer interested in visions or other, phenomena of a yogic nature, but when, suddenly He is there in one way or the other His presence may either bring tears of deep love and emotion to my eyes, or it may make me glow with happiness, and make my heart jump into the sky. Such is the radiance from His heart. It is the Heart of the World.

Search in the water and you will not find the waves; yet the waves arise from the water.

— Daito Kokushi.
Martin Heidegger’s Philosophy

Our analysis of Heidegger’s philosophy has to be based on his main work, namely *Being and Time (Sein und Zeit)*. He starts his book with the question of ‘being’ and, then, goes on to say that we really do not know the exact meaning of the word ‘being’.

Since the question of ‘being’ has been neglected in philosophy, we should form a correct understanding of ‘Being of beings’ (*das Sein des Seiendes*). In English the term ‘being’ is ambivalent; it can be used as a noun in such a statement: I am a being; a dog is a being. The term is also used in the sense of ‘to be’ or ‘being’ of a thing. But in Greek we have different terms for ‘a being’ and for ‘being’. In Greek *to on* means *a being*, whereas *to einai* denotes the being of a thing. In German *das Seiendes* denotes the former and *das Sein* signifies the latter.

Philosophy, maintains Heidegger, betrayed itself in the study of the ‘Being of beings’ at that time when Plato made a distinction between what is really real and what is unreal; and this betrayal was further carried out by Aristotle when he thought of being as a *substance*. Henceforward the main preoccupation of philosophy lay in that-which-is.

Being, according to Heidegger, “is not God, nor ground of the world. Being is broader than all beings — and yet it is nearer to man than all beings. . . . Being is what is nearest (to man). Yet nearness remains farthest removed from him”.

Dasein

There is only one kind of unique being in the world, and that is man, precisely because he is a questioner. It is man alone who can ask the question: “What is the Being of being?” Thus man not only transcends his own being, but also that of other beings. Hence man is able to approach Being.

*Dasein* stands for man. Heidegger uses this term for man for the simple reason that man’s existence precedes his essence. Man is distinct from all the objects precisely because he is his own being. Since man is his own being, he, therefore, exists, whereas other things simply are. Thus *Dasein* and *Existenz* are identical. *Existenz* is a continuous possibility in man. It means that *Dasein* is his own possibility. Thus *Dasein* constantly realizes his possibilities.

Phenomenology

Why did traditional ontology fail? It failed because it has been other-worldly, whereas a true ontology must be this-worldly. Ontology must concern itself with the concrete being of man. To accomplish this task, a methodology is needed; and this requirement is supplied by phenomenology.

Heidegger, while interpreting the word ‘phenomenology’, analyses two Greek words: *phainomenon* and *logos*. The former word means “to appear”, “to show”; it means, then, that which can be brought to light. The word for “light” in Greek is *phos*, whose root is the same as that of *phainesthai*. The word “logos” is interpreted by Heidegger as *discourse*, a discourse which unveils to the speaker that about which he speaks. Since *phenomenon* means that which manifests itself and *logos* that which discloses itself, *phenomenology*, contends Heidegger, means that which shows itself on its own. Hence *phenomenology* is a method which “demands a
direct approach and an unbiased openness toward that which may reveal itself in the investigation. It is pristine disclosure or unprejudiced description. Thus it is a method which concerns itself about that which unveils itself to us.

For Husserl, the founder of phenomenology, it was a method of investigation through which one could hope to reach the pure eidos. This could be accomplished through phenomenological reduction. Husserl thought that, if we would bracket all knowledge, we could grasp the pure essence of eidos. Husserl did not concern himself with the question of being.

Heidegger does not concern himself with the pure essence; he concerns himself with the study of Being of beings. He employs phenomenology as a methodic attempt to arrive at the Being of beings. Phenomenology enables us to see the phenomenon itself, which, writes Richard Palmer, "proximally and for the most part does show itself; but at the same time, it is something that belongs to it so essentially as to constitute its meaning and its ground. . . . that which remains hidden in an egregious sense, or which elapses and gets covered up again, or which shows itself 'in disguise' is not just this entity or that, but rather the Being of beings. . . . in the phenomenological conception of phenomenon what one has in mind as that which shows itself is the Being of entities, its meanings, its modiﬁcations and derivatives" (Hermeneutics, p. 127).

**Dasen as Being-in-the-World**

The main constituent of Dasein in-being-the-world (in-der-Welt-sein). Dasein, as being-in-the-world, is not a disembodied substance, that is to say, man is concretely immersed in the world of individuals. Man's being exists in the world. We cannot think of human existence outside of the world. The world, too, cannot be thought of without Dasein. The world and Dasein are bound up with one another; "Both are what they are only in being related to one another".

The "being-in" (Insein) is not simply to be understood in terms of spatial relationship. It is "distinct from the present-at-hand insideness of something present-at-hand in" something else that is present-at-hand; Being-in is rather an essential kind of Being of this entity itself" (Being and Time, pp 79-80).

Man does not exist in space like an extended object. The way in which "being-in" expresses itself in the world is called by Heidegger concern (sorge). This concern shows itself in "producing something, attending to something and looking after it. . . . All these ways of Being-in have concern as their kind of Being. . . . Leaving undone, neglecting, renouncing, taking a rest—these are also ways of concern" (op. cit., p. 83).

What is the relationship, it may be asked, between the world and Dasein? The world, according to Heidegger, is the characteristics of Dasein. The world is a means for the realization of human existence. Thus, the world and man are bound to one another. Man and the world are relational in their very constitution. The world is the totality of Dasein's relationships.

The final constituent of Dasein in-the-world is "the who" or "the Self". What is "the who"? "The who" means man; but Heidegger speaks of man as Dasein precisely because his nature is unfinished. He is always "on the way". Thus, man as a being is constituted by possibilities rather than by properties. In other words, man is not a thing.

It is Existenz which is the essence of Dasein. Existenz does not mean "to be"; its root comes from the Latin word existere, meaning "to stand forth", "to stand out" or "to arise". Dasein is not something which "insists" but "exists". Man does not stand-in-itself (i.e. "insists") like a stone or a plant; he "stands out", that is, he transcends himself into the realm of Being. In this way he derives his meaning and bestows meaning on his self. Heidegger "uses the terms Ek-sisten, Ecstasis and Entwurf (project) to denote the distinctive character of human existence. Human existence is ecstatic and pro-
jective. To exist means ‘to stand out’ from non-being and to be projected into one’s possibilities of actualization” (Fernando Molina, Existentialism as Philosophy, p. 56).

Mit-Sein

Dasein, on discovering the world, also discovers other Daseins who co-exist with him. Thus, Dasein cannot exist apart from other existents. It means that Dasein enters into a mutual relationship with other Daseins. Mit-Sein or Mit-Welt is a call for “togetherness”. This is how Heidegger clarifies it: “The kind of Being which belongs to the Dasein of others as we encounter it within-the-world, differs from the readiness-to-hand and presence-at-hand. The Dasein’s world frees entities which not only are quite distinct from things and equipment, but which also—in accordance with their kind of Being as Dasein themselves—are ‘in’ the world in which they are at the same time encountered within-the-world, and are ‘in’ it by way of Being-in-the-world. These entities are neither present-at-hand nor ready-at-hand; on the contrary, they are like the very Dasein which frees them, in that they are there too and there with it... By reason of this with-like (mithalten), Being-in-the-world, the world is always the one that I share with others. Their Being-in-themselves within-the-world is Dasein (Mit-dasein)” (Being and Time, pp. 154-55.)

Dasein finds himself in the world. To be aware of oneself is spoken of as “mood”. Although Dasein finds himself in the world, he does not know why he is in the world. He has been “thrown” into being. Dasein is not the originator of his being; rather he has been “delivered over” to himself. It is “thrownness” which is the “facticity” (Faktizität) Dasein’s being. Facticity is a very special way of being on the part of Dasein. The moment Dasein finds himself thrown into the world, he already finds a great number of “givens” which condition his being-in-the-world. Hence we cannot say that Dasein is an absolute possibility.

Dasein achieves authenticity of existence through understanding (Verstehen). The existential structure of “understanding” is called “projection” (Entwurf). “The character of understanding as projection is such that the understanding does not grasp thematically that upon which it projects—that is to say, possibilities. To grasp it in such a way would be to take away what is projected, its very character as a possibility and would reduce it to the given contents which we have in mind, whereas projecting in throwing, throws before itself the possibility, and lets it be as such. As projection, understanding is the kind of Being of in which it is its possibilities as possibilities” (Molina, op. cit., p. 64).

Dasein exists in the world either authentically or in-authentically. Since Dasein is thrown into the brute world, he may either evade his being and thus be a victim of inauthentic existence, or he may face his being as his own responsibility and permit it to manifest itself fully as his own. This is authentic existence.

If Dasein refuses to be his own being, he is guilty of inauthentic existence (unhegentlichkeit). Inauthentic existence is “everydayness” and banality (Altaglichkeit). Such an existence is faceless and anonymous. Such an existence is called by Heidegger das Man. Das Man is always the “they”. This state of “everydayness” of das Man is called “fallenness” (Verfallenheit). Dasein falls away from himself and falls into the world when he gives up his existential search. Inauthentic existence expresses itself in idle talk (Gerede), curiosity (Neugier), and ambiguity (Zweideutigkeit).

Dasein can achieve authenticity only through the existential dread (Angst). Dread is not fear (Furcht). The experience of fear becomes possible when man comes across some other entity in the world. The object of fear is always threatening. Dread, on the other hand, has no object of which one has to be afraid. Dread is that “in the face of which one is anxious” and its character is indefinite. Not only is it indefinite, it (dread) “also tells us that entities within-the-world are not relevant at all. Anxiety does not ‘know’ what it
is in the face of which it is anxious. Therefore, that which threatens cannot bring itself close from a definite direction which is close by; it is already 'there' and yet somewhere; it is so close that it is oppressive and stifles one's breath and yet it is nowhere... When anxiety has subsided, then in our everyday way of talking we are accustomed to say 'it was really nothing'” (Heidegger, Being and Time, p. 231).

Man is incomplete so long as he lives. The moment death overtakes him, he disappears and, therefore, cannot be grasped at all. Dasein always dreads nothingness, because dread points out nothing. Thus, Dasein is a Being- unto-death (Sein zum Tode).

The other constituent of Dasein is time. Time is not external to Dasein; it is the span of Dasein's life. Man does not exist in time, but he is time. By anticipating his own death, man goes back to his foundation. “This letting oneself come toward itself in that distinctive possibility which (Dasein) puts up with, is primordial Phenomenon of the future (Zukunft) (coming toward)” (Ibid., p. 325).

Time is also ecstatic. It means that Dasein is always “reaching beyond itself, that it is beyond itself, i.e. in the future which ‘comes toward’ it, that it goes back to its past facticity and that it meets its present”.

Heideggerian time is futural in that future is “not yet now — but later”. When Dasein projects himself towards his death, it involves “having been”, i.e. the past. Thus there is complete interdependence between future and past. When Heidegger speaks of the past as “having been” (Gegebenheit), he rejects the traditional sense of the ‘past’ (Vergangenheit). Heidegger uses the term “having been” because the “having been is that which, having been, is still present, that which is present as having been”.

What is the ultimate ecstasy of temporality (Zeitlichkeit)? It is “the present”. Dasein achieves “the present” when he projects himself into the future and then turns back to gather his thrownness of “the past”. Temporality is the fundamental foundation which makes the unity of the Dasein possible. Time is a unity, expressing itself through ecstasies, namely, the future. When Dasein unifies himself through the future, having been and the present, then he achieves authenticity of existence.

Nothingness

Man is always involved in the pursuit of sciences. This involvement puts man in the midst of that which is. Thus man tries to grasp the world of being and how it is. Thus, he wants to understand its quiddity (Wasgehalt) and modality (Seinsart). Science asserts that it concerns itself with what-is’, “simply and solely what-is-and beyond that nothing”. What is this nothing? If we reject nothing as nothing, then we admit nothing. But we are sure of one thing: that science deals with what-is. Thus the “fact remain that at the very point where science tries to put its own essence in words, it invokes the aid of Nothing (das Nichts). It has recourse to the very thing it rejects” (Heidegger, What is Metaphysics? ed. Werner Breck, p. 329).

The problem of nothingness is closely related to the problem of being. When we speak of ‘nothing’, we have already postulated ‘nothing’ as ‘something’. Since we imply ‘nothingness’ is this or that, we cannot answer the question. We think that ‘nothingness’ is derived from the idea of negation. But negation exists only because ‘nothingness’ first exists. Thus, ‘nothingness’ serves as a structure of Being. It is related to Being in the same manner as death is related to Dasein.

We cannot prove nothingness logically, but we can experience it existentially. Nothingness is revealed to us by the experience of anguish. Nothingness is not something which the intellect mirrors; it is a truth that “is felt and suffered”. Nothingness is not a logical category, but an ontological one.

The mode in which we face nothingness is dread. The experience of dread is uncanny
Nothingness reveals itself in dread not as something that “is”. Although nothingness reveals itself through dread, yet it cannot be thought of as an object. Nothingness repels us: thus the individual withdraws. In the process of withdrawal, the individual points to the things in the world, which slip away. This pointing out gives a solidification to the totality-that-is. Thus it shows what the totality is.

What is nothing? “Nothing is neither an object nor anything that ‘is at all.’ Nothing, occurs neither by itself nor ‘apart from’ what-is, as a sort of adjunct. Nothing is that which makes the revelation of what-is as such for human existence. Nothing not merely provides the conceptual opposite of what-is but it also is an original part of essence (Wesen). It is in the Being (Sein) of what-is that the nihilation of nothing (das Nichten des Nichts) occurs”. (Ibid., p. 340).

The Spokes of the Wheel

By Katana

The spokes of the Wheel turn with the Wheel, revolving in the perfect rhythm of eternal Order.

Hath no man Seen, and then denied his own Oneness with All — being born as a Universal Being!

Lest the golden nave of the Sun deny its radiance within the heart; hence not even a shadow being cast!

O lowly figures under the Sun, fathom thy likeness as leaves growing, then falling from the Great Tree of Life.

Or as Flowers blooming, giving their seeds unto the fertile Earth, bringing forth new life and Beauty, in the face of Wonder, even unto the Sun.

Rise, O wonder warrior, Arjuna, Sun unto the Sun, And fill thine own heart with the Fullness of Wisdom of this Earth’s timeless Land.
A man of indecision never starts!
A man of decision never stops!

— Napoleon Hill

THE SPIRITUAL TEACHING OF
MY SADGURU (Shri Dada Maharaj)

By
B. G. Vellal

WHEN I was at New Delhi, my sadguru
Shri Dada Maharaj (G. R.) Ambekar, Poona, initiated me in Sobam Dhyana Yoga by a letter. Hardly a day and a half had passed after myself taking up to this sadhana when, in the divinely serene period before sunrise, I saw my sadguru in a dream. He spoke and blessed me smilingly: "Sobam Japa alone and of its own accord will satisfy your spiritual urge".

The pure Atman forgot its true nature ever since it got accustomed to living in utter ignorance as egocentric jiva (individual). In its delusion it mistook the body, mind, intellect and organs of perception as the Self and began to experience pleasure and pain and other pairs of opposites. Because it sees that all human beings and other sentient life and insentient objects are subject to birth, existence and death, it is obvious that 'The Real Man' is not the outer perishable body but 'The Inner One' who, standing aloof and aloft, witnesses the universal phenomenon. Such a detached witness cannot be but the Eternal, All-knowing Supreme Atman or Brahman. The use of a simple technique based upon the principle, 'You are That upon which you meditate', will reveal to the deluded man his true Self.

Sobam is the revealed sound-symbol of Brahman, the Ultimate Reality. Just as light is inseparable from the sun, or sweetness from sugar, or the symbol from what it symbolises, the Divine Sound of Sobam ajapa japa which flows from Brahman and is heard by an ardent seeker within himself is also inseparable from its primary source! The term Sobam and Brahman are, in all respects, identical, denoting one and the same Principle. Sobam means Brahman! The sound of the Sobam mantra resembles the inner Sobam Sphurana, that is the divine vibration, experienced by an advanced seeker. The word Sobam is made up of two parts namely Sab and Abam, where Sab stands for 'That' denoting He, God or Brahman and Abam for 'I'. The O and M in So and ham by themselves constitute the mystic word OM (or AUM) which stands for Brahman. Aum is thus the cementing principle in the word Sobam between Sab and Abam. This mantra signifies the inseparable, non-dual oneness of man with the Absolute. This implies that the seeker is, at no point in space and time, anything other than Brahman and that he has no existence whatever apart from it.

Hence, a man, who in his ignorance has lost touch with his own Self, that is to say his true Nature, can and will, by deep, one-pointed and incessant meditation of the Sobam mantra be able to blow up and destroy his separate, illusory, and perishable identity and strip himself outright of dualism and get absorbed into the Eternal Brahman. Such an experience alone is Atmasakshakara after which one abides in one's own Natural State.

Sobam mantra is very aptly described as a siddha, tarak and pragat mantra. It has been handed down to us through the Master-pupil medium from the remote past. Many stalwarts belonging to the Nath cult have poured the intense warmth of their heart and soul into
this mantra in the course of their meditation and attained Self Realisation. These great Self-realised sages have, by its use, proved that the mantra has unfailing and overflowing potency to guarantee the highest spiritual success to any serious seeker. Soham being a sidha mantra is bound to lift up and redeem its devotee and enable one to lead the rest of his life as a livamukta. Besides, when death comes, one will peacefully and automatically attain taraaka mantra as well. Since these sages have declared that Soham is a pragati mantra, meaning 'open for practice by all', any man or woman irrespective of religion, creed or community has the freedom to practise Soham meditation.

The real Guru is Atman who reverberates rhythmically as the primordial sound of Soham Sphurana within everyone of us. This Atman or Chaitanya felt within also permeates the whole universe and is therefore known as Paramatman or Brahman!

Practise this easy-to-follow Soham discipline: Relax the body and mind, and sit upright, even on your bed, with legs crossed if possible, keeping the trunk, neck and head in one line. Closing the eyes gently, turn the gaze inwards. Repeat the Soham mantra mentally and silently, dwelling on its deep meaning, without moving the lips or tongue, rhythmically and distinctly. This is Soham Naddanusandhaha. The sages declare that Nirguna Soham Dhyana is a technique of reflection on the Attributeless Self or Atman, that it is Self Enquiry or Vicara which, removing ignorance and delusion, reveals the Supreme Self. Form a habit of sitting for meditation at a regular time, preferably before going to bed at night or/and before dawn for about fifteen minutes and gradually increase the period as much as you conveniently can. Cultivate the practice of reciting the mantra mentally at other times too, e.g. when you are sitting, walking, speaking, resting or doing anything else. To a follower of this Soham Jnana Marga, rigid orthodox discipline is less important. However, it is advisable to observe moderation and sobriety as also unclouded thinking in whatever one does. As one progresses, essential and requisite vairagya, that is dispassion, will follow.

Ultimately, the effort at mental repetition of Soham comes to an end and Brahman, so to say, takes it over. Mind and intellect, the cease to function and the seeker enters the domain of Brahman. Atman begins to reveal itself from within, spontaneously in a continuous, and flow of this Divine Soham sound. This is known as the real Soham Ajapa Japa to which the seeker should thereafter listen with rapt attention. In his Yogaratvaci, Verse 4, Shrimat Adya Sankaracharya reverently salutes this Atman’s own holy utterance through Whose Grace a seeker merges with his breath and mind into the Supreme State of Brahman. Sri Gajanan Maharaj Gupte, the Sadguru of my Sadguru, describes this circumstance as the state of one’s own real Self into which both Light (Prakasa) and Sound (Nada) dissolve.

Mental purity, equipoise and tranquillity accrue to the spiritual seeker as a result of making headway in the Soham sadhana and performing desireless or nishkama karma. He will neither be elated when the outcome is favourable, nor will he feel depressed if any unexpected consequence ensues.

The purpose of any sadhana is only to still the mind. When the mind is perfectly serene, the Self automatically shines forth. Atma-sakshatkara is the direct inner experience of every mature seeker. As the seeker becomes one with the infinite, the vast energy of spirit called Chaitanya naturally comes to him as vigour and wisdom to conquer his difficulties, mundane or otherwise. He goes through difficulties and disasters like others but remains unaffected and unruffled. You cannot change the pattern of the world, but this sadhana helps you steer clear through it.

In this teaching of my Sadguru Shri Dada Maharaj (G.R.) Ambekar, are hidden his blessings too! Practise this simple teaching which aims at unifying all mankind into a happy brotherhood. Give it a sincere trial. You will surely receive his Grace and Blessings.
I take refuge in the One God, the Life at the Heart of every life:

Every religion that endures acknowledges in some way or other the Unity of all that exists. There is One Source of all things, One Home to which all things must ultimately return. From the One, uncounted universes are born, are sustained, and pass away. Beyond them, unchanged by their coming and going, the One remains, ever itself, ever full.

There is no real resting place in this world apart from God. Wealth, fame, home, loved ones, nations, sensual pleasures—all are good at the proper time and place. But each is ultimately unsatisfying, giving us only a part of what we aspire for. The fulness, the completion of all that we seek can be found only in God, the source of all. Hence, I take refuge in the One God.

God is beyond, or transcendent to, every object, every form, every quality. Yet He is at the same time at the centre of each. He is closer to us than hands and feet, than breath and heart-beat. He is our very Life, more truly ourselves than anything we yet know of ourselves. Sitting in our hearts, He ever guides us, speaking to our inner ear in a still, small voice.

You know His voice in your heart. Let His Voice guide you in receiving and assimilating these words.

I follow the Path of the Perfect Ones:

God's plan for creation is unbounded freedom and unblemished harmony. These two states cannot exist apart from one another. A sense of freedom that one experiences at the expense of unwanted suffering on the part of any other being is but a mockery of true freedom. Yet each of us is constantly choosing thoughts, words, and deeds that offer us personal satisfaction, to the detriment of others.

Where all are in perfect submission to the Will of God, suffering, death, disease, and discord are for ever banished, and each enjoys the unbounded bliss of eternal union with Him. As self-will develops, lower levels of being are formed which give more and more opportunity for personal gratification. Along with these opportunities come their partners—death, disease, and other forms of suffering.

Within these imperfect levels of being, or worlds, are the seeds for their redemption and their return to harmony. At some point in time, the individual soul, the nation, the world, groan under the burden of misery they have brought upon themselves by continued self-seeking, and cry out to God for help. God, who has been patiently watching and waiting, responds in whatever way is appropriate.

Whenever unrighteousness predominates, and the desire for deliverance is great, God takes on a human body, and in thought, word, and deed sets the pattern for all to follow for harmony to be restored. The Absolute Impersonal One manifests Himself as the Supreme Person. While He is in His earthly body, He shows the way to all who will follow. After He is gone, His followers are aware of His Presence in their hearts, where He had always
been. Others catch the living flame, and the world is transformed.

God has been fully incarnate in many bodies in this world. Though the forms are many, the Path is One. We must die to self-will, and submit to God's Will. Submission to His Will makes us transparent channels for His Love, His Power, and His Truth to flow into the world. Through His Grace, perfect submission to His Will and union with Him are possible in this life.

The mystery of the Incarnation and the Path to follow are easiest for me to understand through the life of a man who lived in India until his death in 1950. I also receive much guidance from other Incarnations, the scriptures that bear witness to them, and the lives of you, their followers. If you have committed yourself to one Incarnation, one book of scriptures, one institution, you have not been led astray, since each is a complete guide for pilgrims on earth.

I give myself in service to God in every being:

The primary purpose of everything that is created is to give joy to its creator, through unfolding its individual existence according to its nature. All life is intimately intertwined. The highest development for any of us is embedded in our respect for the highest development for all. Plants and animals, too, are capable of suffering and of responding to love, and our love must embrace even the lowliest of them.

Our love for God and submission to His Will must be reflected completely in our love for one another. We are called to a Universal Love, a Perfect Love at all times, in thought, word, and deed. A thought of love is a prayer, a turning in the heart to the Source of Love. The greatest service we can offer to one another is a life of prayer. Prayer for one another unlocks the hidden transforming Power; Prayer to God with no other purpose than honouring Him gives life to all, just as watering the roots of a tree nourishes every part of it.

Words and action grow out of thought. From a life of prayer come words of comfort and of guidance, of peace and of harmony. Idle chatter ceases. One who has fallen in love with God finds great delight in talking of His wonder and walking hand in hand with others on the road to Eternal Life.

Action, to be of lasting value, must be devoid of selfish motives, and rooted in the One Self of all. I give of myself freely to you; you give of yourself freely to me. We are content with the results of our actions, whether it be praise or blame, riches or poverty.

My thoughts, my words, my actions I place before you. May God within you and me guide us.

May His Peace be ever with us.

—THOMAS A. KEMPIS in The Imitation of Christ, Ch. XV.
Divine Will and Surrender

By

Gladys Dehm

IT would be unwise to find a dichotomy between the Old Testament and the New Testament in the Holy Bible, for Jesus the Christ stated clearly: 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil'. (Matt. Chapt. 5. 17)

Moses received the Ten Commandments. Jesus Christ reiterated observance of these Commandments. He said: 'Whosoever therefore shall break least one of these commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven'. (Matt. Chapt. 5. 19)

The Ten Commandments guide the soul to purification, leading the virtuous seeker to 'The Promised Land', which Jesus called 'the Peace which passeth all understanding'.

To these Ten Commandments was added the one of Christ: 'Love one another, as I have loved you'. (John. Chapt. 15.12)

That LOVE which 'casteth out all fear' was exemplified in Christ. He crowns the Law of the Old Testament with this Divine Love.

'Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill . . . but I say unto you . . . agree with thy adversary quickly'.

'Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you. That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the left also'.

'Ye have heard that it hath been said Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy, But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you — that ye may be the children of the Father which is in heaven — Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect'. (Matt. Chapt. 5.21, 25, 38, 43, 44, 48)

Christ places Divine Love, Abba, as Father of all mankind. Gently, Christ leads the Way, through total surrender, to the Will of the Father. There is no compromise: 'No man can serve two masters . . . ye cannot serve God and Mammon'. (Matt. Chapt. 6.24).

Again, 'Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven! ' (Matt. Chapt. 7.21).

Here, Christ teaches that surrender of the ego-will to the Divine Will is imperative for the pilgrim seeking the spiritual kingdom.

On Prayer, Jesus the Christ had much to impart, but one requisite was sincerity, for when some Pharisees accused the disciples of having neglected to wash their hands, before eating bread, Jesus rebuked them: 'Ye hypocrites, well did Elias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me'. (Matt. Chapt. 15.7).

Jesus's rebuke was aimed at those who adhere solely to outer observances of the Law, whilst neglecting the inner truth which gives life to the soul.

Sincerity is prominent in the words of Christ, addressed to the people, before he taught them the manner in which they should
pray: 'When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogue and in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. . . . your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

‘After this manner therefore pray ye:
Our Father which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. — Amen.’

This prayer has been called The Lord’s Prayer, and its meaning is revealed according to the receptivity of the truth-seeker. Spiritual knowledge is imparted on many levels.

Before Jesus Christ gave words to prayer, he taught that the sense-world must be put aside by shutting ‘the door’ upon it. The ‘secret closet’ is that hidden Sanctuary of our souls, where the secret meeting with the Father takes place. Here, Love Invisible, already conscious of what we require, shall make manifest that which ‘we have need of’.

Surrender to the Father’s Will is the key to the inner sacred Shrine.

The Lord’s Prayer reveals its Jewel-wisdom according to our receptivity. It may be interpreted thus.

Our Father — ‘How wonderful, O God, to know Thee as Abba, Father! Thou art the Creator, Protector, Beloved Parent of all living being. Joy fills our heart to know this’.

Which art in Heaven — ‘Thou art the Indweller of our souls; the Kingdom of Heaven lies within. Thy Immortal Realm is our true Home’.

Hallowed be Thy Name — ‘Thou art I AM THAT I AM’. Holy, is Thy Name! We bow down before Thy BE-ING in the sacred Silence of Thy Name’.

Thy Kingdom come — ‘Thy Kingdom is of the Spirit. May our clouded vision be enlightened and Thy Spirit come into our midst’.

Thy Will be done in earth as it is in Heaven — May our finite wills surrender to Thee totally; for only so Thy Will will become manifest through us Thy children here on earth.’

Give us this day our daily bread — ‘Thou knowest all our needs. Teach us to rely solely on Thee for sustenance of soul and body. Neither looking back at the past, nor fretting about the morrow, we surrender ourselves wholly to Thee for our needs every day. Teach us to live in Thee in the NOW’.

And forgive us our debts — ‘Thou art the Fount of Mercy. Thou knowest our frailties. We ask Thee, O Father, Wipe away the tears of repentance from our cheeks, and cleanse our hardened hearts’.

As we forgive our debtors — ‘Fill our heart with tolerance and forgiveness towards those who wrong us. Only Thou canst turn hatred into Love’.

And lead us not into temptation — ‘Trials and adversities are obstacles to be overcome if we would cast away egoism. Have mercy on us, O Beloved Father; let us not be tempted beyond our strength’.

But deliver us from evil — ‘Thou art the only Reality in the Universe. What appears evil to our ignorant senses, is in truth but a shadow — for Thou alone art Ruler of All. We of ourselves can do nothing when tossed by the wicked inclinations of our egos. Be Thou our Deliverer!’

For thine is the Kingdom, and the power and the glory forever — ‘Our Father, of Thee we sing our paean of praise, or Thy
Majesty, Thy Glory and Beauty, envelop earth, sea and, sky. Thy Kingdom of Love is everywhere. Everlasting is Thy Reign! '

"Amen — 'Thy Will be done. So be it'.

The Supreme example of total surrender to the Divine Will was Jesus Christ himself. This surrender was one of Love, 'That the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do'. (John. Chapt. 14.31).

One Saint, beloved of all, who followed in an exemplary manner in the footsteps of Jesus the Christ, was Francis of Assisi. Once, he preached to many friars about 'Surrender to the Divine Will'. He told them: 'I order you all present, through holy submission and obedience, to take no thought of your bodily needs of hunger and thirst and aught else your body requires. I ask you only to engage in meditation and prayer, giving praise to God, surrendering to Him the thought of the rest. His divine Providence will see to your needs. He has you in His special care. May each and every one of you receive this order with a joyous heart, and put on a happy countenance'.

Upon another occasion when Saint Francis had preached a sermon to some birds, he taught the disciples that they too, like the birds, should entrust themselves wholly to the Providence of God. Here Saint Francis was following the teaching of Christ who had said: 'Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them' (Matt. Chapt. 6.26).

Saint Isaac of Syria wrote: "Once a soul has surrendered to God completely, and has many times experienced God's aid, then the soul cares no longer for itself, but is wrapped in wonderment and silence....it is impossible for the soul to go back to reliance upon its own means of knowledge and put them into practice, in case Divine Providence should be denied it — by surrendering, the soul knows that God will unceasingly care for it in secret'.

Saint Isaac also speaks of the 'secret closet', when he teaches: 'We require seclusion so as to render possible communion with God.'

Further, he says: 'When you have placed your soul completely in God's care, know that it suffices. When you are able to do this, you will witness miracles wrought by God for your good. You will understand that God is always at hand, ready to render any succour to those who love Him. Although invisible, God's Providence is always there, enveloping the soul. Never doubt, thinking God is not there, for it is so and sometimes God makes His Presence visible to mortals in order to uplift the spirit.'

Saint Maximus the Confessor also speaks of surrender, total and with unwavering trust. 'Ye must have recourse to prayer, casting yourselves upon the Lord. He shall protect you with His Love, and take care of you. In Exodus is it not written: "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace?" (Ex. 14.14).

As Jesus Christ had taught, so Saint Maximus states simply: 'The end of all good is Love,'

Love and mercy are one and the same,

Jesus the Christ said: 'Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father is merciful' (Luke Chapt. 6.36).

The ego must yield itself with passionate sincerity to the Will of God if it would attain SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Jesus the Christ spoke intense, vibrant, living Truth. One sentence he uttered is a command we dare never put aside: 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is Perfect'.

It is towards this Perfection that the God-lover yearns and grows.
Garland of Guru’s Sayings

By SRI MURUGANAR
Translated from Tamil by Prof. K. Swaminathan

545.
Knowing and not knowing have their place
Only in the ego’s denotative knowledge.
In pure awareness which is our sole being
There’s neither knowing nor not knowing
objects,
And this alone is knowledge true.

546.
"Know thyself" say some. But are there any
Who do not know themselves?
Knowing oneself and not knowing oneself
Are both alike sheer ignorance.

547.
When abiding as Awareness pure
There is no nescience. Nescience
Is a shadow false. Awareness is
The sole Reality. The truth once known,
To talk of nescience is but nescience.
Awareness pure we are forever.

548.
Only so long as one thinks that one knows
Objects, one fancies that one does not
Know oneself. When by constant,
Immediate experience of the Self
The thought of “knowing” vanishes,
Then with it vanishes the illusion
Of “ignorance” too.

549.
When perfect knowledge rises
That the Self is all and there is no ‘other’.
The multitudinous perceptions,
Rife in the absence of Self-enquiry
And Self-abidance, are all seen
As totally mistaken.

550.
Even like a dream, this waking world
Is but a mind-conceived appearance
In mind-space. Hence greatness lies
In firmly ending indicative knowledge
And the folly of fondness for external
objects.

551.
Only those foolish folk who have not
searched
And found the Truth supreme, the Heart,
Flounder in fear in treacherous maya.
The wise who have known the bliss
supreme,
The boundless flood of brightness, are
Afraid of nothing whatever.

552.
Mad men alienated from awareness
Of the one, sole, non-dual, luminous Being
Mark with darkened, jaundiced eyes
Only differences, and in the desert
See mirage after mirage.

553.
Those who with the eye of wisdom
Search the truth of dream and waking
Find in both the same defect.
This waking world on the body based
Is, like the dream world, bound to slip
Away and disappear.

554.
Our dreamed deeds do not touch our
waking life
But slip away when we awake.
Even so our deeds done in this clouded
ego life
Disappear and leave no trace
When we wake up in the white light
Divine of Self-awareness.
555. The wise ones hold that dream and waking Are both creations of the mind Confused. Since both are filled with thoughts, Names and forms, we too conclude They are just the same.

556. With ego half-emerged we see The dream world. With the spread out full There appears this solid world of nescience.

557. When our waking movements end And our dream-life begins We duly take a phantom body Appropriate for this dream experience.

558. Why does coitus in a dream Result in a discharge? Because Such is the force of thought which darts From the dream — to the waking — body.

559. If dream is but a whirl of thoughts So too is waking life. The dream experience Is while it lasts as real as what We see in waking when awake.

560. "Dream in a moment comes and goes, Enduring is this waking life." Such arguments are but the trick Played by conspiring mind and maya (Duration being itself a thought.)

561. Mighty is this maya-mind Which in the false, dark void creates All delusions and confusions And makes an aon seem a moment And a moment seem an age.

562. With intellect, the eye of wisdom, The cause of every seeming, fixed In the wholeness of true Being, Drive away all dark, delusive Differences, the two dream-worlds Created by the ego.

563. The ignorant ego sees dream-worlds But not itself. When this deluded ego Starts self-enquiry and the mind Stops seeing differences, the mind Beholds the brilliant dawn Of true Awareness, the Lord's Feet.

564. One whirls and turns, pines in sore pain, In this false dream world, till at last The sleeper in his bed wakes up, The false dream ends, one feels relieved, Untouched, free as a pure, white screen[The film-show over]. Such freedom is Self-knowledge true.

565. The dreamer sunk in ignorance feels Lost, helpless in some dreary desert, And seeks and seeks and finds at last His own home-town and wakes up happy. Such waking is attaining moksha After much suffering in samsara.

[9] When one, forgetting the Self regards The body as oneself and goes Through innumerable births And in the end remembers and remains The Self, know this is only like Awaking from a dream wherein One has wandered over all the world. — Bhagavan

566. Apart from all-pervasive space Could there be either earth or water, Fire or air? Then only could there be Waking, dream or sleep apart From flawless turiya,
Jacob Boehme, a speculative and devout Christian mystic of the highest order, was born in 1573 near Goerlitz in Germany. His parents were poor peasants and Boehme was acquainted with poverty from birth to death. He received as a boy only the barest initiation into the rudiments of a formal education — a little instruction in reading and writing and the customary elements of religious teaching. He was from the beginning introspective and withdrawn and was — perhaps as a consequence of this — put to more than his share of solitary work herding sheep and cattle in the fields around his village. At this time the visionary element in his make-up became apparent. On one occasion he told his father that he had found and climbed to the top of a mountain. There on the summit he saw four red stones leading into a cave which was filled with light radiating from a golden vessel. At this he was seized with fear and ran away. Later, accompanied by other boys to give him courage, he attempted to return to the cave but could not find it again.

His physical strength was not great. For this reason, in his fourteenth year, his parents apprenticed him to a shoemaker rather than send him into the heavy work done by his father on the land. A story has come down to us from this period of his life. One day when he was alone in the shop a stranger came in and asked for a pair of shoes. The man paid for the shoes and returned into the street — but suddenly turned back and called to him: 'Jacob, come forth!' Surprised that the stranger should know his name Jacob obeyed and ran out to the man who took both his hands in his and looking at him earnestly said: 'Jacob, you are as yet only small but the time will come when you will be great. You will suffer much misery and persecution but be brave and persevere. God loves you and will be gracious to you.' This experience induced a deep restlessness in him and so he left his master and set out as a journeying cobbler. This led to a time of hardship and insecurity and agonizing inner conflicts which was brought to an end when he found and was accepted by another master. Soon after his entering the service of his new master he records that one day, as he bent over his last, he was lifted up into a condition of blessed peace. He was lit up within by a divine light for seven days. 'The triumph that was then in my soul I cannot describe: I can only liken it to a resurrection from the dead!' But outwardly there was nothing particularly noticeable about him. A friend wrote later: 'His bodily appearance was somewhat mean. He was small of stature, had a low forehead, prominent temples, an aquiline nose, a scanty beard, a feeble voice. He was modest in bearing, unassuming in conversation, patient and gentle-hearted. One mark drew attention: Quiet grey eyes suddenly sparkling to a heavenly blue....'

In the year 1594 he returned to Goerlitz and some years later married a girl of the town. The marriage was a happy one. His wife bore him four children and proved herself a thoughtful and considerate woman not unaware of the value of the unusual man she had married. For the next ten years he practised his craft, was attentive to his household affairs, was kindly to all who approached him. During this period he had two visionary experiences that were to prove the source of the God-intoxicated wisdom revealed in his writings. One day his eye fell upon a pewter dish reflecting back to him in marvellous splendour the morning sunlight. He was immediately
rapt into a profound inward ecstasy in which — as it seemed to him — he could see into the deepest heart of things. He was to call his first writing: ‘Morning Glow’. Some years later this vision was completed by another — in which all that had remained in some degree chaotic and fragmentary became coherent — a perfect whole.

The intervening period however had been one of deep psychic disturbance and disequilibrium. The light at times faded into an anguished inner darkness: times when he could do nothing but cling to the memory of his vision as he laboured in ‘the mystery of iniquity’ ‘as a child goes to school’. Yet the vision went on ‘breeding within’ ‘gradually unfolding like a young plant’. He entered into the vision of ‘the three-headed lily’. He knew the bliss of ‘breathing the scent of the lily’. He was able to cry out with the poet ‘behold the cohesion of all: how perfect!’ For Boehme his vision of the three-headed lily was his vision of the Blessed Trinity.

And now he began to feel like writing down something of his inner visions. Writing in the evenings and at odd moments away from his last, he wrote his first work ‘Morning Glow’ — a title changed later at the suggestion of a friend to ‘Aurora’.

Boehme was living at a time of intense and bitter religious controversy in Europe. The tides of Reformation and Counter-Reformation were flowing strong and fast. Cruelty and violence in the most extreme degree were weapons men did not hesitate to use in their attempts to impose their own religious doctrines on others. Boehme’s writing began to circulate among friends and all who were interested: for it was an age of extraordinary interest in religious matters. Very soon a manuscript was discovered and seized by the Lutheran pastor of Goerlitz. He denounced it as heretical — a charge in those days carrying with it the grimmest possibilities. Boehme was summoned before the City Council and at first sentenced to exile from his native town — a hard enough matter for a poor man. This sentence was however quickly reduced under pressure from the more moderate members of the Council and the shoemaker was ordered instead to ‘stick to his last’, keep his ideas to himself and write no more. For a time he obeyed. But his opinions were known and brought him ‘much ignominy, shame and reproach, budding, blossoming from day to day. His business no longer supported him. The pastor, Gregorius Richter, continued to denounce him publicly from the pulpit. He was sneered at and insulted in the streets: ‘he smells overmuch of cobbler’s pitch!’ went the cry. At length he was forced to sell his shop and set out as a wanderer. To live he sold woollen gloves from door to door through the villages and towns. For five years he obeyed the command to write no more but at last could no longer resist the inner imperative to share his vision with other men through writing. He started to write again. Privately the manuscripts began to circulate which were later to earn his work a unique place among the spiritual writings of the world. Meanwhile he had been gaining many friends: many of them learned and influential men. Early in 1624 his friend Abraham von Franckenburg published a selection of his writings under the title: ‘The Way to Christ’. Richter immediately acted. Boehme was again charged and banished. He was not even allowed to see his wife and children. He found refuge with a friend in Dresden. Soon he was summoned before the Electoral Court on a charge of heresy. He made a profound impression on the board of theologians and divines called to examine his case by the Elector. The charge was dismissed but Boehme was again warned to be careful.

He was by now mortally ill. Meanwhile his implacable enemy Richter had died and it was found possible for him to return to Goerlitz. He was carried back to his home and there died shortly after midnight on November 21st, 1624. Shortly before his death he urged his son Tobias to ‘open the door wider that he might hear more clearly that heavenly music’. A little later he said ‘Now I go to Paradise’ and so died. He was in his fiftieth year.

His opponents in Goerlitz tried to prevent him receiving a burial service. His friends set
over his grave a wooden cross with the inscription:

    Here rests Jacob Boehme, born
    of God, died in Christ, sealed
    by the Holy Ghost.

The cross was torn down by the adherents of Richter.

Boehme's metaphysical, mystical and religious doctrines are so searching, detailed and penetrating — so vast in their scope and implications — often too, it must be admitted so obscure in their expression, that his thought could well occupy the study of a lifetime. He became known as the father of German philosophy and his influence has been traced and acknowledged in the work of Leibniz, Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. Hegel spoke of him as 'that man of mighty mind'. Schopenhauer confessed he could not read him without awe and tears. In the fields of theology and mysticism his work has been even more profoundly seminal. Names like William Law, Baader, Oetinger, St. Martin, Maurice and in our time Berdyaev bear witness to this. Goethe used Boehme's unfathomable intuitions into the metaphysical significance of the feminine in 'Faust'. Sir Isaac Newton closeted himself for months to study Boehme — fascinated by his doctrines of motion and force and his theology. All this being so, we can only give the briefest outline of some aspects of his basic thought of most concern to readers of *The Mountain Path*.

Boehme differs from the Christianized New-platonism of Eckhart — the other supremely great Christian mystic — in that his vision is far more radically Biblical. His gnostic expression for the most part through traditional myths and symbols rather than in intellectualized concepts. This corresponds to its more radically searching quality.

Let us look at his Three-headed Lily: The Blessed Trinity rooted as it is in the mystery of *Ungrund*. No comprehending approach can be made to Boehme by readers who cannot — whatever may be the reason — share in some degree however limited his intuition of the mystery he calls *Ungrund* — the 'ungrounded'. Reflecting some of Boehme's expressions we may say: *Ungrund* is: the primal source, the unconditioned freedom, the uncreated root of all: of both God and World. It is symbolized by Boehme as The Dark. It is the aboriginal No-thing, Vacuity, Void. Yet it is utterly, unconditioned creativity and freedom. It is a Womb teeming with all the infinite potentialities of creation. As pure source, potentiality, he calls it The Mother — and at times as reflecting the Three-headed Lily in the Dark of *Ungrund* as 'The Three Mothers' or the 'Essence of All Beginnings; All Mothers'. It is probably the aspect of Boehme's thought which most outraged Richter but one profoundly congenial to the Catholic doctrine of 'The Mother of God'. I have given it emphasis here because it is essential to all Boehme's thought and must always be kept in mind. In Boehme all is the manifestation of *Ungrund* — proceeds from it, returns to it. Yet *Ungrund* is in itself No-thing — the *ex nihil* out of which both God and Creation spring.

In this unutterable mystery of otherness beyond all possibility of definition — in this Abyss beyond the Deity — lies the source of all — in this 'ungrounded Ground' of the very Godhead itself. With the Godhead we arrive at the barest possibility of definition: it is the Essence of all Essences — the Life-giving Root of all existence. This Eternal Godhead co-exists in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: a Trinity of Light manifesting out into Existence the potentialities inherent in the 'Feminine' Dark of *Ungrund*. The Father generates the Son eternally and the Holy Ghost eternally 'proceeds' from both Father and Son. The Son as Divine Word eternally 'creates' out of the *nihil* — the nothing of *Ungrund*, in the ever-dawning morning of an ever newly created Day: Eternal Nature. Eternal nature flows out in a triple manifestation called The Fire-World, The Light-World and the Dark-World. These three 'worlds' interpenetrate all *levels* and are modes of a single living whole. From this Eternal Nature flow all possible worlds in every possible mode of suc-
cession — temporal or non-temporal, imaginable to us or beyond our imagining. Eternal Nature is the infinite Plenum or Fullness in which all created elements, essences, principles and potentialities of all possible worlds are contained: among them our particular world. Eternal Nature is the reflection in the created order of Ungrund in the Uncreated order.

In his cosmology Boehme reveals affinities with the thought of Heraclitus and Empedocles. 'In Yea and Nay all things consist'. 'Strife is father of all'. The cyclic fires of the cosmos flow from the creative 'fiat' of the ever-living Divine Fire. In good and evil, love and hate, is inherent in the very substance of Eternal Nature and consequently in the structures of the Cosmos. Cosmos is the Chaos of Eternal Nature striving to realize the Forms and Harmonies of the Eternal Archetypes: here the thought is Platonic. Within the circles of the Cosmos this conflict is inescapable — it is woven into the fabric of creation. Boehme rejects all thought of God as evolving in time, in the Cosmos. God transcends creation. God's act of creation is not a temporal act. Creation is 'other' than God. Nevertheless creation reflects the hidden life of the Uncreated that brings it into being. The Dark-world in creation is a reflection of Ungrund. The Fire-world is a reflection of the uncreated Fire of the Father. The Light-world reflects the 'truth, beauty and goodness' of the Son. The Son is the Uncreated Light which shines out into the darkness of Ungrund and the dark-world of creation. The Holy Spirit 'proceeds' from this creative inter-play of the Divine Fire and Light and in the Holy Spirit arise the Divine Archetypes of creation which flow out into temporal realization in Eternal Nature. The Uncreated Fires of the Godhead are the source of the Light Fire and Dark Fire of Eternal Nature — of good and evil alike.

Let us turn from Boehme's doctrine of God and Nature to his doctrine of Man. Man is a created being in Nature. He is other than God. Yet he is created in the image of God. Here Boehme's Christology comes out as central to his whole vision. His doctrine of Christ is essentially orthodox. Christ is the God-Man, the Mediator, the Bridge across the gap between the uncreated eternal and the created temporal. Christ is the Universal Man. Individual man becomes 'at-one' with God — into the outer darkness — that is he returns to Ungrund. That he can make this choice, that he has this freedom is a mystery that cannot be rationalized or rationalized away. Man like God is rooted in the ultimate undifferentiated freedom of Ungrund. Freedom is the uncreated and even in the circles of Eternal Nature man shares in this freedom. Man as Divine Image reflects the mystery and ultimate freedom of the creative interplay between Light and Dark in the Godhead itself. In this mystery lies the source of all the baffling enigmas in the spiritual life of man. For this freedom is experienced by man as 'nothingness' until it freely receives into itself the Signature of the Trinity. This means that freedom cannot be realized objectively in the objectified world of 'fallen' man. Man is 'fallen' in so far as he wills separation from God. One factor in this equation our modern nihilistic existentialists such as Sartre and Heidegger understand very well. That is the human factor. The Divine factor is for them non-existent as they are willing — or at least trying to will — separation from God. But separation from God means return to Ungrund — to nothingness — a word with which they make much play.

Boehme is always intensely aware of the mystery of the will. He resists any attempt to rationalize away this mystery, be it in God or man. He equally emphasizes the orientations of the will in man necessary to secure his entrance to the Divine Light-world i.e. to Salvation. These are faith, hope, love, courage, patience. These virtues all involve each other. Taken together they conform the will of man to the Will of God as revealed in Christ: the Son. Boehme's vision of the world and man in the world is endlessly dynamic: caught up in the mysteries of the will in both man and God. For him creation is a vast process of birth and rebirth: of life freely returning or freely refusing to return to its source in God — or beyond God as Triune Person — to Ungrund itself. This last possibility is however
to Boehme — as it must be from the point of view of the created person — a state of Eternal Loss. It is Eternal Death. Eternal life — Resurrection beyond death — is in God and in God alone.

Within the categories and distinctions Boehme makes, this position is incontrovertible. For Boehme the rest is silence. However his doctrines taken in their fullness, in the fact that all his doctrines rest on his affirmation that 'the Eternal Good is the Eternal One' — a Plotinian note that brings him into harmony with Eckhart — seem to imply an unuttered acceptance of the ancient Christian doctrine of 'the Restitution of All Things' — an Apocatastasis, as the Greek Fathers had it, that is of Universal Salvation. This seems — as a consequence — an inherent necessity in his thought. That Boehme hesitated to make it can be understood, I think, as flowing from his intense awareness of Freedom as an ultimate mystery which cannot be rationalized. For Boehme the last word could not rest with 'an inherent necessity'. He was in any case content to leave the issue — where it should be left — with God.

For myself as a Christian I would say that in Boehme I find all the elements of a fully Christian theosophy which does not shrink — as too many Christians have done — from a truly universal vision of man and his destiny in God. Yet this is achieved on a genuinely Biblical basis which means it is more in harmony with the real roots of Christianity than the mysticism of Eckhart which owes so much to Neo-platonism, or the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas with its Aristotelian bias. Boehme's work may therefore become the instrument of a more real understanding of Christianity among the non-Christian traditions of the world.

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**ACCEPTANCE**

By L. P. Yandell

In growing,
Be content
To grow between
The stumps.
Be not intent
On pulling up
The stumps.

As to Love

Love NOW ! For when for "me" there's "time" to love —
It may be "time" for "me" to leave ! LOVE NOW !
Given to God,
the worn sandals of thought
left at a distant threshold,
one's care is for Him alone
that His care may be for all.

Before Him, in His mystery,
the unclenching
of the fists of knowing —
the unhanding of all things to Him,
being in oneself nothing
and no-one,
the fool with open palm —
before Him, that one
might happily contain Him.

One is
a pebble turned between God's fingers
to be tossed
into the pool of His everlasting clearness
that His hand might be free.

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It is wisdom to leave that which has not
arrived, and to attend to that which is ; and to
attend to it with such a consecration of soul
and concentration of effort as shall leave no
loophole for regret to creep in.

A man's spiritual comprehension being
cloaked by the illusions of self, he says, "I
was born on such a day, so many years ago,
and shall die at my allotted time." But he was
not born, neither will he die, for how can that
which is immortal, which eternally is, be sub-
ject to birth and death? Let a man throw off
his illusions, and then he will see that the birth
and death of the body are the mere incidents
of a journey, and not its beginning and end.
VASISHTHA said to Sri Rama: Rama, I shall now tell you a legend about a mendicant ascetic, who was a thinker. This man practised samadhi all day long. As a result of this his mind became pure (i.e. free from desires) and he could, like water becoming waves, become whatever he imagined. Once, having come out of samadhi he was sitting quietly and thinking about the way of practising samadhi. The following thought then involuntarily arose in his mind. 'I shall for the sake of fun imagine myself to be a common man'. He immediately assumed the form of a new man. He forgot his real position. It was like water becoming a wave. The imaginary man gave himself the name Jivata without any premeditation. It was accidental like the falling of the fruit of a palm tree coinciding with the perching of a crow on the tree. The imaginary Jivata wandered about the streets of a town which he brought into existence by his imagination. He drank wine, became intoxicated and fell into a stupor. He then dreamt that he was a learned and pious brahmin. This brahmin once became tired and fell into a sleep. But his imagination was alert. He dreamt that he was a chieftain. The chieftain slept and dreamt that he was the king of a large kingdom. The king once slept and dreamt that he was a celestial woman. She likewise once fell asleep and dreamt that it was a creeper. Even low beings (like creepers) dream about the things seen and heard by them. The creeper which had put on leaves, flowers and fruits was used as an arbour by the nymphs of the forest. It saw a support from which it was hanging; after some time it found itself changed into a bee. This bee became fond of a lotus and entered into its hollow stalk. Though it was devoid of intelligence it was amorous. An elephant then approached the lotus and trod it underfoot along with the bee. The sight of the elephant and the thought of the elephant made him become an elephant in rut. This elephant fell into a deep pit. It was caught, tied up and trained to become the king’s mount. Soon it was killed in a battle. At the moment of death it thought that there was a bee in its neck. So it became a bee. It was again trampled to death along with a lotus by another elephant. The thought of a swan which was nearby made it become a swan. This swan took many births and ultimately found itself a sarasa crane in Brahma’s lake. The crane once saw God Rudra (Siva) in his city. It then imagined that it was Rudra. It immediately became Rudra and wandered about freely in the company of the ganas and other followers of Siva. Rudra’s knowledge was vast and entirely free from nescience. So when it became Rudra this Rudra realized everything that had happened earlier. He wondered about his hundreds of dreams. He said to himself: “Oh! This Maya is wonderful. It deludes the entire world. Although it is not real it appears to be real like the water of the mirage. It made me believe that I was really born as several beings in the forest of samsara, as Jivata, as a noble brahmin, as a king, as a swan in a lake of lotuses, as an elephant in the Vindhya Mountains and so on. After many such births I have now become Rudra. In the meantime thousands of years and hundreds of chaturyugas (cycles of four yugas) have elapsed. I shall now go and see the various beings I was. I shall enlighten them all and they shall become one with me”. Accordingly this Rudra first went and saw the mendicant ascetic who was asleep and looking
like a corpse. He woke him up and told him what had happened. The ascetic realized his delusion. Seeing himself as Rudra as well as Jivata he was amazed, although it was not a matter for amazement. The two, Rudra and the ascetic, then went to the place where Jivata lived in a part of the space of consciousness. They woke him up and told him the truth. All the three were astonished at seeing themselves as one as well as three. They next went to the place of the brahmin and joined him. All of them (the ascetic, Jivata and the brahmin) were blessed with divine knowledge and became parts of Rudra. They were ordered by Rudra to go to their own abodes. Although they realized that they had become parts of Rudra, through the power of maya, they returned to their samsaric existence. They lived their full lives and at death became Rudras.

"Everything exists within Consciousness. Whatever it sees it becomes that, since it is really everything. What one dreams or imagines exists in that shape, because it is always consciousness. An object seen in a dream or imagined can be actually attained only by means of yogic practices or breath-control. Those who are perfect in yoga or Self Knowledge, like Siva, see everything everywhere. Whatever they desire is accomplished. Will one who faces the south ever reach the north? Just so those who desire things get what they imagine. However one who ignores what is within his reach and desires to obtain what he imagines does not obtain either, as he does not pursue either of them with his whole heart. If one firmly believes ‘I am a vidyādhara’ or ‘I am a Vedic scholar’ he will become (vidyādhara or vaidika). This is an example of obtaining what one desires. Therefore when the ascetic firmly believed that he was Rudra he became Rudra and whatever he thought became true. The beings imagined by the ascetic had their own worlds since they were all Rudra. Their fancies had become true. As they possessed the power of Rudra they went back to the places imagined by them. They then became one with Rudra and attained his supreme abode ‘

Rama asked: But how did your Jivata, brahmin and others imagined by the ascetic become real? How can imagination be real?

Vasishtha replied: Just as one becomes thousands and Vishnu sustains the world through the incarnations which he assumes playfully, so also Jivata, the brahmin and others imagined by the ascetic became true since they were all parts (as it were) of pure Consciousness.

SKANDASHRAM

By
‘Kanji’

Night rain falling
through the great mango tree
and the pipal
onto the roof
of my hermitage —
in the throat
of this night
rise many voices chanting
mantras, slokas, hymns of praise.

They rise and fall,
sounds intertwining
with the roots, the leaves
and the stars —
under the banyan
their hymn flows,
their hymn flows,
that very spring
that gives them
breath and being.
"Where is Buddha?"

"Where is Jesus?"

in

the

dust

"Where is John?"

"Where is Mary?"

in

the

must
Profile of an Old Devotee: Maurice Frydman

By Dr. M. Sadashiva Rao

MAURICE FRYDMAN, also known as Bharat'nanda, who passed away on the 9th of March 1976 in Bombay, was a selfless and saintly person who had made India his home for five decades. He was a great intellectual and was loved for the qualities of his heart by everyone who came into close contact with him. He was born in the year 1902 of Jewish parents in Poland. His father was an Apothecary whom he lost early in life. His mother brought up him and his sister. He had his schooling in Poland and learnt the Russian and German languages along with Polish. After finishing his high school, he migrated to Paris to qualify as an electrical engineer. He took up work as a Research Engineer in a large firm manufacturing electrical machinery. In France he had to learn French and later on he learnt English and could write chaste English as most Polish who take to this language do. In India he learnt to speak Hindi fluently. The present writer came into close contact with Frydman in 1953 and worked with him for about twelve years.

As a Research Engineer, he has a large number of patents under his name. From early youth he had great interest in India and its spiritual personages. When he was working in the French engineering firm, Sir Mirza Ismail, then Dewan of Mysore, visited the firm. Frydman met him and asked him a number of questions about India. Sir Mirza asked Frydman whether he was interested in coming to India to organise a firm for manufacturing electrical machinery. Frydman agreed promptly and so came to India to organise the firm now known as the Mysore Electrical Industries Ltd. He worked as the technical head of this manufacturing firm on a good salary for a few years. During this period, he often visited Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi and sat at his feet. Many of the questions published in Maharshi's Gospel (1939) were put by him and elicited detailed replies. It was during this period that he was attracted to Mahatma Gandhi and began to visit him in Wardha and made many improvements in the charkha. Gandhiji gave him the name 'Bharat'nanda' in view of his great love for India. Frydman is known by this name in the Gandhian and Sarvodaya circles. Frydman came to know that his mother and sister had died and that he had lost all links with his mother country.

Owing to his spiritual leanings and this tragedy, Frydman began to wear the ochre robe of a Sannyasi. But he soon gave up the ochre robe as a

Maurice Frydman

Maurice Frydman
mere superficial symbol. When he became a sannyasi, he stopped drawing his salary from the firm he was serving. This non-plussed the Mysore Government authorities. But, they were not willing to lose his services as they had a high regard for his abilities and integrity. They kept his salary apart for payment at a later date. When Frydman took the final decision to resign, they paid him the entire amount of the arrears of his salary. This large amount of money he distributed to the most needy of his workers who had looked after him when he was not drawing his pay, and walked out empty-handed as a true sannyasi. When asked by the writer how he managed to get on without any money, he replied, that his friends always helped him in kind of their own accord. His needs were very small. Frydman wore \textit{khadi chutidars} and \textit{kurta} which he used to stitch himself. Even the yarn for the cloth, he used to spin himself. He also used to stitch his own leather footwear.

Frydman worked for some time in the small princely state of Aundh near Poona. He had become an intimate friend of Shri Apa Pant, formerly High Commissioner for India in London and son of the Rajah of Aundh. Apa Pant's high tributes to Frydman are contained in his autobiographical book entitled \textit{A Moment of Time} (Orient Longman, 1974). Apa Pant relates that he met Frydman in Bangalore in 1937. Within half-an-hour of meeting each other they became friends and within six months Frydman resigned from the factory and went to Aundh to work from the grass roots for Aundh's new democratic federation of its 72 villages. Pant says that people like Frydman do not get into history books but their influence on events and individuals, operating simultaneously at different levels of consciousness, is incalculable. It was Frydman who in December 1937 took Apa Pant to Tiruvannamalai to meet Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi. He recalls the Maharshi's calm gaze 'seeing all and seeing nothing' and his grace reaching him to the farthest corner of the Hall among a couple of hundreds of devotees, dissolving his ego in an awareness of unbounded peace and deep silent joy.

After the passing away of Gandhiji and the Maharshi, Frydman migrated to Varanasi and took up work in the Rajghat School. He then went to Bombay to work in the All India Khadi and Village Industries Board (later the Khadi and Village Industries Commission) set up by the Government of India in 1953. Many of the members of the Board were his erstwhile co-workers and valued his services.

It was in 1953 that the writer came into close contact with Frydman. When asked by the Khadi Board to organise a Research Institute for village industries, the writer accepted this difficult task with great hesitation and Frydman helped him over a period of several months to make the Research Institute a success.

Frydman was deeply interested in J. Krishnamurti and his teachings. He used to arrange for his lectures and also translated his books into French. He understood clearly that Krishnamurti's teachings were basically the same as those of the Maharshi but worded differently. His regard for the Maharshi was deep and lasting. This is expressed clearly in the last brief article of his in the April 1976 number of \textit{The Mountain Path}, where he bewails the fact that he and many others, merely played on the fringe of the Ocean of Bhagavan's Grace and never took the plunge. He had a large portrait of the Maharshi hanging on the wall next to his bed in his small spartan room and practiced meditation regularly. Frydman was essentially a \textit{karma yogi}. Towards the end of his life he did great service to the \textit{sadbakas} of the \textit{jnana} path when he tape-recorded the talks in Marathi of Shri Nisargadatta Maharaj, a \textit{jnani} belonging to the \textit{Navanath Sampradaya} starting from Dattatreya, and took great pains to translate and publish them in the book \textit{I am That} for the benefit of spiritual aspirants in the path of Self Enquiry.
In the freezing winter season
The Gokula girls kept a vow,
Worshipping the Goddess Gowri
And eating consecrated food.

At dawn each day they went and bathed
In the waters of the Jumna
And offered worship to the Goddess
With sandal-paste and fragrant flowers
And frankincense and burning lights.

Each bowed and uttered words of prayer:
"O Mother of the Universe,
Grant to me, O Goddess great,
The love of Krishna, Nanda’s son."

Throughout the month of margali
They kept their vows and prayed and sang;
And all the burden of their singing
Was longing for the love of Krishna.

Very early in the morning
One girl, waking from her slumber
And going round the neighbourhood,
Would awake the other girls,
Calling each one by her name.
And all of them in company,
Holding one another’s hand
And loudly singing Krishna’s praises,
Would go and bathe in Jumna’s waters.

One morning thus they reached the bank
And left their clothes beside the water
And singing songs in Krishna’s praise,
Merrily plunged and played in the river.

Krishna, Master YOGIN, knew
And fain would grant their pure heart’s longing.
Quickly He whisked away their clothes
And climbed on a kadamba tree.
From aloft He looked and laughed and spoke:
"O young ladies, here are your garments.
Come one by one, or come together,
But come and take them, beautiful ones!"

Thus robbed and mocked, the cowherd girls,
Shy and overcome with longing,
Looked and smiled at one another;
But none would step out of the water.
Their mind bemused by Krishna’s sport,
And standing neck-deep in the river,
And shivering with the cold, they pleaded:
"O Lord, we pray, play fair by us!
Dear son of Nanda, Vraja’s praise,
Throw down to us our clothes at once.
Shivering in the cold we stand.
O Krishna dear, for ever and ever,
We, your slaves, will do your bidding.
Only give us back our clothes!
Please, now, give us back our clothes!"

“If you are My servants,” the Master said,
“Do as I tell you. Come up here.
Come up here and gather your garments,
Bright young ladies, wreathed in smiles.”

And then the girls were driven to walk
Out of the water, shivering, shrinking,
Covering their nakedness with their hands.

The Master, pleased with their purity,
Folded the clothes on his shoulder, and said,
“Join your palms on the crown of your head
And salute your Lord, as the Vedas bid,
With both your hands upgathered high.”

And so the girls bent low and bowed
And with both hands saluted Krishna.

The Spirit Supreme, Destroyer of Sin,
The Perfect Witness, Teacher eternal,
True and tender Friend of the helpless,
Now a playful cowherd lad,
Seeking and winning love’s complete
Self-abandonment and surrender,
Gave the girls their clothes again.

Beguiled, uncovered and derided,
Plied like puppets, played with like toys,
Emptied of modesty and pride,
They found no fault in Krishna’s sport
But only bliss in His blessed presence.
Their clothes they had regained and donned;
But they had lost their hearts to Him.
Their eyes were fixt on Krishna's face;
They stood fast rooted to the spot.

The Lord, well-pleased, rewarded them
And set them free and sent them forth:
"O chaste maidens, sweet is your love,
Sweet to Me, as sweet to you.
And sweet will be its due fulfilment.
Those who love Me love Me alone
And cling no more to earthly things,
Like fried grain that is no more seed
And will not sprout and cannot grow.
O happy girls, go back to your work.
By Gouri's grace you have won your goal,
For you and I shall meet each night
And sport together in pure delight."

Thus bidden by their loving Lord
And longing for His lotus feet
The girls dragged slow unwilling steps
And went again to Gokula.

Grant that I may always desire and will
That which is to Thee most acceptable, and most dear.

Let Thy will be mine, and let my will ever follow Thine, and agree perfectly with it.

Let my will and nill be all one with Thine, and let me not be able to will or nill anything else, but what Thou willest or nillest.

— THOMAS A. KEMPIS in *The Imitation of Christ*, Ch. XV.

The body is impermanent (not real). Whether it is at rest or moves about and whether by reason of prarabdha it clings to him or falls off from him, the Self-realised siddha is not aware of it, even as the drunken man blinded by intoxication is unaware whether his cloth is on his body or not.

— *Srimad Bhagavatam*, Ch. XI,
(A Tamil rendering of the verse by Sri Bhagavan is on record)
How Bhagavan Came to Me

By S. A. Naimpally

With my family I left India in 1971 and came to Canada. In the summer of 1972, I got a visiting appointment at the Southern Illinois University Library. The University Library has an excellent collection of books on religion, and by chance I came across books by Paul Brunton and Arthur Osborne. Bhagavan’s biography deeply moved me, and I was amazed that such perfect Masters still lived in our troubled times. Until then, I thought that they lived only in the past or in remote places in the Himalayas. Soon I obtained other books by Osborne. In the meantime, I had been reading books by Sri Swamiji, and was very deeply impressed by the way ideas were developed as in a scientific treatise.

I then longed to read other books of Bhagavan and also to have his pictures. A friend sent some pictures from India, and circumstances brought me in touch with Shri Arunachala Bhakta Bhagawat of Sri Arunachala Ashram of New York. He wrote to me a very
kind letter, and sent a big coloured photograph of Bhagavan — a great inspiration to me. In January 1975, my wife and I spent a few days in the Ashram in New York and found great peace in the holy company of Shri Bhagawat and other inmates of the Ashram. We were struck with the simple sublime atmosphere in the Ashram situated in the din and bustle of New York City. They were very kind to us and treated us like honoured guests, although we met them then for the very first time.

I remembered Sri Swamiji’s words that the Guru would come to the sincere sadhaka. But, lo and behold, by several unusual happenings, Sri Swamiji himself came to Thunder Bay in May 1975, and gave ten lectures on the Gita, Chapter XII. Fortunately, I had vacation at that time, and I remained in the company of Sri Swamiji almost all the time. This Satsang as well as Swamiji’s camp in California, where we had a spiritual feast for ten days, we learnt meditation, Kaivalyopanishad, and Gita, Chapter III. In each discourse, we had the glimpse of the peace that passeth understanding.

This year we were fortunate to have been able to attend two camps, in New York and California, conducted by Swami Dayananda, the foremost disciple of Sri Swamiji. His method of teaching corresponds to the Self Enquiry made so famous by Bhagavan. Explaining ‘Who am I?’ Swamiji gave us the sublime vision of Brahman, and showed that the real I is nothing but Brahman. In every lecture and meditation class Swamiji made us see that Vision, in which all doubts simply dissolved, and only one non-dual Self remained!

It is interesting to note that Swami Chinmayananda himself was tremendously influenced by Bhagavan (Mountain Path, July 1973, Page 159 or Tapovan Prasad, October 1971). Swamiji also told me that he greatly benefited by his meetings with Yogi Ramiah, one of the staunch devotees of Bhagavan. Frequently Swamiji uses the texts of Upadesa Saram and Sat Darshan in his talks (jñana yajnas). It is clear from the above account that the Guru is an institution that transcends individuals!

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By travelling, at last you will come to the end of the stream;
By sitting patiently, finally you can see a cloud forming.

— A Chinese Verse.

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The water-bird in its path leaves no track
Yet it never forgets the way.

— Zen Verse.
This which I know that I AM
is all and no 'thing';
relatively described as 'Noumenality'.
As such I abide.

As 'an I-me' I appear
extended in space-time,
bearing a heavy burden
of what is known as 'karma'.

As such, an 'I-me' must 'die'
in space-time, which means disappear.
Manifested spatio-temporally,
I-me is transient.

Unmanifested, there is no transience;
unborn, I can neither 'live' nor 'die'.
What-I-Am remains as Isness,
unextended in conceptual space-time.

Whether or no an aspect of I-me
should be re-born, should re-live,
and should re-die in phenomenality,
my Noumenality remains undefiled.

Such is all that I could be,
and only in Noumenality do I inhere.
'I-me' is a phenomenal concept,
whereas, noumenally, I AM.

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EXPERIENCE

Contradictory experiences, such as 'joy' and 'sorrow', positive and negative, constitute the expression of divided mind.

Undivided mind, therefore, must be relatively understood as being 'experience' as such, unexpressed, i.e. neither positive nor negative.

Undivided 'Experience', then, cannot be expressed, Experience-as-such cannot be experienced.

Therefore Experience-as-such, i.e. apart from its phenomenal expression, can only be noumenal — which denotes Whole-mind.

Noumenally, then, we must be what 'Experience' is, whereas phenomenally we experience via divided mind.

**Note:** 'Experiencing', as 'perceiving', and 'doing' — indeed the present participle of any verb — may be regarded as the link between relative and absolute, since there is no subject or object — doer or deed done. Therefore 'what experience is' may be seen as identical with what 'perceiving', 'doing' etc. are.
MAN is a composite being. Body, mind and soul — all go to make up his personality. Bodily needs and drives are what he has in common with the animal; they deserve to be called human only in so far as they are voluntarily controlled and regulated by the mind. Further, the mind itself needs to be controlled and regulated by giving a proper direction to its three functions, namely, intellect, emotion and will. These three aspects of the mind are the source of all our intellectual striving, artistic creation and moral endeavour.

These three functions of the mind are not completely independent of each other, though we do compartmentalize them in the workaday world. If intellect is unaided by feeling and will, it will remain as dry intellectualism; if emotion is not strengthened by intellect and will, it will result in blind sentimentalism; and if will is not guided by knowledge and love, it will end in meaningless, aimless activity. What we need is a harmonious combination of science, art and ethics. Only a man of synthetic vision, one in whom the cognitive faculty, emotional stability, artistic talent, and ethical sense are fully developed and integrated, can see the problems of life in the correct perspective and provide suitable solutions for them.

Art portrays some aspect or other of human life and personality — it may be physical, moral, intellectual, emotional or spiritual. Present-day art largely caters to the lower nature of man, instead of raising him to a higher level. Art for art’s sake, unrelated to morality, and the higher ideals of life, is an aberration. Art is the external expression, in concrete forms such as poetry, music, painting or sculpture, of certain experiences within. These experiences may be related to our biological urges or to something higher. Now, can a piece of literature or painting be considered as true art merely because it expresses correctly and vividly all the sentiments that arise in some human heart? No composition, simply because it expresses a sentiment, good or bad, could be classified as art. The real test of art is whether it is in accord with good taste and establishes some high ideal. Depicting the realities of life as they are, ugly or beautiful, low or noble, utterly disregarding the social mores, can hardly amount to art. That is the difference between the ancient Indian literature, painting, sculpture, and other arts on the one hand, and modern art on the other. The merit of art does not consist in mere beauty of expression. True art is the manifestation of a fine, subtle ideal in a concrete form; it is the crystallization of the unseen in a visible shape; it reveals higher and finer values latent in things apparently low and gross.

The ordinary man does not see the higher beauty hidden in the gross. It is the function of art to reveal it to him. The average man is naturally given to the enjoyment of the senses. And if a work of art only idealizes sense-experience, the natural proneness of man towards sensual enjoyment, it is no art. The true artist would not be satisfied with what is perceptible to the senses, but would penetrate behind the veil and realize the truth that satisfies the intellect and spirit.

A true artist both reveals and creates higher values. As Swami Vivekananda says: ‘The secret of Greek art is its imitation of nature even to the minutest details; whereas the secret of Indian art is to represent the ideal. True art can be compared to a lily which springs from the ground, and yet rises high above it. So art must be in touch with nature.
— and wherever that touch is gone, art degrades — yet it must be above nature! The greatness of an artist lies in his power of elevating himself and his audience, not in mere stimulation of superficial joy.

This ideal can be achieved only through the purification of our hearts, through the control of our senses and mind, through the chastening of our passions; in other words, through rigorous discipline, through the practice of truthfulness, self-restraint and compassion. True art can never be opposed to morality. Art which has no roots in our deepest ethical instincts and which does not draw us towards the divine is harmful to the people as a whole. A correct appreciation of art is impossible unless the sense of the higher reality is alert in us. And this sense of higher reality can come only through a pure life and elevating art, not through a life or art unrelated to religion or morality.

The ideals of true art are potency, melody, clarity, beauty, and an unfailing suggestion of infinitude. Art is the very essence of the soul. The things of beauty it creates in form, tint and sound are but reflections and echoes of its own infinitude and glory. Through them, the soul’s own light flows out to flood and illumine the world. In every work of the artist, his past and his future coalesce, as it were, into the present moment which treasures up an experience. He is thus a minstrel, a seer, and a poet in one. If artists could thus translate their inner experience into words, or sounds, or marble and stone, they would reveal the glory of higher realities through the medium of the lower realities, and in the process, lift humanity to higher realms.

If we scrutinise all the religions which look so different, we find nothing discrepant at all in them, but they are only your (Lord’s) sport. They all end in quiescence or mouna as rivers merge in the sea.

— Thayumanavar, quoted by Sri Bhagavan

Giving and morality and the other perfections,
Taking of the Name, repentance, discipline,
And the many other right actions,
All come back to the practice of meditation.

— The Song of Meditation.
YOU ARE REAL

By
Kavana

white shining lotus,
blooming before the Dawn,
who comes before you
to greet the Night,
in effervescent longing?

who sings the songs
of the evening birds?
who flies in the skies,
high into the blue,
finding the sun,
bold and orange,
on the horizon?

Something on this earth
finds You in its Heart,
Perhaps it is in Everything;
perhaps you Are Everything,
and Everything is You.

If Light is in Everything,
what is the Darkness?
isn't it the eyes
which are blinded
by seeing only
the limited existence?

I give you the All;
as this it must be.
You are original;
yet what is not:

to the end
of all worlds
there shall always find
new beginnings.

if you doubt,
you are in between.
Not Reality!
but merely opposing images
in your imagined mind.

try to find
anything which is not One.
I give you the universe
at your heels —
and you'll find it all
at your fingertips.

suffer not.
you are not less
than Real.
... and you are not more
you are Real,
Original,
One,
and All

shall you wish
to be more or less,
you will be judged
by your own fingertips.

"Why worry about God? We do not know whether God exists but we know that we exist, so first concentrate on yourself. Find out who you are."

— Sri Ramana Maharshi in Teachings, p. 59.
SAGE GAUTAMA said to Parvati:

"Sambhu always abides at the place known as Sthaleswaram to the east of Sonadri in the form of a linga of effulgence. I could not do penance there because of the gods like Brahma, Vishnu and others who came in crowds. I have, therefore, installed a linga of the three-eyed god in a solitary place at the foot of the Sona Hill, well hidden by the sacred forest of the Pavala Hill, and am doing penance to the best of my ability and adoring Siva. You, goddess, may build a hermitage on the sacred ground near my hermitage and do penance in it."

The goddess accordingly built a hermitage there and began her penance. She appointed Satyavati, Kananavasini, Subhaga and Dundumari to guard her hermitage properly in the four directions and the extremely valorous Durga to guard the whole sacred forest of ascetics. For the sake of convenience she turned into matted locks her hair on which she used to wear mandara flowers. She ceased to adorn herself in the ten ways and became a Hamsini (woman ascetic). She exchanged her white silken robes for the bark of trees and soft flowers for the sharp darbha grass. Though tender she walked over thorns and stones, bathed at dawn in the Kamala river, offered flowers to the devas, rishis and the spirits of the ancestors with darbha grass, grains of rice and sesame, stood on the sand and invoked Surya (Sun), offered lotus flowers to him, circumambulated him and prostrated before him a thousand times. After this she consecrated a Siva Linga herself and worshipped it according to the Agamas. She first placed a seat for the image of Surya and meditated upon it in the prescribed manner. She worshipped with Dhenu and other mudras (mystic gestures) Dandi, Pingala and others, saktis like Deepta, Devatas like Chandra (moon) and the planets, placed them in their proper positions, and then offered the faded flowers to Teja and Chanda. She purified the elements and performed the inner sacrifice. She duly worshipped Jnana and Dharma in the divine lotus of her heart. She then meditated upon the saktis on the lotus petals, Vama and other goddesses on their tips, Brahma and the Sun at the tips of the filaments, Somag and Vishnu on the pericarp, Siva and Agni above it, and the Saktichakras installed later. She offered them water for washing the feet, bathed them, adorned them with sandal paste and flowers and waved incense and lights before them. After this she again worshipped the five brahmanas according to the Shadanga system. She duly meditated upon Indra, Yama and other gods, performed all the acts of worship and mentally provided cars adorned with flowers for them. She worshipped the five faces of Chandeswara and worshipped him with circumambulations and prostrations. She next offered oblation of auspicious things to Agni (fire). After completing these (rites) she served with her own hands food and drink to the guests who were present and with due reverence worshipped them. As for her penance, after completing the daily rites she stood in the middle of five fires in summer and in water during the rainy season. She was nourished by the rays of the Moon on rainy nights. She looked like a streak of lightning among clouds. She remained absolutely still while engaged in penance. In the dewy season it looked as if she wished to demonstrate effortlessly the appearance of Padmanidhi (a
who were mounted on tigers appeared white. Some were mounted on boars and were armed with pestles and ploughs. Some who were flushed with anger and possessed a thousand eyes came riding on white elephants. Many of them with numerous weapons looked like streaks of lightning and came out of the Asrama, mounted on horses. They were black with anger and with their swords and shields annihilated the sixty-four crores of asuras even as the light of the Sun removes darkness.

Then there commenced a fight with fists between the hosts of the Yoginis and the asuras. They pulled one another by their locks of hair. The earth was covered with the heads of asuras cut off by the Yogini hosts and presented the appearance of a crop of heads everywhere. The locks of hair which floated on the blood flowing from the severed heads looked like creepers, the arrows lying in it like fish and the laughing faces of the goddesses (devis) like lotus flowers. Pisachas (ghouls) stood up on the faces and danced as if they were on a stage. They quaffed blood. While the yogini hosts converted the skulls of the asuras into small drums which they beat and shouted and danced, vultures and jackals which approached in hunger — ran away leaving some behind, fearing that they would be caught in some net spread out for them.

The dust which rose up from the battlefield was laid by the pollen from the flowers showered down from the sky by siddhas and vidyadharas. The arrows shot by the yogini hosts pierced the bodies of the asura mounts and made them look like hedgehogs. The army of the enemy was annihilated by yoginis armed with tridents, clubs, weapons known as saktis, discuss, ploughs, satakotis (a weapon made of diamond having a hundred faces) and swords. The commanders of the asura armies alone survived.

Then Goddess Brahmi struck Karala with her club and killed him. Maheswari became very angry and severed the head of Dhruta with her trident. Goddess Kaumari made the head of Chiksharasura fall to the earth with her weapon known as sakti. Vaishnavi slew Vikarala with her discus. Vairāhi killed Bāhukala with a pestle and Aindri killed Dur-mukha with her vajrāyudha (a weapon made of diamond). She who killed Chanda and Munda came to be known as Chāmunda.

The warriors Prachanda, Chāmara, Mahā-siras, Mahāhanu, Ugrāsya, Vikatāksha, Jwālsya and Dahana followed in great anger Mahishāsura who now came to fight. Warriors came in chariots, wearing armour and carrying bows and arrows. They held weapons aloft; their banners waved in the breeze. Roaring terribly like lions, they showered arrows upon the matriganas and drove them away. Unable to withstand the attacks of the strong asuras they took refuge with Durga. The saptamātās (seven mothers) also praised Durga: ‘You assumed the form of sleep (yoganidra) and like a bee playfully closed the lotus eyes of Vishnu. You afterwards confounded Madhu and Kaitabha and, as desired by them, killed them through the agency of Vishnu. If you had not, as Kausiki, killed Sumbha and Nisumbha how could the protectors of the cardinal points have obtained their wealth? As a reward for the imperishable austerities performed by the King of Vindhyā you began to live on the Vindhyā mountains. There even huntresses obtained your grace. How wonderful! You drank the very life-force (prana-rasa) of the daityas out of the drinking pot given by Kubera. You are Brahma’s power of creation, Vishnu’s power of sustenance and Rudra’s power of destruction. Taking birth as a daughter of Yasoda and Nanda, you rendered help to Krishna in killing Kamsa. It is you who are known by the names Vidya (knowledge), Maya, Lakshmi, Saraswati, Devi, Parvati and Durga.’

On hearing these praises of the Matriganas Durga promised to protect them. With great zeal she went in person to fight with Mahisha. She killed Prachanda with the scimitar (mandalāgra), Chāmara with the weapon Pindipāla, Mahāmouli with her long sword, Mahāhanu with the weapon known as Karpasa, Ugravakta with the axe, Vikatāksha with the weapon Sakti, Jwālmukha with the hammer and Dahana with the pestle. She then went angrily towards Mahisha. He let out a hideous roar and angrily shot
arrows at her forehead, chest and neck. Durga also angrily shot arrows at his arms, chest, and face. Mahisha discharged arrows at her face. She however felled him with five arrows on each of his arms, one on his chariot, two on each of his eyes, eight on those who were on his chariot, three on his bow and four on his flagpole. Mahisha immediately attacked her with the fierce weapon Sataghni (that which kills hundreds of person). Devas and mātris cried in fear ‘Ah! Ah!’ But the goddess lightly seized that weapon with her hands. He then attacked her with many curious weapons. But all of them disappeared like bolts of thunder which fall into the sea. For the goddess seized with her hands all the missiles that were thrown and broke them just as a cow elephant breaks sugarcane. Devi’s mount, the lion, also lashed at him with its tail, bit him with its teeth, mauled him with its nails and thus annoyed him. He then rapidly assumed, one after another, the forms of a lion, a boar, a tiger, an elephant and a buffalo and fought with Durga. In the form of the buffalo he repeatedly butted at Devi and the lion with his horns. At one moment he stood on the earth, the next moment he flew in all directions and immediately afterwards disappeared from her sight.

The mothers now praised Durga who thereupon severed his head with her trident. As he fell with a roar the goddess took his head in her hand and danced. When Mahishasura, the enemy of the world, was slain by Durga in this manner the devas danced, the Maharshis rejoiced and clouds rained down flowers.

(To be Continued)

CONFIRMATION

By
A. K. Devaraj

My second visit to Sri Ramanasramam was on the Maha Samadhi day of Sri Bhagavan in 1959. There was some talk that a film on Bhagavan would be shown that night. As I had not been fortunate enough to have had His darshan during His life-time I was very eager to see the film, but none could confirm that it would be shown. I sat in the Old Hall in front of Bhagavan’s life-like picture with the desire to see the film uppermost in my mind. I suddenly felt assured that the film would be shown; and so it turned out!

Another remarkable feature of the celebration was the sense of belonging to the same family.
Among the unassuming devotees of Sri Bhagavan, 
Sri Vayalāṃūr Srinivasa Iyer has a special place. 
Many might not have even noticed his presence, 
though he has been there during all important func­
tions as the Ashram; so humble and simple is he. 

Vayalāṃūr is the name of a village from which 
hails this devotee of Bhagavan Sri Ramana and 
Ganapati Muni. His first contact with them was in 
1923. He had an elder brother, V. S. Krishna-

swami, who was a teacher of Mathematics in the 
Convent School at Kodaikanal for many years and 
spent his time after retirement mainly in chanting 
the glorious collection of Hymns to Mother Uma, 
known as Uma Sahasram. His only son, Dr. K. 
Subrahmanyan, is now Officer in charge of the Cen-
tral (Regional) Institute of English and Foreign Lan-
guages, Hyderabad. Sri V. S. Venkataraman, the son 
of Sri Srinivasa Iyer is Professor of English in the 
Madras Christian College, Tambaram.

Getting initiation in some Vedic Mantra from 
Ganapati Muni, Sri Srinivasa Iyer in his early twen-
ties devoted himself to constant japā and pārvayana 
(recitation) of Veda Suktaś and Hymns by Ganapati Muni, along with a study of the main works of 
Bhagavan Sri Ramana. He has cultivable lands in 
his village and he spends part of his time in organi-
sing and supervising agricultural operations. This is 
the main source of his income. Moreover he is the 
Village Munsif of Vayalāṃūr village and is held in 
high esteem by all officials and the people in general.

He visits Sri Ramanasramam almost every month 
and goes round the Hill during every visit. Though 
he had made no regular study of the Sanskrit lan-
guage, he is able, by the Grace of his twin masters, 
to chant the Vedic as well as other hymns with 
proper intonation and understanding of their gist.

He is ready to serve Sri Ramanasramam at every 
opportunity. Above all, his long and intimate con-
tact with Sri Bhagavan and Ganapati Muni has 
made his life fruitful and happy; and a shining 
example to other devotees.

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1 About 16 miles from Tiruvannamalai.
2 The second edition, with commentary by Kapali Sastri, available at Sri Ramanasramam Book Depot 
   and from Sri M. P. Pandit, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry.
BOOK REVIEWS


Garuda is being published periodically under the guidance of Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche. Its aim is to present and adapt the Buddhist teaching to the spiritual needs of Westerners. It starts with the Supplication to the Gurus of the Kagyu Lineage and ends with a detailed description of the visit to the United States of the sixteenth Gyalwa Karmapa, supreme head of the Kagyu lineage. This visit unfolded itself on a lavish scale according to tradition after many months of preparation by the Vajradhatu communities guided by the Editor who was the host.

Readers will welcome in particular the abridged rendering of the Satipatthana-Sutta from the translation of Nyanasatta Thera, a number of articles by the editor and several other contributors dealing mostly with mindfulness. It contains also a chapter of questions and answers. This reviewer would question one of the answers on page 45 in connection with the flash of waking up in the mindfulness of effort. The Editor rightly points out that once the flash happens there is no need to find out where one came from or where one is going. But the comparison of the awareness after the flash to a snowflake released from the clouds which is going to settle down to the ground anyhow is not apt. Not immediately after the flash. Even the remembrance according to the experience of seekers would be rather of the mind released from all fetters and limitations embracing all in Oneness of Being.

On the whole a very useful publication for Western readers interested in Buddhism.

LUCIA OSBORNE


Based upon the Annual Ranade Lectures delivered by the author at the Academy in 1969, this treatise provides the background and the right perspective for a rewarding study of the Bhagavata. Describing the source and origin of this Purana, the writer lists the six main questions asked by Shaunaka and other sages in Naimishā forests: What is the supreme Good of all human beings? What is the cream of all scriptures by which the soul may become content and happy? What is the purpose of Krishna's birth as a son of Devaki? What are the miraculous deeds of various kinds done by Krishna? Who are the other Avatars? What is the refuge of Dharma after the departure of Krishna? The answers cover a wide ground: saṅga, visāgra, sthāna, poshāna, ut, manvantara, ishanakathā, nirodha, mukti and ashriya (“creation of the tattvas, formation of the bodies of all creatures, virtues, qualities, excellences that people develop as a result of observing their dharma, God's grace, passage of creatures to one of the three worlds, the dharma of holy men in different ages of Manu’s reign, stories about the Avatars of Hari, the dissolution of souls along with their adjuncts when God retires into yoga-nidra, liberation and lastly Abode”).

Dr. Basu expounds the central philosophy of the Bhagavata with clarity and draws attention to the special contribution of the work to the spread of the Doctrine of Devotion, Bhakti which develops into Love. The chapter on Rāsa Līla is well argued and brings out the symbolism of the story in an engaging manner. So too the writing on Avalaṭa.


Yoga has been expounded from many points of view. Sri Mehta brings his own approach in keeping with the synthetic spirit of his mind and reconciles many of the conclusions of modern science with the perceptions of the seers of old. Yoga, he explains, is the science of awareness. What is awareness? Are we not aware as we are? and why not? What are the areas that need to be brought into the focus of awareness and how do we get to do it? Is it only a mental exercise with little or no effect on the day-to-day life of the practitioner or is it something more comprehensive? The author discusses these questions in depth while explaining the cryptic aphorisms of Patanjali, the Master.

One special feature of these aphorisms, points out the writer, is its rational approach. “Here man is enabled to stand on his own feet in dealing with his simple or intricate psychological problems. There is no need for him to go anywhere for the resolution
of his psychological ills, not even to a psychiatrist or a psychotherapist. Each man can heal himself."

His explanations of key phrases like Ritambara Prajna, Dharmamegha, Kaivalya are satisfying. He concludes: "Yoga is a gospel of true action, not a gospel of escape. . . . In Yoga lies the secret of the co-existence of communion and communication, of experience and expression of the Transcendent and the Immanent, of the Timeless and the time."

A satisfying treatment, from the modern standpoint, of an ancient body of knowledge.


Though Dr. Ranade has written and lectured widely, this is the first exhaustive assessment of his thought and achievement in the field of philosophy and sadhana. Dr. Ranade was essentially a scholar but with a deep strain of mysticism. His Mysticism in Maharashtria, Constructive Survey of the Upanishads, are standard books on the subjects. As the author points out, philosophy and spirituality had no meaning to Ranade unless they could have a dynamic effect on the daily life of the person who believed in them.

Sri Kulkarni gives a detailed analysis of the approach of the mystic-philosopher to religion and spirituality and underlines how he maintained that Rational Thought has an important part to play in the action of mysticism in life. In a separate chapter he discusses the constructive aspect of the Professor's critical essays especially concerning Western thinkers. Constructive elements in his Epistemology and Metaphysics are treated in depth in the next chapter. The rest of the book is devoted to the practical implications of the spiritual tradition that Prof. Ranade represented: the synthesis of Knowledge, Bhakti and Karma; Bliss, Ananda, as the ultimate nature of Brahman; the important role of Name, 'Sonanism' in God-Realisation.

There is, indeed, a strong tendency for categorisation in the approach of Ranade and spiritual experience does not lend itself to this process of assimilation. But we may take it as a concession to the demand of the logical mind for admitting the claims of this type of experience for acceptance by the advancing mind of humanity.

The book is a worthy contribution to contemporary philosophical literature.


Writing of his school days, the author recalls: "Whenever I needed fresh inspiration it seemed to come through the printed word; a magazine article or a book. One such item was an illustrated story in Life telling of Sri Ramana Maharshi, a great sage of South India. As I gazed at the saint's photograph I was lifted into a serene state of consciousness and bathed in inward peace and assurance." Mr. Roy is not alone in seeing his life taking a new direction at the sight of the Maharshi's divine Face in photograph. There have been many and their number is daily increasing.

The author of this exceptionally well-written, balanced and perceptive book narrates how he became aware of the spiritual dimension of life quite early in his childhood and describes how he became the disciple of Swami Yogananda of Kriya Yoga fame. His gratitude to his Guru seeps through every word referring to him and the fact that soon after the passing of the Swami he detached himself from that Order and went on to choose his own avocation does not detract from his loyalty to the Grace.

The best chapter in the volume is certainly the one on Meditation, the Inward Way. It is obvious he writes from experience and, even for those familiar with the subject, what he writes has a fresh breath. His underlining the necessity of a 'meditative mood' which should pervade the consciousness at all times, his explanation of the stoppage of breath during deep meditation and his remarks on the role of meditation in the quickening of the evolution of consciousness, are some of the high points of the discussion.

The chapters on Reincarnation, Astrology and Destiny, Kundalini, Sex and Spiritual life, are full of commonsense and mature wisdom. He is right in saying that as a rule the soul takes the same line of sex in its embodiments. He is also right in his explanation of the flash-back that people have at the main developments in its evolution during that birth.

The writer is optimistic of the future. He does not agree with the prophets of doom who foresee dire happenings on this planet in time to come. He perceives the dawn of a new age, the birth of a new consciousness of ONE LIFE — in other words, a universal consciousness is round the corner.

It is with great satisfaction that one lays down this book. It is a model for works of this kind,
free from spiritual egoism, full of dignified humility and transparent sincerity.


This is a presentation of the main tenets of the Zoroastrian Religion. The nature of God and the Devil, the creation of the Universe, the imperfection and its cause, the place of man in the scheme of sacrifice and sacraments, are the main topics that are discussed with apposite citations from the scriptures. Especially interesting is the chapter on the fate of the soul at death and the state of after-life as visualised in this vision. The correspondence with the Christian beliefs in certain places, notably in the final judgment, is striking.

It is interesting to read the following text:

In Man's body three roads have been laid out. On these three roads three gods have their dwelling, and three demons seek to waylay. In thought the God Mind has his dwelling, and Wrath seeks to waylay; in words Wisdom has its dwelling, and Heresy seeks to waylay; but in deeds the Bounteous spirit has his dwelling, and the Destructive Spirit seeks to waylay. On these three roads Man must stand firm. (P. 24)

Dr. Zaehner's commentary and introductory remarks connect this philosophy with Thought and Mysticism elsewhere in that age and thus add to the value of his translations of these selections from Persian texts.

M. P. PANDIT.


This is the eighth edition of this famous book, by B. K. S. Iyengar who has gone round the world and taught yoga to hundreds of aspirants. He has a technique to suit the modern mentality. He is simple, unassuming, obliging, living what he teaches. He adheres strictly to the orthodox way of yoga sadhana and draws his inspiration from the Gita, Patanjali's Yoga Sutra and Haithu Yoga Dipika. Patanjali's Yoga forms one of the shad darsanas, six systems of Indian philosophy, closely following Kapila's Sankhya system. Yogi Iyengar in his luminous introduction attempts a synthesis between several schools of yoga. Many think that the Raja Yoga of Patanjali is entirely different from Swamarama's Haithu Yoga Pradipika. Yogi Iyengar maintains that they complement each other and form a single approach towards Self Knowledge and Liberation. The different disciplines of all systems of yoga are like rope, ladders and crampons and physical fitness of a mountain climber. So the author deals with Raja Yoga fully before he takes us through the path of Hatha Yoga. He teaches rhythmic breathing, yoga asanas, bandhas and kriyas, all copiously illustrated. He teaches more than 201 asanas with 600 illustrations. He strikes his final note upon sublimation of the sex energy. He ends by with Sankara's Song of the Soul: 'My nature is conscious bliss and I merge myself in bliss.' This is a book to read and follow.


Selvaraj, a Madrasi, fell seriously sick during his formative period and was restored to blooming health again by a Hatha Yogan. Asanas and deep breathing pranayama gave him life and strength. In his twentieth year he went to Europe and started a yoga centre in Switzerland, propagated the system of yoga for the body and wrote books which became popular and gained international reputation. He got fortunately, a helpful companion in Elisabeth Haich. Both of them delved into the psychic science of yoga. Yoga is not mere body culture. It is a collective name for the allround perfection of body and soul. Yoga begins with the rhythmic equilibrium of life and culminates in the realisation of the Self — I. It begins with body and nerves and ends with the dance of Siva behind the jiva in the psychic heart. Selvaraj accepts this inner meaning of yoga. There is a close relation between body and mind; the body suffers when the mental equilibrium is upset, and when the moral standards fall. Endocrines are the chemical carriers pouring hormones into the blood. Selvaraj gives us with clear illustrations all the asanas that contribute to hormonal regulation and the smooth working of the ductless glands. He makes rhythmic deep breathing the basis of yoga. This stimulates the prana sakti which is the cosmic force of life.

Yogic breathing from the abdomen purifies the heart and lungs. The author recommends swimming for complete breathing. There is a chapter on the seven planes of consciousness and development of psychic powers.


Rev. Anthony bases his book on the foundation of Indian Yoga philosophy. He devotes a luminous
chapter to Brahmacarya and sublimation of the sex energy which accords incandescent vital purity and opens the way to the hidden treasures of yoga. The original aphorisms of Patanjali are given with transliteration in English with a clear commentary.

A serious reader of this book will feel the moon-landing of scientists puerile before the God-landing wisdom of Self-realised Sages. The commentaries on Iswara Pranidhana and Purusha Visishta Iswara remind us of Ramana's dictum that God is already present in the heart. Love of God is the sole means of salvation in Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Patanjali thinks that love of God is one of the means to reach spiritual perfection which is already present in us. God is Atman or Purusha which moves Prakriti or Nature just as a magnetic needle moves iron; all wisdom is the irradiation of the Divine Atmic force from within. The author aptly says that Patanjali begins his Yoga Darsan with Swarupa and ends it with Swarupa Pratishta; first abiding in the Self and finally realizing Self Consciousness is Kaivalya Purushartham.

We recommend this book to all that aspire for inner vision.

YOGI SHUDDHANANDA BHARATI


Somehow, Western scholarship never took kindly to the Vedas. They looked upon the Upanishads as the storehouse of all philosophy and wisdom of India, but relegated the Vedas to the age of primitive poetry and barbarism. According to most of them, the Rishis were innocent childish barbarians who were afraid of Nature and natural phenomena. Their attempt to propitiate the powers of Nature in their superstitious belief that it would appease them resulted in the Riks. Such were the ideas current amongst scholars in the last century and among many Indians too.

With the advent of Swami Dayananda Saraswati, Vedic learning received a new impetus. Later Sri Aurobindo's Secret of the Veda and Sri Kapali Sastrī's Siddhanjana Bhashya opened the long sealed doors of Vedic treasures and exhibited their spiritual splendour to the whole world.

The book under review illustrates this new approach of Western scholars to the revealed Light. In Miss Miller, the Veda is a book of harmony, meditation and fulfilment. It is the product of the highest genius of humanity, the outcome of inmost spiritual seekings, the result of man's fulfilment on earth. It is the text of original scripture from which all the later philosophies derive. Happily Miss Miller is quite conversant with the thought of Sri Aurobindo on the Vedas. The Veda is knowledge that is revealed. The Rishi is the Seer who sees this knowledge in his inner vision. By intuition and inspiration he clothes this knowledge in the human tongue and gives expression to the Vedic mantras known as Riks. The Rishi is the mentor of meditation, the leader and teacher of humanity. Chanting the Riks leads to meditation, putting the person in the right consciousness. Then the inner doors are opened, the possibilities of the being are unfolded, one delves deep into a state of pure consciousness which streams thousandfold in its manifestations as the universe.

In such terms the author explains the esoteric significance of the Deities and the Riks, analyses the meaning of certain key words in the Veda like the Brahman and proceeds to expatiate on Vedic Eschatology. The hymns selected and translated by her at the end of the book prove the correctness of this approach. The writing is inspiring and elevating. The book is a significant contribution to Vedic scholarship.


Written for the general reader who may have some interest in metaphysical topics, these Parables and Dialogues make delightful reading and spread light as well, light untinted by any colour of opinion or shade of thought. All metaphysical speculations are sedulously avoided and the text is translated in its pristine purity. The reader is asked to enjoy these writings and draw his own conclusions.

As said in the parable of DA each reader can get his own message out of these inspiring passages. The selections are mostly from the Brihavanayaka Upanishad and the Chandogya Upanishad. Besides the well known parables of Yaksa, Naciketas and Yajnavalkya and Maitreyi, other interesting and instructive passages are dealt with.

The book is bound to kindle further interest in the Upanishadic lore.


The book under review fulfils a felt need as it attempts a rational explanation of the various rituals and samskaras that form part and parcel of the Hindu religion. Religion runs like the warp and woof in the texture of the Hindu way of life. The culturing of the soul that evolves through successive births is quickly accomplished by means of Samskaras. Even at conception right forces are invoked,
the ground is prepared and the seed is cast under propitious circumstances by means of the *samskara* of garbhadhana. Then a series of *samskaras* like Jatakarma, Namakarana and Annaprasana ushers the new born child into the world evolution till the soul is led to a proper master by means of *upanayan.yana*. Then the journey of life is undertaken with *Jatakarma, Namakarana and Annaprasana* and the *samskaras* *garbhadhana*. Then a series of *samskaras* like *antyeshtik*, *aurdhvadehika* make for a smooth passage into other worlds where the soul rests for a time, gathers the essence of its past experiences and the plunges into a new body for further adventures in the realm of evolution.

All these are explained admirably by the author who combines an understanding of the problem of the rational man.

Books like these help the seeker to carry the best of the past on his journey towards the future of fulfillment.

**INTEGRAL YOGA**: By Haridas Chaudhuri. 

Consistent with the evolution which the ancients acclaimed as the very purpose of creation, yoga, the science of yoking oneself with the Creator has also been evolving. Yoga has been practised in various planes of one's being, in the physical as *Hatha Yoga*, in the mental realm as *Raja Yoga*, in the emotional fields as *Bhakti Yoga*, in the preserves of the intellect as *Jnana Yoga* and so on. The stone, the plant and the animal have now blossomed as man; the physical, the vital and the mental planes have been traversed. The time is near when man has to evolve into a higher being. The mind has to be transcended and realms higher than the mind have to be brought down to bear upon the lower planes of the being. The Yoga that has been so far practised in parts has to become integral as an integral transformation of the whole being is aimed at. All the different practices of Yoga have to be harmonised in an integrated whole. The originator of such an integral yoga is Sri Aurobindo who found the time propitious for a fruitful reconciliation of the self-perfecting mysticism of the East and the rationalistic humanism of the modern West and based his synthesis of Yoga on a Dynamics of evolutionary urge and purposive creation.

Inspired by his teachings and example, Haridas Chaudhuri gives in this book a luminous account of the various steps of synthesis, leading to the crowning fulfilment of Integral Yoga. With clarity and precision, the author explains the principles and philosophy of Integral Yoga and advocates the basis of harmonious and creative living in the modern conditions of stress and strain. The last two chapters on Methods of Meditation offer practical guidance to the earnest aspirant.

**TEXT BOOK OF YOGA**: By George Feurstein. 

A good text book on modern lines on the old subject of yoga is always welcome and the book under review is especially useful to the reader from the West.

Simple and comprehensive the book assumes little prior knowledge and proceeds from fundamentals. The treatment is systematic, all the salient points are covered and technical terms are explained. The subjects dealt with are amongst other things the *Forms of Yoga*, the *History of Yoga*, and the *Classical Eightfold Path*. There is a chapter on the techniques of yoga and the *Classical Eightfold Path*. There is a chapter on the techniques of Tantrism. The last chapter on *Hidden Reality* could have appeared much earlier in the book as on this concept much of the *Hatha Yoga* and *Raja Yoga* are based.

There is an admirable summing up of the Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. The author says that Aurobindo's Yoga is not the result of a mere intellectual study of the ancient yogic traditions but must be understood as a genuine *darsana*. Taking on contemporary yoga, the author lists the great names of Sri Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, Sri Ramana Maharshi, Sivananda, Sri Aurobindo, The Mother and Anandamayi Ma. The author approvingly quotes what Dr. A. Cayedo wrote about the Maharshi:

"At Tiruvannamalai shines the light of a saint of humble folk, whose appeal is to the heart and soul ... and the entire air there has a quietness of a different kind, that kind where the soul is stilled."

Hazy conjectures and speculations about things that are not known do not find a place in the book.

Clarity of thought and correctness of expression add value to this work which can justifiably claim to be a text book of yoga.

**THE SCIENCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS** — Vol. I: By E. Anantacharya. 

In this booklet the author deals with the significance of certain *Riks* and Deities in the Rig Veda. Light and Darkness, Agni-Mitra-Varuna, Agni and
Yajna, Savita, Survey of Agni through the Manifest Forms, are the topics dealt with. The writing is illuminating and the author has a penetrating insight into the spiritual significance of the Vedas. But the book suffers from a lack of cohesion and looseness of style.

S. SHANKARANARAYANAN.


Believing that a true dialogue between two religious traditions could only take place “within the cave of the heart,” a group of earnest Christians met and stayed together in various places in north and south India, spent much time in the study of and meditation on chosen passages from the Upanishads and the Bible and shared and discussed the resultant inner experience.

Based on an impersonal but candid report of these sessions, this little work marks a milestone in the Christian approach to Hinduism whose essence has to be sought and found in the Vedanta. This sustained exercise to reach “a simple transparency where the Real can manifest itself” illustrates Shri Ramana Maharshi’s teaching that the way and goal of all religions is the quest for the Self. The Paschal mystery, which Christians consider the centre of human history, provides a perfect symbol of spirituality and Advaita, for transcendence admits of neither otherness nor comparison.

No wonder the Christian seeker finds in St. John (especially Chapters 14 to 17) “the crown and completion of the Upanishads”. In the person of the Son, the Inner Comforter, the dimension of depth and the challenge of transcendence becomes lovable rather than frightening. The living God who is beyond all forms, images and concepts, the eternal Now, appears as the existential present which cannot be talked about but has to be lived through. At this point where time and the Timeless meet, there is of course no real contradiction between Christianity and Advaita, for transcendence admits of neither otherness nor comparison.

It would be foolish to suppose that every Hindu is a jnani or that every Christian is a living embodiment of the Sermon on the Mount. But it is wise to remember the mutual dependence of spirituality and morality, of moksha and dharma. The claim that is here made is that the experience of non-duality has a saving value and amounts in effect to the inner transformation which is true conversion. The morality of Grace comes more easily to the seeker of jnana who sees the meaning of all mysteries “in total lucidity”.

Prof. K. Swaminathan


This is the inspiring saga of the life and work of Sister Nivedita in India from 1898 to 1911. Born as Margaret Noble in 1867 of Irish parents and brought up in England, she came under the spell of the magnetic personality of Swami Vivekananda after his lectures in England. Her home, religion and a comfortable life, she renounced and became one with the Hindu women of those days as a novitiate of the Ramakrishna Mission in Calcutta.

How she came to India, and began to live the life of a religious Hindu woman of the day, how with singular devotion she took up a poor tenement in a Calcutta bylane and ran a school for young widows, how she roused Indian nationalism by her forthright lectures, how she kept in touch with leaders like Gandhi, Aurobindo Ghose, J. C. Bose, Tagore and Gokhale, how she threw herself heart and soul into the task of fighting plague and famine in Bengal, how she admired Indian religious ways, how she conducted lecture-tours in America and raised funds for her educational work in Calcutta, and above all, the inner conflicts she had to face all the time, her doubts and misgivings in her quest for spiritual peace, her trials and tribulations — all these come to life in vivid colours in this most readable and authentic biography, which will be of absorbing interest to readers in India today. The account is based throughout on the actual words of Sister Nivedita, very carefully collected by the author for this book.


We have here a very beautifully printed Samskrit text of the celebrated musical dance-drama, Gita Govinda. The tradition of rendering these songs musically with accompanying dance is current all over India in various forms. The text is not easily available now and the publisher of the present edition, Sri C. S. Gupta, deserves our praise.

Shri Radhakrishna Swamiji of the Sai Spiritual Centre, Bangalore has contributed a short foreword...
showing how the theme of Radha-Krishna symbolises para bhakti.

The English introduction of M. V. Krishna Rao, again, is an essay on mystics and mysticism which hardly throws light on the individual genius of Jayadeva.

There is also another essay on the message of Gita Govinda, containing generalities on mysticism and incidentally summarizing the content of this work.

Veteran poet-critics like Panditaraja Jagannatha had their own misgivings about the wisdom of Jayadeva in portraying the amours of divinities. The beauties of the work need not be discounted in our zest for mysticism, which, admittedly, might take many forms other than the literary.


For centuries the Bhagavata has been accorded an honoured place in Indian religious literature ranking only next to the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. In fact, it has inspired several saints throughout the length and breadth of India, and a large number of commentaries have been written upon it from time to time. If Ramanuja, Madhva and Chaitanya base their entire philosophy of religious devotion on the Bhagavata, even a doughty champion of Advaita like Madhusudana Sarasvati makes an earnest attempt to come to terms with the philosophy of devotion. While the former highlights the sat-chit aspects of the Supreme, the latter illuminates the aesthetic aspect of bliss or ananda.

The main cause of the continued and wide popularity of the original Bhagavata lies as much in its delightful poetry as in its vivid presentation of the lila of Sri Krishna, the Lord come down to earth in human form (Krishnasuta Bhagavan Swayam) for the uplift of humanity from sin and suffering. Each lila or incident is a complete unit by itself charged with deep spiritual significance.

The English literature, however, on the Bhagavata has not been large or commensurate in quality with the subject. We have very few scholarly studies and fewer English translations. This could be ascribed only to a prejudice on the part of modern orientalists that the Bhagavata is a very late addition to the corpus of authentic Puranas.

But the present learned author has removed this misconception in his able introduction and given a very competent, racy and idiomatic English translation of the Bhagavata in two well-printed precious volumes. Such a good translation has long been a desideratum and the author deserves all congratulations on the degree of success attained by him in a very difficult undertaking. His phrasing conveys the spirit and atmosphere of the original and retains both the poetry and the underlying philosophy. And the matter has been presented in very readable paragraph units. His notes at the end, though brief, bring out the difference in interpretation among various commentators. The volumes deserve study by all those who want to know the mainstream of Krishnabhakti.


The author, a specialist in Arabic studies has, on the basis of his painstaking researches, given an account of Sufism which is at once authentic and illuminating, and also aimed at correcting many of the wrong views popularly held on the subject.

This readable and reliable introductory book on the content as well as methods of Sufi esoteric experience is divided into nine chapters. The first describes the goal of the Sufi quest and is entitled ‘The Originality of Sufism’. The second entitled ‘The Universality of Sufism’ demonstrates in depth how Sufism was in fact something of a bridge between the East and the West. How Sufism is rooted in the Qur’an is the subject of the third and the fourth chapters called ‘The Book’ and ‘The Messenger’. We are taken into the heart of Sufism in the next chapter which begins with a 10th century observation: ‘Today Sufism is a name without a reality. It was once a reality without a name.’ The view that Islam was just a militant religion without much room for esoteric wisdom or practice is effectively countered in this and the next chapter on the Doctrine. How transcendent experience is the recognised goal of Sufism is very convincingly brought out. Then we have a detailed account of the ‘Method’ of the Sufis leading on to the ‘Exclusiveness of Sufism’.

The conclusion is that ‘Sufism is central, exalted, profound and mysterious, it is inexorable, exacting, powerful, dangerous, aloof — and necessary.’ The last chapter is concerned with Sufism throughout the centuries and we are assured that it is a live force even today.

The author has avoided easy and trite comparisons with other mystic doctrines. A study of this dependable treatise on Sufism should be stimulating and of absorbing interest to students of mysticism.

DR. K. KRISHNAMURTHY,
The KrittiKa Deepam Festival goes on at Tiruvanamalai for ten days attracting thousands of devotees from all over India and many even from abroad. This year the Holy Beacon Festival was celebrated from Nov. 26 to Dec. 5.

Lord Arunachaleswara and His Consort, Lord Ganesa and Lord Subramanya, with all attendant deities are taken around the four main streets round the Temple, day and night. Very attractive are the decorations of the deities and the vehicles on which they appear.

On the seventh day the Great Car (Ratha) of Arunachaleswara goes round the four main streets and after that is the main Deepam festival on the tenth day. Thousands of devotees go round the eight-mile pradakshina day and night on these days; a large number of them visit the Ashram and pay their respects to the Shrines of Bhagavan and his Mother.

On the tenth day evening (Dec. 5) this year also, hundreds of devotees had gathered at the passage in front of the Ashram Temple commanding the full view of the Hill-top. Bhagavan’s picture was garlanded and placed at the centre facing the Hill.

The Greek Royal family, which included the Queen Mother Frederika and Princess Irene, who are so deeply interested in this Holy Festival, arrived from Madras a day earlier and participated in it, by also going round the Hill. Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan accompanied them and thus gave us the privilege of having him amidst us.

Rajkumari Prabhavati Raje and a party of about twenty devotees from Bombay came specially to be present and have the blessings of Arunachala Ramana on this Holy Beacon Day. Others who were present include:

- Mrs. Lucy Cornelissen, West Germany
- Mrs. Karin Lehman-Stegmann, West Germany
- Mrs. Christee Cleppien, West Germany
- Mr. & Mrs. Bryan Thomas of London
Mr. Zbigniew Buday of London
Mr. Powell-Woods of America
Sri Swami Pranavananda of Kumta
Mr. & Mrs. N. V. Pethe of Bombay
Mr. & Mrs. Baburam Sharma of Ludhiana
Sri K. G. Krishnaswamy of Madras
Sri I. B. Pattri of Ahmedabad
Mrs. C. Satyanarayana of Madras and party
Sri Satyanarayana Tandon of Kanpur
Mr. & Mrs. M. Ramakrishna Rao of Poona
Mr. & Mrs. H. Ramesh Rao of Bangalore
Mrs. Satyan of Bangalore
Sri Swami Tejomayananda of Rishikesh
Sri Ramdas of Sri Vidya Press, Kumbakonam
Smt. Rukmini Ammal of Madras

As usual, as soon as the Deepam on the Hill was seen lighted, the ghee-deepam kept in front of Bhagavan’s picture at the Ashram also got lighted, followed immediately by the exhilarating chanting of Bhagavan’s Five Hymns in Praise of Arunachala, by the senior devotees of Bhagavan which included Sri Kunju Swami, Sri Ramaswami Pillai, Sri Viswanatha Swami, Sri Subramania Swami, Sri Sivananda Swami, Sri Vaikuntavasar and Sri K. Natesan.

Prasad (offerings) were distributed to the devotees gathered and many of the Ashram inmates and visitors went round the Hill with the scintillating Deepam shining at the top of Holy Arunachala!

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We were very happy to receive Sri A. R. Natarajan on November 7, in the company of Sri K. Subbarayan, leading Architect, Sri M. Ramachandran of Sri Srinivasacharulu & Co., and Brahmachari Dhruva of Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, the latter three from Bangalore.

Sri K. Subbarayan is the reputed Architect in Bangalore. Readers might recall that the big auditorium in front of Sri Bhagavan’s Samadhi Shrine was constructed with the valuable guidance of this leading architect and inaugurated on May 3, 1970 (see p. 169 of our July, 1970 issue). All architectural problems connected with the construction of this Ramana Auditorium, between the old Ashram office and the Mathrubhuteswara Shrine, and involving in particular, the designing of special beams spanning 45 feet were overcome with the specialised services of Sri Subbarayan.

Sri A. R. Natarajan (Secretary, Ramana Kendra, New Delhi) had but a few hours at his disposal on that day but he made the best use of this time, meditating in the Old Hall, meeting senior devotees and enquiring about Ashram affairs. His pleasing manners and spontaneous affection are well-known and devotees always find it a pleasure to meet him.
BOMBAY DEVOTEES' VISIT TO THE ASHRAM

A group of about twenty devotees from Bombay arrived at the Ashram on December 3, led by Sri P. V. Somasundaram, who represents our journal in Bombay, later joined by Rajkumari Prabhavati Raje from Madras, with the definite purpose of praying to Sri Bhagavan and Sri Arunachaleswara on the very auspicious occasion of Karthigai Deepam.

Their visit is all the more important since efforts are afoot in Bombay to initiate and construct a *Sri Ramana Maharshi Centre* at Bandra in Bombay. A very old devotee of Sri Bhagavan and the Managing Trustee of Mahatma Gandhi Seva Mandir in Bombay, Sri M. K. Deshpande, has graciously agreed to give a plot for this sacred purpose. The 'Centre' will include a Meditation Hall with Sri Bhagavan's Shrine, a Library, a Hall for research and study of Maharshi's works and a small guesthouse to accommodate visiting-devotees.

With the active participation of Rajkumari Prabhavati Raje, Sri N. D. Sahukar, Sri M. K. Deshpande, Sri Kotak, Sri R. Venkataraman, Sri Jal Cassad and other deeply devoted devotees of Bhagavan in Bombay, we feel the 'Centre' would be completed soon and serve as a 'Gateway of India' to Sri Ramanasramam.

SURI NAGAMMA IN BOMBAY

Suri Nagamma, who is well-known to our readers (author of *Letters from Sri Ramanasramam*), is now staying in Bombay, convalescing after an eye operation at Bangalore.

Bombay-devotees of Sri Bhagavan took this opportunity to accord a reception to her and arranged for a meeting of devotees at the Bharatiya Vidyavidhan on November 20. Mrs. Mani Sahukar presided and Sri Harilal Dresswalla addressed the gathering.

Suri Nagamma's speech in Telugu was translated into English by Sri Avadhani, with whom she is staying.

There was a good gathering of earnest devotees and they had a feeling of serene peace on the occasion of honouring this illustrious devotee and writer!

* * *

Rajkumari Prabhavati Raje, well-known to all old devotees of Sri Bhagavan, came for a short stay at the Ashram, with a party of devotees from Bombay. She spent ten days at the Ashram from December 3.

Rajkumari Prabhavati, in addition to seeing the Holy Deepam and attending the elaborate and thrilling Sri Chakra Pujas at the Mother's shrine, for
Devotees of Sri Bhagavan in Bombay, Gujarat and Maharashtra, are requested to send suggestions to
Sri P. V. Somasundaram,
11/155, Adarsh Nagar, Worli,
BOMBAY - 400 025
in order to make the best possible use of the offer made by Sri M. K. Deshpande.

which she had to extend her stay for a few more days, gave two very interesting talks upon Sri Bhagavan’s Upadesa Saram. She also performed bhajan one evening interspersed with illuminating explanations. During the bhajan she sang select verses from Kavyakanta Ganapati Muni’s Uma Sahasram and the Hymn of 108 Names of Bhagavan, used daily for worship at Bhagavan’s Shrine of Grace.

The Elayaraja of Travancore, Sri Marthanda Varma, with the Elayarani, Smt. Radha Devi, paid a visit to the Ashram for a few days’ stay in December. Their relative Rajkumari Prabhavati Raje was also present at the Ashram then. During their short stay, they both and the Rajkumari, with the guidance of Sri Viswanatha Swami and assistance of Sri K. Natesan, had darshan of all places in Arunachala hallowed by the stay of Sri Bhagavan; of also Padaiveedu where there is a temple of Sri Renuka Devi associated with the tapas of Sri Ganapati Muni.

The Elayaraja writes as follows:

“My wife and I were in Ramana Ashram for all too brief a period. The ever full presence of Maharshi was available to our receptive capacities and as always the time to leave was difficult and the call to come again as before very strong. It is our fervent desire to come again and again.”

— MARTHANDA VARMA

PILGRIMS

We are always happy to have amidst us sincere devotees of Sri Maharshi devoting all their time to sadhana during their stay.

Patricia Freitas from Hawaii is one such gem of a devotee. She spent nearly seven months in our Ashram and left for Hawaii only in the middle of December after witnessing the Holy Deepam. She shares the following with our readers:

“As an evident display of Grace, I have, once more, been brought to the Foot of Beloved Arunachala. The past several months spent at Sri Ramanasramam have proved the continued blessings of Bhagavan and the peace that fills the heart, is beyond description.

Beloved Bhagavan truly lives! His Grace is all-consuming; and the sweet fragrance of His Love is overpowering. Sitting at the Samadhi or in the Old Hall, where Beloved Bhagavan has sat with His devotees for so many years, the heart automatically gets lost in His supreme Grace. To stand for a few minutes in front of the Maha Nirvana Room is to have the heart simply overflow with His Love. To spend some time on the Hill is to know joy without
compare; and to go on a pradakshina is to be overwhelmed by the beauty and all-pervading silence of Beloved Arunachala.

"How very gracious Beloved Bhagavan has been; how can I thank all those who contributed to make my stay a most pleasant one!"
— PATRICIA FREITAS.
Honolulu.

Lucy Cornelssen: We are very happy to inform our readers, particularly the German devotees, that this humble devotee of Bhagavan would be staying with us indefinitely and would be willing to offer any possible help, assistance or guidance to those who know only German, and who want to acquaint themselves with the teachings of Sri Maharshi. She has already written three books on Maharshi in German under the pseudonym, Satyamayi. She arrived in December, right in time for Deepam.

Wolter A. Keers: Our readers know him well through his remarkably well-written articles. We are happy to have had him amidst us for four days in November. He would be bringing a group of devotees some time hence. He is always welcome to his 'Home'!

Julia Severance and Mohini Bakshi: These devotees from New Delhi came on a brief visit in the first week of October. They took keen interest in all the Ashram programmes. They also visited Skandashram and Virupaksha Cave on the Hill and the big temple of Sri Arunachaleswara. Many devotees are particular about going round the Hill even during their brief visit and these ladies also did likewise.

Pavan: Young Pavan, yet in his early teens, came to the Ashram all alone from Secunderabad. The son of Sri Kailash Khanna, and grandson of Sri H. C. Khanna, who are well-known devotees, he wanted to do the trip all on his own. True to the family tradition he regularly attended Vedaparayanam, puja at the Ashram. On Vijayadasami Day he went round the Hill along with other devotees. We wish this budding devotee all the best.

Sri P. S. Easwara Iyer: This well-known devotee visited the Ashram on October 24 and 25, along with his family. They all went round the Hill during their brief visit.

The Founder President of the London Re-Orientation Yoga Academy in London, Sri Paul, visited the Ashram in November, together with Ted Beechy, Jacek Holdanowicz and Miss Usha. Sri Paul, in addition to helping yoga-students in that line, directs earnest seekers to Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi and His teaching of vichara.

During his visits to India which he loves so dearly he never fails to visit our Ashram and pay his homage to Bhagavan Sri Ramana. Sri Paul would like seekers living in Great Britain and deeply interested in Bhagavan Ramana, to contact him at:

R.O.C.U.P., 64, Notting Hill Gate,
London-W11 3HT (Phone: 01-727-6148)

OTHER VISITORS

W. Radhakrishna of Pakala and family
Brahmachari Pranavananda of Sri Ma Anandamayee Ashram
Murray Rogers of Jerusalem
P. K. Hazra of Singapore
Lucille Fillow of Montreal, Canada
Le Mince of France
Matijevic Dragon of Yugoslavia
Dr. Michael von Bruck of East Germany
Manfred Botcher and Breger Armin of West Germany
Mahalingam Chaitanya of Australia
Wayne Reid and Max Ryan of Australia
Alexander Sutterland of Scotland
Mrs. Karin Lahmann-Siegmam of West Germany
Fellay Huguelette of Switzerland
Suzanne Bautz of England
Maria Mack of Yugoslavia
Wolfgang Heidinger of West Germany
Owaldo Educardo Hartenstein of Brazil
Mr. & Mrs. Navarathnam of Sri Lanka
OUR MANAGING EDITOR'S TOUR

For practical reasons a spiritual journal, like The Mountain Path, has to seek material support through advertisements. Our journal being a very good medium for advertisement and publicity there is a fairly steady flow of such material, kept up through continuous contact with the firms and personnel thereof. Personal contact is essential, periodically.

With this object in view, Sri V. Ganesan, our Managing Editor, left the Ashram in the last week of September on a tour of north India, which took him to Delhi, Raniganj, Asansol, Baroda and Bombay.

Help comes forth from Bhagavan’s devotees in this task. Above all there is the guiding hand of Bhagavan as in all Ashram activities. Sri A. R. Natarajan, Secretary, Ramana Kendra, Delhi, extended spontaneous and substantial help to our Managing Editor and we are thankful to him.

While at Delhi, Sri Ganesan stayed with Sri Natarajan and family, who showered such affection and hospitality on him throughout his stay that it was very difficult for him to bid them farewell. He visited the Ramana Kendra shrine and was very happy and thrilled to take part in their weekly meeting.

His visit to Prof. K. Swaminathan was a notable event in his tour. The Professor is a source of strength to the Ashram in many ways and as on previous occasions Sri Ganesan was deeply impressed by his varied, high qualities of head and heart.

In Bombay, assisted by Sri P. V. Somasundaram, he could contact Sri M. K. Deshpande, Sri N. D. Sahukar, Sri R. Venkataraman, Sri G. S. Pohekar, Sri Jal Cassad and others with regard to founding a Ramana Centre in Bombay. He was very happy to visit the site proposed to be gifted by Sri Deshpande for this Centre. He impressed on them all the need for such a centre and urged them to commence the construction at their earliest.

As usual, he also enjoyed meeting Bhagavan’s devotees wherever he visited. He turned to the Ashram in December, just in time to participate in the Holy Deepam festival.

OBITUARY

S. DURAIWAMI AYYAR

S. Duraiswami Ayyar (94), a stalwart among the devotees of Bhagavan Ramana, passed away at Sri Aurobindo Ashram on December 2. He first came in contact with Ganapati Muni when he was living in Madras. He found him immensely interesting as a genius of many parts, apart from his life solely devoted to tapas for the redemption of his motherland. He got initiated by him in a mantra of the Mother of the Universe and together with him came to Bhagavan Ramana during His stay at Virupaksha Cave.

His association with Bhagavan was very intimate and it was he that looked after the medical treatment during Bhagavan’s last illness. Though a brilliant advocate, he cared neither for money nor fame. He was contributing to Sri Ramanasramam and towards the expenses of Ganapati Muni.

It was he that took Ganapati Muni’s manuscript, Uma Sahasram, to Sri Aurobindo. It resulted in Sri Aurobindo’s profound appreciation of the work as super-human and the meeting of the two adepts.

For Duraiswami Ayyar, his devotion to Sri Maharshi was very sacred and secret. He would scarcely talk about it. Once pressed by some earnest devotees at a private meeting in Bombay to tell them something about Bhagavan, he said: “Two things about Bhagavan Maharshi impressed me more than anything else, the sweetness of his personality and the absolute authenticity of his utterances.” He inherited his love of music from his famous ancestors, like Veenai Kuppier, used to attend Veenai Dhanam’s Vina performance and had Vina as his special hobby.

Drawn to Sri Aurobindo from the days of intense political agitation for India’s freedom, he continued to adhere to him even after his total retirement at Pondicherry, utterly dedicated to supramental Yoga. He lost two sons and a daughter. He had only one daughter left, Smt. Kausiki, the wife of the former
Governor of Kerala, Sri Viswanathan. His wife, Meenakshiammal, was one with her husband in his complete dedication to spiritual life and we share with her the grief of separation from such a brilliant, noble and lovable soul.

SWAMI RAMANANDA BHARATI

Prof. K. R. R. Sastri was well-known to India through his multifarious literary activities. He was deeply spiritual and was of great help to all spiritual movements; he himself several times carrying out a missionary type of fervent propaganda for Hinduism and Hindu Sages of yore and of modern age. His devotion to Sri Ramana Maharshi was unique.

After leading a very successful life, being an authority on International Law, he served as Professor of Law in Allahabad University and was later Dean of the Faculty of Law at the University of Rajasthan. Author of several books and widely travelled, finally he renounced everything and became a sannyasi with the name Swami Ramananda Bharati, and was busy carrying on his spiritual activities.

The Swami passed away peacefully in Madras at the age of 77.

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PRACTICE OF MEDITATION

During meditation there are times when I can keep my mind still without any thought. I know there are no thoughts and yet I do not experience any particular happiness not to mention ecstasy. Nor do I know by being still that I am God. Why so?

A seeker from Poland.

Knowing that there are no thoughts is also a thought. Thoughts may be temporarily quiescent but not eradicated and lying in wait to spring up again at the slightest provocation. If the mind is truly still and thoughts eradicated the ever-present Self not obstructed by desires, anxieties, fears all bound up with thought, will shine forth in all glory and flood one with a feeling of such well-being and happiness that words are too poor to express it. Just persevere till the mind becomes truly still. This is only the beginning.

MAHAYANA AND HINAYANA

What is the true difference between Hinayana and Mahayana? Is there one? Although I have read many explanations I am still vague about it. Please explain in as simple words as possible so that the explanation stays in my mind.

D. Parekh, Bombay.

Mahayana means the Great Vehicle and Hinayana the Lesser Vehicle or the preferable term of Theravada. Mahayana is less strict in interpreting the disciplinary rules and more willing to accept as authentic later additions to the scriptures. They loosened the Buddhist tradition from the exclusive adherence to the sayings of the historical Buddha. A Bodhisattva seeks enlightenment not only for himself but because he wants to become capable of pulling others out of this flood of suffering or simply to help all sentient beings.

Hinayana or Theravada (Doctrine of the Elders) ignores the innovations of Mahayana or the New Wisdom School as against the Hinayanist Old Wisdom School according to which wisdom alone is able to chase away the illusion of individuality hiding our true state which is identical with the Absolute. One who has attained enlightenment does not go out of his way to bring enlightenment to others because ultimately there are no sentient beings to be enlightened in Oneness of Being. This is according to one of Buddha's Advaitic statements.

Edward Conze in his book on Buddhism mentions that Mahayananists and Hinayanists for a very long time adhered to the same Vinaya (conduct) rules. As I-tsing (ca. 700) reports:

"The adherents of the Mahayana and Hinayana both practise the same Vinaya, recognise the same five categories of faults, are attached to the same four truths. Those who worship the Bodhisattvas and who read the Mahayana sutras get the name of Mahayananists; those who do not are Hinayanists."

THE LAW OF KARMA

How is it that we see really good people suffering from want and troubles and bad people known to do unrighteous things prospering and enjoying life. Is that God's justice? How could you explain it?

A young visitor from the North.

So long as we think we are this body the theory of reincarnation holds good. There is no fate except what we ourselves have prepared with our deeds. If a good man seems to suffer he must have performed bad actions in a previous life and is now paying for it to clear his karma and be able to be happy again afterwards. The bad man is enjoying for the present the good results of good deeds he has done some time or other and afterwards will suffer for the bad deeds when they become ripe for retribution. Deeds ripen like fruit and bring results at the right time. There is no injustice in all this as you see.