

Ananda Vartā

A quarterly journal dealing mainly with the divine life and teaching of Shree Shree Ma Anandamayee and with other religio-philosophical topics



BOARD OF EDITORS

Mahamahopadhyaya Sri Gopinath Kaviraj, M. A., D. Litt.

Padma Vibhushan

Kumari Lalita Pathak, M. A.

Kumari Padma Misra M.A. Acharya

Kumari Bithika Mukerji, M. A., D. Phil.

Brahmacharini Atmananda.

Sri Salfesh Brahmachari.

Sri Amulya Kumar Dutta Gupta, M. A. B. L.

Sri K. Bose, —*Managing Editor.*



Annual subscription (postage free) India—Rs. 6/- only
Foreign—(By Sea Mail) Rs. 7.50 or 15 shillings or \$ 2.00
„ (By Airmail)—Rs. 17.50 or £1-10-0 or \$ 4.50

CONTENTS

English Section

1. Matri Vani	1
2. Teaching without Words—Arnaud Desjardins	3
3. Mother's Infinite Karuna—'Sidhu'	9
4. Old Diary Leaves—Atmananda	12
5. The Great Work—Mark Halpern	19
6. The Quintessence of the Yoga Vasistha— Dr. B.L. Atreya M.A. D.Litt.	23
7. Tat Mukhi—'Gauridasi'	28
8. Matri Lila	33



*The Self, self-contained,
calling to itself for its own Revelation—
this is Happiness.*

Matri Vani

Become drinkers of nectar, all of you—drinkers of the
wine of immortality. Tread the path of immortality, where
no death exists and no disease.

Action directed towards God is alone action—all else
is worthless, non-action, activity of the path of death. To
become absorbed in *Sva kṛiyā*, the action that ends in Self-
revelation, is man's duty as a human being.

Man appears to be the embodiment of want. Want is
what he thinks about and want indeed is what he obtains.
Contemplate your true being—or else there will be want,
wrong action, helplessness, distress and death.

Only you exist, you and you alone. Truly, you are
contained in everything. Again, you are indeed THAT
Itself. In all infinity is He and no other—I alone am.

There also one obtains a pension. The pension you
earn in this world lasts only as long as you live, while that

pension never ends. By what grace of His such a pension is granted is impossible to tell. If anything is to be desired at all, one should desire this Grace.

*

*

*

To cry out to Him is never in vain. So long as no response is received the prayer must be continued. It is but the Self that calls to Itself, and none other than the Self that realizes Itself. By ceaseless prayer He who is whole (*akhandā*) is found. One's own Self (*Ātmā*), the Life of one's life, the Beloved of one's heart is the one to be eagerly sought. How many times have you not come into the world, craving and experiencing its fleeting joys and sorrows. The prayer, the invocation of Him, by which the opposites of renunciation and enjoyment are blotted out, this invocation has to become most dear.

Teaching without Words

ARNAUD DESJARDINS

(Translated from French)

Why not state it plainly right at the beginning : from the first day that I met Ma Anandamayi I have had the conviction that I was not in the presence of a human being, however extraordinary, but of a Being of an altogether different order. This happened in September 1959. Since then I have stayed with Ma in 1961, 1962, 1963 and also in 1964, & 65 and every time I have again felt equally certain about this fact. How is one to describe this stupendous impression ? The words 'divine' and 'supernatural' come to my mind. But I falter before the mystery which they represent and hardly dare use them.

I am a European with a Christian upbringing engaged in my profession and family life. Apart from a few colloquial words, I do not understand either Hindi or Bengali, and Mataji does not speak English. With the exception of about one hour in all of conversations with her that I was granted with the help of interpreters, I have thus never understood what she said or replied to questions. And yet have I for her sake undertaken four journeys to India and spent eight months close to her, sometimes under rather difficult conditions. This proves the power of her influence even over one to whom the Hindu tradition in which she is rooted is foreign.

For years the photos of Sri Ramana Maharshi have—for me as well as for many others in Paris—been a real teaching. A few minutes of attentive silence in front of his picture—and his sublime look would teach me more than the reading of the best book. (I am speaking of the only real knowledge, the one which transforms those who acquire it.)

I have never missed the opportunity of meeting a Frenchman who has had his *darśana*. It is through these living witnesses that I conceived the overwhelming desire—more powerful than all other desires—to meet a Sage, a liberated Being, one who has realized his Self, a *Jivanmukta*.

I expected infinitely much from this meeting, and the discovery of Mataji has certainly not disappointed me. Since then I travelled to Kanhangad to be with Swami Ramdas and Krishnabai. Those also were luminous days of intense living. The *rajasic* and *tamasic* impressions of Paris have not been able to wipe out the cherished memory of those days. But 'Papa'* spoke English and his replies, his parables and remarks, so full of humour, would give to the ever insatiable mind the only valuable sustenance. The part that Swami Ramdas played in the lives of so many in the west can be explained even to our modern mentality, enslaved though it be by rational logic.

What, on the other hand, appears to me most amazing is the function of a Master, of a spiritual preceptor that Mataji has taken on towards a French visitor who has been and truly remains her pupil. Above all I should say she has gradually made me understand the meaning of the Gospels and of the message of Christ. Thanks to Mataji, the word of Jesus has now for me become a word of Life. And she also has opened for me the door to that universal treasure-house called '*Bhagavad Gita*' and has made me discover Sri Krishna.

Nothing can be further removed from the life at Paris which I lead, working for the cinema and the television, than the atmosphere of Mataji's Ashrams. Hindu orthodoxy, the observance of caste rules, the importance attached to rites and ceremonies may seem to have nothing whatsoever in common with the problems that confront modern man in

* Swami Ramdas.

