

MA ANANDAMAYEE AMRIT VARTA

A quarterly journal dealing mainly
with the divine life and sayings of
Sri Anandamayi Ma

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MATRI VANI

Transmission of power constitutes initiation. It is this imparting of the Guru's power that is the important factor, whether it occurs in a dream or in the waking-state. If the manifestation of power has actually taken place within, then the need for an external giving does not exist anymore.

* * *

The action of initiation is instantaneous, outwardly as well as inwardly.

* * *

Even where no effect of the initiation is noticeable for a long time, even then the power is undoubtedly working within.

* * *

By regularly offering one's *japa* to the *Ista*, one slowly and gradually comes to realize what the Name is and He, whose Name one repeats; who One is; what self-Realization signifies. When all this is revealed, then the purpose of one's *japa* has been wholly fulfilled. Nobody can foretell at what particular instant this may occur : therefore, ever continue with your *sādhana*.

* * *

As one goes on practising a prescribed amount of *japa* at some moment or other — the fire will be set ablaze. Fire exists everywhere, only one does not know, at what instant the friction will suffice to kindle a flame. Therefore, be ever prepared !

* * *

If one is completely single-minded in his thirst for Enlightenment, it *must* come then and there.

* * *

The ocean is contained in the drop, and the drop in the ocean. What else is the spark, if not a particle of fire — of Him, who is Supreme Knowledge Itself.

* * *

None can foretell at what particular time circumstances will co-operate to bring about the Great Moment for anyone.

* * *

What indeed is a *mantra* ? It represents the Supreme Being Himself in the guise of sound. That is why true Knowledge can supervene at the very utterance of a word of power. How mysterious and intimate is the relation between those words and the immutable *Brahman* !

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Is it not your nature to crave for the revelation of that which Is, for the Eternal, for truth, for limitless knowledge ? This is why you do not feel satisfied with the evanescent, the untrue, with ignorance and limitation. Your true nature is to yearn for the revelation of what you ARE.

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The revelation of THAT is what is wanted. You will have to make a sustained effort to convince your mind of the fact that *Japa*, meditation and all other spiritual exercises, have for purpose your Awakening.

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On this pilgrimage one must never slacken : effort is what counts ! One should try ever to remain engrossed in this endeavour — if it must be woven into one's very being, one has to be fused with one's self. It is Thou that criest out helplessly in distress, and it is Thou Thyself that art the way and the goal.

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The Infinite is contained in the finite, and the finite in the Infinite; the whole in the part and the part in the whole. This is so when one has entered the Great Stream.

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Having entered that unbroken Stream, it is only natural that *yoga*, the hidden union of the individual with the All, should become *Mahāyoga*.

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Infinite are the *sādhanās*, infinite the spiritual experiences, infinite is manifestation — and yet He is unmanifest. Finally, when Enlightenment occurs, this will be the end, and at that very instant He will be revealed in the midst of endless variety.



IN ASSOCIATION WITH MA ANANDAMAYEE

[Translated from Bengali]

—Amulya Kumar Dutta Gupta

27th May, 1937

Today at 10 a.m. Ma went to the Dhaka University Hall. I also was taken together with Her. Seats were arranged for all at the Lytton Hall. The boys asked me to put a question to Ma. Pointing to the boys, I said to Ma, "Ma, these are all my students. I would request you to tell them something that would be beneficial to them."

Ma (smiling) : So they are all your students, are they ? Whose student are you ?

I : Yours.

Ma smiled and remained silent; then She said, "I find no words coming. You start talking, I shall take up the thread."

A student : What is the need of religion ? Why should we be particular about religion?

Ma: What do you want to do ?

The student : We want to acquire knowledge through education, earn money, do social service and such other works.

Ma : The knowledge you are acquiring is temporal in nature. It cannot be regarded as real knowledge as it can't answer such fundamental questions as "who are we", "where do we come from", "what are we bound for ?" Besides, it does not enable us even to know what will happen to us one hour — nay, even one minute later. There can be no true knowledge divorced from religion. Religion implies the principle sustaining the world. Only religion leads to real knowledge. But the temporal knowledge can also lead us to real knowledge, if properly acquired and utilized.

"As for the social service you speak of undertaking, what is the certainty of it ? It is all very well for you to think at present that by earning money you would do good to others, but it may well happen that you find it difficult to maintain even your own family, not to speak of helping others. It is also common knowledge that those who earn more are inclined to save instead of spending on charity. A little

thought would convince you that the people often cannot do what they once intended to do. This conflict between one's own will and the Supreme Will Power has been going on for ever. You intend to serve others, but it may well turn out that you can barely make time to serve yourselves, let alone serving others. So I say, who can have the power of serving others unless he knows God and can draw upon His power ?

"There is another thing. From birds and beasts to man upwards, - all long for peace and joy. This is inherent to their nature, for they all have a foretaste of joy. Otherwise, they could not have desired it. Again, man is not satisfied with only finite joy. He desires perfect joy that does not peter out into nothingness. The joy that we derive from worldly objects are finite, It cannot afford us satisfaction. Worldly objects merely maintain us in a state of want. When a man who wants money gets it, he wants more money or something else. Peace eludes him constantly. Only the attainment of God can bring peace and joy to man. It is not so much of attainment either, for everything is within him. You see, all seek truth, for false-hood is repulsive to all. A man can seek truth only because it is present within him. Otherwise, desiring it would have made no sense. It is the same with *chaitanya*. Remember, how you were concerned, when the other day one of you fell down unconscious at the Ashram. You tried to restore him to consciousness, for unconsciousness is not to your liking. You strove for consciousness, because you have within you a perception of *chaitanya*. It is true of joy also. So I say, you have within you truth, consciousness, joy and peace-every thing; only, you cannot realise them.

A student : To acquire religious merit, are rituals such as worship etc. indispensable?

Ma (smiling) : So long you have been calling in question the necessity of religion itself. Now you are doubtful about its rituals. Your doubts have receded from religion and are entrenched at its periphery — rituals. So I was telling you that religion is necessary or there would have been no room for your questioning it. Now, about rituals, my answer is that they are not equally important to all. In the world religion is but one, and people try different methods for its attainment, for without it there is no joy and peace, whether it is worship, repeating the Name or meditation all are different paths to the attainment of religion. Some are naturally inclined to worshipping, some others to meditation. These depend on innate bends of mind that vary from man to man. There is no universal law for them. In this respect you must follow your personal inclinations. In short, your actions, whatever they may be, should be God-oriented. You see, you are staying here in

different rooms, but when you go to bathe, you've only one pond* to go to. The pond is one and the path leading to it is also one. But as you set out from your respective rooms, the path seems different. In the same way, religion is one and the practices for its attainment are also one. But they appear to be different on account of differences in personal inclinations. Some make it through worship of God, Some others through repeating the Name and some others still through meditation. Each of them is a discipline (*sadhana*). So I say, *sadhana* is one. Worship, *japa* etc have all uses of their own.

"Often the parents of children complain before me that their sons have no religious tendency. They do not take part in *sandhyā*, *āhnik* (daily spiritual practices) and other such activities leading to the ultimate objective of life. They are sceptic with respect to everything. It has gone to such length, that a Brahman's son is disinclined to have even the holy thread on him. On hearing their complaint I say that in this matter, the parents are more to blame than their children. They take care only to ensure for their children the money-oriented education and neglect their basic religious training. The parents are not justified in complaining, if their children, with no religious training to guide them, grow up to be atheists and indisciplined, for it is the logical conclusion of their own action. So my advice is that at an early age spiritual training along with secular education should be imparted to children. The effects of such training, imparted at a tender age, are abiding.

A student : What's the significance of investiture with the holy thread ? We believe that the main cause of our backwardness is casteism. Other nations are free from casteism. why should we not also abolish casteism and try to work out an allround development for our country?

Ma : What good will it be to look up to the leaves and fruits of a tree when its root has been chopped off? First the tree itself must be saved. Then alone can the question of its leaves and fruits arise. You want to equalize a Brahmin and a sweeper; but who among you is ready to go in for scavenging ?

While making railway journeys, you seek the help of porters. But you are ashamed at the idea of carrying your own luggages on your head. You all opt for equality, but shy away from adopting each other's vocation. However, it is quite true that you should cherish a feeling of fraternity for all. I too agree with the concept of one caste. But casteism has been in practice from olden days to maintain social order. This casteism has age-old sanction behind it, and if one day it is

* The Dhaka Hall campus encloses a pond. It is surprising though, how Ma came to know of it.

abolished, it would be through the will of God. So long as it continues it is good to abide by it.

The student : The wearing of the holy thread alone does not make a Brahmin. What is the utility of adopting the holy thread ? And what good comes out of performing *sandhyā* and *āhnik* ?

Ma asked the boy his name and when She knew that he was a Brahmin, asked him, "You have cast off your holy thread, haven't you ?" He confessed. Ma laughed aloud and said, "The holy thread is a distinguishing mark of Brahminism, a symbol. Believe it or not, having the holy thread on and performing of *sandhyā* and *āhnik* have their own utility. You may take it from me. Go on performing *sandhyā*, *āhnik* and similar other rituals in the same manner as you are carrying out the other directions from your parents. You may not understand their significance at present, but attend to them as courses enjoined by your parents."

A student : Is it true that those who are human beings at this birth would be human beings at their next birth as well ?

Ma : Rebirth is determined by actions. If born as man, one behaves like a beast, he is not reborn as man. Besides, what a man thinks of at the time of his death is a determining factor in his rebirth. As for example, King *Bharat*, thinking of a deer at death, was reborn as a deer.

A student : Does it hold good for birds and beasts as well ?

Ma : Yes, it does. But there is a difference between man and birds and beasts. What birds and beasts would think of at the time of their death is pre-determined. In the domain of birds and beasts, successive births are predetermined in a hierarchical order. Actions of birds and beasts cannot make an exception to it. But it is given to man to regulate his next birth by his actions. So by man I mean a being, whose mind is alert*. But this should not induce you to think that one can come to good end conjuring up merely by good thoughts in death-bed, after having passed a bad life all throughout. This is because as a man approaches death, he comes to a state when he is no longer capable of voluntary thoughts. His death-time thoughts are determined by the actions during his life and his next birth in its turn is determined by these thoughts.

A student : Can God be seen ?

Ma (smiling) : Yes, God can be seen and talked to in the same way as I am seeing you and talking to you.

The student : How does God look like ? Kindly give a description of His form.

A favourite pun of Ma. *Mānus* [man] = *man* [mind] + *Hush* [alertness].

Ma (smiling, pointing to the assembled students) : All these are forms of God. (A loud laugh from all).

Now the parting time drew near. Ma said to all, "Baba, I am your daughter, am I not ? You must comply with a request of mine. Say you will comply with it." The students said that they would try to the best of their power. Ma said, "I know that you will do as I tell you, but still I insist on your pledging your word. You should devote some time to His work just as you are attending to all your work. An hour, half-an-hour, at least ten minutes should be spent in doing His work. It is but a small demand on your time to set apart just ten minutes for God's work out of a day of 24 hours. I do not ask you to be particular about the spot or require you to be in some definite *asana*. In whatever state you may happen to be, be sure that you repeat His name for at least ten minutes a day. This is my request."

Ma spoke these words smilingly and in such a tone that they melted the hearts of all who heard them. The boys gladly gave their word to Ma that they would try to devote some time every day to God.

A student : But you must come occasionally to encourage us.

Ma : It is up to you to bring me back.

The student : But we cannot even approach you, for you are cordoned off by the ladies. We have observed that you are more indulgent to those of your own group (Laughter from all). Ma (smiling) : You are right. But then everybody in the world is a woman *Prakriti*. God is the only *Purusha* or male. All beings of the world long for God, the Supreme Husband. It is in the nature of *Prakriti* to desire something or other. *Purusha* has nothing to ask for. In this sense, we are all *Prakriti* or women. This being so, my attraction for you all is quite as strong. (Laughter from all).

The student : We are greatly pained to see the women so exacting towards you. Why don't you forbid them ?

Ma : Forbidding is not in my nature. If I had the slightest desire for preserving this body, I could have forbidden them. But I am completely indifferent to whether this body remains or not. This body would continue to be only if you all are intent on preserving it, and it will perish when you cease to care. You have not seen what a mess the women make to put the vermilion marks on me. They besmear me with vermilion on the head, forehead, not sparing even my eyes. The vermilion makes my garments red. When I cleanse my face and hair, a flow of red water seems to run down. Yet I do not prevent them. All cannot understand it. It makes many a man gape with wonder to find that I cannot eat with my own hand. They see that I can do all my work with my hands but when it comes to eating I cannot use my

hand. Many have questioned me about it. I told them that people eat to preserve their life. For a few days I had started eating with my own hand, but then also I put food into somebody else's mouth, instead of my own. Seeing that, they did not allow me to eat with my own hand any longer.

The student : Why do you accept *pranāma* ?

Ma : There was a time when I could not accept *pranāma*.

If somebody bowed down to me, I was restless till I touched his feet and return the *pranāma*. Nobody could get away with bowing down to me without being bowed down to in return. Sometimes it so happened that even if somebody made *pranāma* to me from a distance at my back, my head would bow down of itself, though I could not see him. Now I do not prevent people from offering *pranāma* to me because I think that in bowing down to me, they are really making their obeisance to God.

With these words Ma took leave of the students.

HAVE FAITH IN MOTHER

—Sri Viranchi Kumar

When inclined to be discouraged
And all hope seems to depart,
Don't forget that Ma is there,
And still has you on Her heart.
When your load seems hard to carry
And the burden no one shares,
Though the world seems not to pity
Just remember, Ma cares.
When you pass through the waters
And no earthly help you see,
Do not lose your faith in Ma for
She has said, 'I'll be with thee'.
So, dear heart, fear not, take courage,
For the word of Ma is true.
Ma said, 'I'll never leave thee,
But will guide while passing through.'.

SUPREME WOMAN OF BEING —ANANDAMAYI MA

—Chloe Goodchild

I have a feeling that
my boat has struck
down there, in the depths,
against a great thing.

One morning in the winter of 1987, I was sitting in my bedroom, enjoying the play of the lemon sunlight upon the trees outside, when 'She' arrived. I was not expecting her, not consciously that is. Roger put his head around the door saying, 'Here's something for you.' He slipped a package into my hands, smiled at me, and left for work. Who was sending me a package from Germany? The book had been sent to me by a publisher friend who lived in Berlin.

'She' was a photographic essay of the life of Anandamayi Ma, one of this century's greatest Indian woman saints. I opened the book at random. Within seconds I was weeping like a helpless child, years of tears. Anandamayi's breathtaking beauty shone out at me from every page. It was not simply her physical image that spoke to me, but something far deeper. I felt seen and received in a way that I had never known. Who was this intimate stranger looking at me from these old photographs, images fixed onto paper years before, tracing her life from youth to old age? I did not know in that moment. All I knew was that these photographs arrested my heart, and stilled my restless senses. This woman's seeing made me feel instantly whole. She returned me to the source of myself. As my body softened, my tears subsided. I simply sat there with her for the rest of the day.

The presence of this extraordinary Being before me was the summation of everything that I had ever glimpsed or sensed of the Divine. Until that moment something had always been missing. I had never known such a direct and luminous encounter with the real in the form of a person. Was this what the Mother Abbess and others experienced when they spoke to me of encountering the 'Christ within'? Each photograph was accompanied by some words spoken by Anandamayi Ma. The first words that I read were:

How much more time will you spend at a wayside inn?

Don't you want to go home? How exquisite it all is.....
 One is, in his own Self, the wanderer, the exile,
 the homecoming and the home... oneself is all that there is ...

I turned over the page, and saw myself in its reflection:

Do you want deliverance from the bonds of the world? Then weeping profusely, you will have to cry out from the bottom of your heart: Deliver me, Great Mother of the World, deliver me/... When by the flood of your tears the inner and outer have fused into one, you will find her, whom you sought with such anguish, nearer than the nearest, the very breath of life, the very core of every heart...

I am conditioned as well as unconditioned. I am neither infinite nor confined within limits. I am both at the same time ... I am whatever you conceive, think or say... why don't you take it that this body is the material embodiment of all your thoughts and ideas. You wanted it and you have it now.

It was then that I remembered my dream from the previous summer, the dream of the Great Mother. This was She/ This was She/ Of this there was no doubt. The face of my guardian angel was finally revealed. Anandamayi Ma, or 'Ma' as she was called, had left her body five years before, the year my daughter was born. However, the knowledge of her physical death seemed of little importance. Her invisible presence was undeniable. The book was called, *Matri Darshan*, which means, 'The Grace of The Mother'. Grace it was.

From that morning on, Ma became my indispensable travelling companion. I took her everywhere with me, allowing the photographs and the text to work on me:

The destiny of every human being is to destroy the veil that hides his own Self. To realise this Self means to realise God, and to realise God is to realise one's own Self.

Before long I found myself talking to these images as if to a living person. Then I had more dreams about her. She became an integral and living presence in my life. What was, and is, this connection with someone whom I had never met in the body? My dialogues with her began to filter into my voice and soundwork, and I found myself introducing her teachings into my workshops and meditation retreats.

The previous emphasis of my work on self-actualization through a therapeutic approach to singing changed to a more direct exploration of the creative and

spiritual dimension of the voice, both within performance and other artistic endeavours, such as song-writing and recording. What was she calling me to now? It was at this time that the meaning of the first dream that I had had of Ma, in which Neem Karoli Baba was questioning me about my voice-teaching, began to strike a chord within me. Was my teaching yet another veil, in which I was successfully hiding my own singing development behind the wish to 'help' others? This question hovered about in my mind, while Ma continued to speak to me, patiently and simply.

Essentially there is only one inner Call, but the different religions have devised different methods to make man aware of it. Once a man awakens to it there is no more need to cry out again and again. Truly speaking it is not you who call Him but He who calls you ... when through intense and undivided devotion to Him the hunger of the sense is stilled, His call will find response from your inmost depths and reverberate through your whole being.

Her Being began to influence and inspire the lives of others who came to my workshops, and the demands for the photographic essay on Anandamayi Ma - *Matri Darshan* - increased.

It is by seeking to know oneself that the Great Mother of all can be found.

(*Matri Darshan—Anandamayi Ma*)

Finally I was compelled to travel to India to meet the people and places that had been transformed by her presence. It was with this visit to India that the previously irreconcilable problem of the duality of my existence came to an end.

In January 1990, I arrived in Benares, city of light, the Hindu god Shiva's homeland, and the sacred crematorium ground of India. A seething chaos of humanity squeezed into stalls, rickshaws, ragged old tents, holes in the ground, the old, the young, the rich, the poor, spiritual devotees, officials, wheeler-dealers, the diseased and wanton, all in one place. Life, death and immortality was sandwiched together between the traffic and temples. A cacophony of sounds filled the air - bicycle bells, scooter hooters, screaming and laughing children, sellers and buyers bartering and haggling over prices. Smells of every kind - petrol fumes, spices, incense, urine - intermingled. I was surrounded by thousands of bodies at different stages of living and dying. A lithe young man, naked to the waist, passed by, his head shaved in preparation for the funeral of a relative. A darker older man, making paper kites, sat with his legs folded like two skeletal sticks held together by a thin film of dark shiny flesh. He arose slowly, with difficulty, resignation marked upon

his timeworn face. Three particular images came together in my mind amidst this endless buzz of activity - the exposed pink ribs of raw carcasses, dripping blood, hanging from a rail in one of the market stalls; the remnants of a wrecked vessel on the shores of the Ganges, the hull exposing its ribs like some ancient animal; and the sizzling carcass of a human body, burning to ashes on the funeral pyre at the main 'burning ghat' along the river's edge.

The mighty sacred river Ganges ran slow, serene and silent alongside the city, meandering slowly, expansively, towards infinity. Great buffaloes wandered slowly and aimlessly along the shoreline. Thousands of bathers and pilgrims, old and young, crowded the water's edge, washing, swimming, playing. Some were praying. Life and death followed one another in quick succession — life celebrating death, celebrating life. Two male dancers suddenly performed an erotic dance in front of a shrouded dead body awaiting its turn on the funeral pyre. Drummers thumped their drums furiously in front of the dancers, and a crowd quickly formed around them. Celebration was in the air, and only a few feet away from me was the great fire, consuming the bones of human life. I could just catch the profile of a skull jutting its charcoal face towards the cloudless blue sky. Now, it was no longer possible to distinguish between bones, branches and logs in the fire. A few minutes later, there was nothing but ashes. This was the first time for me that the phrase, 'dust to dust, and ashes to ashes', really meant something - something vivid, powerful and real. Each shrouded body was surrounded by sweets, incense, sometimes prayer flags and flowers. Before each cremation, the bodies would be doused in the sacred river, the final blessing of Great Mother Earth. Close relatives had shaved their heads to honour and remember this moment. Nothing was hidden. There was no emotional paraphernalia, just the simple and inevitable final encounter with death. Bereaved families and friends gazed vacantly into the fire. Just a few sat some paces away, and stared at the ground, the trace of sorrow across their faces. A silverhaired old man leant his tired face against his walking stick. The occasional sadhu graced the scene with his simple presence, then walked on towards no destination.

Who and where was I in the midst of all this ? I was left stunned. I had never felt myself to be in such a foreign land as at the funeral pyre of Benares. I was keenly aware of myself, my whiteness, my squeaky clean preciousness, my separateness, my sense of superiority, maintaining a subtle defence between my western culture and this one. I realised how far removed I had been from the raw wild potency of the elements - fire, earth, water and wind.

A slow boat ride down the Ganges gave me some time to reflect and rest. My experience in Benares had been a sensory assault. Later, I was being driven in an electric-powered, three-wheeler rickshaw through the city at top speed, over pot-holes, and in and out of bicycles, scooters, lorries and taxis, like on a bumper car ride. I felt I was on a life-death roller coaster. Dirty, shoeless children, hair filled with dust, demanded 'rupees, rupees' at every stopping point.

Wandering through the city at night was like travelling into the labyrinthine recesses of the psyche. Candles and gas lamps shed light and shadow across an array of faces, each one intent upon its own particular business, whether that was making bread, sweets or silks, or selling fruit and vegetables. Buffaloes and cows slowed down the mindless speed of the traffic, and brought a touch of humanity into the picture, a kaleidoscope of ever-changing colours of humanity, a whirring rainbow of ceaseless activity. 'Pray without ceasing,' said the sign in the Sindhi restaurant, where we stopped to eat some dahl and some rice. The owner presided over his guests like a chief priest at a ritual feast, his rotund presence bringing a solidity and a stability into the madness of the place. Where was the silence, the ancient under-current of a profound spirituality that I thought I might find here?

My question was answered the next day. I was walking along the Ganges looking for Ma's ashram. I had been told that I would have no trouble finding it. Finally I stopped and asked a local, 'Can you tell me where Anandamayi Ma's Ashram is, please?' To my surprise and delight, he looked behind himself and pointed to a large whitewashed temple building, right there in front of me. I climbed the many steps up to it, and walked into a beautifully kept courtyard overlooking the river. Serenity presided. The confusion and craziness of the outside world fell away. I discovered that this ashram also included a girls' residential school, managed by one of Ma's devotees, Kanti Gurtu, a woman in her sixties. She appeared somewhat austere at first but when she realized the influence which her beloved Guru had had upon me, she started to relax and became more forthcoming. We talked awhile, and finally she mentioned that they had kept Ma's bedroom just as it was when she was alive. I asked if I might visit. Kanti Gurtu nodded with a smile.

As I entered the tiny room, there before me was a simple fourposter bed, upon which was a huge photograph of Ma, propped up against the wall, resting upon the bed. In front of the bed was a footstool covered in yellow silk. Ma's small white sandals were placed upon it. This was incredible. I was overcome by the simplicity and exquisite beauty of this little room. Nothing else was there, except an old wardrobe and two sheaves of corn pressed against purple velvet, held within a

picture frame. I looked down once again, and saw the pair of small white sandals placed upon the stool by the bed. I could not believe that her feet were once protected by these shoes. Could such a giant of a presence have worn such tiny shoes ? I slowly bowed my forehead upon her sandals - this was the closest physical engagement that I had had with Ma. Tears welled up. An incomprehensible deluge of emotion filled me up from head to toe. A chorus of a thousand different birds flooded my bloodstream with their singing. Pins and needles tickled the surface of my skin and raised the hairs at the back of my neck. I knelt and allowed a state of prayerfulness to transmute my tears into equilibrium and inner quiet. I could have stayed there a very long time. I felt the filling of an absence, the response to my longing, a mysterious 'yes' from out of nowhere. As I bowed my head once again, I became aware of the residual resistances of my self-conscious reasoning self, my 'Britishness' dissolving the instant my forehead touched the sandals. For a brief moment, I felt light shining through my body.

When I returned to the city, the crazy bustle of it all felt like a playful dance. I was able to let the people and the noise in without my previous fear of being overwhelmed by it all.

[To be continued]

JAI MA

— **Dhiraj Sapru**

.....in the absence of words lies the divine
secret of the heart-of-communication,
one hallmarked with unbound understanding,
a direct concentrate of "harmony-in-bliss..."

.... one also begins to ponder-over as to, how and why, man chooses, more so, willingly, to ignore such a blessing..... no, not that sound should altogether and completely disappear amidst us—that would be quite 'nother thing in its absolution—pray do reflect though on the number of "do-away-with utterances", those, which were manifested through any one mouth, even in a tiny slot as in a day..... the point really though is—What is the message? Do not the brilliant rays light-up, harmonising all "problems" collectively, and yet, focusing on one-single-basic-truth, that, deeply embedded within the very palpitating—flutter of "any" problem itself, lies restfully at peace, it redemptive—solution....

..... On a closer-earnest-sincere-analysis, thus, one would begin to realize, that, for any given "situation", a pair, as though, of a problem and its solution, are ever present in equal proportions—always.....

..... journeying further, the understanding ought to dawn on the lucid-classic-truth, that—good and bad—right and wrong—pleasure and pain—heat and cold—joy and sorrow—far and near—rest and commotion—here and hereafter—are but two sides of the same coin, the difference in them being not in form, but merely degree.....the realization shall also emit strength enough, for one to flip the "coin" high-very high, till both its faces merge into one—devouring duality.....

jai ma

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

[Continued from before]

—Sri P.C. Mehta

Original Jainism:

1. The Jain ontology:

Reality which is uncreated and eternal is defined in the '*Tattvartha-dhigama-Sutra*', as '*Utpāda-vyāya-ḍravya-yuktam Sat*'. That is, Reality is characterized by :

i) Origination *utpāda* ii) Destruction *vyāya* and iii) Permanence *dravya*.

While permanence is the substratum of Reality, origination and destruction are its modes, i.e. *Paryaya*. Thus qualities are not unreal but the modes of the permanent element. This also means that nothing can be affirmed *absolutely* about 'Reality' since all affirmations can be made only under certain conditions and limitations.

Thus the ontological view that Jainism holds, is in between the views held by the Upanisads, that '*Brahman*' alone is Real and the changes of form and state unreal and the Buddhist view, that there are only momentary passing qualities which we should regard as new existences and no unchanging substance behind.

The Jainas believe that it is reality in this sense that is divided into the eternal and independent existence of a) *Jiva* or animate or spirit and b) *Ajiva* or inanimate or matter, with its fivefold variety.

All these six kinds of reality are termed *Dravya* or substance.

By *Jiva* or spirit, they mean the individual self, and not the Supreme Soul as in the Upanishads. They do not believe in any universal spirit or God. They, however, believe that even material entities have their own soul.

2. 'Jiva' or 'Soul':

In Jainism,

i) *Jiva* is conceived of as *Dravya* i.e. an eternal substance, of limited but variable magnitude which exists independently of matter. There are an infinite

